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A MEMORIAL TO DR. CRAVEN

The Big Brained Founder of Trinity College.

A GIFT TO EDUCATION

BEST WAY A RICH MAN CAN INVEST HIS MONEY.

IGNORANCE IS AN INCUBUS ON PROGRESS

All Advocates of Education Rejoice in Every Gift to Education, All New Taxes and Increased Appropriations.

Durham, N. C., June 9.—(Editorial Correspondence.)—Everybody who attended Trinity commencement was greatly pleased with the new Craven Memorial Hall which was used for the first time as an auditorium. It will seat 1,500 people, and architecturally it is the most pleasing building to the eye on the campus. It is a model auditorium and was erected by the alumni and friends of the college as a fitting memorial of Trinity's great founder. It is a worthy monument of the big-brained man who made Trinity College, for Braxton Craven made Trinity College. The church helped him, but it was born in his brain and grew through his learning and self-denying zeal. During the coming year a fine oil portrait of Dr. Craven will be painted and will be permanently placed in the most prominent position in the hall erected by loving hands to his memory.

The Craven auditorium has been erected at a cost of about \$14,000, and is elegantly and tastefully furnished with modern opera chairs and every other necessary adjunct at a cost of something like \$2,500. The interior furnishing was the gift of Col. Julian S. Carr, who has been a generous friend to Trinity, giving help of a substantial character to the great Craven when the college was located in Randolph county, when friends in Durham upon which Trinity College is located.

The trustees have not completed any plans, so far as I could learn, for making the magnificent auditorium also a memorial of all who helped the college in its early struggles and who are now helping it in its new home. It would be a fine idea to associate the names of all of them with that of Craven by having marble tablets placed in the Craven Auditorium. It would not be well to thus honor any of Trinity's living instructors and friends, but to confine these memorial tablets to such men as Jesse A. Cunningham, Marcus L. Wood, W. H. Branson, John H. Ferrell and others who had mingled their prayers, efforts and gifts in loving service to the college, and to leave room for a tablet to the living friends and benefactors when they have gone to the great university in the skies.

Speaking of this method by which the names of all those friends of the college who had done something great or noble for its advancement could be perpetuated at the college, puts me in mind to commend the Angier Gymnasium as one of the best gifts yet made to Trinity. It is a model gymnasium with swimming pool, and with a competent instructor (President Southgate says Prof. Whitehouse is the best in America), the physical instruction and development keeps pace with the moral and mental. It is the best phase of our new education that the college authorities provide for the care and development of the body as well as the education of the mind. It was not always so. The time was when pale faces marked the collegian who led his class. By wisely dividing his time, the graduate now comes to receive his diploma with a sound mind in a sound body, and many of them look more like vigorous youths who do manual labor than youths who burn the midnight oil. No education is worth getting that is obtained at a sacrifice of health, and it is because the public is appreciating that fact that the first class colleges are giving heed to physical culture.

Trinity is coming to be a rich college. When I read a few days ago that Mrs. Leland Stanford had decided property worth thirty-eight million dollars as an endowment to the Leland Stanford Jr. University, and that a preacher in Connecticut had willed \$1,000 to Eton College—each giving all that they had to help educate the youth, I could but contrast such benefactions with such lavish waste of money as the Bradley-Martins' dinners and balls. The late Governor Holt, who was noted for his practical wisdom, speaking to men of wealth gave them this advice, "Invest your money in immortal mind." It is an investment that cannot be dissipated, but goes on giving larger dividends as the years go by. When the announcement was made at Trinity commencement this week that Mr. B. N. Duke had given an additional fifty thousand dollars to Trinity I rejoiced that in his large wealth he had the wisdom and generosity to invest much of it in "immortal mind." He has given more largely to Trinity than is generally known, and his gifts are always made with the view of laying deep and broad foundations of the college to which he is a devoted friend. I love to see a man give while he lives. He is then certain that it will go to the objects that meet his approval, and besides men of practical judgment like Mr. Washington

Duke and Mr. B. N. Duke can increase the value of their money gifts by helping to direct the ways of using it.

