

The Roanoke Beacon.

1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents

VOL. XI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1900.

NO 46,

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

"Nil desperandum." "Carpe diem." Don't despair. Enjoy the day. Be reconciled to what you cannot help. That's good advice and I wish that we could all take it. I try to, but sometimes it is hard. When it rained all the month of June and we had a burning sun all the month of September, I couldn't "carpe diem." When I ponder upon the cruel, useless Philippine war and the Porto Rico steal and the Chinese muddle and all the other devilment that this administration has brought about, I can't be reconciled. When I hear these McKinley men shouting prosperity it makes me hot under the collar. They remind me of a gang of highway robbers who murder helpless travelers and rob them and then go off and cry prosperity. Manufacturers of army and navy supplies are getting rich on contract and army officers in Manila and Pekin are taking in the loot and cry prosperity. War always brings a show of prosperity, but it is at the cost of blood and tears. But still we live in hope that there will come a change. If Bryan is elected I know there will, and if he is not, we will be no worse than we are now. We can't be worsted, and so we will try to be reconciled. When I was a young man I was a Democrat because my father was but I cast my first vote for W. W. Clayton, who was a Whig. I was a college boy at Athens, and Mr. Clayton was kind to us and we all voted for him for state senator. I knew Mr. Clayton for many years and always respected him, for he had a kind heart and was a gentleman. After his election he gave the college boys a party one night and was especially kind to me, and I have never forgotten it.

"How far that little candle throws its beams So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Before the war, when I was in my prime of manhood and had more vitality than sense, I was a strong partisan and really believed that if my party did not succeed the country would be ruined. My father used to laugh at my zeal and say "Oh, no, my son, the country is safe; don't let the politicians and the newspapers alarm you." What a pity it is that when a man has treasured up a lot of wisdom and experience he is old enough to die! What a pity it is that we pass the best portion of our lives in looking afar off for happiness when really it is nearby and within our grasp. Of course, I get excited now and then about politics, but I fight it off, for I realize that "Domestic happiness is the only bliss that has survived the fall." The best things on earth are the cheapest and most abundant. The joys and comforts of home and the fire-side, the flowers and fruits, the air and water and sunshine, the garden, the birds and the welcome visits of kind friends and neighbors. Neither wealth nor fame nor office will compare with these. In most cases office means spoils; rewards from the public crib. Judge Underwood said that one time when he was a candidate and was making a stump speech and had closed an eloquent paragraph, a long, lank countryman, who was again him, exclaimed: "Boys, he's jest sidewipin' round hount-in' the orthography of a little office." The judge studied politics as a science and understood it. One day when we were discussing the great steal of Boss Tweed & Co., in New York, a preacher, who was present, remarked: "Why all these charges against Tweed must be political lies and slanders, for they are Democrats." "My innocent friend," said the judge, "Tweed and Co. are all Democrats, but my observation has been that it is within the range of possibility for a Democrat to steal." Politics is a most demoralizing business, and has been so in all governments. Sheridan said "There is no conscience in gallantry or politics," and Hamlet said, "A politician is one who would circumvent God." Still, there are some honest politicians, but they don't go about in droves. The main reason why I admire Bryan so much is because of his honesty, his sincerity. His political enemies admit that, and everybody admits that he is a very wonderful man, both mentally and physically. If all the people could see him face to face and hear him he would be elected by a million or two majority. When a politician speaks he has to be very careful what he says, but when a statesman like Bryan speaks, the truth comes gushing forth spontaneous. Hurrah for Bryan! I'm getting excited now. Let me walk about and cool off. My wife is calling me; wants me to build a little house for the Yescovy ducks. That will cool me off. Yesterday she kept me busy all the evening sifting earth and ashes and fertilizer for the plants that are to go in the pit. She has the earth changed every fall, and my back is nearly broken today. She has some of those sharp-pointed, stickery cactus plants that Carl sent her from Mexico, and I got my old hands all stuck up getting them out of the pots and tubs. Oh, my country, is there no rest for the wicked?

