

KINSTON PUBLISHING CO.
OWNER.

W. V. HERBERT,
Business Manager.
J. H. HERBERT,
The Editor.
C. W. FORLAW,
Printer.

KINSTON, N. C., November 26, 1902.

Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Daily One Week, by Carrier, 10c
One Month, 85c
Three Months, \$1.00
Twelve Months, \$4.00

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

SOUTHERN REPRESENTATION NOT IN DANGER.

The return of the Republican party into power in the next congress with a safe working majority, naturally revives the well-worn issue of reducing southern representation in that body. Whether there is any need for this alarm on the part of Democrats or not, time will tell, but we venture the opinion that no bill will pass that body reducing the number of representatives from those states in the south that have made commendable efforts to purify the political situation by doing away with the negro vote. All bills or resolutions looking to that end will have for their object the fooling of the negro vote in the northern states where it is most valuable to the Republican party. The restricting of the suffrage by the constitutional amendment, which causes these make believe efforts to curtail southern representation, is, as it now stands part of the organic law of the state in which it exists, and as that law debar no citizen from the elective franchise absolutely, but merely make it obligatory on the candidate for the elective franchise to meet the requirements of the law, no case will obtain against these states for cutting off illegally any man from the right of a suffrage.

Of course if the southern states have to elect between the negro and less representation in congress, there will be no hesitation as to which it shall be. Along this line the Wilmington Star properly says:

There isn't one of them now who if he spoke honestly would not admit that what the white men of the south have done in the matter of restricting suffrage, has been wisely and well done, and that doing it has preserved the south from ruin and put her on the secure foundation on which she now is. The southern people are not going to take any chances of going through the ordeals they have gone through, by recognizing negro political equality. They will adhere to the course they have adopted, and maintain white supremacy at any cost, reduced representation or no reduced representation.

Truly is this so. The people of North Carolina especially remember the struggle through which we passed to reach our position of comparative safety, and though the task was a herculean one, requiring men of heroic spirit to accomplish, we feel that it were a prize well worth the candle and one that is so well appreciated by us that we will not give it up easily.

As for cutting down southern representation in congress, 'tis but a bluff of the the sop-throwing department of the G. O. P. and need frighten no one.

The president will urge upon congress publicity as a means, and the first step to be taken, towards regulating the trusts. No one will object to this any more than to syllabab at dinner, but this cannot fill the aching void as something more substantial—pork and beans, for instance—would do.—Raleigh Post. And that "something substantial—pork and beans" would be corrective legislation that would do some lasting good and we should waste no time on petty efforts to treat a disease that requires heroic treatment.

Raleigh Post: The whole number of postoffices in North Carolina is 3,201, the State taking rank of sixth in this respect. The gross receipts of all the postoffices in the State are \$1,931,815. The average amount expended per capita in the use of the mails by Tar Heels is 53 cents, whereas the District of Columbia averages \$3.19 per capita, New York \$2.17, and Nevada \$2.51. North Carolina ranks forty-ninth among the States in expenditures per capita. This table is condensed by the department, a fine index of the business transactions of a State.

Harassing Baboons. In some parts of South Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.

Paris Green. The fatal effect of paris green, the insecticide which is so often taken with suicidal intent, depends upon the fact that it is more than half oxide of arsenic. The formula is: Copper oxide, 31 per cent; arsenious oxide, 59 per cent; acetic acid, 10 per cent.

A Kaffir Tale. Every Kaffir in Cape Colony must give a labor tax of 10 shillings a year unless he can prove that he has worked for three months of the year.

THE NONUNION WORKER

"For every twenty union men there are eighty nonunion men. Laboring men may hate capitalists, but labor's hatred for labor burns like a flame, eats like nitric acid, is malignant beyond all description."



"The time has come for union men to throw away their guns and clubs and to use their noble ideas of union for mutual betterment, for unity of action, for the diffusion of intelligence."

By Rev. Dr. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS of Brooklyn

EVERY SENSIBLE MAN BELIEVES IN CAPITAL AND ITS HONEST COMBINATION, AND EVERY SENSIBLE MAN BELIEVES IN NOT SIMPLY THE RIGHT OF LABOR TO ORGANIZE, BUT ITS DUTY IN THE INTEREST OF SELF DEFENSE AGAINST OPPRESSIVE EMPLOYERS.

