

# The Monumental City

## Industries of Baltimore--Municipal Machinery--Recollections of Christmas--Hot and Cold Air

Special Correspondence of The Morning Post

By R. A. LEIGH

Many Baltimoreans will have, received handsome New York presents in the shape of dividends. It is said that the financial, manufacturing and other enterprises in this city have paid not less than six millions of dollars to shareholders in the past few days. In no account is taken of dividends that may come from enterprises, such as factories, banks, railroads, mines and other things owned by Baltimore people, located elsewhere. The following railroad systems are largely owned by Baltimore people: Louisville and Nashville, Seaboard Air Line, Atlantic Coast Line, Plant System (recently absorbed by Coast Line), and a number of smaller systems, making a total of over 12,000 miles of railroad.

The New Year starts out with every indication of good business in most lines. Last year was a record-breaker, and if nothing interests, 1903 will be as good as former records for business, not only in Baltimore, but throughout the country. In the past twelve months the Baltimore Clearinghouse made a record of \$1,202,000,000, which is good that "something was doing" here. Statements of savings banks just issued show that they had more than \$500,000,000 on deposit January 1st. As the depositors are practically all working people, the deposits show that at least a portion of the Baltimore laboring people are in a fairly prosperous condition to start off the New Year.

In a former letter I mentioned the fact that 23 per cent of the canning business of this country is done in Baltimore; also that 54 per cent of the oyster canning of the country is done in and near this city. The New York Grocer recently stated that of the more than nine million cases of tomatoes canned in the country the state of Maryland canned over four and a half millions of cases. As most of the canneries are owned in Baltimore, and the goods are sold from here, it can be seen that this city plays a very conspicuous part in this important industry.

Residents of a large city are usually hard workers, contrary to the opinion of some country people. They have to work. The larger the city the more strenuous must be the workers. Just how they all get a living is a mystery, but there are thousands of nooks that must be filled. Only a small portion live by their wits or by questionable methods, though, of course, in a large city there are numerous opportunities. City people and country people arrive much the same--some good some bad, some worse than bad. As a matter, a small army of people live at the expense of the taxpayers and, as a rule, the larger the city the larger the army. In proportion, for jobbery is not uncommon. There is a great number of officials, policemen, detectives, engineer, firemen, street laborers, teamsters, etc. The professions are all full and a vast number are in mercantile establishments. But the bulk of the residents of a large city are engaged in manufacturing. I will mention the amount in dollars and cents that was produced in Baltimore in the past year, to substantiate the claim that a large city is like a beehive--full of workers. The wholesale value of shirts manufactured was \$10,000,000. Nearly \$20,000,000 worth of clothing was made, employing 25,000 people. More than \$3,000,000 worth of footwear was manufactured. The output of straw hats alone was worth \$2,500,000. The value of ships built was \$1,000,000. Eight hundred and fifty thousand barrels of beer and vast quantities of whiskey were made, and numerous other articles were turned out in the same proportion. The receipts of cotton at this port for the year were \$1,400,000; receipts of tobacco about \$3,000,000. Forty-six thousand immigrants landed here during the year.

During the past year the annual death rate for the whole population of Baltimore was 18.70 per 1,000--65.33 for whites and 26.78 for colored. In other words, the negroes died almost twice as fast in proportion to number as the whites, which goes to prove that this climate does not agree with the colored people.

In 1902, 5,123 marriage licenses were issued in Baltimore and only 207 divorces were granted, which may be said to be a healthy comparison. However, it is a pity that any married couples disagree. Nearly 700 suits and applications for divorce were filed during the year, which makes the record change somewhat. It may be that there is not any greater number of unhappy marriages now than in former days, but it is apparent that a greater number are seeking means to sever the bonds of matrimony, and this is true of every section of the country.

The police machinery of a great city is intricate and expensive. It costs here about \$500,000 a year to police Baltimore. It is said to be the best equipped. The police do everything including the settlement of family and other quarrels. They are a picked body of men, especially as regards physical appearance, and many of them are brainy, for men of generous mind and in good health are not apt to get short in gray matter. Every large city has a secret police system, and detectives of course there are detective agencies with men ready to undertake anything, and not a few large financial and mercantile establishments have their own private detectives to watch patrons and employees.

