

MORNING POST

PUBLISHED DAILY BY THE N. C. PUBLISHING CO. Raleigh, N. C. Office in the Pullen Building, Fayetteville Street.

ROBERT M. PHILLIPS Editor

Subscription Price:

Table with subscription rates: One Year \$5.00, Six Months 2.50, Three Months 1.25, One Month .50

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In charge of the Steve W. Floyd Special Agency.

Subscribers to The Post are requested to note the date on the label of their paper and send in their renewal before the expiration.



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1905.

It is gravely announced that "Russia is herself again." What else has Russia ever been?

A person named Catt is boosting woman suffrage out in Kansas. A sort of howling farce-comedy.

If Greene and Gaynor can manage to get out of it they should write a play and go on the stage.

When a man gets in the pen it is time to free him from the limelight, but it seems that Pat Crowe's case is an exception.

The popular view is that rich men can well afford to "put up." Anyhow, Tom Johnson has again been put up for mayor of Cleveland.

The public will not believe Mr. Gaynor when he says he is glad to get back to Georgia. He tried too hard to stay away, and succeeded too long.

It is said that two convicts in Pennsylvania are making good money writing popular music. Perhaps that's where the "rag-time" stuff comes from.

There is about as much good sense in the argument that a dispensary is a stepping stone to prohibition as there is in protecting a snake until he kills himself biting people.

So many innocent-looking things are dangerous. A mince pie exploded in a New Jersey boarding house the other day and made mince-meat of a number of the boarders.

The attempt of some members of the anti-saloon league to ridicule and belittle Governor Glenn's prohibition proclamation is, to say the least of it, a sorry effort at playing politics.

The wrong path never leads to right and happiness. The flowers that bloom along the way are full of beauty and fragrance, but they are deadly poisons, and perdition itself is the end of the journey.

In the Lancaster (S. C.) dispensary election, out of a total of 1,022 votes cast, there were only 126 for the G. M. I., while 956 were cast for prohibition.

In Cincinnati an outraged husband has been awarded \$10 a week alimony by a judge whom the Times-Union terms "just and upright." That paper adds: "Things are certainly coming our way at last."

It is a pity that so useful a journal as the Manufacturers' Record is making the impression that it is opposed to all the industrial movements of the south that it does not have the honor of originating itself.

MR. BROWN HONORED

The news printed in The Post yesterday that Mr. Joseph G. Brown, president of the Citizens National Bank of this city, had been nominated as one of ten members of the executive council of the American Bankers' Association, now in session in Washington, was received with pleasure by his Raleigh friends, composed of the entire population of the city.

LABOR FOR THE SOUTH

The real negro problem lies in whether or not, as a class, negroes are going to profit by the experience of the past forty years. We do not believe all that is spoken and written against the negro as the laborer for the south, but that much complaint of idleness and indolence is founded on fact cannot be disputed.

The problem of labor for the south is up for discussion, and it is being discussed. There are various and varying opinions about it. We are sorry to see that in some instances the criticism of the negro laborer is based entirely on race prejudice.

The Washington Times has an editorial on the subject of Italian immigration to the south, in the course of which it quotes Mr. L. J. Bryant of Kentucky, who opposes the movement. He holds that the negroes of the south are able to keep pace with the other races of men, and tells us that 'the Italian holds human life lightly; that he carries yellow fever wherever he goes; and that the negroes now put out of employment by the coming of the Italians will bring to a sudden and dangerous climax the whole question of the negro's future.'

"The Italian, viewed at his worst, does not hold human life any more lightly—he could not—than the negro viewed at his worst, and the south is reaching after the Italian whose life at home warrants faith that he will obey the law when he makes a new home somewhere else. He does not carry yellow fever anywhere in America unless the American health authorities are criminally negligent. As for the negroes put out of employment by the coming of the Italian, they will do, when that issue arises, what they ought to do now—work six days in the week.

"Whether the Italians are to supply the labor that the south needs and must have, or whether it is to come from other races is a question not yet settled, but certain it is that the negro labor is not satisfactory and that it is becoming less so every year. To what cause this is to be ascribed we do not say, but from all portions of the south we hear the same complaints and all speak of similar conditions. The consensus of all these authorities is that the negroes are yearly becoming more unreliable as laborers and that the cotton and cane growers must shortly look elsewhere for labor.

"We are aware that one of the objections advanced by many thoughtful people to the bringing in of white labor is that it will deprive the negroes of all opportunity to work and that they will then become a burden on communities and a constant menace to the peace of the country and the welfare of the whites. Possibly that objection is well taken, but what then? The law of toll is universal. It was the burden laid on our first parents, and it has clung to their descendants ever since. The fortunate few who can afford to live in idleness may do so, but to the great mass of humanity a life of toil is the price that must be paid for existence.

"And it is not farm labor alone that is suffering from this unreliability. An engineer who has a large contract for building sewers in New Orleans, and who has been trying to do the work with negro labor, tells us that after

eliminating holidays and bad weather, the actual average of work by the negroes has been about fifteen days in each month. A superintendent of a large southern railroad system, gives it as his experience that instead of averaging twenty-six days per month, the actual average of work has been but twelve days.

"These are the facts and conditions as set forth by those who know, and these are the reasons why southern people are bent on obtaining other labor. But when that is done are we certain that the negroes will go to work six days in the week, as the Times suggests? If we get something like an adequate supply of satisfactory foreign labor there will be little work for the negroes to do, it must be remembered, and if there is, and they refuse to do it, what is to be done with them? We have no authority to drive them out, and if they become vagrants and criminals—they may become a greater burden than ever.

