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NO. 18.

## "BABY'S GOT A TOOTH."

Baby's walking, "tooty's" breaking  
Through those little gums:  
Now she's crying, mama's drying  
For those priceless plums.

Creeping out and peeping out,  
The little "tooty" came,  
And with it came the little sons,  
To show what was to blame.

Here it is! Our little Charlotte  
Really has a tooth,  
Come here quickly, you can see it,  
Here's the very best of proof.

It's her first one and her best one,  
That "tooty" shining there,  
I can hear it scrape the tumbler,  
What will papa say, my dear?

He'll prance about and dance about  
And kiss his little girl,  
And tell her she's a jewel,  
With that "tooty" shining pearl.

L. T. Capers.

## STATE NEWS.

George Foster Peabody, a New York financier, has donated \$10,000 to the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College.

A Holiness or Sanctification church is to be organized in Winston-Salem. Already 108 names have been secured for membership. A number of these have withdrawn from the other churches. A committee has been chosen to make the necessary arrangements for organization.

The supreme court has given notice that the next examination of applicants for license as attorneys will be held September 30th. After this year the examinations will be held on the fourth Monday in February and October, the new law naming those dates as the beginning of the spring and fall terms respectively.

Governor and Mrs. Aycock, State Treasurer Lacy and other Raleigh people spent Saturday in Charlotte, the guests of the Manufacturers' Club of that city. The party was royally entertained and in the evening the Governor made an address before the club which was well received. His theme was the industrial and educational development of the State.

Charles C. Collins, the old slave darkey that likes George Vanderbilt as a neighbor and has been refusing tempting offers for his tract, is soured at being disfranchised and will sell out and move to Philadelphia. He says if he can't vote he thinks other people ought to pay his \$50 tax. He will give Mr. Vanderbilt first chance at his land.

The Gastonia Gazette says the only woman ever executed in Gaston county was Caroline Shipp, colored, hanged about nine years ago for poisoning her child. The county now has another somewhat similar case on hand. A young negro woman named Annie has been committed without bail on the charge of drowning her two-year-old child. The child was found dead in a well.

There are 225 blind children in the state institutions at Raleigh, white and colored. The superintendent had secured the names of 100 others. Last week he received the names of 189 not on his list. Thus it is shown that not half the blind children are at school. There is no law to enforce their attendance, the legislature lacking the courage to enact it, so that bills to that end have never got further than second reading.

This from the Marion correspondence of the Charlotte Observer tells of a pitiable state of affairs in McDowell county: Heavy rains continue to fall in this section. Bridges have been washed away the third time since the flood of some weeks ago. Great ruts are washed out in the roads. Farmers are sadly disappointed. To give it correctly McDowell is a wrecked county. Small creeks have overflowed since the flood and washed away corn that was replanted for the third time.

## Two Men Killed by Lightning.

Last Tuesday two men in Lincoln county were killed by lightning, and a third is not expected to live. The Charlotte Observer gives the following particulars:

Mr. William Huss and his two grown sons, who lived on a farm near Crouse, were the men who were struck by lightning. About 12:30 o'clock they were hoeing cotton in an open field in front of their house. At this time it was raining but little, and there had not been much thunder or lightning. Suddenly the three men fell to the earth and lay still. There was a loud clap of thunder.

Members of Mr. Huss' family saw what had happened and ran to the prostrate men. It was found that the father and older son had been instantly killed, and the younger son was unconscious. A physician was summoned and every effort was made to resuscitate the young man, but he remained senseless and his recovery was not expected last evening.

Charles F. McKesson, of Morganton, has been appointed clerk of the western District Court at Asheville, to succeed C. L. Moore, the present incumbent. Mr. McKesson's term of office will begin upon his qualification, which, it is supposed, will be July 1.

