

THE MONROE JOURNAL.

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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY FEBRUARY 19, 1907.

One Dollar a Year

BICKETT BILL UNANIMOUS.

General Assembly Says the State Will Care for All Its Unfortunate Ones, and Provides \$500,000 for the Purpose.

The Bickett bill, or, if you please, the substitute for it, is a law, the Senate having passed it yesterday with amendments which the House readily accepted. The passage by the General Assembly, by a unanimous vote in both houses, with few remarks and no debate, of a bill carrying an appropriation of a half million dollars, is a most extraordinary occurrence and a crown of glory for the body. It is the highest evidence it could afford of its right-mindedness and of the fact that upon this point, at least, it is a truly representative body; for upon the subject of care of the class of darkened intellect, at whatever cost, the people are united. It is no cause for wonder that the bill did not quite suit Senator McLean—it no doubt fell short of the views of a good many members of the legislature; it does not suit the Observer, which feels sure that Senator Blair and Representative Bickett, along with those in either house who thought with them, are right in believing that the way to do this thing is to do it quickly by an issue of bonds. However, the end is to be attained, and those who are fervent in their desire to see it reached can well afford to swallow their disappointment about the road chosen to the end. It is enough to know that North Carolina is to provide for all of her insane and all whose intellects are defective, congenitally or otherwise. It is to the everlasting glory of the State, and no legislative act in its history has done more to shed lustre upon the name of North Carolina than that completed yesterday. For it the General Assembly of 1907 will ever be remembered with gratitude.

When every member of the legislature was so sympathetic and so gracious, and when so many favorable influences were engaged, it seems wrong to designate individuals, and yet it ought to be said that the chief credit for the consummation is due Representative Bickett of Franklin and Senator Webb of Buncombe. If all those whom the State should thank were enumerated, the list would embrace not only a roll call of the legislature but would look like a census report.

Tuesday and yesterday something was done for North Carolina.

What to Do When Bilious.
The right thing to do when you feel bilious is to take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Try it. Price 25 cents. Samples free at English Drug Co.'s.

Joseph Khammeanska was arrested in New York last week on a charge of being a disorderly person, and it then developed that the man had eight wives. From each he had managed to get a sum of money, and each is hungry for his good. Joseph married not wisely but too much.

It's the highest standard of quality, a natural tonic, cleanses your system, reddens the cheeks, brightens the eyes, gives flavor to all you eat. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do this for you. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Co.

Two darkies in Alabama had run a blacksmith shop together, but later separated, and the following notice was posted on the shop door: "The kopardnership heretofore existing between me and Mose Jenkins is hereby resolved. All persons owing the firm will settle with me, and all persons the firm owes will settle with Mose."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Is a powerful, invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs of the female. The local, womanly health is so intimately related to the general health that when diseases of the delicate womanly organs are cured the whole body gains in health and strength. For weak and sickly women who are "worn-out," run-down, or debilitated, especially for women who work in stores, offices or schoolrooms, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proven a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving powers.

A Valuable Lesson.
"Six years ago I learned a valuable lesson," writes John Pleasant of Magnolia, Ind. "I then began taking Dr. King's New Life Pills, and the longer I take them the better I find them." They please everybody. Guaranteed at English Drug Co.'s. 25c.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
"We prefer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to any other for our children," says Mr. L. J. Woodbury of Twining, Mich. "It has also done the work for us in hard colds and croup, and we take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by English Drug Co.

Tell It, Tell It!

Many extreme and radical measures are being proposed at Raleigh, but we hope the good sense of the North Carolina legislators will re-assert itself. The extremists are liable to do a great deal more harm than good to the interests of the people and the State. The legislature makes a great mistake if it assumes as a body that "built in the china shop" legislation is demanded by the people. They want the right thing done in the right way for the protection of all interests. However, we continue to believe that there is enough sense and statesmanship at Raleigh to prevent the radicals from doing irreparable harm to North Carolina's present satisfactory progress and promising future developments.—Wilmington Star.