But the city detective force, which consists of 17 men at present, is a separate body. They are the best men, and are promoted from the regular police force for this special work. They wear no uniform or conspicuous badges and are the terror of evildoers. They can spot the cops in uniform, but the fellow who may be dressed like a tramp or a dude, or assume any character he likes, go where he pleases without attracting attention to himself, is dangerous to the pickpocket or shoplifter, or any other kind of criminal. He knows human nature. He knows the character and occupation of everybody, because it is his business to know. The detectives report at the office of the chief of detectives every morning at 8:30. They are posted as to any information about criminals wanted elsewhere who might come to the city and get accurate descriptions of them. They are also assigned for duty to certain work, or to spend their time on certain streets, go to hotels, depots, wharves, theatres, etc. If a burglary or other crime was committed the night before, one or more men are assigned to that particular case. If they notice a suspicious character go into a large store they may follow him in a casual way and nab him if he attempts shoplifting, which is a frequent crime in cities. If a Baltimore criminal gets on a train or boat bound for another city the detective may follow him and keep him shadowed for days at a time to see what he is after. If he does not follow him, he at least will notify detectives in other cities and they will watch him. Cities often exchange detectives in order to keep up with the movements of suspicious persons. But criminals are smart, too, and they frequently go undetected, or escape the network thrown around them for a long time.

Fire fighters compose another important part of the city government. There are 512 men in the Baltimore fire department. They have hard work and are daily called on to do deeds of valor and risk their lives to save life and property. The city is divided into many fire districts. At each engine house there is a steam fire engine, chemical engine, one or two hose wagons, ladder truck, and then there is a false truck wagon that goes to each fire. If the hose crosses street car tracks false tracks are laid over the hose and traffic is but slightly interrupted. If the fire is important, the electric lighting plant of the new \$2,000,000 hotel being built here will cost as much as an ordinary hotel--\$62,000--and will, it is said, be the finest of the kind in the world. The engines will be 700 horse-power.

A number of great conventions are to be held in Baltimore this year and elaborate plans are being made for entertainment. Great electric displays are to be made. The parks and everything are to be put in fine shape for sightseeing.

The United Electric and Railway Co., which controls practically all the street railways in the city and suburbs, has leased the three independent lines and will add forty miles of track to the present system. It is estimated that bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 will be issued to improve and extend the lines. It is to be hoped that this means better accommodations in the future, for the present facilities are totally inadequate, notwithstanding fifty immense cars, almost as large as railway coaches, have been added recently. I have been in nearly all the large cities of the country and nowhere have I met such a crowded condition as exists in the street cars here. The cars run six to the minute on some streets, or only ten seconds apart. But on many important lines they run three, five and ten minutes apart, and on suburban lines they are less frequent, hence the jam in the cars. As ladies are given the preference, it becomes a matter of necessity for the men to be "strapholders" most of the time.

It was a great pleasure to observe the preparations for Christmas here and the exchanging of gifts, for that is all it amounts to among the well-to-do classes. A custom in vogue here is to give new crisp bank notes or gold coins that has not been circulated. Just before Christmas the collector of taxes and his entire force were busy exchanging new money for old money. Nearly \$400,000 was exchanged for Christmas gifts. But all sorts of things were purchased for gifts in addition. Some concerns gave employees an amount equal to a week's salary for a Christmas gift. As business has been good everything was on a liberal scale. But the poor of the city probably enjoyed Christmas more than anybody else. Probably not a single person in the city failed to live "like a king" on December 25th, no matter how much they suffered before or since. Turkey and oysters and other good things were theirs. This was done by individuals and by organized charitable bodies. A free dinner was given the newboys. Many of them are sons of fairly well off parents, but hurriedly and in a secret police system, and the force of course there are detective agencies with men ready to undertake anything, and not a few large financial and mercantile establishments have their own private detectives to watch patrons and employees.

