

Socialism In Germany

His Tremendous Growth In Recent Years Personality of Herr Ferdinand August Bebel

ONE of the most conspicuous political figures in the German empire, standing out as the fearless opponent of Kaiser Wilhelm himself on matters of public policy, is Herr Ferdinand August Bebel, who as the leader of the Socialist party has just won a notable victory at the polls.

nearly 3,000,000 in the elections just held. Always a poor man, Herr Bebel, even in the midst of his triumphs as a party leader, has had many personal trials to face. For years after he had secured a seat in the reichstag he used to hurry away to his shop as soon as the debates were over, and during recess he worked early and late to have money in hand for the expenses of the next session. In recent years the income from his pen has enabled him to live in comfort.



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

From the outset the police raised difficulties for him at every turn. In 1869 he was sent to prison for three weeks on a charge of propagating doctrines dangerous to the state, and in 1872 he was condemned to two years' imprisonment for lese majesty. During his life in prison—Herr Bebel has spent nearly five years behind the bars—he devoted his time to study. It was while in durango that he learned the English language, and his first and most successful book, "Die Frau," was planned in the same enforced retreat. This remarkable work, which has passed through twenty-five editions in Germany and has been translated into fifteen other languages, deals with the industrial condition of woman. A fascinating writer on social and economic subjects, many of the burning articles in Vorwaerts, the leading daily organ of the Socialists, published in Berlin, are products of his pen. The leader of the Socialists is slender and delicate looking, with snow white hair and beard, and is more like a college professor than a fighting politician.

strength in recent years, and Socialists and socialism have been much in evidence during the sessions of the reichstag just ended. Bebel's fierce onslaughts on the government in connection with the so called "hunger tariff" bill and his determined stand against the majority's disregard of parliamentary law won him thousands of friends from among that class normally opposed to anything favoring of socialism.

Singer was formerly a wealthy cloak manufacturer, but gave up business to devote his time and fortune to the cause of socialism. He lives in humble fashion in a modest quarter of Berlin and in every way shares the mode of living, as he does the hopes, of his fellow Socialists. He, too, is a strong parliamentarian, and when he begins to thunder forth from the tribune of the reichstag he commands an attentive chamber. Last December, just before the government majority succeeded in forcing the passage of the tariff bill in the reichstag, Singer was ejected for alleged obstructionist tactics. Since then he has been more popular than ever with his followers.

Herr Bebel has had an uninterrupted career of nearly forty years in German parliamentary life and is without doubt the most brilliant, as he is the most feared, debater in the reichstag. He is the brains of the Socialists and, according to a recent statement made by the venerable Professor Mommsen, has a head on him "worth the craniums of a dozen conservative 'junkers,'" as the aristocratic land barons who dominate German political life are termed.

Emperor William, it is said, has no great fear of the Socialists. They have

He fought a hundred political battles with Bismarck and was one of the few who could hold his own with the Iron Chancellor. Although now sixty-three years old, his courage, vigor and enthusiasm for everything dear to the cause of socialism are as strong as when he first entered political life.



HERR FERDINAND AUGUST BEBEL.

Only a few months ago he delivered one of the most telling speeches ever heard in the reichstag, his attack on Emperor William inspired by the latter's denunciation of the Socialists. He hurled defiance at his imperial majesty, using language that uttered any where but in the sacred precincts of the reichstag chamber would have landed him in jail for lese majesty a dozen times over.

grows enormously in numbers, especially in the cities, but they have also grown in wisdom. Twenty years ago there was wild talk about their sweeping everything before them, and people were much excited about it. There is not nearly so much excitement today, even though the Socialists are much stronger. The leaders of the party, as a rule, are thoughtful, well educated men, who are sincere in their attempts to solve problems that are not unlike those found in every country in one guise or another. There is little bitterness in their campaigns, and they work seriously and earnestly. They are not seeking to overthrow everything in order to bring about a distribution of wealth. Their platform is extremely moderate.

In the meantime he had joined in the workmen's movement in Germany and soon became one of the most aggressive leaders in that cause. From 1835 to 1850, when he removed to Berlin, Bebel was president of the Workmen's Educational club in Leipzig, and a member of the permanent executive committee of the German Workmen's association.

What the future of the Socialists will be, or, rather, what the result of their influence will be, is difficult to forecast. Emperor William's speeches would indicate that he has no great love for them; on the other hand, he is not a fanatic to them as the popular impression indicates.

