

THE CAUCASIAN.

VOL. XXV.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

NO. 50.

Among the Lowly.



The picture is by Leon Augustin l'Hermitte and was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, in 1905, from the estate of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Fund. In a letter to the directors of the museum, at the time of the purchase, M. l'Hermitte says: "I have endeavored to bring to all the figures in the scene the varieties of emotions proper to each but united as one in the expression of confidence—respectful in the old, searchingly so in the young."

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Good morning, Lord! For little boys
The day more generous is of joys
Than unto men, they say:
If so for greater happiness
Teach us Thy holy name to bless
With fuller hearts than they!

HEARTENING THE SUPERINTENDENT

BY RICHARD DARKER SHELTON

The superintendent was a tall, thin young man, with slightly sloping shoulders and near-sighted eyes which peered keenly through his heavy lenses of his eyeglasses. "Our Mr. Crawford," as he was always called by the general manager of the Perfection Electric Switch Company, had been transferred from his place as foreman of the wiring department to be superintendent of the factory at a time when an iron hand was needed to remedy the mischief which the lax methods and general inefficiency of his departing predecessor had created. It was a difficult problem of reorganization that he had been called upon to face, but time had proved that the general manager's faith—he had stoutly advocated Crawford against the firm's opposition—had not been misplaced. The new superintendent had entered upon his duties quietly, unassumingly, but with a tenacity of purpose and an unrelenting energy that bent all things to his will. Three of the best years of his life he gave unhesitatingly and uncomplainingly to the work before him. At the end of that time the factory was running with a smoothness that took several wrinkles out of the general manager's brow and made the firm think seriously of increasing the plant. "Our Mr. Crawford"—the firm spoke of him proudly in this manner now—had made himself necessary to

the firm. He was popular with his employees, but his popularity had been gained at the expense of results in the output of the factory. Under the new superintendent the output was satisfactory—and more. The question that continually presented itself to the young man's troubled mind was whether, in the interests of the firm he had not been too harsh with the employees. In eradicating the evils Jim Powell had wrought he had found it necessary to calculate in cold-blooded fashion, to be ready with blame and censure of praise. The result was inevitable. While the profits grew steadily Crawford realized that it was because of his ceaseless vigilance and the firmness with which he held the employees at work. There were times—when he was tired, especially—when it seemed to him that he had merely developed into a successful slave driver. Sometimes at 6 o'clock, when the big gong had sounded, he would sit by the time-machine and watch the men file down the stairs. He would have given much if here and there in the long line a face had been lifted to his with a nod or a comprehending smile, but the "hands" rang in their time in sullen silence. His very presence seemed to chill their spirits, and when one of them looked at him it was either with bitterness or a blank stare. Meanwhile the Perfection Electric Switch Company prospered amazingly, and at the same time the superintendent grew a little more stooped-shouldered, a little more reserved, a little more heavy of eye. In November of the third year it happened that "Our Mr. Crawford" was taken sick. At the time he was putting forth strenuous efforts to have an increase of pay for the employees, in consequence of which he was at the office several days when he should have been in bed. He wanted the hands to understand that their work had been appreciated, and although he had to grind his teeth to keep from crying out with the pain he went daily to the office and argued with the general manager and the members of the firm. It was decided finally that, in view of the extensive additions that were to be made to the plant the increase could not be granted for another year. Sick at heart and racked with pain the superintendent staggered to his apartments in the gray November dusk, went to bed and sent for a doctor. The physician came, chided the young man for his carelessness of his health and said a slight operation would be necessary the next day. The operation was successful, and the general manager thought the patient would be at the factory in a couple of weeks. But the physician had not reckoned on many things—the weariness of mind and body in his patient, the bitterness of his recent failure to induce the firm to increase the pay of the hands, and the dragging load under which he had struggled silently for the past three years. The wound caused by the operation healed rapidly, but with the healing came no strength. Crawford sat daily propped up in a chair by the window, listless and uninterested in

