

THE MORNING POST

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THE WEATHER TODAY: Colder.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

WILD SHOOTING. Under the above title the North Carolina Commercial is pleased to say:

"If this 'trust'-annihilation or 'trust'-regulation matter could only be divested of the wealth of generality that characterizes the discussion of it, what an easy thing Congress would have to dispose of!"

"Here, for instance, is our North Carolina contemporary, the Raleigh Post, hurling a javelin at somebody or something, but without taking any definite aim. It first quotes this from a recent issue of the Commercial:

"And we repeat what we have already said on more than one occasion in connection with the 'trust' recommendations of the President—that they will not, in our opinion, be of a character to alarm anybody engaged in an honest business enterprise anywhere in the country."

"We must confess, says the Post in reply, to no uneasiness whatever that any recommendation of the President will make to Congress concerning the 'trusts' will 'alarm' or injure any 'honest' business enterprise. What we do fear is it will neither alarm nor destroy those not so honest. It is the latter only that the people want dislocated and decapitated."

"Well, who are they? Where are they? What are they? There must, presumably, be some fire where there is so much smoke. Obviously, there is a belief current to some extent among the people that there are some corporations or 'trusts' or 'consolidations' that are inherently and thoroughly dishonest, and ought to be 'dislocated' or 'decapitated' by Congress. But does the Post know of any? Can it point out one to the President or the Attorney General, and then furnish the proof of the dishonesty?"

"Congress ought to locate the heart before it wastes any shots in the air." The point of our contemporary the Commercial is well taken. There is a "belief current" that the country is beset with combinations, both of the trust and corporate variety, which were born in sin, brought forth in iniquity and altogether unlovely. The President says, by implication at least, there are such; the Cullom bill in the Senate and the Littlefield bill in the House are responsive to the "general belief" however insincere or ineffective one may believe these to be. There have been some prosecutions and convictions under the Sherman law which establishes the fact that such illegal concerns at least have existed.

We do not expect, nor does any sane man expect, nor will any honest man assert that trusts or combinations of capital or the co-operation of corporate interests engaged in the same line of business can, will or ought to be stopped. This statement needs no elaboration. But, statutes prohibiting such organizations from doing unjust, unrighteous things in the conduct of their business can be useful, and when needed can be applied. The colossal growth of the country has produced conditions never before experienced, and only suggested by Aladdin-like fairy tales. With this growth have come the sharper and the shyer, to say nothing of the thief and the robber, who have used what can be and has

been proven of great utility for the common good of mankind for selfish and unjust ends. Statutes, however, can only come when the necessity for them arises and as such necessity arises.

The Post is in thorough accord with the Commercial in its suggestion that charges are too general and therefore lacking in force or merit. But like the difficulties in the coal fields, the discovery of facts—the truth—in respect of the great combinations will tend to the separation of the goats from the sheep, the protection of the latter and the punishment or "annihilation" of the former. Laws aiming to do this uncovering, and at the same time prescribing limits beyond which corporate greed may not go, will do all that human laws and orderly government can do.

It strikes us our contemporary the Greensboro Telegram is treading upon very dangerous ground in the following:

"The swing of the urban vote" is a phrase which has come to mean something in the politics of the United States. It refers to the big Democratic majorities in the country districts. The cities are Democratic and the fact is a credit to Democracy. People in the cities read and think, and this is said without disparagement of those who live in the country. The urban population have a better opportunity to study prices and to note that there is no increase of wages to correspond to the increase of the cost of living. In the cities the Republicans get their heaviest reverses. In the cities lies the country's hope of having Democratic rule restored."

Our friend does not intend it, we are sure, but the above smack of a conflict between town and country folk, and, in its wind up, indicates that the hope of the country lies in the success of Democracy by and through which the prices of the necessities of living—i. e., farm products—will be reduced. If Democracy means a lowering of the price of farm products it cannot offer very alluring inducements to the farmer; and as the farmer is very largely in the majority we can all see how the contest will turn out. We deny that such is the purpose of Democracy or that such result must or need follow its triumph. Certainly so far as North Carolina is concerned the higher the price of farm products the more prosperous are all the people, in the towns as well as on the farms.

The Post—that is, the editor—has a fairly good appetite; which, being the case, nothing would please it better than to be present at the dinner to be given today at the opening of a new hotel at Rural Hall. But other engagements prevent acceptance of the kind invitation from the management. In this instance the Post's loss is the hotel proprietor's gain, which is a reflection offered for the consolation of any who may be disappointed by its absence from the feast.

