

WEEKLY CITIZEN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE HANDBLPH-KERR PRINTING COMPANY

THEIR BEST, BUT POOR.

The convention cheered for half an hour for Blaine—and then nominated another man!

But let us make no mistake; the republicans have nominated their strongest man. Blaine's nomination would have hopelessly split the party; McKinley as the embodiment of only the ultra protection idea would have been repudiated by the country for that reason; and there was no other name of prominence before the convention except that of Reed who might have been taken up by the Blaine and the McKinley men as a compromise if he had not made too many enemies by his openly expressed hostility of the administration.

Harrison now stands before the republicans as a president who has turned a sufficient number of democrats out of office to please the men who are in the party for revenue. He stands for the force bill, a republican measure; but he has given the country an administration free from grave scandals except the few—like the disgraceful conduct of the pension office, his intimacy with Quay and the like—which the republican party has come to expect of its presidents and passes by as not unusual; and he has the confidence of the business men who would like to be sure that the financial policy is not likely to change.

There is his strength chiefly. His weakness—a weakness that will defeat him—lies in the fact that he has alienated all the old-time politicians whose wire pulling has been relied on to pull almost any kind of a candidate through. These are the Blaine men. They with their leader, who wrote one letter too many or one too few, will be as dumb as oysters in the coming campaign. The attacks of Clarkson, Quay, Reed and Platt have put them outside the possibility of supporting the president, for those attacks have been personal. They were sick and tired of Harrison and they said so. Moreover they supported the nomination of a man who said he was not a candidate, and who was taken at his word. There was treachery and deceit in that, and forgiveness is not for him and them; neither will they ask for it. The fight must be fought without them, and it cannot be won now that they and their followers are disgusted and disgruntled.

In other words, the great Blaine influence will not help to pull Harrison through this time, and he cannot reach the goal alone. Wanamaker and Steve Elkins and such small fry—these be Mr. Harrison's jewels. Let him make the most he can of them, they cannot command the Blaine vote and Harrison will have to do without it. He will be defeated by Grover Cleveland.

RIGHT WINS.

The right has triumphed, decency comes out on top, and there will be no saloon on Patton avenue.

The result is worth more to Asheville than we can now estimate. It proves that there is a strong moral sentiment in this town, which, when aroused, will sweep down every man and every measure that stands in the way of the city's advancement along all the lines that tend toward a higher civilization. This liquor interest can come so far, and not an inch farther. It can dominate to a certain extent and among a certain class; but there its power ends. It is tolerated within certain boundaries as a necessary evil, but it must not overstep those bounds. On the contrary, it must constantly retreat and become less and less influential, if it but be closely watched, as the city grows in churches, in educational facilities and in a general uplifting of the best moral sentiment.

THE CITIZEN naturally comes in for a good deal of praise for the result, having undertaken single-handed to arouse the people to a full realization of the offense of the county commissioners, but unless there had been that latent determination in the great mass of the people to stand steadily for the right, THE CITIZEN could alone have accomplished nothing. It is in the people, after all, that, under a free government, there rests all hope for progress, all hope for reform. Sometimes they may be slow to act, but when they do act, the men who train with the bad—acting as drummers for saloon petitions, for instance—must go to the wall no matter what amount of supposed popularity they may have in their own circle.

Life in Asheville is a better, sweeter thing because of this victory.

OUR "FINEST."

The board of aldermen recently took one action that THE CITIZEN has heretofore neglected to comment on as becoming the importance of the subject. We refer to the reelection of the old force of patrolmen for another term.

Unless a man has been too long in public office, if he is fitted for his duties it is generally a mistake to depose him and get raw material to work over into the finished product.