To see and to watch sixty turkeys, fifty gallons of oysters, cranberries and other good things disappear down 650 hungry throats until that many appetites, that were unused to good things, were satisfied. They doubtless still dream of that dinner and are looking forward to next Christmas. A little later in the week the newboys were given admittance to a trained animal show. Fourteen hundred turned out to see the show, as pride did not prevent their acceptance of that kind of charity. This was but one instance of how everybody was assisted and made happy on Christmas day. The poor received presents in cash, clothing and other articles, and if anyone was neglected it was because they were too proud to let their poverty be known.

A certain Baltimore man uses a \$500 gold nugget for a paper weight. If the price of coal continues to drop he may be able to swap his paper weight for a scuttle of the "black diamond."

A large corporation here is preparing to furnish cool air in summer and heat in winter from a large plant. Perhaps it will come high at first, but it is thought to be feasible. By this means you can have your house any temperature you wish all year by simply "touching a button," so to speak. It will be safer and cleaner than any method of heating now used, and probably healthier. It is a great pity that the method cannot be put into operation this winter, for the coal situation has not improved much, though it is not quite as serious. The normal supply of coal in Baltimore should be not less than 5,000 tons per day from November to May. So far, the supply has not been more than from 1,000 to 2,000 tons, and much of that is soft coal, or hard coal of inferior grades. So you can see what a terrible shortage there has been. Neither poor nor rich can get half as much as they need and the price is high. But for two things--gas and oil--the suffering would have been far greater. The Baltimore Gas works increased its output from about 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 feet per day, and as the price is regulated by law and is only about half what it costs in Baltimore, the people have been able to use gas for cooking purposes and for heating their sitting rooms. Rockefeller has advanced the price of coal oil from 9 to 14 cents a gallon, but many are forced to use it for cooking and heating purposes at the advanced price. I believe that a

rich man can be a Christian and a gentleman, but I no longer believe that Rockefeller is either, especially since he has taken advantage of the people, poor people in many cases, who might have gotten along with oil at a reasonable price during the present crisis in fuel matters, but who are much harder pressed on account of the advance, which was only done for greed. I fully believe that the time will come when the coal barons and unscrupulous small dealers, who are charging all sorts of prices, and the Standard Oil Company will almost go down on their knees and beg for business, and this time is not far off. The coal strike has opened the eyes of the public. Gas and electricity can be produced and used for heat and lighting purposes at a price within the reach of all, provided the price of coal is regulated by law, as it should be. Great central plants can heat buildings in towns and cities more economically than each family can by purchasing fuel, hence it is possible and probable that the coal trust and the Standard Oil Company will both be out of a job within a few years. The trusts may be so powerful that they can control the government, but the coal trust and the oil trust have gone into business on their own account and are robbing the other trusts and the public of millions of dollars every week and are causing a vast amount of suffering and inconvenience. The people will not submit to this much longer, and the inventive genius is at work and will solve the problem of light and heat in such a way as to give the public what they are entitled to at such a small cost that dirty oil will have to take a back seat. Light, heat and power can now be transmitted almost any distance. Means are being found by which an abundance of each can be furnished, the output and consumption of coal and oil decreased at least to half what it now is. Then where will Mr. Coal Robber and Mr. Oil Robber get their big dividends from? "Every dog has his day." The day of the coal and oil bandits are numbered. Cowardly and corrupt officials may fail to enforce anti-trust laws (we have plenty of these laws) but twentieth century genius will give us light and heat at moderate prices, and costly luxuries will become cheap necessities, as has been the case in some other things. Mark the prediction.

Baltimore, Jan., 1903.

without permitting ourselves to be surprised; but the next shock was too severe to be endured without some manifestation of special wonder. Colored "ladies" and "gentlemen" mingling among the gay throng at a White House reception just beat the bugs, and southern gentlemen, when they took in the situation, didn't do a thing but bolt for the nearest door; and an approving constituency says they did exactly right.

Truly the twentieth century is bringing strange things to pass, and the strenuous life at the White House is straining the nerves of Mr. Roosevelt's fellow countrymen, who are holding their breath and wondering what will happen next.

