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MRS. CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER

By MRS. GEORGE T. WINSTON.

If I were asked to name the person of my acquaintance in North Carolina who had lived the longest life of mental, physical and moral activity, with the exercise of all faculties on a very high plane, excelling in many lines of work and falling in none, exerting a strong and wholesome influence upon family, community and State, upon religion, morality, education and literature, the person best illustrating the power and the blessing

is not hidebound nor fanatical. She has been a frequent attendant at churches of other denominations. For years she kept burning the fires of religion on the altar of the little Presbyterian church in Chapel Hill, almost by her individual exertions; but she found time always to bring a burning torch of faith and enthusiasm to her brethren elsewhere in the State by letters, by messages, by trumpet calls through the columns of the North Carolina Presbyteriana.

Mrs. Spencer's literary work has been varied and perhaps lacking in permanence, but it did its work. She wrote when and where and what was needed in North Carolina; now religious letters to newspapers; now hymns and songs for University festivals; now clarion calls to the people to throw off the political yoke; now songs of triumph at the departure of human vultures from sacred seats of learning; now appeals to the young; now reminiscences of the past with golden lessons of future warning; now spicy sketches of men, women and events shot with arrows of wit, humor and pleasantry; now volleys of hard horse sense, overthrowing whole battalions of nonsense and folly in fashion, education, politics and religion.

It was as a neighbor and a friend; as a housekeeper, a giver of bread to the poor, a visitor of the sick and needy, a lover of the wild woods, a friend of everybody and everything in Chapel Hill and North Carolina that I knew Mrs. Spencer best and remember her most vividly. Early each spring we would go out to seek the dog tooth violets and late each fall to gather the last lingering autumn leaves. She knew every tree, bush, flower, stream and rock within miles of Chapel Hill. She knew them for she loved them and poured out her soul upon them in song and pictures. Her skills as an artist were very great, some of her sketches in oil of the native wild flowers around Chapel Hill I now have before me, as fresh and beautiful as true to nature almost as the originals. Her own home was full of her beautiful handiwork, paintings on canvas, on paper, on china, on tiles and on plaques; nothing meretricious, no faded nor fashionably frivolous, but everywhere the genuineness, sincerity, sweetness and truthfulness of nature. Her love of home was her strongest trait. She loved the very floors and doors and walls of her habitation. It was the English and Dutch inheritance in her, the basis of the strength and of the greatness of these two wonderful races.

Mrs. Spencer was the most omnivorous reader I ever knew. When Dr. Wood's library of several thousand volumes of special scientific books was added to the University library, Mrs. Spencer literally "went through it," and got what was in it. She knew almost by heart the great masters in English literature and read and reread them again and again. She read plenty of trash, too; but like Macaulay, did it quickly and seemed able almost to know intuitively the content of trashy books. Her mind is most virile and sane. She judges for herself, and she has a judgment that might represent the average judgment, the final judgment of her generation. North Carolina owes to herself the honoring of its most healthful, useful and noble type of woman. The State has not yet placed in statutory hall at Washington the statues of her two distinguished countrymen. Other States have placed there only men; typical men. Let North Carolina place there her most eminent typical man, Zealou B. Vance, and her most eminent typical woman, Cornelia Phillips Spencer, lifelong friends and patriots and co-laborers for the redemption of their State from its greatest thralldom and for its everlasting peace, happiness and prosperity.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 22.

SOME THANKFUL SENTIMENTS.

I reckon we're feelin' thankful--
For the good we've had to the Present--
For the future we can't see;
For things that we call our blessings--
For the sorrows an' the sighs;
But for all the praisin' an' prayin',
There's a mist there, 'round the eyes!

Yes, I reckon we're feelin' thankful
For the life an' light we know
An' the love that's left us, an'
The love that's under the snow;
For the hope the last will greet us
Somewhere on a winter shore.
But in loneliness when shadows we
Sigh fer it more an' more!

Some of us are divided--some have
drifted away;
An' the stars are not so beautiful--
There's less light in the day!
There's roof that gives us shelter--
A table with plenty spread,
But the vacant chairs bring heartache
When we break our daily bread!

But I reckon we're feelin' thankful,
On the hills--in the flowerless dells,
For the little light that's left us--
For the music of the bells;
An' maybe we'll all see clearer when
The clouds are swept away.
An' the weary winter is no more, an'
we reach etern' an' more!

—F. L. STANTON.

Duty.

