

# The Chronicle,

WILKESBORO, N. C.

## JUST SUITS HIM.

"This world," he said, "just suits me—Take it for all in all! Jest warm enough in summer, Jest cool enough in fall.

"Jest good enough for livin'—For livin' every day; With jest enough o' roses To hide the thorns away.

"They say worlds shine above us, Where all the bright stars be; But this old world, good people, Gives jest enough for me."

—Atlanta Constitution.

## MARY HAD A LITTLE MAN.

Mary had a little man—More wealth than brains, you know—And everywhere that Mary went, The man was sure to go.

He followed her to church one day, And they were wed, these twain. He liked it for a while, and then, He never smiled again.

## THE TOMBS ANGEL.

The Outlook.

One of the saddest deaths at the fire of the Park Avenue Hotel in New York recently was that of Mrs. Rebecca S. Foster, known as the "Tombs Angel." Mrs. Foster was the widow of General John A. Foster. For fifteen years she had devoted herself to personal, practical charity among the prisoners, especially the women prisoners, confined in the City Prison known as the Tombs. She began her missionary work in connection with Calvary Episcopal Church, but very soon found a sphere of beneficence beyond the limits of the church itself. She was well known to all the judges, lawyers, and officials connected with criminal procedure in this city, and was so highly regarded that she was made a probationary officer of the Court of Special Sessions. She was a woman of unusual personal charm and attractiveness, and yet was unassuming and unaffected in her bearing; so that she moved about in the crowded and often disagreeable surroundings of criminal courts untouched by the hardening influences that necessarily affect those who have to deal with the criminal classes, and radiating everywhere by her very presence the refining, refreshing, and inspiring influence of a pure, unselfish, and sympathetic woman. She never sought publicity, and perhaps was not widely known in the city except in those circles which for some special reason came in contact with her work, and yet her death means a loss to the welfare of the life of the city greater than it would suffer from the death of many a prominent public official. The personal and official respect for her character, ability, and work is indicated by the fact that both the Criminal Department of the Supreme Court and the Court of Special Sessions adjourned for several hours as a tribute to her memory, and in each case a special address was made by the District Attorney, by practicing lawyers, and by the presiding judges. District Attorney Jerome well characterized Mrs. Foster's qualifications for her work by saying: "There are many people of fine philanthropic impulses and feelings in this city on the one hand, and on the other many who have reliable, cool, and unswerving good sense. But I know of no one who combined human sympathy and sound judgment in the remarkable degree in which it was found in Mrs. Foster." Her love for humanity was so strong that the outcast and suffering criminal turned to her with confidence and an open heart, and her ability to read human character and to form the right estimate of the essential parts of the individual was so sound and unerring that the judge of the Criminal Court almost invariably followed her advice in their treatment of those cases of which she had made an investigation. Her noble life and her tragic death have emphasized to all her associates, and we believe will emphasize to the public at large, the truth that purity, unselfishness, and sincerity of character constitute the greatest possession which it is possible for the human race to achieve. In the ideal State the prevailing methods of dealing with criminals will be like those which Mrs. Foster used, and the spirit will be the same as that which inspired her work. Mrs. Foster's life was thus in the highest sense a prophecy.

## Natives Killed by Degrees.

MANILA, March 6.—A court martial has been ordered to try Major Littleton W. T. Waller and Lieutenant John H. A. Day, of the Marine Corps, on March 16 next, on the charge of executing natives of the island of Samar without trial. Some of the circumstances are peculiarly atrocious. One native was tied to a tree and publicly shot in the thigh. The next day the man was shot in the arms. The third day he was shot in the body and the fourth day the native was killed. Friends of the two officers attribute their actions to loss of mind, due to the privations which they suffered in the island of Samar.

Greensboro correspondence Charlotte Observer: A gentleman from Danville, Va., tells me that the management of the Riverside Cotton Mills, employing 2,500 operatives, is displacing the men weavers with women. A large number of the looms are now operated by women, who are said to be giving entire satisfaction. This change was inaugurated after the big strike last year, in which the mills come out victorious. The management is of the opinion that women laborers are more tractable than men and not so liable to be led astray by the low-bred and evil-minded labor agitators who move from place to place seeking to stir up strife between employer and employee.

Harriet—Sadie's husband never gets excited, never fights back, and she simply cannot make him cross.

Estelle—Yes. The horrid thing. He is simply exasperating.

## SAM JONES ON THE DISPENSARY AND OTHER MATTERS.

Atlanta Journal.