It is, therefore, with more than usual pleasure that THE CITIZEN rejoices in the reelection of those finished products of the city, the patrolmen—called by the

vulgar, in a language of the streets which we hope will never invade this vicinity, "cops". The citizens generally must have had a sigh of relief when they knew the present defenders of our homes, our altars and our precious lives were to be retained in the service of the city. Ever since the new men came in to answer to the high expectations naturally raised after every election, the splendid discipline of the force has been made manifest in numberless ways. We read in the newspapers of other cities of complaints of policemen loafing on their beats—when they have any—of smoking, even drinking intoxicating liquors when on duty; of frequenting saloons and other resorts more or less given up to sin of consorting with low characters—of, in short general neglect of duty. We are happy to be able to say that none of these complaints have, to our knowledge, been brought against our policemen by the chief of police. It has indeed, been time and again remarked that it was difficult to become acquainted with our force of blue coats and brass buttons, so engaged were they in those parts of the city where trouble might at any time occur, instead of frequenting the square or hanging about generally as common loafers.

It is a matter of common remark, too, that all of the low resorts and dives formerly within the city limits have been compelled by the wise and vigilant action of the police to take themselves elsewhere. It is true that this was done under former administrations, but the fact is none the less creditable to the present one. The city is now clear of all attractions that might be pits for the unwary and we owe it all to the police. We can hardly thank them too much.

In short, the present police force of the city have, in the words of the Wilson Mirror, painted the sky of our hopes with all those brilliant colors that go to make up the rainbow tints of a celestial home on earth and have added to our common existence the cerulean half-tones that lend and impart additional glory to the rich and glittering tints of American policemanhood—or other words to that effect.

L. L. POLK.

In the death of Col. L. L. Polk the third party has lost its most remarkable personality, if not the only man in its ranks capable of holding the organization together.

In some respects L. L. Polk was a remarkable man, and few can contemplate his death without feelings akin to regret.

Col. Polk was the heart more preeminently than he was the head, of the third party. It was his remarkable power of swaying men as a public orator, that made even the attempt to form a third party on the platform laid down at St. Louis possible. There was enough truth in his speeches to make their contradiction difficult, and there was enough fallacy in them to make it easy to call him a demagogue.

There were few men in the United States who could lay greater claim to being a ready speaker than L. L. Polk. There was never a moment when he could not speak, and speak powerfully for the cause he advocated. He could with ease make the worse appear the better reason, and the means he used was not argument, but rather an appeal to the sentiments and feelings of his auditors. No man of intelligence, no matter how opposite in opinion, could hear Col. Polk speak without being forced to acknowledge his power as a platform orator. The thinking man he would please, the unthinking he would captivate.

That his reputation will lose by his sudden taking off, is doubtful. Could he have lived to see his plans put to anything like a practical test, the failure that must have inevitably followed would have been a severe test. The remarkable success that followed his efforts during the last few years of his life, gave a charm to his personality that must have faded in the hour of defeat. Nothing succeeds like success, is neither more nor less true than that nothing is so disastrous as defeat.

That L. L. Polk was a North Carolinian few will now regret. It might have been otherwise had his life been prolonged.

THE PATTON AVENUE SALOON

It has never yet been pretended that a saloon was established to do good along the lines laid down by Sunday schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, churches or day schools, or in any other way. They are established primarily to make money.

In Asheville, unhappily, there is a demand for the saloon and for liquor, but the business is one constantly under suspicion and restricted in its possibilities for mischief by a heavy license. Enough of these saloons are now in existence on main streets and on side streets that the man who drinks has every reasonable opportunity to indulge his appetite, even to become sodden with alcohol if he wishes, to the extent of temporarily parting with his reason.

Nevertheless it is proposed to add to the number of these places by making of Patton avenue a saloon street. This thoroughfare, one of the best business streets in town, one that ladies are almost compelled to frequent, within a stone's throw of a majority of the churches, is to become a street to be avoided, a lounging spot for loafers, a menace to the peace and dignity of one of the most attractive parts of the city.

The county commissioners of Bun-

combe have done this thing. They have decided that Patton avenue needs toning down; that it is not easy enough to get a drink in that locality; that the fact that it is now free from all the features that would make a lady avoid it, is a state of affairs that has existed long enough; that it will be a fine thing for the hundreds who throng that avenue on their way to church to have to pass on Sunday what they always avoid on a week day; that it will be a sort of an offset to the Y. M. C. A. just across the road; that it will highly edify the school children who pass the spot by the scores to reach the public schools to learn the effect of alcohol on the human system.