his surroundings. The physician was puzzled and not a little irritated; the general manager, who came daily, began to show signs of alarm. "It's the pace of modern business, sir!" the physician snapped angrily to the attendant, who had been sent up from the hospital. "Get him interested in something. It's his only chance." The man tried everything his fertile mind and thorough training could suggest, but with no results. Crawford sat silently by the window day after day, looking vacantly at the bare branches of the trees and the patches of dull cloud drifting across the early winter sky. Christmas time found Crawford propped in his chair, looking out over a world newly swathed in spotless white. The doctor declared that now it was only a question of time, and the attendant had long since ceased trying to rouse the sick man's dormant interest. On Christmas Day Crawford opened an envelope from the factory, and found it enclosed a substantial check. He smiled bitterly and handed it to the attendant. "Here, take it! Merry Christmas!" he said, in a colorless voice. At dusk it was snowing again, and just after the lights began to twinkle through the gloom Crawford, in his chair, fell into a heavy slumber. He was awakened by a busy rapping at the door. The attendant went into the little hall and presently returned. "Two ladies and three gentlemen to see you, sir," he said. The visitors were ushered in, and as they entered the room Crawford gripped the arms of his chair and stared with wide opened eyes. There were two giggling girls from the wiring department at the factory, two men from the assembling bench and the foreman of the brass room. The girls tittered and the men looked ill at ease. Crawford sat up in his chair. Two spots of color came into his wan cheeks. The foreman advanced and cleared his throat. "We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling. "To show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you didn't do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this." He tore the covering from a parcel he bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—merry Christmas!" he finished. "Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls. A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!" "Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall, the attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room. Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one arm that rested on the window sill. Clutched tightly in the other was a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. Crawford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively; he was sobbing like a child. The doctor smiled in comprehension. "Good!" he declared, emphatically. "That's something like it." And turning on his heel he stole softly down the stairs.—From Youth's Companion.

THE VISITOR



I must have dozed a moment at the corner of the fire. As the crystal midnight sounded from the chapel's slender spire, For I woke upon a sudden, with the bells' exultant din, To find another Christmas, shod with silence, stealing in! Is it fact or is it fancy? On the eaves, above my head, Rings the chink of silver harness, and a swift and stealthy tread, And an echo, as of laughter, sets my pulses thrumming. St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

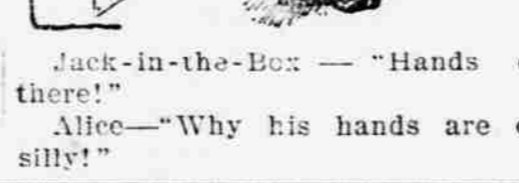
Al! those half-forgotten wakings, in the gray of early light, When I crept from out my blankets, like a little gnome in white, And my eyes shook off the cobwebs that the shadows in their span, As they saw, beside the chimney, what the merry saint had done; The soldiers in their boxes, the tidy butch-ers' shops, The little wooden villages, the trumpets and the tops! And I had nigh forgotten—for how was I to know— St. Nicholas would find me, as he found me long ago!

He came while I was dozing, and has strewn his gifts galore In bewildering confusion by the chimney on the floor. Though my eyes alone can see them, though they last me but an hour, Are they less for that a witness to the chances of olden power? He has left me forty stories, where I play the leading part, He has given me back the lightness of my little and boyish heart. He has filled my eyes with visions, shifting softly to and fro— St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

My trumpet is the tinkle of the brook I learned to waste, My soldiers the remembrance of the march that my eyes alone can see, My musketeer the voice that used to call me "little boy." When the twilight fell around us, and the heavy day was done, My canvas are the remembrance of a myriad early joys, My strings of beads, the laughter of the other romping boys, My uniform is youth again, with all its golden glow— St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

Though transient as the eglers, yet in all their dear delusion his shadowy presents are, For the years like snow have melted, with their crumpling and their pain, And I stand upon the threshold of Arcadia again. Let them die as die the embers, let them burn as burn the coals, I have had my Christmas treasures, and the world is not the same. With his wand of sweet remembrance for an instant bending low, St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago.—Youth's Companion.