I told you so, about that dispensary fight in Rome. I knew ten days ago, before the election, how the thing was going. I tell you when that liquor crowd begins to rear and talk about fighting you may know they are beat every time. When the thing is going their way they are shouting happy, but when they see and know it is going the other way they rear and pitch and cues and say they are going to take no more asses, they will die first; but they take it and don't die. I suppose the loon keepers of Rome and Sister Loveloy must feel very bad over the defeat of the saloons in Floyd county. They all did what they could to defeat this dispensary and perpetuate the saloons. I am glad they busted, though I want it distinctly understood I am not the champion, and never will be, of a dispensary, but I know as well as I know my name that morally socially and from every standpoint of decency a dispensary is better than a saloon. First, it takes the liquor interest out of the hands of barkeepers, whose greed for gain makes them ransack the earth for profits to their traffic, and also makes them potent factors in the politics of the town and county. No community knows this better than the people of Floyd county, for the whiskey gang of Rome has been the most potent factor in the politics of that county for years and years. When you take a barkeeper's barroom away from him he is like a negro at a white primary—he just ain't in it. The lonestomest human being I ever saw was a colored brother who in former years had done business at the polls to see him standing off on the day of the white primary, lonesome two-legged, feeling like his day had passed.

I heard when I was in Chattanooga the other day that some of the Rome saloon keepers had been up there looking for places to set up. I heard also that they had been up to Atlanta looking around, and when you break them up in one place it is like running the "soiled doves" out of one city they flock to another, and they are just as much "soiled doves" in one city as in another. A man who has long followed the liquor trade and traffic soon comes to believe that he can't make a living at anything else, and many of these fellows would make a living at anything else I would not keep a saloon, and my only reply to them is that whenever the day came with me that I could not make a living without getting behind a counter and dishing out denaturation at ten cents a drink to my neighbors I would go deliberately out to the corporate limits and blow it to a platform. A platform is like the thermometer when the old fellow standing up by the bridge in Rome, looking down at the Oostanaula river frozen over and the boys skating on the ice, said, "Well look at that; that beats anything since the cold Friday of '43." Somebody asked was it pretty cold then. "Yes," he said, "that was the coldest time I ever saw. I went to my barn that morning and picked up my barnful of rat tails that had frozen off, and, sir, the limbs friz off the trees all around the woods." Somebody asked, "How did the thermometer stand?" "Why," said he, "the darned old thing wouldn't stand at all; you had to lay it down and build a fire on it to make it work at all." You want a brave, true, heroic, brainy fellow to build a fire under the platform and make it work. Guerry will do that, gentleman. He is the brainiest, bravest fellow who has stood on the hustings in Georgia in my day, and that's what we need as an executive—a brainy, brave fellow, who stands by principle and right.

Yours,  
SAM M. JONES.

## LAYING UP TREASURE.

Charlotte Observer.

The statement was made by a New York paper the other day that Russell Sage, the financier, was at his office alone during the bad weather, none of his clerks being willing to brave the sleet and slush. Mr. Sage did his usual day's work alone. He is 85 years of age, and owing to the fact that he is worth something like \$50,000,000 it is not imperative that he made every day count. This man probably has the worst name among New York's rich citizens—the name of being extremely selfish and to close to even eat enough. The latter charge is probably an exaggeration, but even if in a measure true, there are two sides to the question. Men of the Sage type must in the first place be able to do something or they will never become rich men. In their youth they assume the habits of thrift and economy and in later years they cannot depart from them. For instance, if Russell Sage had not gone to his office on the day in question he would probably have been one of the most miserable men in New York. The fact that he does not need to make more money does not figure in the case, for there is where the pleasure comes, and if the stories of Mr. Sage's economy are even in a measure true it is because in saving a few dollars on a suit of clothes he is gratifying a passion which is as exacting as a passion could be. One man takes pleasure in saving and making, while another enjoys spending. The man who enjoys laying up treasure is no more to be condemned than he who spends all that comes his way—provided, of course, that honesty and fairness are preserved.

Tillman Speaks to the Irish.

Senator Tillman recently spoke to the Irish, of New York, and among other things he said:

"I am no orator and if I have any claim to it, it is because I speak the truth and fight the devil with fire."

"Well, you're not an orator, you're a good fighter."

A little later he said: "I was afraid I would have to postpone my visit because of an incident you all probably recently read about, that occurred to me in Washington, but one of your committee came to Washington and with his Irish eloquence made me promise to be on hand unless I was in jail. Now, here I am, so take a good look at me, for I am going to talk plainly."

