

# The News and Observer.

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1904

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## Leads all North Carolina Daily Papers in Both News and Circulation

### FOR HER BROTHER

#### Register's Sister is Circulating a Petition.

#### Attractive Young Woman Battling for the Life of Her Relative. A Theory That Jabel Was Insane.

(Special to News and Observer.)  
Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 23.—Petitions to the Governor, both for and against a commutation to life imprisonment of the sentence of Jabel Register, condemned to be hanged for the murder of Jim Staley and Jesse Soles, at Whiteville, February 25th, are being circulated in Columbus county, and one of the number has found its way down to Wilmington, where the Register family is quite well known. The theory is now advanced that young Register is not of sound mind, and it is said that the only reason that that plea was not entered at the trial was that the man made such an excellent witness, the wisdom of such a plea was questioned.

One of the petitions in Register's behalf is being circulated by his sister, an attractive young woman whose devotion to her brother is beautiful.

Register was taken through the city to Whiteville yesterday by Sheriff Butler, of Columbus, and he will remain in jail there until his execution day, unless executive clemency is secured by means of the petition.

Ex-Governor Russell was in his office today and announced that he would be ready as counsel for the defense in the Terry murder trial here next week. The term of court is for three weeks, Judge Ferguson presiding, and the calendar of civil cases has been arranged with anticipation that the Terry trial will consume most of the first and second week. Terry, who is a rather well-to-do man, and was door-keeper in the State Senate of 1901, is charged with the murder of his son-in-law, George T. Bland, at the latter's home, in this city, last summer. The case is an ugly one and a hard fight was made by Terry's counsel to have a change of venue to another county.

Homer Davenport, the celebrated New York cartoonist, will appear here in an illustrated lecture at the Y. M. C. A. next Wednesday night.

### The Evolution of a Country Boy.

(By Rev. C. L. Greaves, in Charity and Children.)

That tousled-haired, freckled-faced, ungainly country boy, sitting there toasting his feet, clad in coarse woolen socks, on the parental hearthstone, and holding a book in his bony, wind-cracked hands, what of him, anyhow? The old lamp smokes and it is well for the boy's eyes that it is reinforced by the bright fire in the big fireplace. He is not a very promising looking lad, except that he has a quick, intelligent eye and a head that has a pretty good shape to it.

His scrawny neck is ornamented with a red handkerchief, his old brown coat is streaked with turpentine fresh from the pine woods, his blue trousers have ample patches on the knees and are decorated with fringes and tatters at the bottom, the said fringes holding a liberal lot of pendant cuckle-burs. His father is smoking his pipe and dozing in a corner; his mother is busy at her knitting, stopping now and then to push up the chunks that have fallen upon the hearth. His one fat, buxom sister is churning in a corner; and a brawny brother, older than himself is oiling an old gun. But this fifteen-year-old Adonis is reading a book.

He reads a great deal, does this boy. He is not careful about what he reads, he does not know the names of many authors; he reads books without knowing or caring who wrote them. To be sure he does not own many books, but he can borrow them from the schoolmaster, and then there is a lady living on a neighboring farm who has "whole stacks of them," and grants to him unlimited privileges with them.

Last winter this boy read an abridged volume of Plutarch's Lives, read a life of George Washington and another of the Duke of Wellington, and ended up with a dilapidated copy of the Book of Martyrs. This rather formidable and badly mixed course of biography and history put new metal in him, both figuratively and literally, for one day when he was walking across the pasture, imagining that he was Wellington at Waterloo, he ran into a barbed-wire fence. But in spite of this event, the world was henceforth viewed by him as a place of heroic actions and high endeavor. He will never be the same lad again, for ambition began to warm the heart under his tattered jacket.

And last summer—precious little time

for reading then—he became the joyful possessor of three or four volumes of nature, folklore, and fairy tales. After that he saw elves in the woods, heard dragons beating their uncanny wings overhead at night, and conversed with a fairy princess every time he went to the spring for water. He will never be the same lad again, for imagination has taken possession of his teeming brain, and romances flit through it like sweet dreams.