Friend, if you know anything, tell it. Put your fingers on the wild cat and their measures. Don't make rash generalizations and cause people to think that murderers are lurking about without putting them on guard as to the avenue of approach. Don't you think, really, that you are merely repeating the parrot talk that is always sent out for a purpose when anybody says anything about making laws for the benefit of the public instead of for special interests? Isn't your warning the same old creed that has been sent over the country from Maine to California every time a State government or the national government ever undertook to bridge any of the "interests" that prey upon the public? The land rogues of the West probably feel that President Roosevelt is a pernicious meddler when he undertakes to save the public domain from their clutches. No doubt the Beef Trust has the same poor opinion of him. We'll guarantee that the big insurance companies thought that anarchy had broken loose when they were stealing to book and forced to quit stealing trust funds. In fact, we remember to have read some of the things they said at the time, and yours sounds painfully like them. The coal operators and their allied railroads, by whose criminal greed and carelessness people are this day freezing in some places, will agree with your views fully. The liquor interests in North Carolina have long been alarmed about the danger of local self government and the liberty of the people. The men who make money out of the bodies of young children will heartily agree that all the measures aimed at their practices are dangerous to the peace and safety of the country and that a legislature that takes notice of them is composed of wild eyed men. Really, Mr. Star, you are not alone in your fears. You have abundant company.

If We Knew.
[Selected.]
If we knew the care and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us
Held our gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?
If we knew the silent stings
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest:
This the blessed angels know.
Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow men."

Falls Into the Arms of a Moor.
Tangier is situated on the bay of the same name. The steamer anchors out some half a mile from the shore and passengers disembark in a small skiff. There is no mole or sea wall to break the waves and it is a rather dangerous business getting into the little boat. The waves toss it up and down like a feather and one must get in exactly at the proper time. Just as the boat comes up on the back of the wave, you fall into the arms of a stalwart Moor, who, with the strength of a giant, deposits you safely in the skiff. There is a regular swarm of these little boats meeting every ship. The yelling, quarreling and gesticulating Moors, in their efforts to get passengers, make an interesting sight. The Moor, like the boy, loves a noise.

After emerging from the custom house, the novel and strange sights appear. The narrow streets are crowded with people with all sorts of impossible dress and with donkeys and mules carrying great burdens. Everybody and everything is making a racket. Not only is the eye and ear treated to rare sights and sounds, but the nose is

not neglected. As we passed into one narrow lane my nose encountered a zephyr laden with thirteen kinds of decayed odors. I went seasick again. Up in the market place was a real black juggler singing, dancing and performing tricks. When informed that I was from America, he stopped his performance and came over to talk some with me. He was a part of the Midway at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 and was happy to meet "Americano." My Moorish guide had also been in America, visited Wilmington and other Southern seaport cities. There is plenty of English talk in Tangier.

Cy Watson and Major Shaw Wouldn't Do for Musselmen.
I am disturbed in my slumbers in the morning at five o'clock by the shrill voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. The Moslems pray five times a day, and must begin at five o'clock, winter and summer. Just why such an early hour is prescribed I can't learn. It's too soon. There are some people who just could not make consistent Mohammedans. For instance, no muezzin could ever call loud enough to wake and get Hon. C. B. Watson of Winston or Maj. John D. Shaw of Rockingham out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

My guide is a good Mohammedan and very religious. He also has an eye to business. If busy at the hour of prayer, he does not stop to pray but makes it up later. He likens it to the payment of a debt; if unable to pay when it is due, still it must be paid. He says that he owes the Lord five prayers a day, and if he fails to get in one at the appointed hour, he must make it up later. His ideas of the next world are not very clear. He doesn't believe in a hell or a devil. "Who has been there and come back to tell us of those things?" is the way he disposes of the subject.

Letters From Abroad.

By A. M. STACE.
No. 9.