She wore her duty as a crown,
And in her passing up and down
One came who laughed to see her
wear
Such trifle with so grand an air.

She took it off. "One cannot be
A laughing-stock for such as he."
Behold, her feet, once swift to go,
Move now reluctantly and slow.

She walks a prisoner, down
At that which binds her limbs in pain.
Who wears not duty as a crown
Must drag it as a chain.

—Good Housekeeping.

Business.

He--I told your father that I just
dote on you.
She--And what did he say?
He--That I had better find an anti-
dote.--New York Mail.

WHY I AM A BACHELOR MAID.

By MISS ELIZABETH HAVEN HILLIARD.

This question, which I have been asking myself for some years, and which I feel quite sure my various friends and relatives have frequently asked each other, is a difficult one to answer. If I was only an historical character, I might look myself up in an Encyclopedia or a History for Ready Reference, and find the question answered clearly and succinctly in half a column, and I should refer

over, who entertained me, by recounting the perfections of his first wife, of the old bachelor who regaled me with romantic tales of his ante-deluvian sweethearts, of the pusillanimous man, who in an encounter of wits went down at the first thrust, never rising again to give me the pleasure of a second encounter, or the politic man, who to avail opposition to his matrimonial projects waited for his whole

company to dinner or striving to impress Polly with the fact that her swiss muslin with pink ribbons is not a suitable dress for her to wear to her kindergarten on a wet morning. In the afternoon, I enjoy entertaining my friends in leisurely fashion, without being constantly interrupted by the incursions of Polly and Dicky, or having an uncomfortable feeling that a hungry husband adorns

It is a beautiful Indian summer day, and I am sitting on the porch of my new house in town, but "my heart and my eyes are full as I think" of the old life on the farm. I know the fields are full of pea pickers to-day, and I am wondering, who will weigh their peas for them this evening. Bless their hearts, they used to tell me they loved to come to do it, for they knew they would

As far as I know the only blot on his stainless reputation was when the new darkey from the North beguiled him into taking the pig. That was a long time ago, and the whole family agreed with the baby when she said "he wouldn't have taken it, if he had thought father needed it."

It was this way. One evening late, when I returned from town, I found all the children in tears, and the father looking very solemn. Sam had stolen one of the pigs, had been arrested by a good sized, over zealous butcher, who, poor man, was laboring under the delusion that he was doing the family a favor, and securing a life long customer, when in fact the children did not forgive him for years. They set up a wall when their father explained that he could not take the law in his hands and release Sam, but in spite of his protests, which I remember still, were rather weak, that he could not encourage crime, by openly sympathizing with Sam, a cart was sent down in the darkness, to the jail, carrying enough hot summer and blankets for a good sized family. (The children and I) never knew exactly how justice was satisfied, but I will never forget the look of the procession that filed across the back yard early the next morning. First came my husband, tall and stately, with the big smoke house key in his hand, then followed poor crestfallen Sam with the pig on his shoulder, close behind him came the three little boys, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. The pig was put in the smoke house with his companions, and though it was hog killing time, Sam had eggs for his breakfast, because the chicken announced that he had said he never wanted to see another piece of pig as long as he lived.

Some weeks afterwards, my husband and I wanted to spend the day in town, we had been in the habit of leaving everything in Sam's charge in our absence and decided to do it again, so I asked him to the bank and said, "Sam, am going to town to-day, take care of my children and my house for me--here are the keys." I remember still his look of mingled gratitude and pride as he said, "Miss Mary whoever lays de weight o' dere fingers on your children or your things dis day, will have Sam to kill fust."

Sam finally fell in love with the house girl and set up an establishment of his own. One day, one of the little boys found Sam in trouble, his wife had run away and he had nobody to look after her, so I told him to get a pig and let him live in the vacant room in the back yard. The arrangement being satisfactory to us all, the little boys helped him to move that afternoon.

