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NO. 6.

CHINESE WISDOM.

A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.
With money you can move the gods; without it you can't move a man.
Long visits bring short compliments.
Armies are maintained for years to be used in a single day.

A doctor who had mismanaged a case was seized by the family and tied up. In the night he managed to free himself and escaped by swimming across a river. When he got home he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, and said to him: "Don't be in a hurry with your books; the first and most important thing is to learn to swim."

The king of Purgatory sent his victors to earth to bring back some skilled physician. "You must look for one," said the king, "at whose door there are no aggrieved spirits of disembodied patients." The spirits went off but at the house of every doctor they visited there were crowds of wailing ghosts hanging about. At last they found a doctor at whose door there was only a single shade, and cried out: "This man is evidently the skillful one we are in search of!" On inquiry, however, they discovered that he had only started practice the day before.

A portrait painter who was doing very little business was advised by a friend to paint a picture of himself and his wife and to hang it out in the street as an advertisement. This he did, and shortly afterwards his father-in-law came along. Gazing at the picture for some time the latter at length asked: "Who is that woman?" "Why, that is your daughter," replied the artist. "Whatever she is doing," again inquired her father, "sitting there with that stranger?"

A man who had been condemned to wear the cage or wooden collar was seen by some of his friends. "What have you been doing," they asked, "to deserve this?" "Oh, nothing," he replied. "I only picked up an old piece of rope." "And are you to be punished thus severely," they asked, "for merely picking up an end of rope?" "Well," answered the man, "the fact is there was a bullock tied to the other end."

The Roll of Honor.

Halbogh Christian Advocate.

The twelve Democratic Senators who voted on the first ballot to acquit are as follows: J. A. Brown, of Columbus; Geo. H. Currie, of Bladen; H. A. Foushee, of Durham; J. D. Gleed, of Guilford; John S. Henderson, of Rowan; J. A. Leak, of Anson; H. A. London, of Chatham; J. A. Long, of Person; H. C. McAllister, of Cabarrus; Stephen A. McIntyre, of Robeson; W. W. Stringfield, of Haywood; J. E. W. Sugg, of Greene. All these are true and tried Democrats, men who help to form the backbone of their party and the highest type of citizenship. They knew that their vote would be criticized and that attempts would be made to discount their party loyalty if not their personal character. Yet they stood true as steel to what they considered to be their duty. Such manhood is the State's dearest possession, and we trust it will always be found, when needed.

A Neat Answer.

Statesville Landmark.

The Landmark hears of one incident in connection with taking the vote in the impeachment trial that is worthy to go on record. Senator Henry A. London, of Chatham, a pure, upright and honorable man, kept his own counsel in regard to his attitude, as was proper—being a juror—and nobody knew how he was going to vote. Those who favored impeachment had hopes of him, however, and when he voted "not guilty" some of them were surprised. A lady sitting near him, an impeachment sympathizer, said in a stage whisper: "For heaven's sake, why did he vote that way?" Major London overheard the remark and he immediately wrote on a slip of paper and passed to his lady critic the following: "For heaven's sake I voted that way." That was a neat answer.

Two Failures Enough.

Henderson Gold Leaf.

It seems to be generally understood that Mr. Bryan is paving the way to secure a third nomination. At least reports say that he still has hopes.—North Wilkesboro Herald.
Mr. Bryan may "have hopes" but if the Democratic party has any it will not nominate him again. Great man that he unquestionably is and however honest and sincere in purpose, two trials are enough when both of them were failures.

Rough on The Hay State.

A teacher in civil government had told his pupils that once in 10 years the State of Massachusetts takes a census. Little James, who is an attentive scholar, upon being called up to recite, said: "Once in every 10 years Massachusetts comes to its senses."

She Got Even.