The man who said that the best college in the world was "a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and a boy at the other" truly understood that the best instruction a boy could get was coming in contact with a great teacher. For the individual boy there can be no college so good for mental training. But the need of the colleges and the universities of today is more teachers like Mark Hopkins with every modern appliance and equipment to assist in better fitting the college graduate for the duties of life. The higher institutions of learning in North Carolina have all been cramped for the lack of money to secure such equipment as is in keeping with the demands of this day. When I think how many great teachers at Chapel Hill, Trinity, Davidson and Wake Forest have wrought mighty deeds on meagre salary and next to no equipment outside of their own brains, I also reflect that many of them were martyrs to their calling. It will not do to say they did a great work without fine laboratories and release from financial worry, and therefore the professors of to-day can do it. Many of those old heroes sacrificed their best years trying to work with dull tools who would have lived longer and wrought twice as well if the colleges had been properly endowed and equipped.

I rejoice in every dollar given by a generous man, in every dollar appropriated by the Legislature, and in every dollar of taxation for schools voted by the people for the cause of education. I do not stop to ask whether it is to teach the three R's, the classics, pedagogics, agricultural science, and what not. If it is to be spent to make a longer term and better facilities for the public schools in every township I rejoice most of all, for the great majority of the children of the State will get no education except that which is furnished in the public schools near their doors. Whether it is given to be used by denominational colleges or at the State universities and State supported colleges is relatively a matter of small importance. The time will not come in this generation when all the institutions we have can reach all the boys and girls who need education. There is no room among those who believe the education of the people the matter of paramount importance in North Carolina to turn aside from the great work to speculate as to whether this way or that is the best. Let every man who would remove the incubus of ignorance and prejudice work in whatever way seemeth to him best to educate the boys and girls, and encourage larger gifts, larger endowments, larger appropriations, larger taxes, and larger unity and liberality in the great work to which they are called. When they have done all they can, they will still be oppressed, with the thought that the harvest is great and the laborers few. But every new gift, every increased appropriation, every fresh vote for larger taxes for schools makes all who are fighting ignorance feel "to thank God and take courage."

AS A MAN SEES HER.

(From the Aitchison Globe.)

Another Aitchison girl who gets \$40 a month for sitting in an office will resign in a few weeks to wash dishes and cook for love and her board.

When a girl has a new engagement ring she finds many occasions for feeling if her back hair is in good order.

Mean people say that the man a widow selects to support her at her husband's funeral is the one she usually marries afterward.

"Well, I see Mrs. Blank is breaking in," is the women's comment when they read in the paper that Mrs. Blank will give a reception.

By the time a man has save up enough money to have a palm and a brussels carpet in his parlor his girl has reached the "company" age and he is not allowed to sit there.

Several years ago an Aitchison man married a slender, modest little darling, and everybody said "it was a case of hawk and dove. Now the wife weighs twice as much as her husband, has whiskers and talks bass.

When a woman is old and bilious she explains it in a poetical way by saying she is fading away like a lily.

When a woman begins to admire a man she begins to persecute him.

There comes a time to every married woman when she has to use a sort of faith cure on her belief in her husband's affections.

It is a pitiful truth that women trust their daughters with men whom their husbands wouldn't trust to open an account.

A certain Aitchison woman is always invited to serve the brick ice cream at parties, for the reason that she cuts it in such thin slices.

Would something terrible happen if a girl forgot to tie up those terrible buttons on the back of her skirt, and is it possible under present fashion conditions for a girl to dress without the assistance of the neighbors?

A POINT THAT ILLUSTRATES.

(Irish World.)

If France, after aiding Washington and his patriots to drive the English out of America, had proceeded to make the United States French territory she would have simply anticipated the base betrayal we have been guilty of in trying to annex the Philippines. In the case of France, which at the time was a monarchy, the betrayal would not have been of so base a character as ours. She at least in attempting to subordinate the Americans would not have given the lie to professions about the inalienable right of men to self-government.

A household journal says that kerosene will remove rust from stoves. The objectionable feature about it is that in removing rust it incidentally removes the stove and the domestic sometimes.