He read a love story about a month ago, and the next Sunday he picked him out a sweetheart at church. Thus another ingredient has been added to his soul's make-up. He is very proud of reading a romance now, and prefers those that end well.

But what is he reading tonight? Burns as I live! and that young Miss on a neighboring farm has an ordeal before her, for he has already written seven-teen poems extolling her lips, her eyes, her hair, an even her checked gingham apron. He is intending to overwhelm her with this metrical sweetness next Sunday afternoon.

Yes, this tousled-haired, freckled-faced, gawky boy, in the non-descript coat and trousers, is making progress. He associates with great minds in these books, and they are as patient and condescending with him as they are with you and my elegant reader. And he has begun to live a life of aspiration, imagination and romance. And there are other riches he will add to his soul treasures later, and he will augment such as he has.

Now let me turn prophet. Somehow or other this lad, in spite of poverty and the want of substantial encouragement, will emerge from his present surroundings, and will some day make his appearance amid the freshmen contingent of a college. He will wear a six dollar suit of clothes, an out-of-style hat, and carry all his belongings in an ancient hair covered trunk; but he will be there. And elegant young gentlemen will make him of him on the campus, and he will answer questions they have missed in the classroom. And at the end of four years, his awkwardness gone, neatly dressed and fine looking, he will deliver his graduating address and receive his diploma.

Then he will go home and find his old non-descript suit of clothes hanging up in the shed, where his darling old mother has kept them to remind her of her boy. He will laugh at them, and put them on and go fishing.

Next Sunday he will sit by his mother at church and after preaching is over he will hunt up the old sweetheart to whom he wrote the seventeen poems, and seven-teen times seventeen afterwards. And he will chat and laugh with her, and chuck her fat baby under the chin, for she will have married the miller's son down on the river. He will even show her, to her intense and delighted interest, the photograph of the young lady in the college town who furnished the inspiration for his last sonnet.

And he will take his place in the forefront of the world's workers and make a name and a place for himself. Henceforth there will be a new voice to speak for mankind, a large soul to plan and do for them, trained energies thrilling society with healthy and honest life and achievement.

Yet he was only a country lad, poor and awkward until great souls found him and spoke to him through great books, and stirred him up and hustled him out to conquer a portion of the world.

Reidsville, N. C.

### The Cost of Living.

(“With the Procession” in Everybody's Magazine for February.)

Every pocket knows its own bitterness. According to the statistics of the Department of Labor, which got its figures from 2,567 families with an average income of \$327.19, and an average expenditure of \$768.54, the cost of living in 1902, when it was highest, was 15.1 per cent more than in 1896, when it was lowest. Average wages have accommodated-ly increased by just that 15.1 per cent; in some cases by more. The Employers' Association of Chicago estimates that the cost of living increased by 16.8 per cent from 1898 to 1903. Various newspapers and independent observers have guessed a much higher increase of cost, even more than double. Statistics arearrant liars, and in figures there is no comfort. Ask your wife how the household bills for groceries, and meat, and so on, in the last two years compare with those of 1896. If she doesn't say that they have gone up from forty to fifty per cent, you are a mighty lucky man. Wages may or may not have gone up sixteen per cent. Salaries have not gone up at all.

There is considerable talk in Upper Onials concerning the Raleigh and Pamlico Sound Railway. This road has already been surveyed and it is expected that work will begin at once. At Rogers cross roads, just over the line in Wake county, a town, to be called Middlesex, has been laid out. The people of this community are enthusiastic over the prospects of the new railroad and they are already at work erecting a school building. This town site is in a prosperous community and will, no doubt, in the near future, be a thriving place.—Smithfield Herald.