And the history of trades unionism, its gain in wages, the lessening of the hours of labor, its gains in intelligence and the character of many of its leaders have justified and vindicated the labor movement. But the nonunion men, who represent 80 per cent of the trades, whose sons are forbidden the right to become apprentices and whose wrongs are above all other wrongs whatsoever, justify a plea.

How it stirs wonder that it is necessary to justify the non-union man's right to refuse to join a union. MEN DIFFER ON EVERYTHING ELSE. WHY MAY THEY NOT HAVE THE RIGHT TO DIFFER AS TO ORGANIZED LABOR?

The union man has a right to decide how many hours he will work and at what wage he will work.

THE NONUNION MAN HAS A RIGHT TO DELIBERATELY CONSIDER THE REASONS FOR THE UNION AND ALSO TO REFUSE TO JOIN IT IN HIS OWN HAPPINESS AND WELFARE.

For every twenty union men and their families there are eighty nonunion men with their families. These laboring men may hate capitalists, BUT LABOR'S HATRED FOR LABOR BURNS LIKE A FLAME, EATS LIKE NITRIC ACID, is malignant beyond all description.

Pitiful is the condition of the nonunion men in the anthracite region. In that region there are 25,000 men who have been working, or trying to work. Now the rich operators have deserted them. Yet these nonunion men are chiefly American. They have families, they have homes. They have something at stake. They wanted to work; they may have been foolish and mistaken, but they had a right to live.

If the union men should say, "We do honest work, we ask an honest wage, we want our share of the products of our labor, and we appeal to the sense of justice and fair play in our fellows; we will not kill nor permit killing; we forswear the club and the fire-brand and the boycott; we stand on the constitution and appeal to the laws of the land," from that hour all nonunion men would become union men as well as patriots and citizens. And public opinion would make labor invincible.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR UNION MEN TO THROW AWAY THEIR GUNS AND CLUBS AND TO USE THEIR NOBLE IDEAS OF UNION FOR MUTUAL BETTERMENT, FOR UNITY OF ACTION, FOR THE DIFFUSION OF INTELLIGENCE.

RESTORE THE CANTEN TO THE ARMY

By Major General HENRY CLARK CORBIN

THE restoration of the post exchange, or army canteen, as it existed prior to the passage of the act of Feb. 2, 1902, prohibiting the sale of beer, is desired and urged by a great majority of officers and men and by none more than those of pronounced temperance views. NUMEROUS REPORTS CONFIRM THE BELIEF HELD BY ARMY OFFICERS THAT THE OLD EXCHANGE CONTRIBUTED TO THE SOBRIETY, HEALTH AND CONTENTMENT OF THE MEN.

THE INCREASE IN DESERTIONS AND OF TRIALS FOR INFRACTIONS OF DISCIPLINE IS BY THE BEST INFORMED ATTRIBUTED TO THE ABOLITION OF THE FORMER PRIVILEGE OF THE EXCHANGE.

THE ENGLISH INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES

By MARTIN HARVEY, English Actor

WHY ARE SO MANY OF THE YOUNGER AND LESSER KNOWN ENGLISH ACTORS CROSSING THE WATER? Because conditions are more propitious than they have been is perhaps the best answer. Methods of English actors and English plays are becoming better known and better appreciated. Then, too, American audiences are so much more responsive than English theater goes that it is a pleasure and an inspiration to act here.

I think, however, that ENGLAND IS GIVING NO MORE THAN SHE IS TAKING. Never before have there been so many American companies playing in London, and never before have they met the support and approval they are now receiving. The explanation of this, to my mind, is found in the growth of the theater going public of England and its rapidly increasing familiarity with American affairs and American people.

A FEW YEARS AGO ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO AMERICAN NEWS.

It was condensed into short paragraphs and all but buried in the mass of European news. NOW EVEN THE PROVINCIAL PAPERS PRINT AN AMERICAN LETTER REGULARLY, with the result that interest in American matters has been greatly stimulated.

Therefore it might be said that the popularity of the American actor in England is owing largely to the evolution of the English newspaper. As a result of this evolution the English people have grown broader and more catholic.

Champ Clark's Letter

That Arlund and Wetmore Affair—Territories Ready For Statehood—Glorious Missouri

[Special Washington Letter.]