A KINSTON BOY AT MANILA

"The Heat of the Sun in its Direct Rays is Awful!"

AGUINALDO IS ELOQUENT

KEEPS UP THE SPIRITS OF HIS TROOPS BY ORATORY.

THE PRODUCTS OF THE ISLANDS

It Has Been Said that Rice is the Corn of the Philippine Islands. Men, Women and Children Smoke Cigarettes.

Mr. Frank C. Lewis, the youngest son of Dr. Richard H. Lewis, of Kinston, not yet twenty-one years old, is in Manila, a member of the 20th U. S. Infantry. We are permitted today to lay before our readers, his last letter to his mother. It will give the best idea of conditions in the Philippine islands that can be obtained from any source. It is as follows:

Station Santa Cruz, Manila, P. I.

My Dear Mother: Your most welcome letters came in the mail of last week, via Hong Kong. The one from Dr. P. was much enjoyed. We get mail regularly, at intervals of (generally) nine days. Most of it comes by way of Hong Kong, on regular mail steamers; but some of it is brought over on the Government transports from San Francisco.

I wish I could write to you oftener, but life is an almost continuous round of military duty, hence my neglect, which you may have thought awful. Our duty is to patrol the district known as Santa Cruz. Four patrols, each composed of a non-commissioned officer and three privates, walk the streets day and night. In addition to that, there are three posts at the quarters. No. 1 has his beat in front of the guard house, Nos. 2 and 3 walk on the right and on the left flanks of the barracks respectively.

As you probably know, martial law is strictly enforced in Manila, now; and these extra heavy guards and numerous patrols are put on to prevent an uprising of the natives within the city limits.

There are, naturally, a great many insurgent sympathizers in the city; and, if left to themselves, and if the vigilance of the Americans would, for an hour or two, there would be a general uprising, and we might have trouble to subdue them. So long as we keep on the lookout, we are safe; but it is from the "curs" who have not courage enough, those who fire from windows and house tops, that we have most to fear. You cannot have any idea of the power of a man like Aguinaldo, over weak minds. Himself a talented, brilliant man of genius, thoroughly educated, he, the intended deliverer of his country, the "Washington of the Philippines," as he was styled by the imperialist powers at Washington, ruled his followers with an iron hand, and made them believe that the Americans had come to oppress them and drive them out. He has deceived them by false promises, which he has not and cannot fulfill; he has kept up their drooping spirits by means of his brilliant oratory and magnetic power. And when they, realizing their hopeless condition, faint would rebel, and did rebel against his authority, he shot them down and forced them, by threats and blows, back into the trenches, there to die. Such a man is Aguinaldo, the insurgent chieftain, the "deliverer of his country," the scholar, the statesman, the brilliant general; but withal the curse of the Philippines as a nation. Of his message to Congress, it has been said by Senator Hoar, I think, that "it could not be dictated by ten men on this planet."

Pleading, forceful, eloquent and logical, full of the choicest English, it was worthy of a better man. But was worthy of Aguinaldo. I had no intention when I began of writing his biography.

I want to tell you of the products of these islands. I know that many news of not very interesting to you. Well, to begin: Hemp, sugar and tobacco are the staple of the Philippine trade. But it is probable that almost every commercial product of the tropics can be raised advantageously in one or other of the islands. The coconut tree is the native's most valued possession, almost his staff of life—furnishing him with food, wine, oil, vinegar, fuel, ropes, fishing lines, as well as fiber, which is woven into cloth. Oranges, lemons, guavas, pineapples and bananas grow wild and in profusion. It has been said that rice is the corn of the Philippines, and it is well said, for every native raises his rice crop. It is planted on low lying ground, near some stream, that it may be readily irrigated.