### THIS DOCTOR BELIEVES JUDGE CLARK WAS RIGHT

#### S. M. GRAHAM, of Hertford, a "Reverend" and "M. D.", on the Various Schools of Medical Practice.

To the Editor: The recent decision by our Supreme Court in the case of State vs. Biggs, to the effect that the statute recently passed defining "The practice of Medicine" is beyond a proper and careful exercise of the police power of the State, opens a very necessary and proper inquiry as to what such a doctrine will bring forth, and what such a decision means primarily to the public body, and secondarily to our profession. The opinion of the learned Judge is law; whether intelligent, ignorant, sophistical, iconoclastic, dangerous or communistic, it is the statute law and must be met and acted on as such until defeated or modified by the same court that made it. I do not believe that the medical profession in North Carolina, great as is my respect for it, is capable to advise that court in its constructions of this or any other legislative act, any more than that the learned gentlemen who compose it could or would offer to aid us in unravelling the complexities (and oftentimes perplexities) of vital morbid processes. No criticisms should be indulged in from us toward them, and no stigma must lie in our mouths against them because in the righteousness of their oaths a law, primarily of our making, has been set aside. The process of reasoning may have been faulty; the logic ill-conceived, the results may be disastrous, but this court is sworn to uphold the law, and is not our guardian; it is sworn to construct the statutes without favor and without fear, and is bound only by its oath and the constitutions. No vituperations, no sarcasms, no sneers, no thoughtless strictures on this honorable body by any of our profession can heighten our claims to the people's favor, or make our influence for wise and safe legislation greater. I have made these observations, Mr. Editor, because I have noticed recently in your columns several articles reviewing (?) Judge Clark's opinion, and while of course I do not pretend to be able to follow the learned Justice's legal dissertations, I believe that in his ultimate conclusion, from a humanitarian and just standpoint, he is right; that under our present system of examinations for license, and with such a far-reaching and comprehensive statute, as the one in question, ultimate and great harm would have come to our medical body and great injustice done, had this enactment stood.

I shall not review the history of medical legislation in our State, it is an open book, done in no star-chamber, but open and frank and kind has been the insistence on our part that the State should, so far as was just, protect the public from incompetence and frauds. That these laws have been salutary no one can deny; that they have been a mighty bulwark against charlatanism all will concede; and that they have given to us an earnest, capable, high-minded, intellectual and well-equipped medical corps cannot be gainsaid. I assert, and assert it boldly, with full knowledge of my words and not without a proper investigation, that the country physicians in this State are today without their peers on the American continent; and I make this statement not without pride, both collective and individual, and base its cause upon the fact that up to the time of the passage of this last statute by the legislature of 1902 "Defining the practice of medicine" our laws were, in their justness, in their moderation, and in their catholicity and proper execution, the best inscribed, as yet, on any state's statute book. They were ample to protect the public, to cause proper supervision, and as a fact did bring about such an exaltation in the standard that the North Carolina doctors held their full share and more of the stranger's praise. In my opinion the recent revision and elaboration of our medical laws was not only unwise and impolitic, unneeded and savouring of a spirit of intolerance, but would have proven a weapon for the ultimate disfigurement of all medical restriction acts; a mighty weapon of attack in the hands of those who believe that in matters affecting only them and theirs, there should be full freedom of thought and action, untrammelled and unimpeded, having full liberty and opportunity to call to their assistance any one, who can best, from their view-point (and oft-times faith can move mountains) perform the services of a physician. For after all, who is a true physician, in the true modern sense or the word? Is he one who uses the knife and drugs alone? I answer, no. Is he one who practices the use of waters or