The Senator launched into an attack upon England for trampling under the Irish. "For long centuries the Irish have been trampled upon and murdered by the English," said he, "and it may not be amiss to here state that Ireland's own sons have been responsible for her conditions to-day. They make grand soldiers for her away from home but fail to show their qualities in her own behalf."

Turning from this subject, he said in strenuous tones: "If being a flunkey and aping nobility and establishing a system that is akin to England's policy is making Tories of us, then I think we are there at last, or at least the government at Washington has got there. England," continued the Senator, "can squint and shake its thumb at us and say 'your work in the Philippine is as bad as ours in the Transvaal.' Why have we got such a government? There is the rub. Why do you pass resolutions such as you have to-night and on other occasions, and then out and vote for those who are stifling liberty at Washington? We are losing our love for our institutions, and if we continue thus we will go the way of other republics."

Senator Tillman then said the American people were slaves to partyism and could get along without a "boss," who, he predicted, in time would betray the people.

## Log Cabin Philosophy.

Atlanta Constitution.

Et some folks knowed de world wuz turnin' roun' de' spend a lifetime makin' breaks to stop it.

You can't reason wid a mule, an' de mo' you beata him de tougher he gits. He's des nachully ag'in the government.

Sometime a cyclone's a blessin', kaze hit splits de wood des de proper size fer kindlin'.

The Vanderbilt lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Northern Pacific Railroad companies have contracted for the largest shipments of American tobacco to the Orient on record. These contracts call for the transportation of 500 car loads of tobacco in the leaf from Virginia and other Southern points via Chicago and St. Paul to Japan and China, where the crude leaf will be converted into cigars and cigarettes. A large part of this tobacco is already en route from the Southeast.

The partial failure of the Maine ice crops is given as the reason for the announcement of the American Ice Company that the price of ice had been advanced five cents a hundred-weight. The new schedule goes into effect immediately.

It is reported that a citizen of Raleigh, worth \$10,000, has stipulated in his will that his coffin is not to cost over \$20 and that only \$10 shall be given to any child of his who drinks whiskey or smokes cigarettes.

Mrs. Gadd—Dear me, I've had such a discouraging, hard day of it, making calls.

Mr. Gadd—What was the difficulty?

Mrs. Gadd—Why, I found nearly every one of them at home.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, will not attend the coronation of King Edward.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

I was ruminating about the fight. It is common property and everybody has the right to talk about it. Tillman did wrong in jumping over three desks to strike McLaurin. About one desk was the limit of propriety. Three desks gives a man time to cool and that makes it against the law to fight. As to the time and place, that is of no consequence now. There was a time in the days of Webster and Calhoun Tom Benton and Henry Clay when the United States senate was as sacred almost as a church, but now a large majority of its members get their places by conduct infinitely more disgraceful than fighting. Bribery and corruption have got so common that a man can't get there without using a big pile of money and making a lot of promises. Of course, I do not include our southern senators, for they haven't got the money. If we had some millionaires in Georgia, Clay and Bacon would have to step down and out. And I am not so disgusted with Tillman for fighting in the senate chamber. He had reason to believe that his partner had received promises, and I reckon he had. He certainly had great expectations or he would not have flopped over to the republicans so suddenly. Politicians have to be paid for their votes. Tillman is a true man, but he is not a great and good man. I admire him for traits in his character. He cannot be bribed or intimidated. He dares to say what he believes and he uses his pitchfork with impunity. He is impetuous and combative, but he is sincere and everybody admires a sincere man. Sincere is one of the strongest and best words in our language. It literally means unsealed—without wax—for in the olden times letters were sealed with wax, but if it contained no secrets it was not sealed at all, for wax cost money. Tillman is a bold, defiant, stubborn man, but he is not great. A great man like Webster or Calhoun would have said to McLaurin, "Well, sir, if I am a liar I deserve the epithet. If I am not, then you deserve it, but I shall not stoop to give it." I wish we were all that great. This thing of resenting the charge of lying with a blow is a strange perversion of propriety. A man may gain his ends by cheating, swindling, over-reaching hypocrisy, bribery or concealing the truth, but you must not call him a liar.

He may break all the commandments, but don't call him a liar, though that is not in the Decalogue. All that I regret about the fight is that Spooner did not call Tillman a liar and get maulled for it before McLaurin came in. I want somebody to whip Spooner. He was the teaser that brought on the fight and was delighted that it occurred between the two Carolina senators. With his party it is no crime to shoot down ten thousand Filipinos, who refuse to give up their country, but it shocks them awfully to have a little fracas in the senate chamber.