W. Y. Moore, while ploughing in the field near Roseboro, Sampson county, was killed by lightning. The horse was also killed.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

The increasing prevalence of suicides indicates an unhealthy condition of mind and body and I have thought that if the man would quit thinking about his troubles and go to chopping wood or digging in the garden, or even go hunting and get up a good circulation he would feel better and conclude to live on a while longer. The body effects the mind and when the blood in the veins get thick and sluggish and the secretions become stagnant, the mind gets diseased and morbid, the emotions are out of tune and the man actually believes he would find rest and peace in death. It is strange that any man of education or refinement would entertain such an unreasonable hope. What did the school-teacher of Dothan accomplish by killing Dr. McNeil and himself? Where is the school-teacher now? When two enemies fight a duel and both are killed, how do their spirits meet in the other world? Do they shake hands or renew the fight, for, of course, they are not in heaven? What does the young man accomplish by killing his sweetheart and then himself? Are they not then forever separated? What does any man gain by suicide? As Hamlet says: "Is it not better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of?" Run to the woods—keep on running—jump the branches, swim the rivers, get wet, get tired—work in the garden, dig hoe, chop wood, mount a horse and ride furiously—anything to divert the diseased mind from its train of thought. My good old father was afflicted with rheumatism and when he felt the acute, agonizing pains coming on he would rouse up and limp away and make for the farm, and would walk faster and faster as the pains increased, and would actually make them ashamed and they would leave him for a day or two. To keep the mind in a good, normal condition the body must be exercised. Sedentary occupations are not healthy for men, and even women should fly around the house with a broom or wash the windows occasionally, or dig among the flowers. It will not do for them to sit and sew all the time. I am sorry for these unmarried girls who have to run the machine all the day long and get no healthy exercise except for the ankle bones. When they get married and the babies come along they are pretty safe, for little children give a mother diversion enough. A mother with a babe in her arms never thinks of suicide. Even if her husband is cruel to her or is a drunkard, she will live on and on for the sake of the child. We note that most of the suicides occur among the young men and are caused from intemperance or disappointed love or failure to make money fast, or being caught in embezzlement (alias stealing). Othello killed himself because he found out that he had wrongfully killed his wife, and Shakespeare says "he was great of heart." I reckon he was, considering that he was a Moor and did not believe in hereafter. It was the best thing and most heroic that he could do. It was the very intensity of grief and repentance and has no parallel in modern suicides, for most all of them are selfish or revengeful. It was like the Harikiri of Saul, or of the ancient generals when defeated in battle.

The most alarming feature about these suicides of our young men is the indication that they are not believers in the Christian religion. No sane man will take his own life if he believes in heaven and hell and a future state of rewards and punishments. He will be afraid to. The influence of modern fiction on the youthful mind has much to do with it, for a great deal of it is tainted with atheism and infidelity. Even some of the standard writers, such as Hume and Disraeli, had left their bad impression. The latter threw a dark shadow over life and says that "youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle and old age a regret."

Is it not far better to take a more hopeful view of life and say like the poet, Horace Smith:

"The world is very lovely! Oh, my God,  
I thank thee that I live."

Or to say like Longfellow—

"Life is real—life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal."

It is easy to diagnose a poet's temperament or a philosopher's by his writings—some are gloomy and some are bright and cheerful. I was ruminating about these young men who have just graduated at an alma mater and the other home colleges, and wondering how many would prove a success in life and twenty years hence exclaim with the poet, "Oh, my God, I thank Thee that I live." Fifty-four years ago I was at Athens, in the class of '47, and of the forty-two then living there are now but half a dozen left. Many of them lived and died and made no signs. Some of them saw trouble and some made good citizens, good husbands and fathers; and just so history repeats itself all along the generations. It grieved me that I could not attend the centennial and commune with the alumni and rejoice with the young and feel lonely with the old. Then there is old college and new college, and the chapel and the campus and the two halls that are still unchanged. I wonder how many boys have occupied the