Native architecture is confined to the simple, yet not altogether ungraceful lines of the bamboo "shack." These primitive dwellings are invariably of one story, with thatched roofs. Everything in and about the house is made of bamboo. The beds are made of strips of it laid on cross pieces and supported by four legs, also made of bamboo. The yard, about the house, is generally planted in bananas and coconut trees. Nearly always there are a few chickens and ducks and numerous "munchachs." (See Bro. E.) Here the Filipino lives, moves

and has his being. Like the Indian, he makes his wife do all the drudgery and necessary work, while he makes the dull hours flee away by smoking cigarettes and fighting game cocks. In fact, the Filipinos subsist on rice, cigarettes and cock fighting. Men, women and children smoke almost incessantly. I have seen babies in their mothers' arms, putting away serenely at a cigarette. They teach the children to smoke. I believe it is a part of their religion. And it is no wonder that they are, as a nation, depraved.

Catholicism is prevalent. I may say dominant in all the islands of the Philippine group. The priests make periodical excursions on the natives, and generally succeed in getting about nine-tenths of everything that the poor wretches make. They persuade the natives that they are going to the Lord, through the church (the priest is the church.) The Spaniards, from time immemorial, have kept them in the mire of ignorance and oppression. And now that the desire for freedom and a longing to throw off the yoke of tyranny has taken possession of them, who can blame them for fighting their new rulers with all the strength and vigor and hatred of their revengeful natures.

My company commander has endorsed my petition to the Department commander to stand my examination for promotion, when the next board is convened. The examination will be held in Manila. I am ready and prepared to take the examination today, or I should never have asked it. I am going to get my commission unaided and wish to be able to say that I won my spurs without any outside help. If I cannot get it that way, I don't want it. And, as General Grant said: "I am going to fight it out on this line," if it takes me three years.

I am in splendid health, and feel stronger than ever before. The heat of the sun, in its direct rays, is something awful. But, if one stays in the shade, one can manage to exist.

Please send me some Rafeigh papers and some magazines.

FRANK C. LEWIS, Co. D., 20th Infantry, Of Kinston, N. C.

STATE TRIALS.

Edited by Charles Edward Lloyd.—Published by Callaghan & Co., 114 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

This is one of the most interesting books on the market this spring. The story of its inception is this: A Southern woman, who had written for years for the magazines and newspapers, was placed in charge of the exhibit of the Department of Justice at the Omaha Exposition. Among other things entrusted to her care was a bookcase full of valuable old books, the Pandects of Justinian, Colonial Laws, and copies of the State Trials in Great Britain from the reign of Richard the II, to that of George the III. She not only read them herself, but she bought a table and chairs, placed them in the beautiful niche over which she put visitors to read them. This table filled with books became a favorite resort for judges, lawyers and scholars. The popularity of the books, especially the State Trials of Francis Hargrave and T. B. Howell, Esq., convinced her that if the best of these books could be put in handy volumes at a cheap price there would be a demand for them. At the suggestion of several prominent lawyers she wrote to Messrs. Callaghan & Co. and they approved the plan. The first volume is just issued by that firm. It contains the Trials of Mary, Queen of Scots; Sir Walter Raleigh, and Captain Kid, the Pirate. These are condensed, but everything of especial interest is given in full. There is no better way of impressing English History on one's mind than by reading these Trials. No lawyer can fail to find a romantic interest in every page of the book and he will be amazed at the language and the ruling of some of the lawyers and judges of the dates given. For instance, Sir Edward Coke, who was Attorney General when Sir Walter Raleigh was tried for high treason, uses language towards the distinguished prisoner which would not be tolerated in the courts of to-day. Fifteen years later, when Coke was Lord Chief Justice, he manages to bring Sir Walter Raleigh to execution on a pretext evidently prepared for the occasion at the command of King James. The intense jealousy of Spain at the encroachments of the Anglo-Saxon on the Western Hemisphere is everywhere conspicuous in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. It is made plain that Spain was the indirect factor in the death of Raleigh. In the light of passing events the retribution of history is startling.