The Great Rock of Gibraltar Guarded by English Guns and Gently-manned Soldiers—The Land of the Moors in Bad Shape: No Progress and the People Have No Morals, Though Everyone Prays Five Times a Day.

From the frontiers of Spain on the north to the Straits of Gibraltar on the south is 854 miles—up hill both ways. It is mountains from one end to the other and the same range continues on far into Morocco. In the ages past no doubt the Atlantic and the Mediterranean were one body of water and the soil of Spain many fathoms beneath the water. It is likely that the same mighty force which built the Alps and reared the Pyrenees also brought Spain above the waves. From the north of Burgos to the south of Cordova, some 600 miles, there is a series of plateaus, with mountain ranges, which appear to have been large lakes when the world was young. In the line and forming a part of the long range of bald mountains extending from France far into northwestern Africa, stands the Rock of Gibraltar, whose head is 1,396 feet above the waters at its base. On one side of this rock is a city of over 27,000 people, of whom 6,000 are British soldiers stationed there. The rock itself is not only a wonder of nature, but England has bored tunnels and underground galleries all through it, and out at small holes enormous cannons are pointing in different directions. On top are a lot more of huge cannons. In the harbor there is a fleet of war vessels. There are also enormous docks in the city for making and repairing war ships. In these docks over 3,000 men are worked daily. Gibraltar has rather a war like appearance. It is needless to state that there is good order in that town. The soldiers are well behaved, genteel young men and not thugs and toughs. It is a beautiful sight to see them march to preaching on Sunday, led by a band, and each man having his prayer and hymn book. From all appearances they are gentlemen. One of them was assigned by an officer to show us the sights under, or rather in, the rock, and he was most affable and obliging. For his services he could not be induced to accept pay. It was indeed refreshing to meet such a man after hearing little else for six weeks except a clamor for fees. But there is nothing small about the way England does things. On the side of the rock is an old Moorish castle erected in 742 and now used as a British prison.

Sick As a Dog.
From Gibraltar to Tangier is 40 miles, across one of the roughest sheets of water to be found anywhere, much worse than the English channel. I have never seen so many sick people as we had on our ship. On the way over I learned the exact meaning of the very common expression, "Sick as a dog." A genteel looking canine had started out to indulge in the pleasures of travel. He was friendly with everybody and as light hearted and gay as a bride on the day of her marriage. He had never travelled much by water, and was ignorant of the pranks of old Neptune. A choppy sea soon put a misery in his stomach, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. After he had paid his tribute like a gentleman, even to the last mouthful of his breakfast, he put on that sad look which is so characteristic of the invalid. His eyes were weak, his ears limp, and his face pale. His general demeanor became quiet and unassuming. On his countenance he wore an expression of calm resignation. His mind was on a serious subject. But, in comparison with the spell which I had a short while later, that dog was enjoying splendid health.

The Gentleman Who Gave the United States Trouble.
France has already policed Casablanca and foreigners resident there fear a war between the French and the Moroccans. Such a war might prove a blessing in disguise. For the truth of the matter is, the natives are not capable of self-government. In the interior they are constantly at war with each other, tribe robbing tribe of their cattle and goods. The home government is unable to punish the robbers and has actually sanctioned lawlessness by appointing Raisuli as governor of a district. This Raisuli is the same dandy who kidnapped Ibn Perdicaris and his son in law, Mr. Varley, some time since and held them for a ransom. Our government sent a fleet to Tangier and the Sultan procured the release of Perdicaris by paying Raisuli \$70,000 and appointing him governor of the province just outside of Tangier. His rule became so bad that certain European representatives addressed a note to the Sultan demanding the removal of Raisuli, at the same time filling the Tangier bay with warships. The Sultan, in obedience to that note, has sent 3,000 soldiers here for the purpose of deposing the robber governor. They have just arrived, and are a rag-tag looking gang. Raisuli refuses to be deposed, and what will happen is entirely problematical.