The New York piano manufacturer who gave the president a gold plated instrument had doubtless heard something about the gold bug proclivities of the administration.

The white supremacy idea probably reached its limit when the Texas Legislature refused to permit a negro to carry the mail of the members from the post office to the capitol.

It will not be the fault of the matrimonial enthusiasts in the Kansas Legislature if the governor and lieutenant governor of the Sunflower State do not trot in double harness before serving out their terms. It has been proposed to tax all bachelors fifty dollars a year and to forfeit the salaries of all unmarried state officers to the school fund.

Gentlemen who are interested in tracing the lost tribes of Israel might get a pointer from the colored orator Jim Hayes, who declared in a speech at Washington that the first negro emigration took place when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. Accepting the statement as correct, that puts a question on the theory that the lost tribes exist today in the Anglo-Saxon race. It is hoped that some member of the Legislature will introduce a resolution to appoint a committee to inquire into this matter.

The contradictory testimony of one Dobbins, who appeared before a committee of Congress last week, reminds me of Tom Pepper, who was kicked out of hats for the habit of prevarication.

### High Prices for Cattle

(John F. Hobbs in Southern Farm Magazine of Baltimore for Feb.)

"The world's population is getting far and away ahead of its available meat supply, and mankind, as the countries fill up and feel this lack of flesh food, turn to cereal and vegetable products. The human race has eaten the live-stock of the world to a standstill. In the progress of man and of animal life the multiplication of the former has so outstripped the latter that the decennial ratio of the two has increased to an alarming extent in the last fifty years. We have entered upon a period of permanently high meat prices in this country. This state of affairs is a commercial product of our industrial conditions, like that of Europe, is increasing faster than is the supply of live-stock. The era of prosperity and the greater world demand for meats during the last five years drew more heavily than usual upon the herds and flocks; so much so that there was a startling slaughter of breeding stock, such as heifers, cows and sows.

"Another invasion was made in the excessive slaughter of calves for veal and of very young steers for what is popularly called 'baby' beef. The demand for tender meat has made veal and immature beef popular. This killing off of the young animals has tended to destroy both the base of production and the old taste for a matured beefy steak or roast. The trouble which comes from the public taste for young beef is that it takes a greater number of cattle to produce the same amount of meat now than it did in the olden times, when cattle were not often killed under four or five years of age."

### A Wall of Distress, but Well Faged

(Asheville Gazette, Rep.)

Such an appointment as that of Crum, however, serves no good interest but disturbs many, including the peaceful relations between the races. Political demagogues who have fed their own ambitions by exciting race hatred are provided with ammunition to continue an agitation of which the delay in this section are heartily wearied. The president by his action has placed the better class of republicans of the south and thousands who desire to unite with them, in an unfortunate position. They cannot follow or approve his course in contributing to the revival of agitation. Their admiration for his many splendid qualifications is diverted to apology and regretful criticism of his course in this single matter so vital to the restoration of peaceful politics here and the friendly relations of the races.

### Southern Railway Announcements--Accosts Mardi Gras Carnival

The Southern Railway announces round trip tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip to New Orleans, La., Mobile, Ala., Pensacola, Fla., for the above occasions. Tickets on sale February 17th to 23rd, limited returning February 25th, except that by depositing ticket with Joint Agent and on payment of a fee of 50 cents per ticket an extension of limit may be obtained and including March 14th, 1903.

Stop overs will be allowed on these tickets some as on winter tourist tickets. Following rates apply from Raleigh:

Pensacola, Fla.	\$22.45
Mobile, Ala.	\$21.15
New Orleans, La.	\$25.90

For further particulars, sleeping car reservations apply to any agent of the Southern Railway or address T. C. STURGIS, C. T. A., Fayetteville St. Office, Raleigh, N. C.

# ON HIS TRAIL

## A Romance of Colonial Days in Eastern North Carolina

Written for The Morning Post

By DAVID MEEK STRINGFIELD

The settlers along the shores of Roanoke could not account for Lawton Cantwell's appearance there from Jamestown. As for Lawton himself, although he mingled gaily with them in their simple colonial amusements, he did not feel called upon to disclose the secret fraught with such inconvenience to him. He could not have been singled out as an unhappy man, but ever and anon his curious hostess found him in a deep, troubled study, as if he fed the memory of other days.