Sir Walter Raleigh's charter from Queen Elizabeth for the discovery of Virginia extended far to the northward of the present boundary of that State. Its western limit was the Pacific Ocean. The descendants of the colony he founded number many who are about to sweep the power of Castile and Aragon not only from the Western Hemisphere, but from the Pacific Ocean as well. The royal line of Stuart is extinct. The name of Raleigh is kept alive in several States of the Union. The cruiser Raleigh was one of Dewey's squadron at the battle of Manila. The wisdom of Raleigh was recently endorsed by the Congress of the United States, for he first advised the holding of the Isthmus of Panama as the strategic point to control the commerce of the two oceans that wash the shores of this hemisphere. Raleigh is the capital city of the State of the two distinguished gentlemen to whom the book is dedicated—viz., Hon. Jeter C. Pritchard, senior Senator from North Carolina, and Hon. James E. Boyd, First Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

A matinee girl says the going out of men between the acts is far less objectionable than the coming back.

HOT NUMBERS FOR A HOT DAY

Prof. W. F. Massey Writes to Editor Bailey.

THE A. & M. COLLEGE

EDITORIAL ON "FAILURE OF THE KID GLOVE IDEA."

SEVERE STRUCTURES ON PROF. MASSEY

Editor Bailey Hard on the A. & M. College and Prof. Massey Replies Vigorously and Severely to the Recorder's Editorial.

Prof. W. F. Massey, professor of Horticulture at the A. and M. College, has sent us for publication an "open letter" to the editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. As it would be unfair to print it without publishing the editorial to which it is a reply, we give below the editorial and Prof. Massey's open letter. The Recorder's editorial is as follows:

THE FAILURE OF THE KID-GLOVE IDEA.

The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts has been drifting for several years; from the day it left its moorings it has sailed out of its course. Conceived as an institution for farmers and mechanics, a technical school, an institution for the learning of trades and the improvement of workmanship, those who have controlled it have steadily aimed to make it a Literary institution of low grade, with enough of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts attached to draw the funds set apart for colleges conducted in that name. As a result, the situation of the college is most serious, and about it now there are many doctors with many schemes for its relief—a condition of some of them being that the doctors be permanently employed!

Conducted upon the plan originally intended there is great need and a great future for this institution; conducted as it has been so far it can never amount to a great deal. The only hope is "to begin all over again," profiting by the experience of the last few years. Even then, being dependent upon political influence for support, it must needs have political changes and political greed to contend with; but as a trades school, a technical institution, a college of practical instruction, it will find great relief.

There is no need for it and no future for it as a Literary Institution. To endeavor to make one of it is to argue that the University of the State has failed and that the denominational colleges are inadequate. To make a literary institution of it can benefit no one save the professors who conduct its departments.

But as a technical school, whether rightfully or wrongfully we are not here discussing, it can fill a place unfilled in North Carolina and serve more young men than any other institution. It has a splendid income, more income by appropriation than any other institution in the State, more income per student than any other. It could reach out into North Carolina and take up five hundred boys a year and teach them to build houses, lay brick, make machinery and run it, conduct farms and orchards, raise stock, and develop mines, and fulfill thus a great mission. There is many a boy now who drives ten miles to a depot for a bag of guano who could be taught to make fertilizer at home. And, if we mistake not, the mission of this institution was conceived to be to such boys. But the kid-glove idea has prevailed. The institution does not reach, does not try to reach this class, does not pretend to do this work. The people have no confidence in it, no hope for it; it is on the rocks.

Better begin over again. Get a teacher of Horticulture who will teach that department, attend to his own business—without writing scurrilous articles anonymously for the press, without recommending "Potash" for everything under heaven to run the Board of Trustees, without trying to run two other professors infinitely his superiors out of the faculty, without trying to get one of their houses to live in; do this for one thing, and there will be hope.

And in place of the fawning fellows who infest the halls of legislation, when they ought to be teaching, and lobby not only for appropriations, but for Trustees whom they can control, get real teachers. Then, at any rate, the alumni of the institution can have some consideration in the selection of trustees.

There is hope for the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, if its Trustees will resist the faculty clique who are running it and making life a burden for their fellow teachers; there is hope if the trustees will make of the institution somewhat of that which its founders desired. But there is no hope unless they begin all over again.

A splendid plant, an excellent location, a magnificent income, a large field of usefulness; but all so far to no purpose. The kid-glove idea has failed; the peo-

ple know it; en aprons and real work.

Prof. Massey writes in an open letter in reply to Mr. Bailey as follows:

PROF. MASSEY'S REPLY.

