

THE MORNING POST.

Vol. X

RALEIGH, N. C., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1902.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

No 153

Gotham City Gossip

Mrs. Potter's Home--Jewels at Horse Show--Thanksgiving Day--Benignities of November

Special Correspondence of The Morning Post

By EMEL JAY

Why is it that so many people with money do not exercise the sense of spending it?

There is the charming new wife of Bishop Potter, for instance. Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, that was—who has a home on Riverside valued at some half million dollars, but she has a looking like a prison a palace and prison in one. The mansion wears always a shut-up look. The lot, rather a generous one for New York City, is enclosed with an iron fence eight or ten feet high. Inside—blinds and curtains seem always closely drawn. Do the people within sit in the dark; or have they a central apartment under a skylight far from sight of mortal man? The chief ornamentation of the grounds is a succession of small cedars suggesting an old-time cemetery; they are also placed on the balconies adding another degree of stiffness.

The whole place has a forbidden look, and it could be made a general joy. With the fence down and the grounds beautified, it would be a delight to thousands of passers-by. Doubtless the owners are of the opinion that one has a right to have one's house just as one prefers it. And yet what a pity to prefer to have it ugly. And what a pity, too, not to realize with Emerson the people's point of view—"My neighbor's house is mine also."

The Way of Women

Where will women next find a hiding place for their valuables?

A Brooklyn woman, Mrs. A. P. Ralph, has just had returned to her by an honest laundress a package of jewels accidentally sent to wash with the soiled clothes. The jewels were in a chamois bag securely fastened in the folds of a shirtwaist. The gems are valued at \$1,500. The owner had placed them in that odd hiding place for safe keeping, and then forgetfully sent the wash to wash.

To those of us who are not burdened in that regard, it does seem that the poor rich women have a hard time with their jewels. They are forever worrying with having them on their back, or else sending them to the pawn or having them stolen, or losing them.

Nearly the law of compensation holds good. The woman who hath few jewels hath few worries over their safety.

Jewels at the Ho--as Show

Speaking of jewels, there was something really amusing in the parade of gems and costumes at the New York Horse Show. There was a hint of barbarity in the splendor. It suggested the gorgeousness of captive queens of the early ages, or of favorite slaves real in rings and chains. A well-dressed woman—as well-dressed man—was all right. But why a chain of diamonds a yard long? Why a dog-collar of pearls with the value, \$15,000 published in the newspapers? That prevalent jewel-design "dog-collar" is suggestive. It is a mark of ownership, and the fine animal who wears it has usually a master near by.

One wonders if women will ever rise above the devotion to display in dress. Is it not an ignoble thing? True it is in other sense than one that "the apparel of the woman is the clothes-horse." In this horse show, it may be a time proclaimed the woman of big purse and little brain, of petty ambition and large vanity. And the men encourage it. Men shine by reflected splendor as the supporter of all this gorgeousness. Like the conqueror's procession of old, the more splendid the slaves, the greater the king who leads them in this gilded chains.

Some one has referred to the horse show as including two types of animal—the horse and the clothes-horse. That puts it pretty aptly,—and it is not our grapes either!

A Fantastic Merry-making

Thanksgiving is the cheeriest of holidays in New York. Its approach has been proclaimed for two weeks past by the horns, bells and other paraphernalia of the fantastic merry-makers, which have filled the show-grounds. For with all these joyous subjects do the young people take the town. Young men not yet out of their teens have banded themselves variously, "The Ragamuffins," "The Original Round Guards," "The Caroline Band," and represent east sides and west sides in a mad frolic. They wear masks and blow horns and ring bells, and turn the town into gong-natured turmoil. Some wear only a mask of soap, and their aim then is to catch the girls and their aim then is to see to her who has a clean face at the close of the day; for, in such event, she has been clearly unadmired, unthought, unloved.

The little children follow these big-guns in their sport. Smaller boys and girls have masks and horns and bright spectacles. It is a merry holiday throughout the city.

Of course there are soberer joys of the grown-up folk. There is the church

service with its uplifting sermon and music; there is the family dinner with turkey on edge; there is the country trip with reunion of kindred and friends. In this calmer pleasure is found the true meaning of the day—the genuine fabric—while upon it is embroidered the gay fantastic with which youth must have its merry-making.