Now here is a letter from another Mississippi girl giving a poetic answer to that scriptural enigma. She writes as follows:

"HAZELHURST, Miss.—I am a school girl. Can't work out your Bible puzzles, but my dad can. My mamma is a Presbyterian and my dad is a Baptist. They are taking both chances and the one that gets to heaven will pull the other in, for you know the Bible says

"They twain shall be one flesh," sorter like the Siamese twins.
"My name is Telie, and here is the answer to your puzzle:

Yes God made Adam out of dust The truth of this admit we must. Some time before by His own wishes He made some small and some great fishes. They had no souls of immortality.
"Now Jonah for his great rascality Was swallowed by a whale one day, And in its belly had to stay Till he repented. Then he found The Lord's will he must not question, Then was he thrown upon the ground By the fish's indignation.
The whale doth live in all the zones, In pleasure or in toil, And, dying, gives to woman bones And yields to man his oil."

The Mississippi girl is now ahead. Next! I am getting poetry now, world without end. BILL ARP.

SOLDIER TELLS OF HARDSHIPS.

William Bruback of Alton is Anxious to Come Home.
St. Louis Republic.
Otto J. Hoffman, of Alton, who was a Sergeant in Battery B, First Infantry, on Thursday received a letter from William Bruback of Company M, Sixteenth Infantry, which is doing service in the Philippines. The letter is dated at Exchange, P. L., August 25. In the letter Bruback tells of some of the hardships endured by the soldiers and expresses a strong desire to return to the States, which desire, the writer says, is shared by every soldier in the regiment. In speaking of the hardships, Bruback says:

"We have been seeing a hard time of it, but now we are up in the northern part of the island and are having it a little better than we did. This is an unhealthy place. It is a hard place to get anything to eat, for there no white people up here—only the soldiers. When we first came up here we only got two meals a day, and that was on the bum—only pork and beans and hardtack and coffee.

"Otto, you ought to thank your Captain for not giving you that transfer to my regiment. The regiment is all right, but this is the next place to Hades, and you ought to be glad that you did not get your transfer.

"It is rumored around here that your regiment is going to relieve us in November, so you might get to see this terrible place yet. If you can get out of coming to this place you better do it and take an experience soldier's advice. I will be glad when I get back to the United States again.

"I have not been in any of the fighting thus far. Company C lost sixteen men, F, eight and M, one. Some of our regiment have been killed by outlaws. Our Colonel is in command of the three Provinces, and we are stuck away up here in the mountains. We don't get a paper or any mail till it is two or three months old.

"Everything is so dear up here. You can buy a few things in the commissary a little cheaper. I have received about two letters from home in six months, so you know I don't know much about things in Alton. Say, I haven't had a piece of fresh bread since December 22, 1899. So you see what we are getting. A good piece of bread would taste a good deal better to me than the best cake in the State."

A Straight Line.

For over sixteen years the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company has operated a first-class passenger route between Chicago and Omaha—advertised as the "Chicago and Omaha Short Line," because it is the short line between the two cities of Omaha and Chicago—and although thousands of people have annually ridden upon its trains and been delighted with the route and the service, there are undoubtedly many more thousands who do not know that the Chicago and Omaha Short Line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway runs in almost a straight line due west from Chicago, through northern Illinois and central Iowa to Omaha, the chief city of the State of Nebraska, on the Missouri River, opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The train service is unequalled anywhere in the west. The sleeping cars are models of beauty and comfort. Electric berth reading lamps, peculiar to this road alone, serve to make these trains particularly attractive to business men and tourists, and especially so to ladies traveling alone, with children, or in small parties. The day coaches and reclining chair cars are commodious and satisfactory in all their appointments.

The dining car service is unequalled anywhere, east or west, or any country. All meals served a la carte and the prices are reasonable.

A Baby Born With a Set of Teeth.

Mooreville Enterprise.

The two weeks old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Say Coon is a fine little personage and is far ahead of most babies for its age. The child had been fretful and would not be pacified, and all efforts to quiet the little one proved of no avail until the Rev. Mr. McGhee, who was making a pastoral visit, discovered that the child had a full set of upper teeth. This is a very uncommon occurrence. The child is otherwise healthy.

The Paris exposition will close November 11.

THE NEGRO: CAN HE BE SAVED?

Atlanta Journal.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry came out with some plain and gloomy truths about the negro in talking to the contributors to the higher education of the race in New York last week.

The substance of what Dr. Curry said was that in spite of the millions spent in negro colleges here in the south, the moral and physical condition of the present day negro is worse than that of his slave ancestors. In other words, the fine colleges and money, and able teachers have gone for naught; the negro is degenerating.