An Open Letter to the Editor of the *Biblical Recorder*.

Sir: Ever since you began to make Sunday school speeches, and to wobble around so loosely in the editorial chair which your great father so ably filled, you have seemed to think that you were the specially inspired mentor for the A. and M. College, and the appointed denouncer of the wicked fellow who writes this. It was perhaps a serious error in the faculty of our college to attempt to attend to their own business without first asking the advice and consent of the wise and venerable editor of the Recorder. But the fact is that we were totally unaware that a man who never sets foot inside the precincts of the college, and who knows nothing whatever about the work of any man connected therewith, could have intuitively such an accurate knowledge of what we should do. We were blindly of the opinion that a tree is known by its fruits, and fondly imagined that the crowd of our graduates occupying positions of trust and honor in various parts of the country, and the fact that the wisest business men of the State eagerly take our graduates as soon as they leave the college, was proof at once that the training and education given here will compare favorably with that given in any other college.

It is not our fault that you have never only the full dress side and have never seen the men who may wear kid gloves at times, and have earned a right to wear what they please, spending the greater part of their time with blue overalls and leather aprons. There are none so blind, sir, as those who will not see, and the fact is that you do not desire to see anything good in our college or any of its officers, and have never made yourself in any way familiar with its workings.

But it is more especially on a matter of personal importance that I wish to speak to you now. You have for years lost no opportunity to sling innuendoes and insults at me in your paper. I for a time, attributed them to the fact that you were young and ignorant. But the persistency with which you keep up these attacks shows a spirit that can only be called malicious. I have been told that in this week's issue of your paper you make sundry charges against me. I am sorry that I have not a copy of your paper at hand. I have been told that you charge me with writing scurrilous articles anonymously for the press. Will you kindly reproduce anything that I have ever written, signed or unsigned, that contains a word of scurrility, or that in the remotest degree approaches the mendacious scurrility which you have time and again printed about me?

I am told that you charge me with compassing the dismissal of two associates who were incomparably my superiors. While I do not concede your ability to distinguish between the qualifications of professional teachers, whose work you are profoundly ignorant of, I will be glad if you will name the two gentlemen, or any one, superior or inferior, whom I have ever tried to get dismissed. Will you also name one gentleman on any of the boards under which I have served who will testify that I ever said to him a word with the purpose of getting any one dismissed, or who will say that I ever tried to get any place under the board except the one I have so long occupied, and which for nearly ten years I have tried to fill faithfully, though begged to go elsewhere at a higher salary?

You have also charged that I write articles for pay advising the use of potash. It is true that I, in advising farmers in regard to the use of fertilizers, do advise the use of potash where potash is important for the crop or the land. It is true also that I advise the use of phosphoric acid and nitrogen, and advise the use of phosphoric acid to a far larger extent than I ever advise the use of potash. I know that the fertilizer manufacturers rarely use a sufficient percentage of potash for many crops in their mixtures, because it is cheaper for them to make the phosphates larger in proportion. I have earnestly advised the farmers to mix their own fertilizers, because I know that they can save money in doing it.

I have been working for the uplifting of the agriculture of the South for more years than you can number, and to-day my name is held in thankful remembrance in ten thousand homes all over this broad land for the help I have been able to give them. Yes, I am paid for the work I do in this line, and publishers all over the land are eager to get whatever I have time to write. Is not this helping of one's fellowmen to better methods and a wiser use of the gifts of the Great Creator in the soil a work just as well worth pay as the writing of falsehoods in a religious paper about your fellow men for an editorial salary? I have never written a line in regard to the use of fertilizers, or have believed that to be for the best interests of the farmers of every land. I have tried might and main to stop the injudicious way in which commercial fertilizers have been used in the South, and to show our farmers that what they need is the feeding of more stock and the raising of more home-made manure. And I have received the thanks of thousands for the help I have given them.

Only last week a gentleman from another State, whose official duties required his attendance here on the United States Court, came to my house and introduced himself, saying that he wished to make the acquaintance of the man who had enabled him to make

(Continued on Second Page.)