Raisuli is only seven hours' ride from Tangier, and is "monarch of all he surveys." He has a band of soldiers around him and asks the Sultan no odds. A squad of his bandit soldiers passed us the other afternoon on their return from the coast to the mountains. They go in large squads and heavily armed. The guides and hotel men here claim that there is perfect safety in this country for foreigners. I believe so, too—so long as warlords are anchored along the coasts and French soldiers are actually in control of affairs in certain quarters, as they are in Casablanca. There is safety for foreigners in the coast cities, but they had better steer clear of the interior. The natives are lazy and thriftless, and it is easier to rob than work. The whole country is at a dead stand still. The Moors live in the past and no new enterprise is thought of or attempted. There is not a railroad in Morocco. It has no newspapers. It has none of the great agencies of civilization. Foreign capital is shy of the country. It needs new markets. When you sift it to the bottom, the truth is—the Moor has no character. In both public and private matters, dishonesty is no disgrace. There is no public opinion to fear. Their religion is all wrong and they are all religious. They pray five times a day, observe the fasts and otherwise follow the Koran in most things, but for truth and honesty they have no respect. They are chained to Mohammedanism and an earthquake could not shake them loose. Our missionaries cannot reach them. The Moor is a fanatic and a bigot and you can't reason with him. There is more hope for a heathen.

Justice Rests With Him Who Has Most Money.
In a conversation with a native Moroccan, I got his estimate of the character of his people, both in public and private matters. According to his very candid statement, lying, swindling and rascality are some of their leading traits of character. And worse still, it is idle to resort to a court for a remedy. There justice cuts no figure. My informant cited instances showing that bribery was the winning card in a lawsuit. I asked him if he had no lawyers, and if so why a party didn't get a lawyer who would see that his client got his rights. "Yes," said he, "we have lawyers. The same way with them. One will accept fees from both sides and work for the one giving him the most." "Well, then," I asked him, "why don't the judges see that justice is done?" "Same way with them," was his ready response; "a side wink and money will get their decision." For some time we travelled with a German lady who has lived in Morocco for ten years, and she bears similar testimony to the Moor's character and his inordinate love of money. Her husband is a merchant at Casablanca and also acting consul general there for our government.

Morocco is Rotten Through and Through.
The houses here are small and the people live largely in the streets. Some of the very poor sleep in the streets on the hard pavement. An early stroll will enable you to see them lying here and yonder. I saw several whose morning slumbers had not been broken. Their bed clothing was a tow sack and a long basket made of matting. They just crawl in the basket and their rest is peaceful and their dreams pleasant. The more prosperous have an apology for a bed and even pay some attention to style. The bulk of the people go barefooted all the winter, but a few are extravagant enough to wear shoes—but no socks. The more dandies ones wear "yaller" shoes, which harmonize nicely with the hide on their legs.

Among the many novel things seen here is one that I never expected or wished to see. It is the sight of human beings in the bonds of slavery. Such a thing is allowed and practiced in Morocco. These slaves are captured and stolen in the Soudan, in Nubia and in the interior of Africa, brought to Morocco and sold into slavery. Over at Fez, the capital, they are sold at public auction. There are certain days for these sales. They can be bought here at private sale. It is a burning shame that such a condition should exist anywhere in the twentieth century. But nothing in Morocco should excite surprise. It is one of the most rotten countries on earth; it is particularly sorry every way. If it were wiped off the map the world would be none the worse off, or rather the world would be the gainer if its people were wiped out. It is just now in the public eye a great deal: not on account of any good it has done, but on account of its very worthlessness. The present situation cannot last. Morocco is practically without a government. It has none such as can protect the person and property. There is much said in the foreign press about the safety and protection of foreigners in Morocco and a demand for better protection. France and Spain want to put police here and thereby furnish protection. The Moors do not want that, and are just now on their good behavior. France has four and Spain two warships lying out yonder in the bay with their cannons leveled on Tangier, just waiting for an opportunity to step in. What Morocco needs is a protectorate or control by some European nation which could and would establish and maintain law and order. It needs something like France in Algeria or like England in Egypt. But that is just what the Moroccans don't want. Lord Curzon was right when he said that the Asiatic preferred to be corruptly ruled by a native rather than honestly ruled by foreigners. These people are Asiatics in blood, in religion and in thought, and the same statement applies to them with equal truth.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.
His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:
To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