old room that Briscoe and I lived in for two long years? I saw it in the picture and felt like it was still my room. The alanthus trees (by a misnomer called the tree of heaven) grew close to our windows and extended their nauseating odors to the dormitory where we slept, and the boys all along the line complained, but the faculty said it would soon pass away, and the trees were imported from China, the Celestial Empire, and they were called the trees of heaven. So one dark night the boys (not I) got axes and girdled them and they died and went to heaven in China, where they came from. For some months I roomed in new college, and so did our tutor, who was cross and never smiled, for he was an old bachelor—peace to his ashes. He would let me nor Chess Howard play on the flute after study hours at night, nor let Ben Mosely nor Dick Farmer play on the fiddle. Said it annoyed him, and so some of the boys (not I) got some old cannon balls from the armory and away in the dead hour of night, when sleep fell upon a man or a tutor, they rolled a six-pounder along the long hall 200 feet right by his door, which was about midway. When it got to the other end another boy slipped out and rolled it back again, and this rolling and rumbing was kept up for a time until there had opened just what they thought would happen. The tutor had opened a crack in his door, and when he heard the ball coming for the fifth time he slipped out suddenly and stopped it with his foot and picked it up and took it in his room. That was just what the boys (not I) wanted, for they had another one in the fire getting hot. In due time they took it in the shovel and sent it slowly down the hallway, and it stopped not far from his door. Quickly he stopped out and the light from his room showed him the ball. He seized it with his right hand and straightway dropped it and used some language that was unbecoming, and retreated to his room. The next day his hand was tied up in a white bandage, which was a kind of flag of truce, for he was much more considerate to us and seemed to like music. I never perpetrated much mischief while in college, but I was an apt scholar to look on and enjoy all the fun. Chess Howard was an expert, and could play ball better than anybody, especially a hot cannon ball. Chess came to see us some time ago and after while asked me and my wife to give them some music. And so she seated herself at the piano and I took my flute and asked what he would like. And he said play that good old piece that we used to call "Sallye Baxter" when we went serenading in Athens. So we played it, and before we were aware of it Chess had slipped his own flute out of his pocket and was tooting along behind me. Sallye was our college sweetheart, but we didn't get her, for a Bird flew there and she followed him off to Baltimore and is living there yet. But we never thought of suicide.

But I forbear. It is sweet and it is sad to recall the memories of '45, '46 and '47, and I would have felt lost and lonely in Athens. It was a college then. It is a great university now, and many changes have come over it, and we old veterans have to keep up with the progression whether we like the modern methods or not. They have got intercollegiate baseball in the curriculum now and I reckon it is to keep the boys from committing suicide. It diverts their minds from the strain of trigonometry and calculus and conic sections. Progress is the order of the day in colleges as in everything else. One hundred and fifty years ago old Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, "In our great schools there is less flogging than formerly. Consequently, less is learned there. So what the boys get at one end they lose at the other." Now there is no flogging anywhere, and the teachers and professors are thankful if they escape it from the boys.

## BILL ARP.

## Baby Born with Needle in Stomach.

New York Sun.  
A needle was found by Roentgen rays on Saturday evening in the stomach of Mary Lang, 15 months old, who has cried almost all the time since her birth and shown indications of pain in the stomach. She was taken to St. James Hospital in Newark from home at 123 Adams street, and the hospital physicians sent her to Dr. Frank Devlin, who has a Roentgen ray apparatus. He discovered a dark line, and by careful manipulation of the flesh brought a needle to the surface and extracted it with tweezers without making an incision.

He was of the opinion that the needle was in the child before its birth and cited a similar case of the Dalan baby of Plainfield, from whose stomach a needle was extracted a few days ago. The needle taken from the Lang baby was blackened, but intact.

## A Doubtful Compliment.

Rose—I heard someone pay you a compliment yesterday, Marie. Marie—Did you really, Rose? Oh, what was it? Rose—Oh, they called you pretty. Marie—Honest? Tell me just what they said. Rose—Well, we were talking about your wanting the leading role in our amateur play, and someone remarked: "She's a pretty one for such a part as that!"