electricity or massage or hypnosis? Is this expensive and cumbersome; with equal propriety it may be said that the recently created board to examine trained nurses is expensive. But granted that it is (usually all these boards are self-sustaining), this is no argument before the greater fact that a wrong may be done, not only to one or more citizens of the State, but to a number of our people who respect and follow their teachings. If we recognize these men as practitioners, then it is manifestly the duty of the State to provide them an opportunity of demonstrating their capabilities before their own school, and not before men who not only do not think with them, but who may, sometimes I fear, view their ideas with derision, and surely do not, and cannot have that sympathy, which should they stumble, would impel the examiner to hold out a proper encouragement and comfort, and even sometimes deserved help and compassion; the matter of the identity of the branches for examination has very little, if any bearing; I distinctly wish to say that a board of examining physicians of our school cannot have the proper sympathy for a candidate of another school as should obtain between examiner and examined. Then, when these shall before their own tribunals acquire such right to offer such services, when they have been tried by their own and found not wanting, then let the people judge; for I state and believe that from joint efforts of all schools of medicine, now when its transactions and discoveries are predicated for the most part, not upon facts existing, as was the anatomy about which Vesalius and Eustachius disputed, but upon minute investigations, and scientific potentialities and fine spun theories of the physiologic and pathologic actions of cellular life, the future welfare of the medical art depends. We had better entice men who do not think with us, if thereby we may glean a valuable scientific thought rather than repel them and form within ourselves a medical hierarchy. It would be better, perhaps, if all men thought as we, in what to us is orthodox medicine, belonging neither to one ism or another, but willing to adopt any method that heals; I believe it the surest, safest, straightest road, but I am willing for others to think differently, and because they do, and because they are endowed with the same intelligence as we, and because to them their life, and the welfare of their own is as dear to them as is mine to me, I am willing and wish for them true liberty of thought and action, and am willing to endorse any law that curtails this right. If they are in error, let's try to lead them back; but who are we that we can judge them; who halt between two opinions every day; if their faith is misplaced, who are we that we can upbraid them; we, who for centuries upon centuries disputed amongst ourselves; if their practices are ignorant and bad, who are we to correct them, who until a few short years ago did not know the reason for the antidotal action of quinine in malaria, altho' it had been in use since its accidental discovery by the vice-king of Peru in the year 1638. The spirit for us is one of tolerance, and not of seeming persecution; of persuasion and not hostility, of protection to all classes, by giving every school representation on the examining board, if we recognize them as practitioners of medicine; if we do not then no law can maintain against them; but, if we do, as it seems to be the case here, then it is right to the public that they be halted before a board of men, of their own medical persuasion; not a board of their views and ideas. Justice and right both ask of us, then if we, to whom the making of such laws has practically been given over, recognize these men as physicians—and when we seek to debar them we make such admission—we must provide the same facilities for them that we have provided for ourselves; if we do not so regard them they are so far as the law is concerned upon the same level as is the old mammy who swaths the new-born babe. I yield to no one in a high admiration for our work not only along purely scientific lines, but also for the efforts that have been expended in providing safeguards against incompetence and fraud, but I view with fear to the army of medical workers in this State such enactments as will tend to beat down all who do not think our way the right way. The spirit that sowed forth in this law smacked of injustice, and no injustice can long survive in North Carolina. The widening and elaboration of the former statute, which was ample and which had been placed upon record after great effort, and with great reluctance on the part of many of our lawmakers, and the strongest opposition on the part of some of the people, and which had builded up an able and noble and honorable profession, savors too much of entrenchment and intolerance and there pervades it an odor which marks us unrelent and distrustful of ourselves, seeking to hedge ourselves with statutory limitations and afraid of the inculcation of different ideas and practices. Not for one moment would I say or believe that such ideas were in the brains of the

(Continued on Page Three.)

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### WHO LACK COURAGE

#### Not the Faithful Ministers of the Church.

#### But Those Men Who Would Subordinate the Spiritual Need of Our People to the Greed and Gain of Shekels.

To the Editor: As a constant reader of your enterprising newspaper, as a Southern man (with "tar" on one heel," at least,) as a Democrat (spelt both ways, capital and lower case,) as a Southern Methodist pastor, and as (I humbly trust) a Christian, I beg space to animadvert upon the existing conditions in the Old North State, and especially in North Carolina Methodism.

I have been a member of Western North Carolina Methodism for only four years, and on account of a sudden failure in health, have been actively engaged only a little over half of that time. For the past two years, I have been stationed in the delightful city of Reidsville, being sent to the little church in Albemarle in November last.