"Madam," said a dignified husband to his loving little wife who had stolen up behind his chair and given him a kiss, "such actions are anything but agreeable to me."
"Oh, excuse me," said the little woman, "I didn't know it was you."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

"Scale it, Mr. Fricks, scale these profits down 5 per cent. for the next fiscal year. The books show that we are getting too rich. Put down the price of steel rails and put up the price of labor. We are but trustees for our fellowmen and a million a year is enough for us."

If Mr. Carnegie had said that ten years ago, he wouldn't be so perplexed now about giving away his money. He says it is a sin for a man to die rich, and as life is uncertain and death is sure, he seems to be in a hurry about getting rid of his millions. The five millions he has settled upon his aged and indigent laborers is a benefaction that every body commends. The twenty-five millions that he has given to the cities for public libraries is not especially commended by anybody except those who received it. It is about on a par with Rockefeller's twenty-five millions to the great universities. Neither gift reaches the masses of the people nor alleviate the condition of the poor. George Peabody's and Peter Cooper's charities were much more sensible and effectual. George Muller's life work, who without a dollar of capital to begin with, established orphanages in London until he had over 2,000 in charge when he died, and from year to year maintained and educated them, was a much grander charity than giving millions to colleges and libraries. George Peabody's millions built blocks of good comfortable tenement houses for the laboring poor of London, houses that were furnished and equipped with every comfort and every safeguard for the health of the tenants. Besides that, he left a large fund for the promotion of education in the south. There are many charities far more needed by the people than giving them a chance to read free books. The poor do not have time to read very much. A right hungry man can't hardly get religion, much less enjoy a story book. But still we commend Mr. Carnegie for his good intentions, and if he had given two or three thousand dollars to Cartersville, I would have said: "Mr. Carnegie, you are a big-hearted Scotchman, sir!" I hope they will elect him mayor of New York.

The reason why the public praise Mr. Carnegie so is because the public is surprised. Such munificence is so uncommon that it is unexpected. The gift is really no act of generosity, for, as he says himself, it is a sin to keep it and die rich. He got all his millions from the labor of the people, and now he is trying to pour some of it back in the jug. That is right and honorable for the ore was God's and the labor was the toil of his men. He ought to pour it back and give some to the toilers whose sweat earned the money. This is pure morality and common sense. Every man has a moral right, and it is his duty to make sufficient profit from his labor to maintain himself and his family in comfort, and even in luxury, and also to lay up something for his children and for old age and for the accidents of life; but beyond that his rights under a Christian civilization do not go. He then becomes a trustee for his fellow men who are in need. Not that he should parcel out and distribute to each one his share, for it cannot be done, but he should make some investment that would insure the greatest good to the greatest number. Nevertheless, Mr. Carnegie is scattering his money. He is sowing wheat among the tares. He is giving largely to the wealthy cities who can provide their own libraries. He is scattering his money; I mean the surplus, that has grown to be a burden. He has just finished a million dollar mansion in New York and has another in Scotland, and a few millions in reserve for contingencies. We hope that these small holdings will not interfere with his intention to die poor. No, there is no peculiar grace in the gifts of Carnegie or Rockefeller. They are a surprise, that's all, for not one in a hundred of the millionaires do such things. Most of them hold on and pile it up for their children to quarrel over. The Standard Oil Company has just declared a dividend of twenty million for Rockefeller. He crushed out and absorbed all competing mills and still sells oil to the consumers at 15 cents per gallon. Cheap isn't it? But he could sell it at 10 cents and make a hundred per cent. It is the common people, the masses, the toilers and the poor who buy the oil, and every gallon takes a nickle from them that ought not to be taken. God made the oil, and man gave the labor. Mr. Rockefeller had but little to do with it. Most of his millions really belong to God and the laborers. It is no sufficient answer that he has endowed a college. The children of the laborers are not in it. It's too far away and too high up.