The process of recovering from disappointment in love has its hindrances, as do the real attractions in life, and Cantwell was there attempting to outlive, in his weak way, that Virginia girl's firm answer: "I have promised another." It was just one of those experiences that furnishes wings for a man's contentment and urges him to plunge into amusements elsewhere.

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"Quite satisfied," was the evasive reply. "Mrs. Ingles, will you tell me whom that picture represents?" turning to a life-size portrait on the wall.

"That's Mildred, my younger sister's daughter. Mildred is a dear, sweet child. Poor Mildred! She has a lonely time since her father died. Perhaps you have seen their home--between here and the sound."

"Doubtless I have, but did not know the painting seems to be a costly one."

"Yes, very. It was finished in England by some famous painter. I have forgotten." She passed out and Lawton turned again to the picture. He examined it carefully, the dark, the eyes, the hair, black as the raven's plumage, and the sweet curves of her mouth. And then he parted the heavy portiers and went out. Far back in the decades the north end of Roanoke Island was a forest of great trees of all varieties, and a labyrinth of wild grapevines and chestnut growth.

There birds, rare for their flesh and feathers, sang happily in the branches, and squirrels jumped playfully and secure from tree to tree. Until far into autumn, flocks bloomed here in odorous profusion. 'Twas here that Lawton Cantwell was learning to spend many afternoons with his gun--an opportune diversion for one in the business of forgetting cases.

He had leaned the gun against a tree and had sat down on the ground to rest when a noise in the direction of a low grapevine attracted his attention thither, and he looked into two dark eyes. Then something was determined. Like the gulf between Lazarus and the rich man--it was fixed. The black hair was tangled and disheveled from contact with the limbs, the eyes looked tired, but the sweet mouth was the same. The large nose, the black eyebrows in correspondence with her hair, and the daring innocent expression on her face. It was Mildred--Mildred of the picture on the wall. In the position they first found each other they still stood, gazing steadily at each other, and the intensity with which she surveyed her was expressed in her breathing. Lifting his rapier cap he approached. Her childish reluctance to his overtures was melted away by that lose and politeness known only to Lawton Cantwell.

"Pardon me, but are you lost?" "By no means; I often come here after grapes. Besides, I am not far from home--just over the steep."

"I am not afraid of him," he said. "Very well then. 'Forewarned is forearmed.'"

"The Indian's eyes were watchful, but the fleck goddess of love never slept. The impression made that autumn afternoon in the forest did not fade."

It had been a lucky day for squirrels, and Lawton Cantwell, tired from much rambling, lay down his gun and game and sat down by a pine tree in the warm sunshine and fell fast asleep. Why on this occasion he failed to keep the gun close at his side, he did not remember. Noisefully as a cat the red man, who had comprehended the situation, a few steps away, crept upon the scene. A huge club fell athwart Lawton's vision and cast its shadow on an opposite tree, and when he made an effort to raise his face to face with the Indian in the act of striking, the gaze was hatred's own, and Cantwell looked into an open grave. Fortune favors the nifty and brave for by happy chance a limb just above their heads caught the descending blow, and before the red man could prepare for another, something occurred. The unarmored Virginian delivered a scientific hood under the left jaw, which materially disturbed the other man's equilibrium, and landed him headfirst on the ground. Lawton looked down at his victim and lectured, for the fight was ended--

"You villain! This teaches a new lesson in cowardice. I did not think that you, not thoroughbred, had retained sufficient character to strike of your race to strike a prostrate and defenseless man with a deadly cudgel. I see you have preserved much that's bad. Go! If you ever molest me again, I'll kill you."

The Indian arose and shambled away. The shuts were balanced between Lawton and Mildred when toward the close of a long conversation the following was said:

"My original mission here was to wear away the impression made by the denial of the girl I once loved in Virginia, and my complete success in that undertaking is due alone to you. Will you go with me to Virginia where you will be forever safe from that treacherous tracks who will otherwise follow you to your grave. By making you my wife I can accomplish two worth purposes. I can carry you beyond his ominous pursuit, and secure the hand of the only girl I love."