Of course the intention is to keep a "highly respectable" place; where the common drunkard will be far from welcome, but also where the boy just getting to the age where he may think it "smart" to learn to drink will be especially attracted by just this kind of guided respectability.

No; the proposal to invade Patton avenue with a saloon of any kind is an outrage. There are saloons enough and to spare in that locality now. No good interest will be subserved by this concession to the liquor traffic by the commissioners. It is a wrong act—wrong every way you look at it.

mighty poor politics.

Aside from the question of decency, it is very poor politics to put into the hands of the prohibitionists and the republicans the kind of a weapon the commissioners have prepared for the use of the enemies of the democratic party in giving a permit to open a saloon on Patton avenue. Is the democratic party of Asheville and Buncombe county a liquor party? If not why, this concession to the liquor interest? There was no real necessity for a saloon on that avenue; no large public yearning that could not be filled as well just around the corner 200 feet away.

If the democratic party of Buncombe county stands for law and order and the best interests of our families and homes it will reduce the number of saloons at every possible opportunity instead of increasing them in localities where they are already too plenty.

AT HOME TO IDIOTS.

If we can believe the New York Sun—and it is generally accurate outside of politics, and occasionally there—idiots, paupers, malefactors, contract laborers, and other undesirable immigrants have now very little trouble in entering the United States at this port. It seems that all the severe but necessary restrictions of a few months ago have been relaxed because of rulings of the federal courts to that effect, and now our population is being swelled by the addition of the very worst class of immigrants we could have. Meantime there are bills in congress that would remedy the trouble if they were passed, and as there is no opposition to them it seems like pure neglect not to attend to them at once.

It is a perilous thing to let the doors of the republic stand open to the paupers and criminals of the old world. THE Springfield, Mass., Republican says: "In the north there is no public opinion in favor of Lynch law." Those northern papers that have been saying that lynching served the Port Jervis brute just right will please consider that they do not represent their public. It should be added, however, that the authorities of Port Jervis are making an apparently sincere effort to punish the lynchers. They have several of the mob under arrest, and a trial will probably follow. It is not at all likely that convictions can be secured, but the moral effect of the arrests is worth striving for.

"We commend the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service and the wise, consistent enforcement by the republicans of the laws relating to the same." How long is it since Clarkson stopped cutting off democratic postmasters' heads, omitting only for lack of material? In no other administration has the civil service commission felt it necessary for the good of the public to arraign a member of the cabinet for unjust removals from office, as Wanamaker has been arraigned for his violations of civil service rules in the Baltimore postoffice.

There was nothing more fitting in all the Minneapolis convention than the fate of the colored delegate who said that under the rules of the fifty-first congress, as he understood them, every contestant had a right to be heard. The convention, remembering the rules of the fifty-first congress more accurately than did the delegate, promptly shut him up and sat him down. It was just like Reed's congress.

Charlotte has the largest auditorium in the state and better and more ample hotel accommodations than any other city in the state excepting Asheville, and would be most happy to have future conventions to meet here—Observer.

Asheville leads in hotel accommodations, and ought to have the state convention a time or two itself. If not Asheville, then Charlotte.

The Minneapolis convention was, more than any other, a woman's convention. The gentler sex were out for Blaine and would not be dismayed. If they had had votes his nomination would have been made unanimous without taking a vote. It was a woman who precipitated the half-hour pandemonium for Blaine, the same woman kept it up when the crowd itself would have stopped, and she had able lieutenants who lacked her

beauty, but equalled her in enthusiasm. It makes one shudder to think what would result if say one-half of the delegates had been women, and women of the kind that can sway a crowd of supposedly deliberative men as this one did. The probabilities are, the building would succumb to the cyclone of sound, and that the result of the convention would make the party go out and kick itself when it had regained its senses.

It is worth noting that the people of a good many cities where they have had more rain of late than Asheville has, are complaining, not so much at the overflow of water, as at the fact that the signal service continually predicts fair weather. All signs fail in dry weather, is an old saying that all are familiar with. If, now, we must add that wet weather signs are not to be depended on either, the signal service may as well go out of business.