It almost broke my heart when I had to tell Sam and the other servants I was going to leave the farm. It was the day of the last hog killing, and even the youngest little boy could not take an interest in his pig tails. I was trying to be brave and not break down when I would think that maybe I'd never see some of our dear old faces again. I had never had the courage to tell them I was going to leave them, but they had heard it. Sam and Tom waited until I was alone in the big kitchen and then they came to see me. Sam was spokesman. "Miss Mary, we hears you is gwine to leave us, but we fuses to 'believe it thout you say so yourself.' The crisis had come, and I had to talk fast and explain that I wasn't going far, just a mile, that they all could come to see me, that my grown sons wanted me to go, etc. but before I had finished Sam had taken me to the bandana handkerchief out, Tom's coat sleeve was to his eyes, and I had buried my face in my arms, and was sobbing on the kitchen table. When we had had our cry out together, Sam announced that "their boys" as he called my sons shouldn't carry us away, that Tom could move up in the yard and they would take care of the little children. I said, "When I still insisted that I must go, he said he would go too, and he said to his honor, in this money loving generation, that he went, and worked for what he could have made on the farm. He is very susceptible and soon succumbed to the charms of a town darkey. He took my advice and set up house-keeping again, and I had to talk where he has a corner in his 'kyarden' devoted to the cultivation of "roasting years" for "Miss Mary." He feels much aggrieved if he isn't sent for on state occasions to wait on the table. One day when we were entertaining in a small way, and I failed to send for him, not thinking that the occasion demanded his presence, imagine my surprise when I looked up in the midst of the dining, and behold Sam, arrayed in my new butler's finery waiting on the table. He had laid violent hands on the butler, on his way to the kitchen, stripped him of his apron and jacket, and appeared in his stead.

His specialty now is 'possum hunting, and the boys and girls of our little town wait no better fun than to provide themselves with a chaperone and lunch, get Sam and his dogs, and have a moonlight scramble over the dear old farm after the 'possums.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

(Chicago News.)
Teacher--Can you tell me the difference between "like" and "love?"
Small Boy--Yes, mamma. I like my papa and mamma, but I love pie.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if I gave you three oranges and your mother gave you four and your aunt gave you five, how many oranges would you have?"
"I guess I'd have enough," answered small Johnny.

Tommy--Oh, mamma, the grocery man just gave me three sticks of candy!

Mamma--Well, you must be polite and offer your little sister two of them.

Tommy--All right, mamma! but I wish you would tell her to be polite, too, and only take one.



*We've starved on warmed-up ends for se'ril weeks,
Although our oven's been plum full of stuff,
For Mary--that's my wife--has an idea
A feast is jist about ten times enough.*

*And so she's baked and brewed and minced and beat,
My! all the fixin's she has mixed and chopped!
If Gu'ner Jones had changed and chose next week,
I b'lieve she would a-cooked until she'd dropped.*

*The pies, of course, ain't the big job to make,
There's cranb'ry, pum'kins, apples, custard, creams,
Squashes and minces, cherry an' some more;
There ain't no end to pie-stuffs, so it seems.*

*The chicken pie is in the oven now,
The little gooseb'ry tart are hid away.*

*The pastry letters on the biggest squash
Read plain: "Nineteen ought four,
Thanksgiving Day."*

*For now, at last, the time to eat has come,
Bill's family's here, and Sister Jane's and Si's;
They've seen the pantry shelves, but do their best,
They'll never clear away that load of pies.*

*An' so to-morrow we'll be eating pies,
Likewise a long day after that, I fear;
An' when I think how dry the last ones git,
I'm glad the Lord ain't thanked but once a year.*

*Not that I'm blamin' Mary, understand,
She must do like the rest, of course,
Tain't wise
To fight the fashions. Yes, sir, I expect
I'm proud as she is of them grows of pies.*

—EDITH K. DUNTON.

you to that. But, as I am not known to history or to fame, I shall have to consult the tablets of my memory and tell you what I find there. I confess that I find there, that in the intervals, between the meetings of the half dozen clubs, to which I belong, I have sometimes puzzled over the question as to whether my present status was due to some fault in myself or to some fault in that not impossible he. When I think of my moderate good looks, and modest attainments, of the way I have forced my eloquent dissertations on literature and the arts upon the unwilling ears of some poor unfortunate, whose only interests were the current price of tobacco or cotton, of the energy with which I have striven to train men up willy nilly, in the way they should go, of the degree to which I have polished the semimeter of my wit, at the mere sign of a man's approach, I am constrained to acknowledge that I am to blame for the present state of affairs. But, when I think of the long line of not impossible he that have approached me (I am honest, I say, approached, not courted), of the energetic homely man who hadn't an idea in regard to art and literature, of the handsome languishing man, who was afraid of a spider, of the brilliant was a man, who made love to half a dozen girls in an evening, of the wid-

family to die before he took it upon himself to offer me his heart and hand, of the men of forty, who admired me at twenty, and the boys of twenty who persisted in admiring me at various stages of my bachelorhood, then I am persuaded that the fault lies with the men and their perversity.