Alice in Toyland.



Jack-in-the-Box — "Hands off there!" Alice—"Why his hands are off, silly!"

GREAT FLEET SAILS

With Imposing Pomp Vessels Start on Long Cruise

PRESIDENT WITNESSES EVENT

The Longest Cruise in Naval History Commenced Monday When the Fleet of Fighting Ships Steamed Out of Hampton Roads on Their Voyage to the Pacific.

Facts About the Big Cruise. Fleet—Consists of sixteen battleships, the Connecticut, Louisiana, Kansas, Vermont, Georgia, Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Ohio, Maine, Missouri, Alabama, Illinois, Kentucky and Kearsarge; four supply ships, the Yankton, Onega, Glacier and Panther; six torpedo boats and nine colliers. Crew—Twelve thousand officers and men, with Admiral Robley D. Evans as commander-in-chief, Rear Admiral William H. Emery as commander of the second division, Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas as commander of the third division, and Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry as commander of the fourth division. Route — From Hampton Roads, via Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Punta Arenas, Callao, Magdalena Bay, to San Francisco, a total distance of 13,772 knots. Time — Sixty-three steaming days and 52 days in port coaling and at target practice. Cost—Food and other supplies, \$5,000,000 and coal, estimated cost, \$2,500,000.

Norfolk, Va., Special.—All the pomp and circumstance possible under a Republican form of government marked the departure Monday of the Atlantic fleet of battleships for the Pacific, the beginning of the longest cruise in naval history. With the Connecticut, the flagship of "Fighting Bob" Evans, in the lead, the 16 great war vessels of the American navy steamed slowly out of Hampton Roads, booming a mighty salute as they passed the little government yacht Mayflower, where President Roosevelt, surrounded by distinguished officials of the navy department, reviewed the great armada. The President watched the imposing line of war vessels until the last had vanished from sight, and then, waving a "Godspeed," began preparations for an immediate return to Washington. With the President on the bridge of the Mayflower were Admiral Dewey, Secretary Metcalf, Assistant Secretary Newberry, Rear Admiral Brownson, Rear Admiral Converse and the heads of the different bureaus of the navy department.

The Mayflower, with the President and his party on board, arrived in Hampton Roads early in the morning. Its appearance was the signal for a wild salute from all the ships of the fleet anchored in the Roads. Admiral Evans and the flag officers, followed by the commanders of the vessels, visited the Mayflower to pay their respects to the President and the Secretary of the Navy. Shortly afterwards the Connecticut hoisted anchor and stood out to sea, followed by the other vessels. As they passed the Mayflower the customary salutes were exchanged.

The order of the ships of the fleet in the review was as follows: Connecticut, flagship of Admiral Evans, Captain Hugo Osterhaus; Kansas, Captain Charles S. Vreeland; Vermont, Captain William Potter; Louisiana, Captain Richard Wainwright; Georgia, flagship of Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas, Captain Henry McCrue; New Jersey, Captain William H. H. Southerland; Rhode Island, Captain Joseph B. Murdock; Virginia, Captain Seaton Schroeder; Minnesota, flagship of Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas, Captain John Hubbard; Ohio, Captain Charles W. Bartlett; Missouri, Captain Greenleaf A. Merriam; Maine, Captain Giles P. Harper; Alabama, flagship of Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry, Captain Ten Eyck, E. W. Veeder; Illinois, Captain John M. Bowyer; Kearsarge, Captain Hamilton Hutchins; and Kentucky, Captain Walter C. Cowles. The yacht cruiser Yankton, the supply ship Culgoa, the refrigerator ship Glacier and the repair ship Panther, together with the colliers accompanied the battleships. The torpedo boat fleet is already on the way.