THERE is one thing in connection with the Patton avenue saloon, that the people should know, and know now, and that that is while Mayor Blanton's name did not appear on the petition for the saloon, he did undertake the highly honorable and dignified job of carrying that petition around and induced other people to sign what he was afraid to sign himself. This is high ground for the chief official of Asheville to take!

IN RALEIGH last week 42 men met to form the third party; in Smithfield, Johnston county, only 29 men could be gathered for that purpose, and in several other counties there were meetings very sparsely attended. In one those present refused to adjourn on hearing of Col. Polk's death, though others did and adopted suitable resolutions as well.

If the republican convention could have pointed out any "inhuman outrages perpetrated upon citizens in certain southern states for political reasons," as the platform states, it would have been proper to denounce them, along with, for instance, the Port Jervis lynching, but the convention did not mention any such because it could not.

The nomination of Whitlaw Reid to be vice-president is one of the weakest that could have been made. It locks up the influence of the chief republican organ and antagonizes union labor in New York state. Reid is a good editor, was a poor diplomat in Paris, and is the son-in-law of a rich man, D. O. Mills.

The fact that some of the commissioners were believed to be pledged against the liquor interests, and then turned and voted for a Patton avenue saloon does not set well with anyone who loves honorable things. A two-faced man commands no one's respect.

The Washington correspondent of the New York World says there is an impression among the politicians that Whitney, of New York, may be the best man for the democrats to nominate at Chicago. On a platform of Standard oil? No; no, Whitney won't do.

"I do not believe that individual dis-appointments will control the convention at Minneapolis," said the President a few days before the convention met. Mr. Harrison was right. The convention was controlled by the office holders, and he controlled them.

It seems to have been taken for granted by the republicans at Minneapolis who wanted votes that the colored delegate was always in the market. Strange that the negro trains in a party that has so low an opinion of him!

NORTH CAROLINA was the only state in the whole republican convention that had men so small that it was necessary to vote them in thirds to give them a proportional vote with the whole men of the convention.

The labor organizations have already begun to protest against the nomination of Whitlaw Reid. He will distinctly take from Harrison's strength in New York.

A CHATTANOOGA alderman has gone insane. That is unfortunate, but it is not so discreditable as working up petitions for a saloon license.

Did you notice how the office-holders of the south stood up and were counted like little tin soldiers for the man who had created them?

"The burdens of taxation have been lightened," said Chauncey Depew at Minneapolis, but none applauded; the lie was too big.

We reckon that the dearest politician in the United States today is James Gillespie Blaine.

At every other turn of the crank in Minneapolis some republican howled for the force bill.

ALGER? ALGER? There used to be a man in Wisconsin or Michigan of that name.

Do you hear the news Messrs. County Commissioners? Ponder the lesson well.

It was a typical republican convention. Even the gavel was a stolen one. BLAINE has lots of mourners, but they cannot bring him back to political life.

AND Mrs. Blaine—the bitterness of defeat is here in overwhelming measure.

HARRISON has won his last great victory.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Road Law.

EDITOR THE CITIZEN:—I see in your report of the proceedings of the meeting of the joint board of commissioners and justices of the peace for Buncombe county that they decided, through the advice of J. E. Rankin, chairman of the board of county commissioners, not to levy any road tax for the ensuing year on account of the inefficiency of said law.

I know, since the practical workings of the law have been tested that it needs amendment. I knew when I introduced it in the legislature that it would not be a perfect law. I also knew that we would never have a road law until some member made a beginning, and having no political aspirations higher than to do my best for the prosperity and advancement of North Carolina and especially Buncombe county, and knowing too that good roads are next to good schools in building up our country, and being urged on by the best citizens of our country as well as by resolutions passed by the Buncombe county alliance at their January meeting in 1891, I undertook the task and I did so with a hearty good will and I do so again if opportunity permitted.