It was a shocking revelation for men who for a quarter of a century have pleasantly felt that their philanthropy was bearing glorious fruits. It brought the question of negro education distinctly to a new stage, and caused the contributors thoughtfully to ask themselves:

If thirty-five years of trying to educate the negro finds him worse off than before, is it worth while to go on, or stop and locate the difficulty and change our method accordingly?

Dr. Curry did not speak hastily. He is a man of broad intelligence and fine sympathies, who for a quarter of a century has been carefully watching the effect upon the negro race of the effort to educate and elevate him. His plain speech was delivered with reluctance, and it is being followed by a period of profound thought among the men in the north who have felt sure, for a half a century, that they knew all about the negro.

Where is the great difficulty? why does a whole race resist uplifting influences and deteriorate in spite of all the millions of philanthropists and all the efforts put forth by able teachers in their behalf? Is the fault inherent in the constitution of the race, or does it belong to the methods which have been employed in negro education?

These are natural questions, and they are baffling the men who are spending millions here in maintaining great colleges for the negro.

As if to suggest a partial answer to these questions, the nineteenth annual report of Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee comes out almost simultaneously with Dr. Curry's gloomy statement. Washington, who is at the head of a school for the negro youth widely different from the institution represented by Dr. Curry, presented an encouraging report. He showed that graduates of his school were doing well in useful occupations, farming, carpentering, brick laying, house building and teaching.

His report was pregnant with suggestion to the men who have spent their millions in great negro colleges. Better than all the men who direct the great educational funds for the education of the negro put together does Booker T. Washington understand the needs of his race. With a clear vision he sees just where the negro stands, and how his uplifting is to be wrought out. He knows that in civilization his race is but in its childhood. He has the wisdom to see that the means to save a crude race freed from slavery and as yet uneducated, are not grand colleges costlier and more ostentatious than the white people of the south have been able to supply for themselves, but training that fits the hand for useful work and begins the subjugation of the primitive passions.

Washington knew that houses are not built from the top and he knew too that a race cannot leap from slavery to the elegance and refinement of higher civilization and education at one bound. The progress of the race upward must be gradual; by the training first of the hands in the useful arts the negro must go up if he ever goes up at all.

Washington began at the bottom. He took the crude, untutored negro youths from the farm and taught them useful arts. He instilled in them no false notions of the grandeur of their accomplishments. Along with teaching them to work he taught them also patience and a proper humility. He was careful too to avoid all racial antagonisms, careful to say nothing that would stir up animosity or opposition.

The result is that his school at Tuskegee is doing the negro more good than perhaps all of the grander negro colleges in the south. A great part of the good it is doing is in the example to other teachers of the negroes. The trustees of the Peabody Fund may find some useful suggestions in what Booker Washington reports. A noteworthy and characteristic feature of that report is the strong plea that he makes for the negroes to remain in the country on the farm.

The Journal has no disposition to underrate the work of the big negro colleges in the south, but it is not new to southern people that these stately institutions, in large part, represent misguided effort. From these colleges have come some of the most useless negroes in the South. Educated far above their race and with the weakness of an antried people, too vain in the conceit of their new estate to stoop to lowly tasks involved in the elevation of the negro, they have been a hindrance and a drag upon the negro's progress rather than a help. This is not saying that these colleges have not been of some good.

The south is deeply concerned in the

gloomy picture drawn by Dr. Curry, although not greatly surprised in view of what it has daily seen of the continued and apparently increasing criminal tendencies of the baser elements of the race.

If Dr. Curry's plain speech will result in some better device for reaching the negro with civilization, the whole country will be glad of his frankness.

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

Philadelphia Times.

A kiss can do more than a frown. Somebody ought to invent a laughing care.

It is a wise woman who can accept correction gracefully.

It is a well-bred man that is courteous to his wife as to strangers.

Why is it we can never see our own duty quite so plainly as that of others!

When a woman buys a new dress she is never satisfied until she gets a new hat, too.

Practical Christianity is when you cheerfully forgive the person who treads on your corn.

Many people who are always getting their feelings hurt mean that their self-esteem has been injured.

A man rarely asks a woman to forgive him; his repentance usually expresses itself in deeds not words.

Much of the success of a dress depends on the way it is worn.

They say every man has his price, but they all object to being sold.

The most curious thing in the world is a small boy who is not curious.

Red is the good luck color of the Chinese; they always dress a new born baby in bright red.