Ever aggressive and progressive, the North Carolina Baptists, in their state convention, have laid plans broad and deep, which will advance the interests of the denomination during the coming years and promote the welfare of all the people of the state. There are no people anywhere more active and enthusiastic to undertake and perform than these Tar Heel Baptists.

The fondness of the negro for organizing lodges and things has resulted in something new under the sun in Texas, where an association has been formed to protect the upper crust of colored society from the "lower class, who bring discredit to the race by their outrages." But it is surmised that the eligibles for membership will prove as scarce as timber for the Order of the Cincinnati among the white folks.

The fact that a territory, upon being admitted to statehood would be "hopelessly Democratic," seems to be a good reason for keeping it out of the union.

According to White House standards it is not considered good form for Democratic congressmen to attend a Republican funeral without an invitation.

Great Britain and Germany may find that in attempting to coerce Venezuela they have bitten off more than they can masticate conveniently.

Brother Whitehard on Wednesday celebrated the 8th birthday of his excellent paper, the Greenville Reflector.

And it has been faithful to its community and its every interest every day since it first saw the light. May it go on growing as the years roll by, always enlarging its usefulness along with its pages.

One thing that appears very funny to a man up a tree is Quay's leadership of the Democratic side of the Senate in the fight on the statehood bill.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP. A Little Boy's Life Saved. I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steere of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine my boy would not be on earth today.—Joel Dement, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by Crowell, McLarty & Co., Bobbitt-Wynne, North Side Drug Store, W. G. Thomas.

Christmas Cookbooks. (From the New York Sun.) Out of the very hearth and home of American literature, out of the Journal of Indianapolis, comes this inspiration to the despairing chooser of Christmas presents:

"If you do not know what to give your young housekeeper friend, buy her a cookbook."

Why this restriction to your young housekeeper friend? Your young or old boarding friend, your apartment friend, your hotel friend, is equally worthy of the boon in question. It is a mistake to suppose that only the person with youth and a kitchen of her own has a passion for cook-books. Who has more information to impart about the proper care of children than the childless? Who has a more beautiful amateur interest in cooking than the women who don't have to or can't cook? Theirs is a dispassionate devotion to the art set forth in these learned treatises on the essential art and science.

Receipt and Practice. (From the New York Sun, ep.) Beyond the reach of adverse criticism by any candid person are those passages in Mr. Roosevelt's Constitutional exhibit of the state of the Union which describe the quality of manhood actually existing in the American citizen or plainly desirable in his case. The President's discussion of the proper elements of human character in relation to the problems of government is novel, inasmuch as none of his predecessors has ever attempted anything like it in a message.

Thousands Sent Into Exile. Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles 10c. at all druggists. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

The People's Cash Account. (Bradstreet's.) Money in circulation showed an increase of over \$102,450,000 for the twelve months ending with November, nearly \$16,600,000 of the increase being credited to the latter month. There was a slight decrease in gold coin, but increases in all the other items, with the exception of Treasury notes of 1890. The largest item of increase was one of over \$63,600,000 in gold certificates. The total amount of money in circulation on December 1 was \$2,352,710,158. This, on the basis of a population estimated at 79,686,000 on that date, represents a per capita circulation amounting to \$29.52, an increase of 79 cents as compared with the corresponding date of last year. If we extend the comparisons a little farther back, we get some striking figures of increase. For example, it again since 1892 has amounted to over \$77,900,000, while the increase since 1879, the year of specie payment resumption, has been over \$1,430,000,000.

The Country's Horse Famine. (Harper's Weekly.) We are horse poor—not as some people are land poor, because they have too much—but horse poor because we haven't enough horses. Our neighbor, the Scientific American, has been complaining about it. After the Civil War we found ourselves short of horses of the bigger types, and began importing them for breeding purposes. We imported them to good purpose and in very large numbers, and greatly improved the quality of our stock. When electricity began to haul street cars, the mule for the commoner kinds of horses fell off, and farmers didn't breed so many. When the automobiles began to appear and were heralded as machines that must supersede the use of carriage horses, the breeders of the better class of horses took fright. For years, after '93, too, thousands of people who wanted horses could not afford them. But with the return of prosperity the demand for good horses began to grow again, and breeders bred more of them. But it takes about five years to raise a horse, that is fit for the market, and the breeders got behind. The demand has outrun the sup-

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Our Vanishing Forests. (The Country Gentleman.) Another crying need of the South—by no means peculiar to the South, but specially, even appallingly, apparent on the lines followed by the Farmers' Congress visitors—is attention to forestry. The present vandalism is perfectly horrible. You see from car windows, hour after hour, hundreds and hundreds of pine trees "boxed" for turpentine in a fashion very unnecessarily destructive to the trees, but a little quicker and easier than the more rational method. You stand in any one of scores of large saw mills and watch the great tree trunks coming in on a belt carrier in rapid and endless succession, tumbling right and left alternately to whirling saws, which reduce them to boards in a twinkling, and the rapid disappearance of the forests grows in the mind into a prophecy of coming evil that should frighten the people of Georgia and Florida into taking some effective action before it is too late, especially as forest growth is, for many reasons, of inestimable value, agriculturally as well as commercially, in these States. Talk about killing the goose that laid the golden eggs! These lumbermen and turpentiners are straining every nerve to annihilate the very breed.