These colossal fortunes are becoming alarming. They endanger good government, for it is still a fact "that riches and virtue are rarely found combined." Laws grind the poor and rich men make the laws. A graduated income tax would limit these great fortunes, but alas, we will never get it. It is too late. The opportunity has passed, for rich men

make the laws. Millionaires control the United States senate and will resist any tax that limits or lessens their estates.
But it is wrong for us to envy the rich. In the economy of life and the pursuit of happiness it seems necessary to have rich men. They build ships, railroads, canals, telegraphs and telephones, cotton and woolen mills, reapers, mowers, flour mills and a thousand other plants that furnish us with food and clothing and add to the comfort of mankind. The world would make slow progress without them, but when they begin to unload their vast profits mankind will criticize the manner of it. Generally they unload it on their children, who never earned a dollar of it. Some of them would carry it all to heaven with them if they could. Many of them give a part of it to some church or charity as a kind of passport to heaven. An old friend of mine who was pretty hard up borrowed \$5 from me one morning to pay one of these darn little just debts, as he called them. He said his creditor was annoying him, but before he left my office a committee from the country called and asked us to help to build a country church. I gave them a dollar, but my friend subscribed \$5 and handed over the bill that I had loaned him. After they had left I asked him why he gave them so much and he said: "Well, I always give that much to build a church. I do not belong to any, for I have not yet felt good enough to join, but I have lived in five counties and practiced my profession in fourteen and I have helped to build country churches in all of them. It may be that death will catch me unawares before I do join the church and St. Peter will refuse me admission into the heavenly gate. But I will have one credential, for I can say: 'St. Peter, I know I have not been a good man and am not fit to mingle with the saints, but I have got a little stock in every country church from Rabun's Gap to Tallapoosa—and maybe he will let me in—maybe so. Major, could you lend me another \$5 without inconvenience?' Of course I did, for he was one friend whom I never refused. He did join the church and I believe he is in heaven now."

Charity is the greatest and most blessed of all virtues. As the poet says: "It is twice blessed. I blesseth him that gives and him that doth receive." But when a man with \$100,000 income gives away \$1,000 of it to ease his conscience and secure a passport to heaven, he makes a mistake. It will do neither. A man's standing in the community is determined more by his charity than anything else. How much does he give to the church and how much to the poor is discussed by his neighbors and he is rated accordingly.

Not long ago I gave a problem to young people. If a man sells a sow and pigs for \$18 and gets as much for one-tenth of the sow as he did for nine-tenths of a pig how many pigs did she have? I have received scores of answers—most of them making it nine pigs and some say ten pigs—one smart girl makes it seventy-two pigs and one smarter man proves that the sow had 1,791 pigs. Strange to say every answer is correct. Nine pigs gives \$9 for the sow and 1 each for the pigs; Seventy-two pigs gives \$2 for the sow and 11 2-9 cents for a pig and it would take the seventy-two pigs to make the \$16. Nine cents for the sow would give 1 cent for each pig, and therefore require 1,791 pigs to make up the \$18. It is a seesaw sum. As the price of the sow goes down the number of the pigs goes up and any number is correct. Now let me ask the school boys and girls to hold up a little on compositions and speeches. Please excuse me for I have not the time. It would take every hour in the day to comply with all their requests.

China Refuses to Sign the Treaty.
PEKIN, April 3.—The Chinese Government has formally notified Russia that China, owing to the attitude of the powers, is not able to sign the Manchurian Convention.
"It is China's desire," says the formal notification, "to keep on friendly terms with all nations. At present she is going through a period which is the most perilous in the empire's history and it is necessary that she should have the friendship of all."
"However much she might be willing to grant any special privilege to one power, when others object, it is impossible that for the sake of making one nation friendly she should alienate the sympathies of all others."
Li Hung Chang says this letter settles the matter definitely and that Russia was informally notified to the same effect March 29th.
Prince Ching asserts that every Chinaman except Li Hung Chang was against signing the convention.