Now as to the inefficiency of the road law. Let us take a calm deliberate view of the workings of said law and its demands and see if they are impracticable. After I had written and rewritten the act and advised with the attorney general as to its constitutionality I forwarded it to chairman of the board of county commissioners, Mr. Rankin, for his approval before I introduced it. His answer was that he thought it would do all right. Section 1 of the act reads as follows:

"That the board of county commissioners and justices of the peace of Buncombe county at their regular meeting in June in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and at each regular meeting thereafter shall provide a fund for the construction and keeping in repair the public roads in said county by levying an assessment not exceeding fifteen cents on the hundred dollars worth of property, subject to taxation for state and county purposes."

The joint board by their act on last Monday say they will not obey the above, though they, in accepting the office they now hold, swore they would maintain and support the laws of North Carolina. I protest against this usurpation of power. If the law is not what it should be, let us do what we can in obeying in until the legislature meets and repeal or amend it. I have been accustomed to see them use a great deal of power, and they have, I think, delegated to them by the laws of North Carolina entirely too much power; but I did not suppose they would attempt to take the repelling power away from where it properly belongs.

The law also further provides that the road tax shall be kept in a separate column on tax books. It provides that all persons between the ages of eighteen and forty-five shall work on the road four days. It provides that if you work, the amount worked shall be credited off of what ever road tax you have assessed against your property, at not less than seventy-five cents for each day worked. This clause was put in because you could not increase the poll over and above two dollars and make it constitutional. And I did not think it right to make the property work the roads and keep them up entirely. I think all persons who use the roads ought to help keep them up.

It provides for the working the county convicts. It also provides that all persons who are sentenced to imprisonment for non-payment of court costs in cases of bastardy, or under the vagrant act shall work the roads.

It gives the commissioners power to buy improved road machinery. It gives them power to relocate or change the roads when necessary. It gives them power to manage and systemize the details of the working of the roads through a county superintendent of roads and a supervisor in each township.

As to the inefficiency of the road-law I have to say that since the present law has been in force there has been more miles of road made in our county and properly worked than in the ten preceding years before it became a law. I fear no contradiction of this statement. Considering that the law has been in operation only one year I think it must be efficient, regardless of the discussion of the joint board.

There is one thing I confess I am surprised at, and that is that the magistrates of the county outside of Asheville would so readily agree with the view of Mr. Rankin, when in the failure of assessing a road-tax they cut themselves out of at least \$6,000 or more that the tax-payers of Asheville would have paid to help them work the country roads with. I think they trusted the judgment of Mr. Rankin too much this time for there good, though possibly they prefer working them without help.

Now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion I will say that I am not done with the road question. I expect to agitate it until we succeed in getting good roads.

M. L. Reed.

No Picture of Dave Hanks, Sr.

KANE CREEK, N. C. 1892 the 13 June }

SITIZEN EDITOR sir ef yur agwinter low whiper snappers ter pass yiveself off fer D. Hanks' suns i wil Hang up mi Hank, Ujean rankin nose i ar knot a jesttias of the pece likewise no kommissioner which ista at home & mine mioan Afares mi Suns kan write beter as i kan rite they is knot sek on dairy konpheshunal Lunatix like that phule a ritin & klanin ter Bee D. Hanks' sun

Which my nabors klame that yu sopped mi likeness in yo paper. i do knot look like i hav a mustash likewise A Gote tea i disremember ov standin in front ov A dog House a lookin in the doe which hit scams the dog were done gone. Hi ar a miss steak mr editior wil yu pleas sett this matter rite threwo yu kolums did yu soppose my likeness or Did yu knot be plane. Dave Hanks.

The Citizen and the Saloon.

From a Private Letter to the Editor. "With twelve fifteenths of the white people you have done yourself great credit in attacking the growing popularity of the corrupt saloon system. You have endeared God's people and the women and suffering innocents generally to you, as an advocate of the public good. The day is coming in which your manliness in this thing will be a wreath of honor to you."

THE TATTLER.

Some Things He Sees And Hears Worth Talking About.

One's admiration of the administrators of the affairs of Buncombe county is not likely to be heightened by the recurrence of such events as were reported in and commented on by THE CITIZEN last week. I mean the election of county commissioners and the subsequent granting of license for a doggery on Patton avenue. In the first place, a man who can read the account of the proceedings of the meeting of magistrates on Monday without experiencing a hot wave of shame as he contemplates the disgusting, debauched, peculiarly disgraceful spectacle, should be sent to the World's Fair. A witness of the affair told me that he positively knew of five or six of the magistrates who were drunk, made so, of course, by men who had some purpose to carry out, principally the retention in office of a set of "wet" commissioners. Of course these men accomplished their desires.