The day's naval review surpassed any previously held in American waters, and created great enthusiasm among the officers and men of the fleet, as well as in the ranks of the thousands of spectators who lined the shores of Hampton Roads to witness the great affair. Thousands of visitors flooded into Norfolk and other Tidewater towns Sunday and Monday, intent on seeing the

great naval spectacle, many coming on private yachts from New York, Washington, Philadelphia and other cities. Almost as many strangers were here to see the departure of the fleet as were attracted on the big days of the late Jamestown Exposition.

The first stop to be made by the fleet will be at Trinidad, December 24th, where the sailor boys will have their Christmas dinner, and from whence the first messages will probably be sent regarding the incidents of the cruise. The newspapers will be forced to depend upon Admiral Evans for all news of the voyage, since no newspaper men were allowed to accompany the fleet. This order does not meet with the approval of "Fighting Bob" who urged his superior to permit representatives of the press on board the vessels. It was the vigorous contention of Admiral Evans that as the fleet was on a practice cruise and one in which the American people were keenly interested, correspondents should be taken on the cruise and be afforded every facility for sending dispatches. He declared that as the people had to pay the freight, why, dammit! they ought to be allowed to know what they were getting for their money. The only limit to the activity of the newspaper men in "Fighting Bob's" opinion, should be that their messages be free from any technical details that would be of advantage to foreign nations. President Roosevelt was at first inclined to share Admiral Evans' opinion, but a conference with Secretary Root and Rear Admiral Brownson caused him to change his mind. Rear Admiral Brownson is especially opposed to any publicity in naval affairs. Admiral Evans will now have the responsibility of supplying the American public with such news regarding the cruise as he thinks is should have, in addition to his other duties. This, it is known, he considers a very unfortunate arrangement, but he is not cast down. With the experience he is about to gain, he told a newspaper man before sailing, he might be able to get a job as reporter after being retired from the navy.

It is certain that the gallant task of the fleet will be given a joyous time during their holiday visit of five days in Trinidad. The people here, as in other cities which the fleet will stop, are preparing a spread-eagle time for the visiting sailormen. A great sporting carnival has been arranged in Trinidad for the five days, including golf and polo for the officers, football and baseball for the men and horse races for everybody. The breakers of the Gulf of Paria will afford magnificent Christmas bathing, and, altogether, the 12,000 sailors of Uncle Sam will undoubtedly spend the most interesting holiday period of their lives. A great Christmas feast, with a pound of Vermont turkey for each man, will be served on the vessels, the food for the great banquet being stored in the refrigerator ship Glacier.

Jack will next be heard from at Rio de Janeiro, the beautiful capital of Brazil, where he will spend the ten days from January 11 to January 21. This ancient city, now transformed into one of the most beautiful capitals of the world, will give Jack a hearty welcome, and he will probably have a sigh of regret when the ships hoist anchor and sail away for Punta Arenas, the most southerly city on this side of the globe. From the heat of the tropics Jack will pass into the cold of winter, despite the fact that the noses of the vessels will be always pointed southward.

One of the most interesting portions of the voyage will be that through the tortuous channel of the Strait of Magellan, about 310 miles long and for the most part hardly wider than the Mississippi or the Hudson. On one side are the barren wastes of Patagonia, and on the other Terra del Fuego, the land of fire. Greasy natives, with hardly more clothing than a lady at a society ball, will swarm about the vessels, offering to trade anything they own or can procure for anything else under the sun.

Three thousand miles the great fleet will plow through the blue waters of the Pacific, northward from Punta Arenas before the port of Callao is reached. February 8th is the date set for the arrival of the fleet at the Peruvian seaport, after having traveled a distance of nearly 11,000 miles. Reports from Callao state that the people of that city and of Lima, the beautiful capital of Peru, have already commenced preparations for the reception of Jack. There will be visits to the old cathedral, the tomb of Pizarro and other points of historic interest, as well as ball fights and other sports peculiar to the people of Latin America, all arranged for the delectation of Jack. The Peruvians have an enviable reputation for hospitality and Jack will certainly enjoy his visit with them, even if the tropical February sun does beat down upon his head in a manner uncomfortably warm. Magdalena Bay on the coast of Mexico will be the next stop. There Jack will be put to work at target practice, and his days of play will be over.