## SCANDAL AT HIGH POINT.

It Grew Out of the Fake School of Healing There.

Statesville Landmark.  
There is at High Point an institution called the Hammer School of Science and Healing—one of these institutions which claims to cure the ills of the flesh by the exercise of divine or supernatural power. The institution was recently refused a charter by the Secretary of State. One MacKnight is at the head of the institution.

As is always the case with all humbugs, this school of healing has its adherents. Young men and women and older ones, too, have gone there either to be cured or bodily ills or to learn the art of healing under MacKnight, for which they paid liberally, of course in either event. Among the pupils was a young woman, a Miss Snider, who lived in the country near High Point. It was rumored a few weeks ago that this young woman and MacKnight were unduly intimate. The couple were watched by the chief of police and another man who said they found them in a compromising position. A night or two thereafter a company of irresponsible boys and men went to the school and attempted to make a demonstration with a view of forcing MacKnight to leave town. He bluffed them, however, by firing a pistol, and they all ran. Then MacKnight hired a private detective, a young man from Madison county, to protect him. The detective got into a row with a citizen, weapons were found on his person and he was arrested and sent to jail for carrying concealed weapons.

The next act was by the young woman, Snider, who took out a warrant for slander against the chief of police and the other man who claimed that they found her in a compromising position with MacKnight, and MacKnight also took out a warrant for a half dozen or so of the fellows who had tried to run him out of town and failed.

The case came up for trial before a magistrate at Greensboro Saturday but was not concluded until Wednesday. There was an array of lawyers, a great cloud of witnesses and a good portion of the population of High Point present as spectators.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 26.—The sensational preliminary trial for slander brought by Miss Snyder against Chief of Police Bennett, of High Point, and Frank Seceest ended this afternoon very sensationally. The trial justice bound them over to court in \$200 each, but presently returned the court and required merely personal bonds. The two justices who sat with them urged acquittal. Feeling against the trial justice is high. High Point citizens were on hand to put up a hundred thousand dollars bail, if necessary. They declare MacKnight, Miss Snyder's teacher in the Christi Science college, cannot live longer at High Point.

## Fins for Georgia.

Charlotte Observer.

The statement in yesterday's dispatches that the Southern Railway has made arrangements for the purchase of 10,000 acres of land on its line in Georgia for the purpose of planting on it a colony of Fins, is of interest. These people make excellent settlers. It could be wished that North Carolina could catch some of them or some of the other desirable emigrants who seek our shores. Many Germans, for instance, settle in this country every year. Somehow they have been turned to the West, yet in the South, especially in North Carolina, they would find many of their own people, and climatic, soil and other conditions adapted to them and to which they are adapted. In the early history of the country German emigrants found this section a desirable one in which to locate their homes, and in many localities these are the basis of the present population and we have no better citizenship. Every year thousands of desirable emigrants come to this country and for the most help to people the West. These are Germans, Norwegians, north of Italy people and others. The South should catch some of them. It does not want those whose natural habitat is the slums and who find immediate lodgment in New York and other cities by natural preference. This settlement of Fins in Georgia may be a beginning; at all events the news of it is to be received with gratification.

## Omaha Church Rules Out Women's Hats.

Omaha, Neb., Special.

The First Methodist church, presided over by Dr. Hirst, and one of Omaha's chief places of worship, will no longer blossom forth as a flower garden on Sunday.

The board of trustees has passed a resolution forbidding women to wear headgear of any sort during hours of services, such finery being said to be an impediment to godliness. In thus giving the hair dresser advantage over the milliner the board remarks that Omaha took the initiative in securing the removal of hats in theatres, and agrees that churches should not tarry behind in such an advanced and commendable step.

Lots of people seem to think it bad form to be polite in public.

## ROCKEFELLER'S ADVICE.

Charlotte Observer.