Unique Dinner Menu

The Thanksgiving dinner given by a charming New England hostess now a resident of New York, had some unique features. The wife of a successful wholesale merchant, their home in one of the large uptown apartment houses, was a delightful setting for this holiday dinner. The occasion had a literary flavor, the menu as follows: Biblical quotations, soup, proverbs, fish, familiar couplets, roast, anecdotes, salad, music, pastry, landscape observations, "pudding, crackers and cheese with coffee, and then personal reminiscences.

The "landscape observations" consisted in an adjournment to the elevator, and thence to the roof where for five minutes the company well-wrapped in body and wholly rapt in soul enjoyed a fine view of the city, with the Hudson and the palisades to the west, in all the glory of the afternoon sunshine; while in the streets below swayed the gay frolics of the "Ragamuffins" in fantastic pranks.

The request for Biblical quotations at that dinner party stumped the majority of those present, recalling the story of one, Prof. Gates, who as host on a similar occasion asked for Bible verses and was rewarded by a brave effort on the part of a guest who made three attempts: "Be ye lifted up, O ye Gates," was one; "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," was another hardly appropriate; and a third, hopefully and earnestly repeated, was declared a base insult against the hospitality of the house—"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

This story told amid laughter, the host of this Thanksgiving party was called on for his verse and he responded with one to which he gave a culinary and marital flavor not found in the original—"Whom she loveth she roasteth."

Benignities of November

The frigidities of the North have got to prove themselves this winter. November is fast nearing its close, yet here Indian Summer lingers. Birds look as blithe as in springtime, if not so numerous. The Hudson now and then puts on its fog-hood, but more often looks forth fair and serene and busy, giving no hint of the ice-locked reserve which later on comes to its up-stair waters. Day after day of soft sunlight touched with breeze has marked the north. And the park conservatories seem to have caught a generous share of the sun, concentrating its gold in those great beautiful chrysanthemums which just now make miles of beauty.

Was it Hood who wrote that poetic travesty on November? Whoever it was, made it, you remember, a month of negatives extending through a number of verses, and ending with the line—"No flowers, no birds, no sun, November."

Hood was writing of the English November, not of ours which is so positive and golden. For with us these are the summer's backward glance shines o'er the earth, and autumn's touch makes wind-harps of the trees.

Exploring the Tropics

(New York American.)
John, Samuel and Edward Fidlin and Will Kay, who, during the past summer, have been constructing a boat with which to navigate the rivers of Nicaragua, Central America, have completed their task and have left Milwaukee for New Orleans, where they will take passage for Greytown.

The boat was taken apart a week ago and shipped in sections. With the engine and boiler, the young men have four tons of freight in addition to their personal baggage. In addition to their personal baggage, they will take with them upon their arrival at Greytown they will put the boat together again at the mouth of the San Juan River, which drains Lake Nicaragua, and will then leave civilization behind them and explore the rivers of the country in search of various museum specimens.

John Fidlin, who is an ornithologist and taxidermist at the Milwaukee Public Museum, believes that they will be able to secure enough skins of birds and mammals to defray the expenses of the expedition. Two other members of the party are engineers and machinists, and with them will rest the responsibility of overcoming the difficulties of progress which will lie in their path. They have planned to arrive at Greytown at about the close of the rainy season, and expect to have their boat put together by December

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR-SHIP



1. when they will be ready to ascend the river.

The craft which the young men have constructed is no toy. It is thirty feet long, and has a beam of eight feet. The boiler, which weighs 1,195 pounds, and which carries a pressure of 180 pounds, furnishes steam for a twelve-horse power engine. The boat is a stern wheeler, and the engine is so connected to the paddles that it can be disconnected and made to work a water wheel. Their idea in this arranging it is for the purpose of hauling the boat, which draws seven inches of water, over the shallow places. A rope will be fastened to a tree or any other solid thing which presents itself and then, when the other end is fastened to the winch, the boat will pull itself along until it reaches deeper water.

John Fidlin was down in the same region two years ago and thus has a knowledge of the conditions which exist there. This knowledge serves him in good stead and it was on his suggestion that the young men decided to use the boat as a house instead of trying to live on land, as the last expedition did. The pests are extremely annoying, and at times become unbearable, and the members of the party believe that they can avoid them by living in a cabin on the boat which has been constructed of wire netting.

The young men do not know when they will return to Milwaukee. They expect to be gone at least six months, and it is not at all unlikely that they will stay much longer.

Says He Was Tortured

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by all druggists. 25c.