THERE'S a good deal going in the way of bear hunting, speaker hunting, committee chairmanship hunting and other species of hunting. There really appears to be a considerable probability of an extra session in March "to revise the tariff," so it is given out, but in all human probability it will, if ever called, end in splitting the G. O. P. wide open as a watermelon. If they—i. e., the Republicans—really wish to revise the tariff, they can do it at the coming short session. Babcock of Wisconsin gives it out that there will be an extra session, and it is hinted that Bab's grand stand play for "Uncle Joe" Cannon means that Babcock is to be chairman of the committee on ways and means, but Mr. Dalzell intimates that Babcock is talking through his hat, etc.

Kansas Election Laws.

I have been out in Kansas recently on a lecture tour, and the state of things political out there positively beggars description. The Republicans are always yawning a great yawp—to borrow an expression from Walt Whitman—about the great villainy and incurable inhumanity of Democrats down south disfranchising the negroes. Nevertheless in Bleeding Kansas, where old John Brown's soul still goes marching on, they have a ballot law that is a greater outrage and swindle than any perpetrated by Democrats, southern or northern, eastern or western, since the world began. Without that law the Kansas delegation in the next house would have been entirely fusion instead of entirely Republican. Verily, verily, very much depends on whose ox is gored!

The Prize Ass.

It can be said with absolute certainty that the breed of fools is not extinct since Peter Arlund of Louisville, Ky., still lives—Peter Arlund, whose descriptive persona, according to his own story, is "a soldier lieutenant marine officer of the Danish army, Denmark." It may be safely asserted that when it comes to idocy Mr. "Soldier Lieutenant Marine Officer in the Danish Army of Denmark" Arlund's leads all the rest, as did that of Abou Ben Adhem's on a certain celebrated occasion.

Mr. Arlund assaulted the ex-tobacco magnate, Moses C. Wetmore, Esq., sometimes called "colonel" and familiarly addressed by ex-Governor Stone as "Mose," which familiarity has probably been worth a quarter million dollars to Stone. The fell deed was done in the lobby of the Planters' House, St. Louis, where Mose stops permanently and where Arlund was stopping temporarily. Mr. Wetmore, Stone's beloved and profitable Mose, was not much hurt by the impact with Arlund's fist, just a few abrasions of the skin of his face about the size of the Star plug which Mose for years sold to the public and then sold to the trust at a large profit. Wetmore's huge bulk saved him. Like the unfortunate Front de Hoff, of whom good Sir Walter tells us in "Ivanhoe," and like the fortunate boiler maker, James J. Jeffries, of whom all current penny liners like to write, Mose is a man of vast proportions, a tremendous tabernacle of flesh and blood and bones.

The reason why the Louisville prize idiot swatted Mose was the alleged fact that Mose had insulted an alleged Mrs. Arlund, the alleged wife of the said Peter, "the soldier marine officer of the Danish army of Denmark." By the way, where the deuce is there a Danish army except in Denmark? And there is not much of a one even there, where Hamlet once cut such fantastic capers before high heaven and sundry other witnesses.

And Mose, the well beloved of Stone and who is supposed to be Stone's "angel" in the senatorial fight, would not apologize for the "alleged insult" to "the alleged wife" of Peter Arlund, "a soldier marine officer in the Danish army of Denmark."

Now, it appears that the real Mrs. Arlund, the genuine article, was in Louisville, Ky., sleeping the sleep of the just, about the hour—or, to be more exact, the minute—when her beloved spouse, Peter, was disgracing Governor Stone's Mose.

But all the foregoing, as gleaned from the public prints, does not explain why Arlund is the prize ass of this age. Here is the explanation: Wetmore rushed into print and with his pen skinned Arlund as badly as Arlund had skinned Mose in the flesh, whereupon Arlund, "a soldier marine in the Danish army of Denmark," sent Mose a challenge to mortal combat with sword, gun or pistol. Mose has not been heard from us to the duel—may never be heard from on that subject.

If Mose accepts that challenge, which he is not likely to do, being, like Sir John Falstaff, too broad, he will be as big a fool as Arlund, which is drawing it rather strong.

The laws of Missouri make it a felony to send a challenge, to carry one, to accept one or to carry an acceptance of one. More than all that the Missouri statutes make it a felony to go out of the state to fight a duel or to fight one in the state—in short to have anything to do with one. There is no escape from the penalty—except suicide—provided the present

ing attorney understands his business, and Joseph W. Folk appears to be well posted as to his duties. Now, the mystery of the whole performance is this: Why does this Arlund, who lives in a city where he can kill a man every morning before breakfast without any great danger of doing time in the hemp mills at Frankfort, sometimes called the Kentucky penitentiary, deliberately choose a striped suit by challenging Moses C. Wetmore in his own habitat, by bearding the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall, and by challenging him in the most public manner—i. e., by sending his challenge to the newspapers for publication?