IF YOU TOUCH your tongue to ALUM

and look in the glass—you will see the effect—You can't help puckering—it makes you pucker to think of tasting it.

By the use of so called cheap Baking Powders you take this puckering, injurious Alum right into your system—you injure digestion, and ruin your stomach.

AVOID ALUM Say plainly— ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Royal is made from pure, refined Grape Cream of Tartar—Costs more than Alum but you have the profit of quality, the profit of good health.



In Memorium.
Written for The Journal.
In memory of Mrs. Martha Pigg, wife of R. P. Pigg, who died January 3rd, 1907.
Mother, thou was mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
Among forest trees.
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more will join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.
Dearest mother, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed.
A FRIEND.

Neighbors Got Fooled.
"I was literally coughing myself to death and had become too weak to leave my bed, and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but they got fooled, for thanks be to God I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health," writes Mrs. Eva Uncaup of Groverton, Stark county, Ind. This king of cough and cold cures and healer of throat and lungs is guaranteed by English Drug Co. 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Representative E. E. Kitchen, a brother of the two Congressmen, and City Editor E. E. Britton of the News and Observer, had a difficulty in Raleigh several days ago, in which the representative struck the newspaper man in the face before they were separated. Kitchen claimed Britton had misrepresented him.

All headaches go
When you grow wiser
And learn to use
An "Early Riser."
DeWitt's Little Early Risers, safe, sure pills. For sale by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Ten thousand men are toiling on the Hudson river above Albany, cutting ice for the American Ice Company, which pays \$2.50 a day for the work, and board. The ice "crop" is 11 inches thick and of fine quality.

A tissue builder, reconstructer, builds up waste force, makes strong nerves and muscle. You will realize after taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea what a wonderful benefit it will be to you. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Co.

Mrs. Alice Smoot of Wilkes county, who was sent to the penitentiary with her husband for passing counterfeit money, has been released on account of good behavior. Her husband still has the best part of two years before him. Mrs. Smoot has gone to her people in Wilkes.

Neglected Colds Threaten Life.
From the Chicago Tribune: Don't trifle with a cold, it is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in the case of a child. Proper food, good ventilation, and dry, warm clothing are the proper safeguards against colds. If they are maintained through the changeable weather of autumn, winter and spring, the chances of a surprise from ordinary colds will be slight. But the ordinary light cold will become severe if neglected, and a well established ripe cold is to the germs of diphtheria what honey is to the bee. The greatest menace to child life at this season of the year is the neglected cold. "Whether it is a child or adult, the cold slight or severe, the very best treatment that can be adopted is to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is safe and sure. The great popularity and immense sale of this preparation has been attained by its remarkable cures of this ailment. A cold never results in pneumonia when it is given. For sale by English Drug Company.

Hunting for Trouble.
"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Backlen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Chas. Walters of Alleghany, Sierra Co. No use hunting, Mr. Walters; it cures every case. Guaranteed at English Drug Co.'s. 25c.

J. C. Young of Rockingham county, while trying to drench a horse that had glanders, was bitten, and later sores appeared all over his hand, and still later the man died.

For Rheumatic Sufferers.
The quick relief from pain afforded by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm makes it a favorite with sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lame back, lumbago, and deep seated and muscular pains. For sale by English Drug Co.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

BEE'S LAXATIVE

THE ORIGINAL HONEY-TAR

Sold by M. E. McCaskey, Druggist.