

An Exception to a General Rule.

The Journal's editorial of last week saying that the intelligent members of the negro race are not doing their duty towards suppressing crime, and that the responsibility for the same less crime should be laid at their door, has caused some comment. We stated at the time that there were some exceptions to the general rule, and since then we have found what appears to be one. Some of the negroes of Halifax met and passed the following resolution after the fearful murder of the little white girl at that place:

"We, the colored citizens of Halifax, N. C., do condemn the murder and outrage committed on the 20th day of August upon a white child 12 years of age in our historic town by the negro and human brute Manua Pontou. We do hereby pledge our selves to use every means within our reach to stop the heinous crime of rape that is so common within the confines of our State. We ask the ministers of the gospel, school teachers and all good citizens to resolve themselves into a committee of the whole to prevent said crime by using the best means suited to the occasion. We do not encourage lynching and would prefer the law to take its course, but circumstances very often alter cases. The said Manua Pontou was hanged and shot a few hours after he committed the damnable crime. The right man was caught and made a confession. The fate that he met for his crime was not too severe, and we hope that it will be a warning to all evil doers, and deter them from committing atrocious crimes.

"The better class of colored citizens in our town will not countenance crimes, and will do their best to stop outrages and bring the offender to trial at all hazards."

While this is creditable enough for these negroes, they must go further than publishing mere resolutions in the newspapers. They must preach it from the pulpit and in private life, teach it in the schools, and lecture on it, and seek every possible avenue for reaching the lower classes of their race. If they talk anti-lynching and some other things, they will do some good.

When the advocates of any measure undertake to get their hands into the public treasury in its behalf they are no more modest in their demands than an anti-railroad lawyer is when he demands damages in five figures for the mashing of a negro's big toe. When the legislature was asked to give \$50,000 for an exhibit at the St. Louis exposition in 1904 and refused, prophets were not wanting who declared that the State was disgraced. The legislature did decide to give \$10,000 on condition that \$10,000 more be raised by private subscription. The Governor has hustled around and gotten the \$10,000 subscription from private parties, and so the State gives \$10,000. This \$20,000 will no doubt give us about as creditable an exhibition as we would have had if the \$50,000 been passed out without a word.

The penitentiary management has been following the policy of concealing the fact when a convict escaped. It looks as if they would have learned the folly of this course in the case of Will Harris, who escaped and shot a man at his old home in Mecklenburg before the people of that county had learned of his escape. But the penitentiary folks seemed not to have learned. Two long-sentenced convicts escaped last week and again the officers kept the information to themselves until forced.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Massee, the new pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle in Raleigh, has set the people of that dear old town on their ears by an utterance regarding the negroes which he made in his prayermeeting talk last Thursday night. The words which Rev. Mr. Massee used are as follows:

"I think the people of this country have a whole lot to answer for the way they treat the negro race. I believe the time will come when there will be an insurrection and blood will run in the streets and torches put to our homes. I do not believe in social equality, far from it. But the black man should be treated as a human being. I don't wonder that they steal when they are paid such small salaries, not enough to support a family; it is grinding that man down, and in the sight of God one stands condemned who does it."

The Raleigh newspapers jump on the preacher with both feet. It is said that Rev. Mr. Massee is a Georgian, but came to Raleigh from Ohio.

Masonic Fair at Raleigh. The Masons of North Carolina are making a determined effort to erect a handsome Masonic Temple in Raleigh, the capital city of the State. They are now preparing a grand Masonic Fair on a large scale to be held in Nash Square, Raleigh, October 12 to 24. Col. Noble F. Martin, one of the best managers of such events in the United States, has charge of the fair, while various committees are hard at work, and Masons all over the state are talking and pulling for the success of the fair. There will be absolutely none of the usual vulgar midway attractions about it. Every thing will be clean and bright, and the standard of Masonry will be kept elevated. The railroads will grant reduced rates, so that all can avail themselves of an opportunity of having a good time and placing one or more bricks in the grand temple building.

An old lady of Randolph county, Mrs. Williamham, died of heart failure last week, occasioned by fright at an electrical storm.

TALKING WITH THE PEOPLE.

The Man Who Plays the Fool—Prof. Doster Loses His Umbrella—Five Pounds of Flesh in a Day—The Old Darkey Who Wanted Free Mail.

"Behold! I have played the fool!" That is the scriptural text from which Rev. W. F. Watson preached Sunday evening. What variety of sermons might one preach from such a text! The sum of this one was that the man who knowingly takes the paths which lead from right action will one day feel called upon to use the words which the disgraced biblical writer employed, and that genuine happiness is inseparably linked with godliness.

Professor Bob Doster went down on an excursion to Wilmington last week. Before going he invested in a pretty new umbrella. This he rolled up in tight sludgy stick style, which was where he missed it. Being too busy with his eyes to pay attention to the matter of his carrying, he didn't have occasion to unroll the tightly bound umbrella. He and the complexion protector kept close company until the ride down the river and to the ocean on Capt. Harper's steamer took place. On this trip they parted. While looking over the taffrail the professor saw a spider climbing up from below. Of course he made a heartless job at the little climber—and the way the umbrella dived as it slipped from his hand was a caution. The last thing he saw was the little balls which dangled from the handle for purely ornamental purposes. The presumption is that Mr. McGinty is sporting Prof. Doster's umbrella.