"Are you quite sure that you do not mistake loneliness, a deep need of companionship caused by her refusal, for real love?"

"Quite sure--as sure as I am that Providence drew that limb to ward of the Indian's blow."

Her answer was in the affirmative, and she laughed a low, sweet laugh. Manteo, N. C., Jan., 1903.

was of the stalwart herculean build. Cantwell called Mrs. Ingles. "Who is that fellow seen to be following me? I have been watching me for several days. Is he insane? He acts like a crazy man to me. I have thought of asking him what he wanted, but he never ventures near enough." The old lady peered through her glasses toward the man, and then looked at Cantwell in perplexity. Finally she asked him:

"Have you ever seen with Mildred?" "What has that to do with it?"

"Seeing that he was not communicative on that subject she never questioned him further."

"I only thought that he must have seen you with her or he wouldn't track you. But let me warn you, Mr. Cantwell; if that man has by chance seen you in her presence, you may fear blood, and you know well as I how one imperils his safety when he incurs the enmity of an Indian. He is hopelessly attached to Mildred, and he haunts that poor child to death. He is the terror of her life, and she is afraid to displease him."

"What brought him here on Roanoke?" "I thought the Indians were gone."

"You know the colony that White left here when he returned to England?"

"Yes."

"Well, it has never been certainly known what became of that colony, unless they intermarried with the Indians--the theory of all of us now. This half-breed is some of that offspring. He will not harm you unless he thinks you are trying to rob him of Mildred. You'll do well to watch him. No one knows the misery he has caused that child."

The blood leaped high in the young man's veins at this recital of terror to the heart which was fast becoming all his own.

"I am not afraid of him," he said. "Very well then. 'Forewarned is forearmed.'"

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### Parlor Car Service

The Seaboard Air Line Railway has inaugurated Parlor Car service tri-weekly between Washington and Hamlet on trains Nos. 27 and 68, which pass Raleigh, southward, at 6:45 p. m., and northward at 11:50 a. m.

Parlor Car operated south on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; north Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Seats in this car are 25 cents to Southern Pines, 50 cents to Hamlet, 75 cents to Henderson, 75 cents to Richmond, and \$1.00 to Washington, D. C.

The buffet in this car is well equipped and excellent meals will be served at moderate prices.

C. H. GATTIS, C. P. & T. A., Raleigh, N. C.  
H. S. LEARD, T. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.

# TEA TABLE TATTLE

By TEEBEE

To be told that Wilkes county distillers are members of the old time eye-openers to innocent minded people who supposed that the mountain dew business was bad and the makers of white corn nectar were worse. I am not prepared to assert that temperance people who are set in their ways will change their opinions because such statements were made before a committee of the Legislature, for a man once sets his face against whiskey and comes to hate it worse than snakes and poison. The fact that a thousand citizens of Wilkes have signed petitions to break up the business of the score or more religious distillers in their county is only calculated to complicate matters, if it does not raise a doubt in some quarters as to the old-time religion in the state of Wilkes being the genuine thing to say; but I many be in not for me to say; but I have thought that some things learned in the course of my literary pursuits might shed some light on the religious side of the whiskey question.

You may have read "Seventy Years in Dixie." If you have not, take my advice and read it; that is, if you are fond of boiling over with the quaint stories of life in this part of the new world when the country was new. One chapter that I read with infinite enjoyment (and have read again since being told of the testimony of the Red Fox of Wilkes as to the good morals of his constituents) related to temperance work and whiskey in the church. The chapter relates a narrative of a primitive evangelist, who preached with such power against the alcoholic evil that a country gin mill keeper was converted so soundly that he decided to close up his business. But, as in the case of many starters in the strait and narrow way, there were difficulties to be met and overcome. In the first place, all his capital was invested in his stock of goods and his trade was the living of his family; and in the next place, the goods had been bought on credit and there were sundry bills outstanding that would prove embarrassing if some way were not provided for satisfying his creditors. Manifestly the proper thing to do was to knock in the heads of all his whiskey barrels and let the liquor soak in the ground; but, for the reasons stated, that was out of the question.