The truth of the matter is, I consider the courtships of Diana Vernon and Frank Osbaldistone, with its frank interchange of thought and opinion, an ideal one, and I have not yet found a man, who cared to listen to my opinions, or was willing to trust me with his.

As I said this question of "Why I am a Bachelor Maid" is a very difficult one to answer, but if you would just put the question to me, in a little different way, ask me "Why I Enjoy being a Bachelor Maid," I could answer it very easily and quickly, in what remains to me of the thousand words, which I am allowed.

In the first place, I enjoy telling the truth, once in a while. A married woman never feels that it is safe for her to do this, because she is afraid of jarring the tender sensibilities of her husband or some one of his many relations. Then, I prefer to spend my eloquence on more important matters, than trying to persuade Dicky to wash his hands when there

the back door step awaiting with impatience the departure of my guests. Then after tea I occasionally like to speak above a whisper in my own house and allow my guests to do the same, without feeling that it is incumbent upon me to interrupt a friend in the midst of a brilliant story, with a "sh--don't wake Polly." I also enjoy a quiet game of whist with my friends, without feeling that at various intervals, during the game, I must dash madly upstairs to see that Polly has not choked with the croup, or Dicky broken his neck, by rolling out of bed.

I like, once in a while, to express my own opinion, without thinking it necessary to bolster it up by continually asseverating that Mr. X. (spoken with bated breath) agreed with me.

I enjoy looking at things in the light of clear reason, and not looking at them through a haze of sentiment. I rejoice to feel that because a man sits opposite me at the table, I do not, forsooth, have to endow him with all the possible and impossible virtues.

Another cause for rejoicing is that when I have the toothache, I can be comfortably cross, without being severely reminded by the Ladies Home Journal in the person of "Miss Ruth Ashmore" or the "Lady from Philadelphia" (Continued on Page Five.)

get all that "was coming" to them and more besides. I wonder if Moses and Joshua are there, I could never find it in my heart to scold Moses as his mother did, when he did not get as much as his twin brother Joshua, because I knew he was constitutionally lazy. Tom is there, I know, telling everybody to hurry up, and making himself unpopular by holding up the gaze of the overseer the half-picked vines. Dear old Sam must be there too with his 'possum dogs, and his wife and the baby that went without a name for a whole month because I wasn't there to name him.

An especially big lump comes in my throat when I think of all of his love and tenderness for me and mine. He was always careful to put the scales in a sheltered place so that I might not take cold, and would severely rebuke any little "nigger" who so far forgot himself as to speak in my presence.

Of all my black friends, I believe, I love and treasure the best. He stood ready to open the big gate for me when I came a poor homesick little teacher to the farm--then when I came back a bride, he was at the train, with a broad grin of welcome on his black face, ready to put my trunk on the "kvert." He was my house boy for years and was riding horse for all of my six children.



MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

of the "melus sana in corpore sano," I would name Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Spencer began in August, 1876 when I moved to Chapel Hill as a young bride.

Mrs. Spencer was my nearest neighbor, and my own house had been her father's residence for over a third of a century. She had spent most of her life up to that time in the house where I began my married life; and she was greatly attached to the house, the yard, the noble oak trees, the old garden, with its quaint fir trees and old fashioned flowers and shrubs. So, chance threw me near Mrs. Spencer; and it was my greatest pleasure to be with her, to hear her delightful conversation, her brilliant wit, her quick humor, her rare and varied reminiscences of people and events, her wise views of life, her pointed and sane criticisms of everybody and everything worth criticizing and her minute knowledge even of the humblest people and things in our little community.

Mrs. Spencer was the most omnivorous reader I ever knew. When Dr. Wood's library of several thousand volumes of special scientific books was added to the University library, Mrs. Spencer literally "went through it," and got what was in it. She knew almost by heart the great masters in English literature and read and reread them again and again. She read plenty of trash, too; but like Macaulay, did it quickly and seemed able almost to know intuitively the content of trashy books. Her mind is most virile and sane. She judges for herself, and she has a judgment that might represent the average judgment, the final judgment of her generation. North Carolina owes to herself the honoring of its most healthful, useful and noble type of woman. The State has not yet placed in statutory hall at Washington the statues of her two distinguished countrymen. Other States have placed there only men; typical men. Let North Carolina place there her most eminent typical man, Zealou B. Vance, and her most eminent typical woman, Cornelia Phillips Spencer, lifelong friends and patriots and co-laborers for the redemption of their State from its greatest thralldom and for its everlasting peace, happiness and prosperity.

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