Well, there are some great men and there are many good men, but greatness and goodness are rarely combined. Addison says it takes both to make a man complete. Such for example, as Washington and Robert E. Lee. Job says great men are not always wise and he might have added most of them are mean, selfish, heartless and ambitious. Lord Bacon, for instance, who took bribes while on the bench, and Cromwell and Napoleon. Webster was a very great man and long has been my ideal of greatness. He was called the Godlike, but sometimes his human nature overcame him. And so with Henry Clay and Bob Toombs. The great weakness of the people is idolatry. Partisan or sectional or religious idolatry. Every man who climbs high up where the people can see him is either a saint or a sinner, according to our politics, our section, our creed. One man idolizes the character of Lincoln or of Grant, another holds both of them in contempt. I suppose that three-fourths of the northern people pay homage to the memory of old John Brown for what they call his good intentions, and every northern history and encyclopedia apologizes for him, and even so good a man as McKinley excused himself for not attending the reinterment of his bones, on the ground that the pressure of official duties would not permit him to leave Washington. Most northern men still denounce John C. Calhoun as the author of secession and justify Sherman in burning Columbia. Here in Georgia this idolatry is already taking shape in our silly hurrahs for out candidate for governor. But, as usual, the loudest shouters have axes to grind and are diligently engaged in setting traps to catch the people. But this is the shadowy side of politics and I won't ruminate any further about it.

If the ground was dry enough I would work some in the garden, and not brood over things that will soon pass away. I thought that spring had come two weeks ago, and I exclaimed, "Hail, gentle spring." But she didn't hail—she only sneezed—and they say that old winter is lingering in her lap—the old rascal. He ought to be ashamed of himself. My best relief and comfort is to play with the grandchildren. Our little girl of 5 has had her little feelings hurt, and is very indignant at what her Cousin Will said. She told me about it: "Grandpa, I told Cousin Will that when he got to be a man and I got to be a young lady he must marry me, and what do you think he said?" "I don't know. What did he say?" "Why, he said he would see about it. Wasn't that mean? He ought to be glad to marry me. If he don't mind I will marry my Cousin Ralph; and then I reckon he won't see about it. He's mean, ain't he, grandpa?" Another little chap was saying his prayers the other night and prayed for God to bless grandma and grandpa and Aunt Mary and Cousin John and several others,

## Country Weeklies.

Charles N. Kent.

Of the 14,827 weeklies about 12,000 are denominated country weeklies. The remainder includes class weeklies of various kinds, together with weekly issues from some of the larger daily offices. These country weeklies have a value greatly beyond the conception of any one who has not given to the matter careful consideration. They occupy a place in country homes as close and influential as that of the country doctor. Nothing has been found to supplant them, and nothing ever will be found to do so. They tell the story of local happenings so dear to local readers without which the week's record is never complete. Fifty millions of people live outside the larger cities—50,000,000 of country people. It is the local country weekly which reaches them.

## No Help for the Boers.

Messrs. Wolmarans and Wessels, the Boer representatives who came to the United States from Europe for the purpose of conferring with the Secretary of State, were in Washington Wednesday and were received by the Secretary of State merely as private citizens. The principal object of the delegates was to induce the United States government to do something to terminate the present bloody struggle in South Africa. A matter of complaint by the delegates was the shipment of horses, mules and provisions from the United States to the British forces in South Africa.

The Boers also visited the White House. The President heard them attentively but informed them that this government cannot and will not interfere in the struggle.

For some time it has been generally understood that Mr. B. F. Long, of Statesville, would be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Superior Court judgeship in this (now the tenth) judicial district to succeed Judge Coble, whose term expires next January. Mr. Long has but very recently definitely determined to be a candidate and the indications are that he will receive the nomination with little or no opposition.—Statesville Landmark.

## KLINTZ ON RURAL DELIVERY.

Washington, March 6.—Representative Klutz to-day spoke in opposition to the proposition to place the rural free delivery service upon a contract basis. His speech was spoken of in high terms and was listened to attentively by members on both sides of the chamber. "The question for this House ought to be," said Mr. Klutz, "not whether this service can be pared down in cost, but rather how it can be made more efficient. I grant that if it is to be crippled, or relegated to the secondary place to even the discredited star system, let go to the lowest bidder and simply at the least cost, without regard to either acceptability or efficiency, there may be merit in the gentleman's bill. But if it is to maintain the enviable reputation which it has already made; if it is to give the rural population the very best and promptest mail service, it must have no such friendly knock-out drops administered to it. I do not believe that under the proposed contract system an equally efficient service could be given for less than the present cost."

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