Herr Bebel made his entry into political life in 1837 and in 1871 was elected to the first reichstag of the German empire. Following the lead of Herr Lassalle, his friend and sponsor, he became identified with the Socialists. Once in the Socialist ranks he found a ready field for his remarkable ability as an orator.

It is not considered likely that the emperor will employ any measures to suppress the growth of socialism. Even were he so disposed he is too wise to adopt the policy of his grandfather as of Bismarck, for their efforts to stamp out socialism did more than any other one agency to make the Socialists powerful.

Since then the Socialists have greatly increased in numbers and influence. In 1890 they polled less than one-sixth of the present strength, and since the last general election in 1890 they have gained nearly 800,000 votes, polling

JINGLES AND JLOTS.

War.
We may beat our swords to plowshares
And our spears to pruning hooks
And betake ourselves to farming
In the peaceful country nooks.
But we want them back as weapons
When we find at early dawn
That our neighbor's pecky chickens
Have been scratching up our lawn.
—New York Times.

In the Puppy Class.
He—But I'm willing to wait if you will give me some hope.
She—Well, suppose you wait nine days. Perhaps your eyes will be open then.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hoss and Hoss.
Nell—He married her for her beauty, but she hasn't much left.
Belle—And she married him for his money. So they are in the same boat.—Philadelphia Record.

No Wonder.
No wonder a woman's the queerest of creatures.
She's always in search of some moth on her features.
Her garb, if it's stylish, has frogs sewed upon it.
A rat in her hair and a bee in her bonnet.
—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Wise.
"Don't you ever speculate in the stock market?"
"No, I get my fun out of floating over my friends who do speculate."—New York American.

In Swelldom.
Little Brother—Are you going to invite mamma to the party?
Little Sister—Oh, yes, indeed! I've heard so much about her I'm just dying to meet her.—Puck.

Individual Importance.
"This mighty world was made for me!"
You hear the egotist exclaim.
The ant, the cricket and the bee,
If they could speak, would say the same.
—Buffalo News.

Reason For It.
Nell—You boys seem to fairly adore that pretty manicurist.
Tom—Well, she is "the divinity that shapes our ends."—Philadelphia Press.

The Difference.
In olden time ye poetes sang,
"He steals but trash who steals my purse."
But modern poets fain would sing,
"He steals my cash who steals my verse."
—Baltimore News.

Like Many Others.
Bings—Sparks is quite a sprinter, I hear.
Bangs—Yes. He can't be beaten for running in debt.—Chelsea Gazette.

Strange Repelling.
Faint pingers seem to gratify
Their inner selves when they surround
The painting master at his petard
And there sustain a painful pound.
—Denver News.

Life's Instructive Game.
Sidney—A man pays dearly for experience.
Rodney—Oh, no. Experience is its own reward.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Other Side.
Last night I heard a little miss:
"How beautiful the sky can be!
And yet, papa, just think of this:
The wrong side is the side we see!"
—Good Housekeeping.

The Evidence.
"Jones is a great genius."
"He is?"
"No doubt of it. He's \$10,000 in debt!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Don't Dispute It.
Of men who cry, "I told you so!"
'Tis easy to be rid.
The shortest way is just to say:
"That's so. Of course you did."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

All Pools Not Men.
Mrs. Snappe—Oh, all men are fools!
Mr. Snappe—Yes? Unfortunately for you, dear, the rule doesn't work both ways.—Brooklyn Life.

The Fleeting Visitant.
These parting words we have to say
Are painful to endure;
Each dollar bill that comes my way
Seems on its farewell tour.
—Washington Star.

She Knew Why.
Ethel—My right cheek burns so!
What can I do to stop it?
Beryl—Tell Jack to shave offener.
New York Herald.

Always the Wrong Way.
If "wealth hath wings,"
As some folk say,
We wonder why it does not fly
Sometimes our way.
—Philadelphia Press.

Not In His Line.
"Say, pa, what's a contrempe?"
"Oh, I dunno. I haven't time to look up these yachting terms."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Leading Enterprise.
The man who studies to complain
Has occupation night and day,
But, though great skill he's sure to gain,
He somehow never makes it pay.
—Washington Star.

Encouraging.
He—If I stole a kiss would it be petty larceny?
She—I think it would be grand.—Smart Set.

Her Way.
All summer she is cultivating tan
At tennis games and golf;
All winter long she buys all sorts of things
To try to get it off.
—Judge.

A Feasible Dig.
She—Why are some fish gold?
He—Probably because they're silent.
—New York Herald.