If Arlund is so anxious to shoot, cut or stab somebody, why doesn't he saily forth from his castle or flat—whichever he inhabits—and remark that he is out for gore? He would not have to remark it more than once or above his breath. He would not have to waste half as many words as did Marmion in the celebrated adios to the owner of Tantalus's towers. He wouldn't have to shake his gauntlet at Colonel Henri Watterson more than once before the colonel would send a bullet whistling about his capacious ears, and if he said "dare" to General John B. Castleman he could not live, breathe, move and have his being more than ten seconds in the county of Jefferson and state of Kentucky. Suppose this vainglorious idiot of an Arlund should signify to General Basil Duke that he would like to do a little bloody business with him, General John H. Morgan's old lieutenant would accommodate him "in the twinkling of an eye," as St. Paul would say, or in the shake of a sheep's tail, as the average Kentuckian would say. I name these eminent Louisvillians because I know them and honor them, but there are others. The town is full of them—John Coulter, ex-sheriff of sweet Audrain, for instance, who wouldn't stand any monkey business from Arlund or any other idiot, unless he has experienced a change of heart since he and I went to school together in the days of auld lang syne. He is a brother of "Big Zay," who served with Sue Monday and died with Quantrell at Shelbyville. Then there's Wick Petty and hundreds of others who would respond to Arlund's call for gore instantaneously and ceremoniously. There is no necessity for Arlund, who is thirsting for blood, to spend time and money by going to St. Louis to chase down Moses C. Wetmore. Oh, no! He can't stand on a street corner in Louisville and "whistle for a grizzly" without seeing a grizzly waddling down the street, and the chances are 100 to 1 that if Wetmore should get out his "Yanger" and bid defiance to Arlund the latter would begin running and never stop till he had crossed the sea, but Mose appears to have more money than "sand" and will probably keep out of sight as long as Arlund is on the warpath.

The proper thing for Mose to do is to say—by letter if he can't clap his eyes on him—to Arlund: "Sir—You know as well as I do that it is a penitentiary offense to send or accept or carry a challenge in Missouri; also to fight a duel in the state or to leave the state to fight one. In answer to your challenge I have to say: Go to with your challenge. I will have no duel and penitentiary sentence in mine, but I give you fair warning that I live in St. Louis and expect to continue to live there. If you fool with me, I will cowhide you within an inch of your life or cut your throat!" That would settle Arlund.

The strangest thing about this whole mysterious and preposterous business is that, as he alleges, Moses C. Wetmore is an American army officer and colonel of a certain regiment. Will Mr. Arlund inform an expectant world as to what regiment Mose is colonel of? He probably would pay \$50,000 to be colonel of any old regiment in a time of peace, stationed not too far from the Planters' House, and wouldn't have it at any price in a time of war.

No, no, Arlund; Mose is only a paper colonel such as abound in Missouri. Whether Governor W. J. S. promoted Mose to that rank I do not know. If he did, it cost the governor nothing and was a great boon to Mose.

The career of Colonel Mose in politics has largely increased his stock of experience and diminished his stock of cash.

Others may stray from the paths of political righteousness, but Missouri will not. She is firm in the faith once delivered to the saints and solid as a rock in the basic principles of Democracy and of good government. As proof positive of Missouri's loyalty to the tenets of the fathers it is only necessary to state that at the last election she gave a Democratic plurality of 62,244. As the Washington Post truthfully and cynically remarks: "The next time the Republicans try to carry Missouri they will probably take out an accident policy." Yes, lots of them.

In a contested election Missouri will not go Republican till people have had the power of money. She was the publican oven, and a spoiled child needs cold water; a burnt child dreads the fire.