It is not my nature to take the rôle of a leader, but to go along quietly in the discharge of my ministerial duties and leave the task and the glory of leadership to more ambitious men. For years, I have abstained almost entirely from writing for the church papers; and as for speech-making in the Conferences, I have not so much as opened my mouth. In fact, I have never been introduced to the Conference. But quiet as I have been, I assure you, I have been watching the course of events with the profoundest interest, and with no little anxiety.

For many years North Carolina has been in a state of general fermentation. Along with her phenomenal industrial expansion and material progress, her best people have been aroused, as never before, to the importance and necessity of better educational facilities; and the world never witnessed a more vigorous campaign in behalf of popular education than that which has been waged on our soil. Nor has she been content with material development and intellectual progress. Temperance reform has kept even pace with the growth of interest in education. Every moral question has had its thorough discussion in the press, in the pulpit, and in the form.

At the same time, certain untoward events, arising partly out of the strained relations between the white and colored races, and partly out of a very ugly political situation, precipitated the immediate and hasty solution of certain phases of the negro problem, and to this solution the best people of the State brought the treasure of their wisdom and the fervor of patriotic feeling. It was not a theory that confronted them; but an actual condition of distress and lawlessness. Of course, it was not expected that any solution of the problem would give universal satisfaction; but the suffrage amendment was adopted by a tremendous majority, and peace and order were restored.

The South is trying to do what history never yet been done in human history—to keep two races, living side by side, in peace, in happiness, in mutual helpfulness. If she succeeds, she will perform the political miracle of the centuries. And I believe she will succeed, if she be left untrammelled, in her mighty task, by the unwise suggestions and bitter criticisms of an ignorant and extreme radicalism. The real friend of the negro is not the negrophilist nor the unwise advocate of absolute political and social equality; for it is a mistaken kindness that would encourage false hopes; but the true friends of the weaker race are those who know and appreciate their virtues, who pity their misfortunes, who throw the mantle of charity over their sins, and try, in every possible way, to lift them up to a higher manhood and a moral state deserving of a larger freedom and a nobler destiny. For a concrete example of the negro's friend, take our able and big-hearted governor, the leader of the white supremacy movement, and yet the staunchest advocate of the education of the negro at the expense of the State.

As to the Bassett-Trinity incident, let me say a few words.

In the first place, I think the whole tone of the Bassett article in the Quarterly was essentially harsh and false. Estimate of Booker Washington was doubtless sincere, but none the less extremely silly. He has surely studied "History" to little purpose.

2. As the purveyor of general intelligence and the editor of a public journal, you are wholly within your limits when you published the utterances of Prof. Bassett, and commented upon them. There was certainly no "telling tales out of school," no dragging of "soiled garments" into public view. What is written for a Quarterly Review and put into cold type becomes, by that very fact, public property, and must take its chances with public opinion.

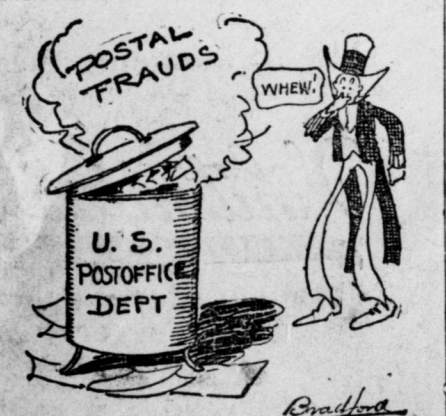
As a member of the Methodist church, you had a right to demand the retirement of Dr. Bassett from Trinity College; that is, if Trinity belongs to the Methodist church! But I must say, I think you went beyond the bounds of journalistic prudence when you demanded his removal as an editor of a secular journal.

However, we know that Josephus Daniels is a better friend of the Methodists of North Carolina than Joseph Bailey, and that Dr. Ivey is as truly loyal to his church as Mr. Blair.

By the way, in this matter and in his (Continued on Page Three.)



THE PITCHER THAT WENT TO THE WELL TOO OFTEN.



THE FULL GARDEN CAN.



NO USE, SON; I'M HERE TO STICK.



UNCLE MARK ISSUES THE CALL.



IN THE WAR THEATRE.