Editor Journal: I left home March 20th at 10 o'clock in the afternoon on the Florida Limited. As a southern man, I rejoice in the fact that we have as good trains and railroads south as they have anywhere. Combines have brought us to the front in spite of the cry of the demagogue and the prophecy of the Populist. The Florida limited trains from Chicago, Cincinnati and Washington city, are as fast and fine as steam and money can make them.
I lectured in Chicago on the 21st and spent part of two days there. The city is in the midst of a very warm political contest. The interest is centered in the candidates for the mayoralty: Carter Harrison for the third term as mayor of Chicago; Judge Henasy, a Republican, his opponent. Both candidates are pandering to the lowest elements in the city.

Chicago is at her lowest ebb now—morally and financially. The devil and the Democrats have had charge four years and now it may be that the devil and the Republicans want a combination for the next four years. If there is any choice between the candidates from a moral standpoint, it's hard to perceive it. Both candidates are in favor of all night saloons, and neither dare say that he is in favor of restriction of any vice in the city.
When a fellow looks upon the growing extravagance and the deepening vices of a great modern city, he wonders when the tension will break. This greed of office is not born of patriotism. No man who would faithfully serve a people, seeks to be elected by the disreputable means usually employed to obtain office these days. No man can now be elected president of the United States, if he will declare himself antagonistic to the liquor traffic. No man can be elected to the office of mayor of any of the American cities, if he will announce that every law against vice and crime shall be rigidly enforced.

I came from Chicago to St. Louis, and there I found exactly the same state of things obtain. Wells and Parker, both running for mayor of that city. No moral issue between them. The greed for office on the part of the candidates and desire for spoils on the part of their henchmen and heelers, have the field. The morning papers, one Republican the other Democratic, standing for its man; lying for their own candidate and lying against the other. No wonder the daily papers have lost so much of their old-time prestige and power. A party demagogue is a curse to this country, whether he be editor, politician or preacher. Partisan politics and wholesale plunder are telling upon all our cities. They debase the public conscience and empty the city treasury and levy black mail on all manner of vice.

A thousand things enter into these races for office. Street car systems, railroad interests, corporation plans and last but by odds the biggest, the brewers and distillers with all their interests to protect and their schemes for the debauchery of the people to be looked after. Old Sodom went to the limit, and in burning hail God wrote her doom in fire and her epitaph was: "No plus ultra," nothing beyond.
There is no use in a partial judgment for poor Galveston had not counted half of her 9,000 dead, or rebuilt a single house until saloons were ready to proceed and the ghastly sights of men robbing the dead were witnessed on all sides. Death and damnation is the only effective breaks on the meanness of men and furnish the only permanent check on rascals and robbers.

No man is very mean by himself, but when you aggregate and congregate rascals, then conscience is drowned and character is debauched. During these election periods the tide is blown in by passion and greed and the heavy surging waves play over and drench and drown our modern municipalities in filth and rascality. We stand it now, but if the tide of vice and rascality continues to rise higher and higher as it has in the past quarter of a century, then we will lose our power to bring a Tweed to judgment, or perjured rascals to justice.

But let's talk of better things. The wheat crops of Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Indiana never looked better than now. What a change in three weeks! I looked over these same fields less than a month ago, and the prospect was meagre, and the wheat fields looked barren, but now they are covered with a beautiful green so out of harmony with all their wintry surroundings. The rains for the past ten days have stopped all from work, and made the roads impassable, almost. But the merchants, manufacturers and railroad, are busy. Yet they all depend upon the steady old farmer; he will get in his work later along.

I had a pleasant talk with Senator Clay a few days ago. Steve is the same genial, clever fellow whom I knew when I was a boy preacher, so-called. The first time I ever met Steve was at Salt Springs camp-meeting 25 years ago. He drove me from the camp ground to Marietta in a buggy. Little did I then think I was riding with a United States senator in the "embryo;" Steve as a young man was poor and proud, and had ambition and common sense, instead of education and money, and by his own efforts he has forged to the front, and he is worthy to stay there. I believe Steve is honest and capable and Georgia can't do better than honor him, for he is an honor to Georgia.