The church came to the rescue. After the close of the revival the official board met and decided to raise an amount sufficient to reimburse the new convert for the loss of his goods, and then throw the stuff away. Unfortunately they delayed the execution of their plan until the revival fires had cooled down, and then they met by appointment at the bar room to carry out the terms of the contract. The price agreed on was paid, and then the stock belonged to the church, or, to speak more accurately, to the individuals composing the official board thereof. Then the saints dropped into a meditative mood before taking the next step. The line of thought pursued by each may be imagined by what followed. By and by one of the brethren broke the silence with the remark:

"My old 'oman's out'n campin'." "That broke the ice, so to speak, and then another suggested:

"Nigger's in the White House, Kingdom's comin' soon. Wouldn't change my color; I see a coon, coon, coon."

An observant public cannot have overlooked the fact that the brother in black and tan, and other hues peculiar to American citizens of African descent, has been claiming a little more than his share of notoriety. The Booker Washington incident, which gave white folks in these parts a duck-ast, was only a beginning. It was a great shock to our nervous sensibilities, but we had begun to settle down to the conviction that if Mr. Roosevelt wanted a citizen of color to take dinner with his family, it was his own business, and none of our business, even though the White House were the scene of such a pleasant social event.

Might have thought we would have been prepared to hear any kind of news from the president's mansion after that

rich man can be a Christian and a gentleman, but I no longer believe that Rockefeller is either, especially since he has taken advantage of the people, poor people in many cases, who might have gotten along with oil at a reasonable price during the present crisis in fuel matters, but who are much harder pressed on account of the advance, which was only done for greed. I fully believe that the time will come when the coal barons and unscrupulous small dealers, who are charging all sorts of prices, and the Standard Oil Company will almost go down on their knees and beg for business, and this time is not far off. The coal strike has opened the eyes of the public. Gas and electricity can be produced and used for heat and lighting purposes at a price within the reach of all, provided the price of coal is regulated by law, as it should be. Great central plants can heat buildings in towns and cities more economically than each family can by purchasing fuel, hence it is possible and probable that the coal trust and the Standard Oil Company will both be out of a job within a few years. The trusts may be so powerful that they can control the government, but the coal trust and the oil trust have gone into business on their own account and are robbing the other trusts and the public of millions of dollars every week and are causing a vast amount of suffering and inconvenience. The people will not submit to this much longer, and the inventive genius is at work and will solve the problem of light and heat in such a way as to give the public what they are entitled to at such a small cost that dirty oil will have to take a back seat. Light, heat and power can now be transmitted almost any distance. Means are being found by which an abundance of each can be furnished, the output and consumption of coal and oil decreased at least to half what it now is. Then where will Mr. Coal Robber and Mr. Oil Robber get their big dividends from? "Every dog has his day." The day of the coal and oil bandits are numbered. Cowardly and corrupt officials may fail to enforce anti-trust laws (we have plenty of these laws) but twentieth century genius will give us light and heat at moderate prices, and costly luxuries will become cheap necessities, as has been the case in some other things. Mark the prediction.

Baltimore, Jan., 1903.

without permitting ourselves to be surprised; but the next shock was too severe to be endured without some manifestation of special wonder. Colored "ladies" and "gentlemen" mingling among the gay throng at a White House reception just beat the bugs, and southern gentlemen, when they took in the situation, didn't do a thing but bolt for the nearest door; and an approving constituency says they did exactly right.

Truly the twentieth century is bringing strange things to pass, and the strenuous life at the White House is straining the nerves of Mr. Roosevelt's fellow countrymen, who are holding their breath and wondering what will happen next.

The New York piano manufacturer who gave the president a gold plated instrument had doubtless heard something about the gold bug proclivities of the administration.

The white supremacy idea probably reached its limit when the Texas Legislature refused to permit a negro to carry the mail of the members from the post office to the capitol.