Some Pumpkins. That we are getting to be some pumpkins as a people is clearly indicated by recent dispatches from Augustus Davis TV showing how the Beveridge

aggregation of talents, genius and oratory is managing to divide public interest with that eminent personage the crown prince of Siam. The scion of royalty appears to be traveling "in foreign parts" for pleasure and information. Senator Beveridge and his senatorial conferees are traveling into (to them) terra incognita which should be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original thirteen and the subsequent thirty-two. One of the most flagrant outrages ever perpetrated on any people is the fact that New Mexico has been kept out of the Union more than fifty years; despite the fact that during that entire half century she has possessed the necessary qualifications for statehood. Those qualifications may be too low and too few, but they are what the fathers thought wise and proper, and what is more, they have not been changed. What the crown prince of Siam may say or refrain from saying, do or refrain from doing, in New Mexico is of slight importance to the world, to America or to New Mexico, but what the Beveridge committee may say and do is of large and enduring consequence, at least to America and New Mexico. The truth is that "the omnibus bill" which passed the house admitting Arizona, Oklahoma and New Mexico ought to pass the senate and receive the presidential signature early in December. There is no sense or justice in holding these people in territorial tutelage any longer. They richly deserve statehood. The following dispatch indicates the wealth and patriotism of Oklahoma:

Guthrie, Okla., Nov. 23.—Charles E. Billingsley, chairman of the McKinley memorial committee, today deposited a check for \$2,000 with Governor Ferguson. This is the full amount asked of Oklahoma by the National Memorial association, but a private donation to the fund from Oklahoma citizens of \$325, which has been forwarded to Myron T. Herlick, national chairman, raises Oklahoma's donation to \$2,325 for a national monument to the martyred president.

Truth to tell, the people of the territories are among our most enterprising, ambitious and intelligent people and deserve well of the republic. They are the rear guard of that valiant and invincible army of pioneers who have blazed the pathway of civilization across this continent.

Wu! Wu Ting Fang has been in a state of eruption again. What a pity he can't be squelched! He ought to have been given his passports long, long ago.

Ambitious. Out in Colorado candidates for the United States senate are springing up as multitudinously as toadstools in a damp cellar, and they are about as valuable citizens. Of course most of them are rich. One of the peculiarities of Colorado politics is that generally the Centennial State sends rich men to the senate and poor men to the house. It goes without saying that if the Democrats carry the legislature Henry M. Teller ought to be returned to the senate, and if the Republicans control it they ought to send Wolcott back. He has brains and eloquence at least.

In Kansas Governor Stanley is contesting the senatorship with Congressmen Long and Curtis, while several "dark horses," including Governor Elect Bailey, are champing on their bits and pawing up the ground. Colonel Marsh Murdock says editorially in the Wichita Post that Governor Bailey is too good and pure to violate his contract with the dear people to serve as governor two years. Evidently Colonel Marsh's memory is playing him tricks. How, pray, did Ross, Osborne and Harvey get to the senate? By procuring their election during their terms in the gubernatorial mansion. There may be others whose names will occur to Colonel Murdock. It is dollars to doughnuts that Governor Bailey will turn up in the legislature with as much real strength as Stanley, Curtis or Long, perhaps with more, and may be the beneficiary of a bitter three cornered fight.

To Divide New York. While awaiting hot over the result of the recent election in New York Hugh McLaughlin, Democratic boss of Kings county, proposed to divide New York. It won't work, Hugh. It won't work. McLaughlin insists that he is in thorough earnest in suggesting that New York be divided into two states. "Why not?" says he. "There's money enough and land enough for four, but two will do. The farmers of New York demand the right to govern the state, while the people of New York city pay the taxes. If we split the state in two every one would be satisfied. Let one of them be established above Albany, and the other below it. Each commonwealth could then govern itself according to its own ideas." It won't do, Hugh. It will not do. The fathers may have done wrong to compromise on the theory of representation in house and senate; but they did compromise, and their compromise will stand, never fear. Without it there would have been no constitution and no Union.

Missouri Grit. At Laddonia, Audrain county, Mo., the ladies of a church did not have money enough to buy chairs for their edifice. One of them was beavelling that fact to her husband, a substantial farmer, who jokingly said, "Oh, I'll give the churchwomen a load of corn if they will gather and haul it," and thought no more about it till they appeared on the scene with a wagon, gathered the corn, thirty-eight bushels, took it to town and sold it at auction. The corn merchants were so delighted at the acquisition of female Missouri grit that they ran the corn up to 50 cents a bushel.

That we are getting to be some pumpkins as a people is clearly indicated by recent dispatches from Augustus Davis TV showing how the Beveridge

Handwritten signature: Champ Clark