Fears may mean tears, but there are few women who would refuse to wear them on that account.

It is a wise woman who does not insist on telling her husband that she knows she told him something he had forgotten.

The average man can never understand the pleasure a woman gets from trading a pair of trousers for a tin dish pan.

It said that the difference between a man and a woman is this: That he keeps another's secrets, but tells his own, while she guards her own, but betrays another's.

A quaint old English poem which gives a list of the various bad spirits which bring evil to the world concludes with the statement that "a wretched woman with two black eyes is the wickedest of all."

Tears are one of woman's best weapons of defence.

An injury forgiven is better than an injury avenged.

A man is like the moon when he has reached his last quarter.

Most every young mother thinks her baby just a little bit smarter than any other woman's.

Many a woman dresses shabbily in the morning because no one but her husband is around to see her.

The fashionable Parisian woman is now wearing a ring on the first finger, the marquise shape being in great request.

The woman who speaks to amuse us by speaking slightly of others is quite likely to use us for a theme on another occasion.

"Some old maids," says a witty modern writer, "remind one of rose leaves and lavender; others of bread and butter that has been cut too long."

SELF-CONTROL.

Baltimore Sun.

All young people who have ambition enough to advance themselves in life desire to command others, to be captains in civil or military life. To their inexperienced view the commander has an easy time. He has only to direct work to be done and some one else is obliged to labor. It is related that an Irish laborer wrote to a friend at home that America was a great country; that he was helping a bricklayer and that all he had to do was to carry bricks to the fourth story of a building and the man at the top did all the work. We laugh at the Irishman who took such an abused view of the real conditions, and yet the majority of young people have about the same idea of the relations existing between the captains of industry and those who serve them. They want to be captains, but they do not take the first steps toward reaching high rank. The captain necessarily knows more than those whom he directs. He can read plans, he can make a drawing, he can handle men and if necessary he can do the work that they are expected to do. But above all things else he has learned to control others. Technical ability is not of such much importance to the captains of industry as their ability to control one's self and others. The man who is to be a successful foreman, manager or employer must be able to control and guide men, and he cannot do this until he has first learned to control and guide himself. To become a captain, civil or military, the first step is self-discipline. One must learn to obey, to do disagreeable things without a murmur, to recognize authority, before he is prepared to enforce discipline in others or to assume any kind of authority. The young man of ambition should therefore give special attention to himself before he assumes to direct other people. He must obtain full control over himself, his emotions and his passions if he is to successfully deal with the emotions and passions of other people. It is for this reason that captains, civil and military, so often rise from the ranks instead of being trained in schools for commanding positions. The school-bred officer has a great advantage over his illiterate fellow if he possesses self-control as well as learning, but the man who has risen from the ranks by reason of his self-control has the advantage in competition with one who has nothing to entitle him to command except technical knowledge. Self-control is, in fact, the prime factor in the composition of the leaders of men. The man who can make personal sacrifices from a sense of duty, who can set aside a promised holiday because he has important work on hand, who can control his temper when aggravated—this is the man to be set in command of others, for he can appreciate their weaknesses and temptations and deal with them both firmly and sympathetically. It is men of this class who become captains of industry, not by favor of any kind, but because they are fitted by their self-control to control other people; and all ambitious young folks observing this fact should aim first of all to control themselves, that they may become worthy of promotion step by step to high command. In or out of the army they may become captains by favor or influence, but they will never become worthy captains until they have learned to control themselves.

Killed Her Son Because He Was Bad and Smoked Cigarettes.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 29.—Clifford Cawthon, 16 years old, was found dead in his bed to-day, at the home of his widowed mother. His head had been hacked to pieces with a hatchet. Mrs. Cawthon, according to the police, confessed later that she killed her son, because he was bad and smoked cigarettes. She declared, it is stated, that it had been her intention to destroy the whole family.

Firemen discovered the crime when they were called to the house, which evidently had been set on fire to destroy the body. Mrs. Cawthon is prostrated over the discovery of her deed.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The man with the hoe is entitled to a grub stake.

Adam was the only man ever married on his wedding Eve.

Woman may be a conundrum, but she always has a ready answer.

You can't always measure a lover's sincerity by his sighs.

Selfishness is usually to be found in young women and old men.

The majority of blacksmiths are forgers, but they are seldom arrested.