A Clean and a Strong Man

(Rev. P. R. Law in Robesonian.)
Senator Simmons has had a remarkable career as a party leader. It is possible to find another who has all in all fought and won so neatly and yet so gloriously as many great battles? It will be a long time before his arduous and successful labors will be forgotten. He is a clean man in private life. No stain mars his record. Few careers are more invulnerable. He is well equipped for Senatorial service. His state is now well known to him and he can therefore the better guard its interests and labor successfully for its welfare. He is a strong man. The complex questions of state are grasped fully by his active mind. There is a practicality in his handling of men and measures that carries great power with it. He is all the more useful as a legislator therefore. Few men in the history of the state moreover have grown great in every way as he has since his appearance in public life.

Mr. R. L. Rand, the popular representative of the Virginia-Carolina Hardware Company is in the city,

SOME MODERN SPORTS DESCRIBED

Description of a Baseball Game—

Four wide ones in the third and Hogan paraded.

Dooley tilted the pellet to the outermost port precinct for a hassock, and invested second citadel through Groogan's insane heave.

Jones's agile mitt engulfed Smith's tower to left garden, but failed to ferry it in before Hogan's extremities soiled the rubber.

Doogan jabbed a solitaire to left pasture, stabling Dooley, but met his death purloining a bag. Huggins made three frantic lunges at the leather, but Guff's saffron muff let him amble down the trail to the initial roost.

Duff's steaming grasser to right meadow lincinerated Guff's fingers. Doyle dunked safely to larboard, but Brown's swift return of the globe contributed to Huggin's demise at the plate.

A Prize Fight—Both boys showed the effects of fast going.

Muggsy had smoky lamps, a bum back and dismantled grocery store, while the Kid's dining room was shy some furniture, and his works looked like a poor cut of chuch steak.

After a brace of fiddlings, the Kid unhooked a brace of chops, planting one, but getting a clug on the elats in return from Muggsy's dexter manue.

The Kid learned things and grew cagey, his ramrod left putting many a flock of swings to flight.

Suddenly he unleashed a wallop that gave Muggsy's observations an astronomical tinge, and also donated a cauliflower ear to the Limbrick lad's tout ensemble by drooping the good one over.

It went to waste next time—nothing doing. Then a left to the blood pump—a swift right across! Stuff's out!

A Football Game—Sault ran the spheroid back twenty yards.

A fake pass contributed five more, and ram-jams at centre and save jaws at tackle netted 10.

Close formation and massive smashes then proved futile, and Pennston took the oval. Fierce plunging and needle-like piercing tore off five and ten yard chunks at a clip, and then the ends were cleverly boxed for a thirty-yard sprint.

Further onslaughts met a Chinese wall, and Yaleward was awarded the porcine skin on downs. Doe booted the leather 40, but Overland followed exultantly, and a punting duel followed, with Doe the gainer.

A revolving wedge earned Pennston 5 and brawling interference aided Giblet in accruing 6.

On a tumble Bride corralled the pigskin.—Kansas City Independent.

How Women Vote.

Whatever their inward trepidation, the women whose conviction carried them out to vote put on a brave front and assumed an air of nonchalance which was quite impressive. Although a slight pucker of the brow denoted

nervous strain, they for the most part grasped their ballots with intelligence and retired behind the little calico curtain to mark them with something resembling familiarity. Two women in the third precinct of the Seventh Ward acquitted themselves exceptionally well until the time came for depositing the ballot, when the woman ahead, who was about to drop her's into a box, was plucked by the sleeve by the woman with her, who whispered, "You'd better wait a minute and ask."

When asked if she minded coming to the booth to vote, the latter woman protested that she didn't mind doing anything which she thought was right, and she thought voting for women was.

Out of sixty-two women registered in this precinct, only twelve voted. One had come, accompanied by her husband, and had studiously imitated him in procedure. The other eleven, one of the clerks in the booth said, he didn't believe had any husbands. At least he thought they didn't look as if they had. This same man said that, judging from the questions asked he should imagine that it was mostly split voting with the women. One woman wanted to take the ballot home to talk over the merits of the respective candidates with her husband.

Some of the old ladies at the Protestant Home for the Aged decided suddenly in the morning that they ought to vote, and, nothing daunted by the fact that they had neglected to register, set out in a body for the nearest polling booth, where they were duly sworn in.