"Hire desks in Wall street and run a railroad," is the modern way according to the Ohio State Journal.

Late News In Brief

MINOR MATTERS OF INTEREST

The American schooner *Thos. W. Lawson* was wrecked by a fierce gale in Broad Sound, Seilly Island on Saturday night; all on board being lost but one member of the crew.

Lynchburg, Va., was visited by a severe sleet storm on Saturday, putting telegraph, telephone and electric light wires out of business and delaying all traffic.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt sailed on Sunday to Hampton Roads where on Monday he gave the word for the sailing of the big fleet to the Pacific.

King Leopold of Belgium has offered New York a Congo museum and the city has accepted.

General Kuropatkin, testifying in General Stoessel's court-martial, said the Japs ought to have taken Port Arthur much earlier, as it was weak.

American naval officers were given a banquet before the sailing of the Washington and Tennessee from Callao.

Boris Sarafoff, one of the abductors of Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary, was assassinated in Bulgaria by a Macedonian.

Prince George of Greece was married to Princess Marie Bonaparte at Athens.

The Democratic National Committee voted to hold the national convention at Denver, Col., on July 7, 1908.

President Roosevelt's elimination from the contest has stirred the other Republican candidates to increased activity.

The Peace Conference agreed to establish a court of arbitration for Central America.

The Senate passed a resolution calling on Secretary Cortelyou for complete information concerning Government deposits, bonds, note issues and clearing-house certificates.

Speaker Cannon announced the new house committees on rules and mileage.

There was a debate in the Senate regarding the custom of executive departments sending drafted bills to be introduced in the Senate.

The big battleship fleet is now ready sail for Hampton Roads on its trip to San Francisco.

The Interstate Finance and Trust Company, of Big Stone Gap, Va., closed its doors, going into voluntary liquidation for lack of currency.

William C. Abbott, of Danville, got out of a sick bed, went to his stable and hanged himself.

The trial of Fred Jenkins for the murder of William Smith was continued at Culpeper.

The British-American Tobacco Co., claiming ownership to the 8,750,000 cigarettes seized in Norfolk by the Government in October on the ground that they were being shipped in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, filed its answer to the information filed by the Government.

Ex-Governor Black, of New York, made a sensational attack on President Roosevelt before the New Hampshire Bar Association.

Governor Glenn's plan to have the North Carolina rate cases compromised failed because the Southern Railway would not consent to a trial of the new law.

The injunction case of Styvesant Fish against voting of Union Pacific holdings of Illinois Central stock came up for argument in Chicago.

Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was adjudged responsible in the libel suit of Dr. Samuel Armstrong Hopkins, a woman missionary, who got a \$500 verdict.

Gen. Frederick Funston arrived at Goldfield with troops, but martial law has not yet been declared.

R. P. Easton, cashier of a State bank at Herscher, Ill., committed suicide in the bank.

Miss Annie Burkhardt, of Pennsylvania, Fla., was made heir to a \$75,000 estate by a peddler supposedly penniless.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad made the offer to take what Boston and Maine stock the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad holds.

The reduction of Territorial votes by the Republican National Committee is taken as a blow to Taft and to Roosevelt as well.

Senator Tillman will begin the Democratic attack on the Panama canal bond issue by a speech mentioning the Walsh failure in Chicago.

Senator Money was made chairman of the Democratic "Steering Committee."

Capt. Van Schaick, of the Philippines Constabulary, brought over a loving cup for President Roosevelt from Manila citizens and may have to pay the duty on it.

Colonel Gotthals will come back in two weeks to have the width of the Panama canal locks decided.

Rescue work has temporarily ceased at the Monongah (W. Va.) mine.