Mr. V. C. Austin, who lately came from the hospital after an operation for appendicitis, gained five pounds of flesh one day last week. Some of the Confederates who marched three and four days with only two soda crackers or one small apple to eat, may know something of the feeling of hunger. But the only man in these days who ever gets really hungry is the one who goes on the surgeon's table for an operation that goes into abdominal cavity and effects some of the vital organs. Take the case of one operated on for appendicitis, which is prevalent now. For days the patient not eat or drink, even water. Then it is days more before he can take solid food. Mr. Austin had begged long and earnestly for a drink of water, and the doctors and nurses insisted that water would kill him. But the worse-than-death gnawing was not a bit relieved by that and Mr. Austin said, "Give me the water." After such a course, when he at last became able to eat and walk about it's no wonder that began to pick up flesh rapidly.

"Don't answer this letter unless you have a good graded school," is the way a man who was writing to Monroe about moving here, concluded his letter. People are moving about in North Carolina a good deal now, and the prime object sought is good schools—advantages for the children. Ever notice how the value of property jumps up around a good school? Take the Wingate section. Before the school was begun there farm lands could be bought easily and at no big figures. Mr. Ira B. Mullis, an intelligent young farmer of that section, told us Saturday that the demand now for farm lands by people who want to move within reach of the school couldn't be supplied, while in the village, we were told by a man who lives there, property is about as high as it is in Monroe. When people move it is for the purpose of bettering themselves, and the man whose ear is attuned to the new conditions doesn't consider himself lettered by a move that doesn't carry him within reach of a good school.

Esqr. Jacob S. Little is the veterinary rural free delivery carrier in Union county, and it is a safe guess to say that there is not a better one in the United States. "Squire Little's amiable eyes twinkle very brightly as he tells the story of a darkey who put up a mail box on his route when the route was opened up.

"Dis is a free d'livery mail hain't it?" asked the darkey. "Yes," replied 'Squire Little, "I deliver your mail free if you put up a box."

The next day the box was up. For two weeks the old darkey watched the box daily, but no mail came. Finally he halted the carrier and wanted to know why he hadn't put any mail in the box. He was told that none had come for him. This puzzled the old fellow. "Why don't you subscribe for a paper?" asked 'Squire Little, "and then you'll get mail."

"I loved dis was er free d'livery, and if hits free I see tified ter papers same as anybody else," was the answer, and it was sometime before the expectant darkey could be made to understand that the government didn't subscribe for newspapers and send them to him free. When he did understand his disgust was great.

The next day when 'Squire Little went by the old darkey's box it had been smashed into a thousand splinters.

"Down in my section," said Mr. W. R. McNeely of McCains, yesterday, "when you look at cotton from a distance you'd think we were in for a crop right. Why, it is neek high in some places. But a close inspection shows that the fruit is lacking. Our crop will be light. But the corn crop is fine."

DIRECTORY OF BEGGARS

Unique Volume Being Published by New York Charity Society.

The Most Dangerous and Troublesome Class of Vagrants Are Disclosed to be the "Vegg Men," Who Are Tramp State Unemployed—Straggling Specimens of Humanity.

A complete guide to the professional beggars of America, with photographs, Bertillon measurements and tattoo marks, about to be issued by the United Charity of New York is the latest step taken by that organization in the determination to fight in earnest against professional begging throughout the United States, says the New York World.

This booklet, which will be sent to all the charity organizations of America, as well as to police stations and to individuals of wealth and known charitable inclinations throughout the country, has been prepared by James Forbes, special investigation agent of the Charity Organization Society. It covers the records of fraudulent beggars as compiled by ex-inspector Lyman's book on criminals and the careers of notable criminals.

Mr. Forbes has been studying the problem of ridding New York of street beggars for over two years, and the booklet about to be issued is the result of his labors.

In a professional beggar are classified according to their deformities. There is a special classification for those with the right leg amputated, another for those who have lost an arm, as well as a general list of all impostors known to the Charity organization.

Besides the real men of the beggar, what is known in the underworld as his "household name" or alias, is given, with his height, the color of his eyes, hair and a full description of the various marks by which the great majority of them are readily identified. The professional beggar, according to Mr. Forbes, is nearly always a criminal.

He is usually of the family known as a "Vegg man" or tramp also known as the "Vegg man," when on the road or in the "house" as he is contemptuously termed by the society of Manhattan, is usually a very clever fellow. He comes to New York to spend his winter, or if it is split and he still does not wish to remain in any one place, he divides his time between the city and beach.

"To the average 'Vegg man,'" said Mr. Forbes, "the only law country bank money when he is on the road is a book which he carries on a traveling

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