In an address at Chicago University the other day, John D. Rockefeller, supposed to be the richest man in the world, expressed these views:

"The chances for success are better to-day than ever before. Success is attained by industry, perseverance and pluck, coupled with any amount of hard work, and you need not expect to achieve it in any other way.

"If you are to succeed in life it will be because you master yourselves.

"You will do well not to underestimate the strength of any foe.

"How many young men whom I knew in my school days went down because of their fondness for intoxicating drinks! No man has ever had occasion to regret that he was not addicted to the use of liquor."

There is much popular feeling against people of the Rockefeller type, who have made large fortunes through the medium of trusts, but if any man was ever qualified to speak upon material success from personal knowledge that individual is the Standard Oil magnate. He and those like him are often severely arraigned by speakers of another class for advising men as to how they can make money, the claim being that mere wealth-getting is not success. Certainly it is not, but advice is desirable upon all lines of human effort and when Rockefeller, Schwab and others like them talk about that which is necessary to financial success they are on the subjects upon which they are qualified to speak.

As to Rockefeller's advice, even the enemies of materialism cannot but admit that it is pretty straight talk, except possibly the allusion to chances of success to-day as compared with former times. There is a wide belief that the trusts have so concentrated conditions that a young man's talents are not as marketable as they have been, but even that is open to discussion. There is still good reason to believe that a man has yet much to do with carving out his own place in the world; or, as the commencement orators say, he is "the architect of his own fortune."

## Good For Texas.

Atlanta Journal.

The great State of Texas has many claims to fame besides her vast area, her rich soil, her enormous cotton crop and her wonderful oil wells.

Texas should be prouder of nothing than the fact that in proportion to her means she does more for public education than any other state, north, south, east or west.

Texas pays as much money for the support of her public schools as does New York city, and that city has property worth many times over the valuation of all the property in Texas.

Texas has the largest permanent school fund of any of the 45 States; has built more schoolhouses in the past five years than any other two States and is expending immense sums every year on improvement and extension of her school facilities. Texas is already a great State, but is preparing to become a much greater one.

## Suez Canal Traffic.

The Suez canal traffic in 1900 was but little less than that of 1899, which was exceptional. Events in China obliged the powers to send out many ships, despite the bad economic situation. The receipts were 93,000,000 francs, or but 650,000 francs less than last year. This was on a capitalization, including all improvements up to the end of 1899, of 586,679,138 francs. As the net profit is 52,000,000 francs, the stockholders are evidently getting a good return. The total number of vessels traversing the canal was 3,441, of which 1,935, of over one-half, were British. The rivals of England in commerce—the United States and Germany—sent through the canal, the one 22, the other 462 ships. A loan of \$5,000,000 is to be issued to provide for improvements.

## Tulane's Progress.

The New Orleans Picayune says that under the direction of its new president, Dr. E. A. Alderman, Tulane University has made greater progress in the past year than in any previous year in its history. "In this era of expansion and development," says the Picayune, "Tulane has gotten the fever, but it does not intend to annex any foreign territory or to carry the flag beyond the Constitution." Four new departments have been created and four new professors are to be chosen, and President Alderman has been instructed to find the right men. The new chairs are philosophy and pedagogy, economics and sociology, civil engineering and electric engineering.

## No Use For It.

Mr. Suburban—I was called on by a committee today who wanted me to contribute something toward the building of a new fence around the old cemetery.

Mrs. Suburban—And how much did you give them, dear?

Mr. Suburban—I gave them nothing, simply because I do not see the necessity for building a fence. Those who are in the cemetery can't get out, and I don't believe there is anyone very anxious to get in.

## DISEASES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

Rev. Sam Jones in Atlanta Journal.