The most novel method of embracing their first chance at suffrage was that adopted by Miss A. L. Kimball and Miss Patience Taylor, of the Sixteenth Ward, who raced down Grand avenue at 6 a. m., each trying to beat the other to the polls. Miss Kimball won out and cast the first vote in the city was largely that of school teachers.—Milwaukee Free Press.

A Sparrow's Spot

(Kansas City Journal.)
It may seem impossible to most readers that there can be a single place in the United Kingdom where the sparrow is never seen, and yet on the authority of Professor Newton, F. R. S., there is such a spot—the moorland village of Shepster, in Devon. Why the ubiquitous bird should shun this place is not explained, but it is an indisputable fact that it does. It is all the more remarkable because the sparrow, like trade, "follows the flag."

Wherever the British go there the sparrow is found. It has a tendency to gradually drive out all the native birds of the country in which it chooses to settle. Its pugnacity is well known, and it multiplies rapidly, the progeny of a single pair in ten years amounting to no fewer than 275,000,000 birds.

The head and antlers of a magnificent specimen of the extinct great Irish deer have been found in a bog near Limerick. The horns measured 9 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, and the head is the finest ever discovered.

TEA TABLE TATTLE

By TEEBEE.

"Wouldn't I like to catch him, whoever he may be? I'd smash his nose all over his face—the fellow that looks like me."

You might call this a poem in prose, and you would not miss it more than a mile. I might also call it by the same name, but I know better. To be more definite, it is the refrain of a song that was quite popular longer ago than most readers of Tattle remember. It is a gem of purest ray serene, as you will see if you read it two or three times; and if you will call some evening and bring your piano, I will sing it for you. Perhaps the memory of the song would have entirely faded from the page devoted to youthful frivolity, but for a somewhat annoying and oft-repeated occurrence that has thrown a shadow over my otherwise radiant existence. And that brings me to the question—

Do you know what it is to have a double?

Ah! there you have the key to my tale of woe.

It was during the merry Christmas time of a year ago that the business, or perhaps, guided my steps to the Union depot, where I mingled among the jostling throng. By and by I became conscious that a citizen of color—very dark color, by the way—was eyeing me intently. After a while he approached me and grinned a beatific African smile, and said "Good evening." The salutation was returned in the same words, and then we drifted apart. A little later it occurred to me that I might have failed to recognize an old acquaintance; so the next time we came face to face I paused and inquired, "Whom did you take me for when you spoke?" "Mr. So-and-so, of Apex," he replied.

Time passed on, and one day a business man with whom I have exchanged greetings in the street day in and day out for years and years, met me with the salutation, "Good morning, Mr. So-and-so." My sense of politeness forced a courteous reply. Again, a merchant, to whose store I have been an occasional visitor for a long time, met me coming out of the post-office not more than a week ago, and greeted me with "What is the news from Apex?"

Did I collapse on the spot? No, my mental equipoise sustained me again. But this is becoming a serious matter. It has never been my good fortune or my misfortune to meet my double from Apex. What might happen should we be brought together had better not be told. The language of the song, of course, only expresses my feelings figuratively; but if my name, thoughts were to take the form of words, Mr. So-and-so of Apex might consider it prudent to have me bound over to keep the peace.

If there were any reason to believe that Federal office holders in Raleigh would speak their minds freely in regard to the turn Booker Washington has given to political affairs in this part of the moral vineyard I would undertake to get an expression of opinion from each one and write a symposium on the result. Wouldn't it make interesting reading, though?

Angels and ministers of grace, etc! Grover Cleveland is to preside at a Booker Washington meeting in Philadelphia and make a speech. If things go on this way we shall insist on running Cleveland and Roosevelt on the same ticket in 1904.

There is nothing like a paper weight to remind a newspaper man of friends out of sight. For instance, there lies before me a specimen of Wake County amethyst which was presented by my friend Dr. Wombello. It is not necessary to descant upon its beauty, but any one who does not know that precious stones are found in Wake may drop into my den and see the proof. My good friend, the Doctor, when I met him in the street the other day, had two pieces of amethyst in his pocket, and he gave me one, with the suggestion that, used as a paper weight, it would be found useful as well as ornamental. If he had known that I was going to write this nice mention of his kindness, he would have given me the larger piece and kept the little one for himself.

The public will be pleased to learn that the office of Mayor will not go begging next spring. According to present indications, something more or less than a dozen candidates will be in the hands of their friends before the roses bloom again.