"The southern people have been long-suffering and patient with the negro. They have borne with him longer than any other people on earth would have done. They have tried to encourage him to become an honest, self-sustaining citizen, but after all these years their efforts have largely ended in failure. They have in the main been a hindrance to the south's progress, and to quote the Times again:

"It is evident the south is paying too dearly for her progress. She would reap a larger advantage from it if she had labor on which she could rely all the time. And so she has gone about getting that labor. This is no turning upside down. It is plain common sense. And in the enterprise and independence of hampering tradition which it signifies it is the most encouraging sign afforded since the dreadful era of reconstruction that the south is really awake to its present responsibilities.

"Is not that sound sense and good doctrine? Is it fair, or to be expected, that we shall continue to be hampered, held back and prevented from coming into our own in order that we may temporize with incompetency and condone idleness? It cannot be, and the time is coming fast when the negroes of the south must work, starve or leave. The patience of the southern people has been strained to the breaking point, and it is bound to give way."

It has already been announced that there is to be a coal miners' strike next spring; but now comes President Mitchell and says he sees no reason why it should come. However, as such things are often a matter of business with the agitators, Mr. Mitchell may change his mind by next spring.

A snake does not always come out of winter quarters with the same skin he wore when he went in, and the Republican party may have on a different tariff garment when it makes its next national appearance.

McCall thinks the people should be educated upon the subject of insurance. He might have endowed a good school for the purpose with the money he contributed to the Republican campaign fund.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is always shining, Somewhere the sky is always blue, Somewhere the fragrant, blue-eyed violets Peep from the earth, all gemmed with dew.

Somewhere there's always the soothing murmur, Of wind-tossed pines and a purling stream, Somewhere, beyond the mad world's clamor We may hear the whisper of Love's sweet dream.

Just you and I in that golden somewhere, Just you and I in that sweet sometime, With the wind and the pines and the laughing streamlet In perfect love and a faith sublime.

Somewhere the sun is always shining, Somewhere the sky is always blue, Somewhere the cloud, with its silver lining, Reveals love's beauty, shining through.

TOM DIXON'S MISTAKE

Who Redeemed the Southland From Republican Rule and Oppression? (Columbia State.)

Enthusiasm for the creature of his vivid imagination has caused Mr. Dixon to run away with himself. His story of a "gigantic conspiracy" which "saved the south" is not taken from a page of our history. It is a fairy tale.

We can assure Mr. Dixon and the people of the country that no "lawless band" is due credit for saving South Carolina from negro rule and a mongrel population. His admiration for the fancied achievements of a "lawless band" is but poor compliment to the men who fought in the open and won white supremacy. And these men fought and won years after the Ku Klux organization was but a memory.

In the middle and lower sections of this state containing perhaps five-sixths of the negro population, there was not a single "night rider." There may have been 80,000 negroes, but there were not more than 10,000 of them "armed." In the counties where the Ku Klux chiefly operated—York, Spartanburg and Union—there

HERE'S WHAT'S WANTED

A Citizen of Raleigh Supplies the Information

Over half the complaints of mankind originate with the kidneys. A slight touch of backache at first. Twinges and shooting pains in the loins follow. They must be checked; they lead to graver complications. The sufferer seeks relief. Plasters are tried, and liniments for the back. So-called kidney cures which do not cure.

The long-looked-for result seems unattainable. If you suffer, do you want relief? Follow the plan adopted by this Raleigh citizen. J. H. Crawford, dentist, of 116 Fayetteville street, says: "I suffered from pain in my back almost continuously until I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured them at Bobbitt-Wynne Drug Company's store. They relieved it entirely and you can say for me that from the great benefit I received I am glad to let others know about them."

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were in all about fifteen companies of negro militia—perhaps 1,000 men. The Ku Klux did not operate in South Carolina after May, 1871. Moses was elected governor in 1872 and Chamberlain was made governor in 1874. The negro government was supreme for five and a half long years after the knell of Ku Kluxism in this state.

The soul of the superior race prevented its descent to mongrelism; its spirit precluded submission. Wade Hampton and the men who wore red shirts in the broad light of day and the women who blessed them redeemed South Carolina from negro rule. Let us not surrender the heritage of our achievement for a tinzel setting to a sensational drama!

Can Do No Good in the South (Roanoke News.)

We do not believe that the "Clansman" can do any good in the south. It has a tendency to stir the old fires of hatred and prejudice. The Ku Klux Klan was, perhaps, a necessity forty years ago, but not in these days of peace, when we are a united people, when the north and the south have clasped hand over the bloody chasm, and have cemented the compact by a baptism of fire and blood on the Winslow at Cardenas, at Santiago and San Juan heights, and in thousands of other ways in which men who formerly wore the gray and those who wore the blue have shown to the world that they are, indeed, brothers. We oppose anything and everything that can in any way have a tendency to excite sectional hatred and race prejudice and it is our candid opinion that the "Clansman" will stir the old slumbering fires of both and start anew the old time memories that should be forever buried out of sight. Thomas Dixon, Jr., is a talented son of North Carolina, but we believe he has made the mistake of his life in giving up the pulpit for the stage.

"I cannot live without you!" he wailed. "But will you do me one favor?" the fair one asked. "You know I would go to the ends of the earth for you! What is it?" "Please don't die on the premises."—Houston Post.

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