I arrived home just a week ago after almost constant absence since the first of January, feeble in body and mind, with my constitution and by-laws both out of fix. I have been farming a week and I am greatly improved by the remedy. What a treat it is to an overworked man when he is overworked on one line to have other work that is recuperating and helpful to him. I have spent several days in the broiling hot sun, in the fields with the hands that were cutting wheat and oats, plowing corn, sowing peas, etc., getting up at half past four o'clock in the morning and turning into bed at night at 9 o'clock and improving every day with the treatment.

I just sit up long enough after supper to read The Journal and what a treat it is to a fellow to pick up a good new paper like The Journal and get the news from all around the world every day. Atlanta ought to be proud of her newspapers. No city of its size on earth can boast of such papers as Atlanta, but among other things it troubles me to see so many people in trouble. Hardly an issue of the paper for a week but what is reported the fact that some man has killed his wife or sweetheart and this afternoon some girl had killed her lover. I never heard of lovers doing so many devilish mean things as they are doing these days. I have heard it said that when love turns to hate it is as dangerous as a rattlesnake, but I can't see how love can turn to hate any more than I can see how water can turn to fire. Some people have just naturally got the devil in them and all you have got to do is to touch them off. The great trouble these days is that very few girls are satisfied with one beau and very few young bucks are satisfied with one sweetheart. The girl that has the most beaux is the most envied by the other girls and I suppose it is the same way with the boys. No wonder they get up a lot of devilry and somebody gets killed. A sweet, good modest girl with one clever beau never gets killed by her lover and a good, clever boy with a nice clever sweetheart never gets killed by his girl.

Farming may be good for a broken down preacher and lecturer, but I don't know what sort of medicine to give these devilish young people and there are many of the old people got the devil in them, I know a remedy for all devilry but the rascals won't take it. They are like a horse with the colic; when you drench him with remedies you have got to swing his head to a limb and put a long-necked bottle down his throat, and he will hold it in his mouth until it strangles him almost to death and then maybe die with the drench cough at last. It is mighty hard matter to get a dishonest man to take a good dose of Bible honesty; it is a hard matter to get a cussing rascal to pray; it is a mighty hard matter to get a liar to take a big dose of integrity that will cure him; but perhaps the hardest of all is to get a stingy man to take a dose of liberality.

There is no disease without its remedy, either moral, intellectual or physical, unless we find cases in the asylums and hospitals that have gotten beyond remedies. When a fellow finds out what is the matter with him and finds out what will cure him, if he don't take the remedy he deserves to die if it is a physical trouble; he deserves to go to the asylum if it is a mental trouble; he deserves to go to predition if it is a moral trouble.

I leave with wife and daughters for our Kentucky farm to-morrow. We will rusticate and be there a few days and then I am off for my summer chautauqua work.

We begin our tabernacle meetings at Cartersville the last Sunday in August and they will include the first Sunday in September. Everybody is invited, I expect to have Dr. Monk, of Knoxville; Rev. Bascom Anthony, of Savannah, and I hope Dr. Jordan, of the First Baptist church of Savannah, will come; also the pastor of the First Baptist church of Anniston, and all the preachers in the region round about are invited. Cartersville will take care of them. Yours truly,  
SAM P. JONES.

## Helen Keller's View of Jefferson's Fishing.

Joe Jefferson, according to James S. Metcalfe in the Ladies' Home Journal for July, does not care for the sport to be found in angling for amber-jack in the waters at Palm Beach, Florida. "There's no attraction to me in that kind of fishing," he says; "the fish are not good to eat, and killing them is pure wanton. Of course I catch more fish than I can eat—my appetite not being a large one—but they go to the Captain as a sort of perquisite. What he can't use he sells, and eventually they are eaten by some one. And that reminds me that Helen Keller once asked me how I justified my killing so many fish. I explained to her that the fish is naturally a cannibal and is constantly killing other fish—hundreds of 'em—and so, by killing one fish, I save the lives of hundreds of others. 'I suppose it's for that humane reason that you catch them,' she said." And Mr. Jefferson chuckled with enjoyment of Miss Keller's explanation of his benevolent defense of his favorite pastime.