On behalf of the Ananias Club I hasten to assure Dr. Jenkins that his invitation to attend the annual banquet of the North Carolina Society in Baltimore is accepted. The date for the feast of reason and flow of soul has not been set, but that makes no difference. Dr. Olds will hire a special train over the Cape Fear and Raleigh Railroad, and the entire membership will attend in a body.

If Mr. Mitchell decides to write a book he will probably live to wish he hadn't. He should remember what the psalmist says. And, besides, the experience of the Rev. Dr. Peters, who was a witness for the miners before the strike commission, should be a terrible example.

The fur has only begun to fly on the subject of negro education. The effort of Mr. Seales to interest the public is only a mild prelude to what we may expect when the Legislature meets.

The Pennsylvania jury that would not award damages to a pretty girl who fell over a paling fence in her efforts to escape a playful old widower who was trying to kiss her, was a set of heartless wretches without a spark of gallantry. If the suit had been brought in a North Carolina court and the plaintiff had averred that the defendant was a corporation the jury would have given the girl at least five thousand dollars to divide with her lawyers.

With Colombia turning the cold shoulder to Uncle Sam it will be a solace to our wounded pride to learn from President Castro that Venezuela is our friend.

The continued absence of Col. Jack Sellars from the city is a source of grief to his many friends here. It would be a relief to the sense of something lost to hear him say: "Had a good breakfast this morning."

General Miles' tour of inspection very unexpectedly afforded him an opportunity to inspect the rocks on the Philippine coast when the transport Ingalls ran aground with the commanding general of the army on board.

It may not be too late to observe that Grover Cleveland shows more wisdom in going gunning where ducks are ducks than Mr. Roosevelt does in hunting bear with rabbit hounds.

One thing worth remembering is that collisions between locomotives and trolley cars are impossible in Raleigh. People in some other towns would be happier if they had the same cause for congratulation.

Japanese Symbolism

(New York Evening Post.)
The Anglo-Saxon, in his self-assurance, thinks that his pictorial symbolism, which he has borrowed chiefly from the Greek and Hebrew, is the only one contained in decorative art. The anchor as representing hope, the wings for aspiration, the crown for power, the sceptre for authority, the scroll or open volume for wisdom are the man's features in his little system. He seldom realizes that the Japanese have developed symbolism into a system so extensive as to make that of his own art world clumsy and ridiculous in comparison. To the brown men of Dai Nippon, Western symbolism is puerile and ridiculous. Their religion sends the united labor of the poet, painter, sculptor and embroiderer. A thousand objects, all attractive and a majority beautiful per se, represent spiritual counterparts. The system is applied to kakemonos or wall banners, fans, garments and screens. If you wish to convey to a friend the sentiment of good luck, you send him a screen on which are painted or embroidered storks flying toward the sun. If the friend be the poet, and if very aged, the storks should be alighting. Where, on the other hand, death has occurred in some family to which you are attached, the symbol which expresses the fact is the cobweb, with or without the spider. There the Japanese artists are divided. The realistic school introduces the spider, to suggest the voracity and destructiveness of Atraxel; the idealistic school omits the spider, and uses the web to express the thought that where the web is there is no longer any human activity, and that even the spider which made the web has shared a similar fate. Where, for example, a house is in mourning, the inmates should be sheltered with screens on which appear the graceful but sombre lines of the cobwebs. At least twenty birds are used to represent the different emotions, and three-score of leaves, flowers and trees have these secondary meanings.

Not alone does each leaf have a meaning per se, but this is varied again by juxtaposition with one or two other leaves. The combining or grouping is a positive science in itself. Most prominent of all the symbols is the sacred mountain Fujiyama. Doubtless the majestic beauty and extraordinary isolation of that world famous peak impressed the people of the islands from the very first. By degrees it became a symbol of their own country and of that higher country to which all souls yearn. It was a mountain and also a door into heaven. As a symbol, it expresses patriotism, the hearty spiritual and aspiration. When, therefore, you desire to present a screen to a friend let it contain storks, swallows and sparrows, bamboos, oak leaves, fishes, the Temple of Nikko and Fujiyama, but do not send one with a cobweb unless there be dragon in the family, or one with the dragon of rapacity unless you desire to insult him.

"How does the police captain explain his possession of so much money?"
"Oh! he says he bought property in Martinique just before the Pelee eruption sent everything up."—Kansas City Journal