The day is lost if you pass it without having laughed at least once.

The man who owes money usually worries less than the man he owes it to.

A man may select his own companions, but his relations are thrust upon him.

Some men are always wanting people to tell them how good looking they are, but a woman will stand up in front of a mirror and see for herself.

News is received that Mrs. Stonewall Jackson will return to Charlotte on November 5th. Mrs. Jackson is reported as being entirely relieved of the facial neuralgia and the indications point to a permanent recovery.

ALF TAYLOR DISGUSTED WITH MODERN POLITICS.

"Alf" Taylor, one of Tennessee's picturesque and famous politicians, is disgusted with politics. He said some real spicy things to an Atlanta Journal representative on the subject of politics.

Alf Taylor first jumped into national politics when he took part in the famous battle of roses in which he a Republican, opposed his Democratic brother, Fidsip, while their father opposed both as the Prohibition.

"I am thoroughly out of politics. As a man, however, I am interested in the present issue, but I am unbiassed enough to feel that after all the country will be safe in the hands of either candidate. My hope always is and has been that there is enough salt left in the world to preserve it under all circumstances. Of course I have my preference, but I am not interested to the extent that I have worked myself up to the belief that the country has gone to the dogs, if this or that event does not take place.

"Last year I made Atlanta headquarters from which I visited different sections of the state, and I shall manage my lecture course in the same manner this season.

"Atlanta is a delightful city, full of culture and enterprise and its people show great recuperative public spirit. I am always impressed with the fact of our rapid march along the fields of industry and commerce when traveling through the South. Factories and great business enterprises are springing up and flourishing in every direction.

"The South will soon be the center of the wealth and power of the continent. The versatility of crops fostered by the abundance of water power can lead to no other result. I am convinced that in a short time we will manufacture everything we produce right here and thus by a saving on the item of freight be able to compete with the cheapest markets of the field.

"Politics is a disgusting field. Whenever politics degenerate into a matter of dollars and cents they have my utter contempt.

"I am perhaps the only man who ever voluntarily stepped out of office when I had all the machinery in my hands, had fought my Waterloo and won. I had been in for six years. I thought the best time to quit was while in the saddle.

"I had earned \$30,000 as a member of congress, but when I declined renomination and decided to quit I owed \$7,000 and yet one of the charges brought against me by my political enemies was that I was close fistied. That is politics, modern politics. In six months I paid the \$7,000 in the lecture field and had \$4,000 left. That is business."

Mr. Taylor was asked to say something funny to sustain the reputation of his family. However, he says he leaves that in the safe hands of his brother, the ex-governor, that he himself is no funny man, but he was induced to make the following stride in that direction:

"Science and industry are revolutionizing modern life, scientific clues and theories are being brought out and developed. The medical profession has been re-enforced and made less arduous by three remarkable discoveries—the microbe, the x-ray and heart failure. The microbe supplies the patient, the x-ray explores his pocketbook and heart failure explains his death when the doctor cannot.

"In the profession of law there are shorter cuts and easier methods enabling a lawyer to get at the oyster with greater facility and leave the litigators better content with the shell."

Shipping Cotton Seed to Mexico.

Charlotte Observer.

The farmers of Mecklenburg county are giving Mexico the means of producing a rival crop of cotton—or at least of trying to. Three varieties of Mecklenburg county cotton seed are being shipped from Charlotte to Mexico by the railroad. The varieties that have been found adapted to the soil and climate of that country are the Brown Pelican, King's Early and the Providence. These seed are bought here by the Heath-Reid Company and are stored in the warehouse until a sufficient quantity is secured to make a carload when the seed are put in sacks and shipped. For this seed the prices on the Charlotte market range from 25 to 30 cents a bushel. It was only within the past year that the shipment of seed from Charlotte to Mexico for planting purposes was begun. Experiments have proved that the shipment of seed named suit the soil and climate of Mexico better than seed that can be produced in Texas and elsewhere and that, with these seed, it is possible to get an early and a fairly good crop in Mexico. There is a fourth variety of seed grown here known as the Black Pelican, but none of this is shipped, as attempts to grow it in Mexico have been unsuccessful. The shipment of seeds from this city to Mexico are said to be very heavy this season. Probably in a year or two the Mexican cotton crop will be figuring in the reports of the statistician.

It is impossible for a short man to fall in love with a tall girl. He must climb for it.