Surgeons Who Succeed. From the New York Tribune. The victories of present day surgery include a considerable number of stalwart walkabouts whose dislocations of spinal vertebrae would have been counted as fatal cases of broken necks not long ago. The wonders that the foremost experts in reparation now accomplish comprise the stitching together of the outer frame-work of the heart itself. That almost incredible triumph of the operating table has been accomplished recently, and the result, while not wholly successful, was at least encouraging.

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Our Vanishing Forests. (The Country Gentleman.) Another crying need of the South—by no means peculiar to the South, but specially, even appallingly, apparent on the lines followed by the Farmers' Congress visitors—is attention to forestry. The present vandalism is perfectly horrible. You see from car windows, hour after hour, hundreds and hundreds of pine trees "boxed" for turpentine in a fashion very unnecessarily destructive to the trees, but a little quicker and easier than the more rational method. You stand in any one of scores of large saw mills and watch the great tree trunks coming in on a belt carrier in rapid and endless succession, tumbling right and left alternately to whirling saws, which reduce them to boards in a twinkling, and the rapid disappearance of the forests grows in the mind into a prophecy of coming evil that should frighten the people of Georgia and Florida into taking some effective action before it is too late, especially as forest growth is, for many reasons, of inestimable value, agriculturally as well as commercially, in these States. Talk about killing the goose that laid the golden eggs! These lumbermen and turpentiners are straining every nerve to annihilate the very breed.

Surgeons Who Succeed. From the New York Tribune. The victories of present day surgery include a considerable number of stalwart walkabouts whose dislocations of spinal vertebrae would have been counted as fatal cases of broken necks not long ago. The wonders that the foremost experts in reparation now accomplish comprise the stitching together of the outer frame-work of the heart itself. That almost incredible triumph of the operating table has been accomplished recently, and the result, while not wholly successful, was at least encouraging.

The man or woman who loses a part of the brain in a railroad accident need not despair. American surgeons—and there are no better or abler now on this planet—have so bravely delved into the recesses of all the contents of the skull that they do not hesitate to take away a formidable percentage of what the cranial cavity contains if they are convinced that so radical an operation affords the only reasonable chance of saving life. Modern surgery is not only daring beyond every possible boundary of tradition, but it is also so beneficial that the limits of ancient precedent becomes matters of little account.

THE PEOPLE'S CASH ACCOUNT. (Bradstreet's.) Money in circulation showed an increase of over \$102,450,000 for the twelve months ending with November, nearly \$16,600,000 of the increase being credited to the latter month. There was a slight decrease in gold coin, but increases in all the other items, with the exception of Treasury notes of 1890. The largest item of increase was one of over \$63,600,000 in gold certificates. The total amount of money in circulation on December 1 was \$2,352,710,158. This, on the basis of a population estimated at 79,686,000 on that date, represents a per capita circulation amounting to \$29.52, an increase of 79 cents as compared with the corresponding date of last year. If we extend the comparisons a little farther back, we get some striking figures of increase. For example, it again since 1892 has amounted to over \$77,900,000, while the increase since 1879, the year of specie payment resumption, has been over \$1,430,000,000.

THE COUNTRY'S HORSE FAMINE. (Harper's Weekly.) We are horse poor—not as some people are land poor, because they have too much—but horse poor because we haven't enough horses. Our neighbor, the Scientific American, has been complaining about it. After the Civil War we found ourselves short of horses of the bigger types, and began importing them for breeding purposes. We imported them to good purpose and in very large numbers, and greatly improved the quality of our stock. When electricity began to haul street cars, the mule for the commoner kinds of horses fell off, and farmers didn't breed so many. When the automobiles began to appear and were heralded as machines that must supersede the use of carriage horses, the breeders of the better class of horses took fright. For years, after '93, too, thousands of people who wanted horses could not afford them. But with the return of prosperity the demand for good horses began to grow again, and breeders bred more of them. But it takes about five years to raise a horse, that is fit for the market, and the breeders got behind. The demand has outrun the sup-

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