I go as far west as El Paso, Texas, on this tour. Will write of the "wild and woolly west" next week. Yours, going round and round,
SAM P. JONES.

LETTER FROM SAM JONES.

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SAM P. JONES.

P. S.—Is it a fact that Joel Atkinson and Harry Hurt are going to consolidate? I've been looking for them to "mix" for more than a year.
S. P. J.

THE RICH PHILIPPINES.

Many Trade Opportunities Offered for Entergetic Americans.
San Francisco Dispatch.

Alfred W. Carter, a soldier, who has spent a year and a half in the Philippines and who visited several islands other than the Luzon during his stay there, has some interesting statements to make regarding the possibilities and opportunities offered Americans in the Philippines.
"When the turbulent natives are overcome and peace again reigns in the Philippines," said Mr. Carter, "I would want nothing better than to be permitted to go there and locate mining claims, take up government land for lumbering purposes, or establish any line of retail business in commodities manufactured in the United States. I am more impressed by the mining possibilities than by any other one thing."
"I have visited several placer locations on the island of Luzon that are immensely rich. Natives pick up the gold in small nuggets, ranging in size from a pin head to the size of a pea. An experienced American miner, with modern appliances, would be able to take out more gold in a day in some of the mountain creek beds in Luzon than in any placer diggings I have ever seen. Unfortunately, however these placers are in territory still overrun by hostiles. Where the gold comes from is a matter of conjecture, but it is a foregone conclusion that it comes from some of the mountains in the interior. When American miners and prospectors get in their first search will be for the mother lode, and if that is found I predict a gold discovery that will startle the world."

"In the island of Mindanao I was struck by the magnificence of the forests and the amount of valuable wood on every hill. It is said that there is an aggregate acreage of valuable timberland of not less than 40,000,000 acres in the group, and Mindanao, in which is about half of the total area, has many immense tracts of unbroken forests. Mindoro and Palawan Islands also have great forests of valuable woods."
"There are about 400 to 500 varieties of trees in all, and a majority of them are hard wood, such as is adaptable to furniture making, manufacture of wagons and other vehicles, agricultural implements, finish for houses, etc., while a large number of them are worth almost their weight in silver. It has been stated that the thinning out of these virgin forests would afford a lumber output at worth millions upon millions of dollars."

"There is a limitless area of fine agricultural land in these islands. There is room in the Philippines for some of the finest grain ranches in the world, and for fruit growers and small farmers it is an ideal paradise."
"The merchant will also do well in the larger towns of the islands as soon as they are pacified. American goods are sought after, particular clothing, furniture—of which but little has yet found its way to the islands—felt hats, shoes, underwear, cutlery, firearms, ammunition and food products, particularly canned and dried fruits. Everything American is preferred because of its quality and the attractive manner in which it is got up, and American workmen of all trades will find remunerative employment in the near future."

The Negro as a Laborer.

NEW YORK, April 3.—President and Mrs. Booker T. Washington were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the Social Reform Club last night. Mr. Washington was introduced as the first speaker. He said:
"In dealing with the negro race we must bear in mind that it came from a land where there was need for labor. Then for 250 years it was forced to labor in the way little calculated to give it love for work."
"I believe that in slavery the solution of the problem was really laid and I believe if we could have taken it up just where it was left off when slavery ended it would have been better for our people."
"They felt that to hold office was the highest thing they could attain and they put more emphasis on the political than the industrial side of life. They thought the object of education was to put them in a position where they would not have to work."
"Eighty per cent. of the people in the South depend on agriculture for a living and we began with that as a basis. We have tried to make our farm an object lesson to those around us."

The State Auditor finds that the cost of the Legislature, which adjourned on the 15th, was \$66,007.
The man who blows his own horn is merely a self-entertainer.

WENT DOWN INTO HIS BRAIN.

Surgeons Found Abscess There That Twisted Actor's Speech—With New Talk Straight.
N. Y. Sun, 1st.