Conspicuous.
When a man's will is
Strongly fixed by
Finds that the woman has
Witty or witty.
—Baltimore News.

MADNESS IN COLORS.

TINTS THAT WILL TURN THE BRAIN AND INVITE DEATH.

Purple is the Most Lethal of All Hues, and Scarlet is Nearly as Bad. Blue Will Stimulate the Brain, but It Will Wreck the Nerves.

If purple walls and red tinted windows surrounded you for a month, with no color but purple around you, by the end of that time you would be a mad man. No matter how strong the brain might be, it would not stand the strain, and it is doubtful if you would ever recover your reason, for purple is the most dangerous color there is in its effects on the brain, which it reaches by way of the nerves of the eye.

A splash or two of any other color in the room would save your reason for some time longer, but dead purple would kill you eventually as surely as would foul air. Scarlet is as bad, but scarlet has a different effect. It produces what is called homicidal mania—a madness that drives its victim to kill his fellows, especially his nearest relatives. Even on animals scarlet has this effect. It will drive a bull or a tiger to charge a naked spear. But purple, on the contrary, brings on melancholy or suicidal mania.

Blue, as long as there is no trace of red in it, stimulates the brain and helps it, but its effect on your nerves, if you are saturated with it and cannot get away from it, is terrible. Scientists class blue as a kind of drug in its effects on the brain.

It excites the imagination and gives a craving for music and stagecraft, but it has a reaction that wrecks the nerves. If you doubt it stare hard for a few minutes at a large sheet of bright blue paper or cloth—not flowers, for there is a good deal of green in their blue—and you will find that it will make your eyes ache and give you a restless, uneasy feeling.

Green, on the other hand, is the king of colors, and no amount of it can do any harm. On the contrary, it soothes the whole system and preserves the eyesight. If you were shut up in an artificial green light for a month—it would develop your eyesight immensely, but it would be fatal, because when you returned to the world you would be utterly unable to stand ordinary lights and colors and you would certainly contract ophthalmia, or possibly destroy the optic nerve altogether unless you were very mindful to take great care.

Most people imagine the sky in clear weather to be blue. It is really white tinged with green. It is only the distance and clearness which make it seem blue.

Green is so soothing that it makes a big difference in the length of an illness, helping the system to fight the disease, and nearly all hospital wards have every possible detail about them colored green. Sage green is the most soothing tint of all; metallic green, however, is by no means so good.

Solitary confinement in a yellow cell for six weeks will hopelessly weaken any system and produce chronic hysteria. A long course of it will produce foolish lunacy, and even on a guinea pig or a rabbit will drive the animal at last to bite and wound itself or reduce it to such a state of nervousness that it will die of sheer fright if suddenly startled.

On the other hand, if you are not smothered with it yellow is the healthiest, cheeriest color there is, and will make a dark room bright and habitable when even green would be cold and depressing. But to be well "soused" with yellow day and night, and to be unable to get away from it, would bring you to nervous madness within two months at the outside.

Sheer dead white, unbroken, will destroy your eyesight as surely as a cataract would if you are exposed to it for a few days—a week at the latest. It kills the optic nerves, and the sight goes out like a candle, while the effect on the brain is so maddening that blindness is almost a relief.

This is why arctic explorers have to wear colored "goggles" of green tinted glass; otherwise "snow blindness," as it is called, and which is really "white blindness," is almost a certainty. Even in the polar regions, though, the white is not complete. The sky breaks it. If it did not no man could keep his eyesight there without glasses.—New York News.

Not Serious.
"How is your brother the poet?"
"He has just undergone an operation. You would hardly recognize him; he is so altered."
"Indeed?"
"Yes; he has had an epidermatoid growth removed from his head."
"Poor fellow! Was it anything very serious?"
"Not at all. He has only had his hair cut."

His Finagle.
Jasper—Gayboy seems to be prospering nowadays.
Jumpup—I don't see why you think so. His wife and family are not wearing any better clothes.
Jasper—Very true. But he is smoking better cigars.—Life.

Literally Money to Burn.
"Si Slocum—Josh Medders is back from New York, an' b'gosh, he's got money to burn."
"H' Korntop—Gosh! Dew tell?"
"Si Slocum—Yass; he bought \$5,000 worth of the stuff for \$150.—Philadelphia Press.

"It is every one's secret hope that when the time comes for him to hand his baggage over to Death to be checked off he will not be afraid.—African Globe.

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