Again, the two-facedness of some of the commissioners seems extraordinary, and without doubt will be remembered against them in the future. If it is true, as charged, that Mr. Clayton begged votes with the promise that he would vote to license no more saloons in Asheville, his vote on the saloon question shows a most wondrous amount of duplicity—and it is anything but creditable to him.

Why was the Patton avenue saloon licensed? Was it needed? Hardly. There are enough bars here now to supply the demand for "wet goods" in Asheville for years, and instead of adding to the commissioners should try to subtract from the list whenever possible. It took a monstrous amount of pure gall for the commissioners to give out the license after declaring "We are prohibitionists!" Prohibitionists! Kats. Such Pharisaical declarations from men who are expected to do their best for the good of the county make me tired. It is creditable to Mr. Rankin that he would have voted against the license. Perhaps if we had another commissioner who lives in town things would take different courses some time. There is usually squariness among the mass of the farming class, but not every man who pulls the bell cord over a mule knows how to resist influence when they get into an important office.

I would dislike to have the outside world accept as the Buncombe county standard of reasoning power the argument used by Mr. Clayton—that he voted for the license in order that the prohibition people might be aroused to action. Capital, brilliant, don't you know? But it is rather too much as if you were to kill a lot of people by feeding them on toadstools just to learn another lot of people that there's a difference between toadstools and mushrooms.

To be sure Mayor Blanton had to take a hand in the business. He it was who originated the expression "I am satisfied" when one of his men was elected commissioner. But he did not hear the remark of a minister who witnessed the proceedings: "Yes, and the devil will get you for this day's work if you don't mend your ways." The mayor was not satisfied with this work. He had to solicit signatures for the saloon petition. He is not satisfied with running the city, and is grasping out for the county—and judging from what I hear he is succeeding tolerably well for a young man.

This brings me down to city affairs—but I haven't room for that today. I want to remind every one of my readers of the indignation meeting in the court house tonight at 8 o'clock. It is announced that the prospective proprietor of the saloon says he will not open the saloon. I wouldn't let that affect the meeting at all. Make a protest anyway, and show the county commissioners what is thought of their action.

In my opinion the firemen in the old company have not done themselves any credit by their disbandment. They acted hastily, surely, for on second thought they would probably never have taken this step. It is not fair to adopt this course, just on the eve of the firemen's convention, and especially after three of Asheville's citizens raised for the company the money for prizes that the company's committee had not been able to raise. It smacks of "snap judgment." However, the city is to be congratulated on the fact that another company will fit into the vacancy.

So the bootblack tax was no go. Mayor Blanton untied the vote in favor of the shiners. Maybe they'll remember him when they get old enough to vote.

E. Baird is new in aldermanic harness. He was active some time ago, I believe, in changing the name of Bridge street to Central avenue. But maybe he has repented. The Tattler.

OVER 85.

Mrs. Betsy Emory, widow of John Emory, died in Brassfield on the 22nd of May, in her 94th year. She was doubtless the oldest lady in the county, and was a sister of John Perry, of Dutchville, who has reached the 92nd mile post in life's journey. He is in the best of health. It is said Mrs. Emory prided herself on never having taken a dip of snuff, a chew of tobacco or a dose of medicine.

Washington Gazette: Bridge Potter, 93 years old, walked 24 miles to Pamlico court. He has had four wives and has lived with the last 57 years. Marriage with her has blessed him with children, grand-children and great-grand-children.

Chatham Record: We regret to hear of the death of our venerable countryman, Mr. German P. Guthrie, who died at his residence in Gulf township on the 20th of May, aged 85 years.

Marion Record: Mrs. Marty Murphy died Tuesday evening at her home three miles east of Marion. She was 89 years old. She joined the Methodist church when she was nine years old, and was a consistent member thereof until her death.