The Surgeons of the Seney Hospital in Brooklyn have been much interested in the last week in the case of James Baisly, a vaudeville actor of 284 Flat-bush avenue. He was on his way to one of the seaside towns with his company and struck his head out of a railroad car window just in time to get bit by a mail bag catcher. The hooks of the catcher struck him over the ear and at the back of the head. He was found unconscious on the floor of the car at Red Bank. A surgeon of the railroad company diagnosed the case as a simple laceration of the scalp and sewed up the gaps.

By the time Baisly's company reached Elizabeth, N. J., his head troubled him so much that he went to the Elizabeth General Hospital. He remained there for eleven days. His principal trouble, mentally, was that he could not "talk straight." He always used the wrong word. He talked fluently enough but incoherently. At the end of eleven days the hospital authorities sent word to his mother in Brooklyn that they thought the case was serious, and that, perhaps, there ought to be an operation. Mrs. Baisly went to Elizabeth with her family physician, Dr. A. T. Birdsall, and the physician found two large loles in the skull. Mrs. Baisly wanted the operation performed at once, but Dr. Birdsall is said to have told her that a hospital where such a state of things had been allowed to go on for eleven days without an operation should not have one of his patients and had Baisly sent to the Seney Hospital. The state of the patient's brain before the operation may be gathered from this sample of his power of speech as reported by one of the surgeons:

"I would joy speech you my uncomfortable but I will not sing." This was translated to mean that he would be glad to tell them how he felt but that he could not talk straight.
"It was apparent," said one of the surgeons yesterday, "that there was some serious disturbance of the side of the brain which governs the speech. The skull was trepanned and several large bits of bone, souvenirs of Jersey surgery, were removed. We then found a large abscess which extended well down into the brain through the tempo-sphero-oidal lobe, and was pressing on the side of the brain. The pus was removed, drainage pipes were put in and the patient is going to recover. With the relief of the abscess on the side of the brain his difficulty in finding the word he wants has disappeared and he now talks with little difficulty. We are sure that when the wound has healed his memory and speech will both be all right."

Turmoil in Wilmington.
WILMINGTON, April 4.—There was hardly more excitement in local politics two years ago in "revolutionary" times than there is now. A hopeless variance has developed between Mayor Waddell and the newly-elected aldermen. This has been expected from the start since the majority of the members of the new board were known to be ardent supporters of W. E. Springer for mayor as against Col. Waddell.
The mayor brought matters to a climax Monday night by appointing himself or the four important committees—finance, streets and wharves, fire and police. He didn't do this last year and the new aldermen got piping hot over what they called his "cheek." They fumed and fretted all day Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon decided to ask the mayor to call a special meeting.
The meeting was called. The aldermen, by a vote of 27 to 2, abolished the mayor's action in appointing committees and passed an ordinance leaving the appointment with the board of aldermen. Mayor Waddell read a statement which he had prepared in anticipation of the board's action and in which he indicated his intention to hold up the executive end of the city administration to the best of his ability without regard to what the aldermen did with the other business of the city. There is little hope of an amicable settlement of the differences.

It is openly stated that it is Springer, the defeated candidate for mayor, who is behind the movements of the refractory aldermen.

Matrimonially Inclined.
Charlotte Observer.

Several copies of The Pilot, a matrimonial paper, published in Chicago, were found in the mail of Charlotte young men yesterday. It is noted in the paper that 15 or 20 girls from this State advertise their charms and matrimonial inclinations. One publication is as follows:
"1874. North Carolina. Here, boys, here is the belle of Rocky River. Height 5 foot 4; dark hair and blue eyes, fair complexion, weight 122, accomplished in music, am a Baptist, age 19, have \$120,000 in my own right and will inherit \$200,000 more; am very kind and loving; good housekeeper. Boys, write to me, quick."

It does't make much difference about the housekeeping, O Belle of Rocky River. Are there no congenial spirits in your own county of Cabarrus? Then try Mecklenburg.