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## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Next in importance to the education of the children of the state comes the care of the convicts, the lunatics, and the deaf and the blind. These are charges, fixed charges, that rest everywhere upon the citizen and taxpayer and cannot be avoided. A careful perusal of the last reports of the officers of these institutions give us deep concern for their inmates are increasing faster than population and this increase indicates a growing degeneracy in mental, physical or moral condition of our people. These reports give much interesting matter for there is hardly a state in the union where similar institutions are so ably and faithfully officered. We are especially fortunate in having such a capable and experienced man as Dr. Powell at the head of our sanitarium. The apprehension is that when he dies we cannot fill his place for we cannot find a man who has both his ability and his long experience. The same can be said of Professor Connor, in charge of the school for the deaf. These two are veterans in the service and have by their long and faithful work allayed all public anxiety about those institutions.

But why should so many more children be born deaf and dumb than formerly, and why should so many more people become insane? Only a few years ago Professor Connor reported 105, and now he has 215 in charge. Do folks keep on marrying their cousins and will the law keep on allowing it? As to the sanitarium, there seems to be no limit, no diminution of the rapid increase and as fast as more room is provided more still is wanted.

Dr. Powell reports that on October 1, 1900, there were 1,700 whites and 742 colored on hand, and the new applications now average about six per day. Of course many die and it is a comfort to know that many recover their reason and are discharged. Two hundred and fifty-nine whites and ninety-four negroes were discharged last year. One hundred and fifty-six whites and 186 negroes died. The doctor gives pleasant and easy employment to all who can and are willing to work. He is a philosopher of my own kind for he says he has found that work, manual labor, is more conducive to restoration and contentment than any other medicine. Gardening, sewing, washing, canning, fruits, etc., is done on a large scale. Much more of this is done than formerly and the report shows an immense business. Just think of last year's work—1,000 aprons, 2,000 bedticks, 3,000 chemises, 1,800 calico dresses, 700 homespun dresses, 4,700 pair drawers, 4,500 pillow cases, 5,000 pair pants, 3,800 shirts, 1,600 undershirts and quilts by the score—crazy quilts I suppose—making a total of over 50,000 articles made by crazy women. Good gracious, what an industrious female family the doctor has got. In this way he has greatly reduced the cost of maintenance and brought down the per capita to \$117. But on the other hand, he has to be continually repairing or replacing something, for he says "insanity means destruction and that the tendency of a large number of patients is to destroy furniture, crockery, bedding, clothing, lights, sash and sometimes tearing their rooms to pieces." Now just imagine what an army of lunatics we have. Cartersville is quite a large little country town of 3,500 people but three-fourths of them are children under age. We have only about 800 grown-up people who are fit to be lunatics, but here at the sanitarium are three times as many, and the number increasing every year.

But the report of the prison commission gives us most anxiety, for that concerns crime and involves the safety of our people from the lawless who fear not God nor regard man. The maintenance of the sanitarium costs the State \$275,000 annually, but there is one good thing, and only one about the convicts. They cost the state nothing after the trial, but on the contrary they bring in a considerable revenue, and under the new system this revenue is rapidly increasing. General Evans, Mr. Eason and Mr. Turner inaugurated this system only two years ago and it has already proved a signal success. The state now has the absolute control of all its convicts and has purchased a large farm near Milledgeville, where the old men and the boys and all the women are kept. Under the skillful management of Mr. Foster the farm paid well the first year, and the convicts are nearly as happy as they were in old slavery times. Most of the able bodied convicts are leased to farmers at good prices, but the state provides guards and medical attention.

Here is another army of 2,300 to look after, but these are not all. There are 2,350 more at work in the county chain gangs, making a total of 4,650, of whom 358 are white, ten are white women and 215 are negro women. Of the state convicts for felony 907 are guilty of murder or robbery or larceny, 237 for the usual crime. The rest are for most any other crime in the catalogue. Most of them were laborers, but I note that twenty-seven did nothing and eighteen were preachers. Ninety per cent. of the negroes are between the ages of fifteen and forty, and knew nothing of slavery. Only 1 per

cent. are the old slaves who are over sixty years old. Two hundred and forty-four of them are serving a second term. Thirty are serving a third term and a few a fourth and fifth term. They seem to like it. One thousand and twenty of these convicts are from three counties—Fulton, Chatham and Bibb. As Thomas Jefferson said, "The influence of cities is pestilential to good morals." It is especially so with negroes. The large majority of the negro convicts are from the cities and large towns.

Ten years ago there were 1,100 negro convicts and 90 per cent. of them were wholly illiterate, could neither read nor write. Now we have 4,300 negro convicts and 54 per cent. can read and write. How is that? Does education lessen crime or increase it? Mr. Stetson, the state statistician of Massachusetts, says it "increases crime not a little, but immensely," and he proves it. It certainly does among the negro race in Georgia.

It is curious to note that we have two counties in the state—White and Gilmer—that have no representative among the convicts. There are four counties—Towns, Pickens, Banks and Dawson—that have but one each. There are three counties—Union, Murray and Rabun—that have but two each. How is that for good morals in our most northern mountain counties, where the school master has not been abroad in the land to any alarming extent.

No, the truth is that education of itself neither lessens nor increases crime. It depends on the moral training that the boys get either from his teacher or his parents or his early associates, but if his environments are bad his education makes him a more dangerous citizen, for it enables him to cover up and conceal his crime or to escape from punishment in some way. It is like throwing pearls before swine to give the vile and vicious an education, but we can't pick them beforehand and so all must have a chance.

But if I was a lawmaker I would put some penalties upon bad citizens, upon the idle and vicious, whether white or black. We do not allow them to have their names in the jury box. They cannot try a man for crime nor set in judgement upon his civil rights. Why should such men be trusted with the ballot? Why not let the same commission that makes up the jury box also make up the ballot box? If some good negroes get in and some bad white men were left out it would be rewarding merit and putting a penalty upon bad citizens. Alabama and Virginia have this question before their conventions and we hope they will consider it wisely and give encouragement to good citizens, whether they be white or black. Good conduct should be the test. It is more important than education or property. Let us purge the ballot box just as we do the jury box. Purge it once a year. Put such colored men as Gassett and Joe Brown and Tribble in and leave all such white men as Pat Banks out. Don't shut the door forever on good negroes.

By the way, I wish somebody would hunt up our cook and send her home. She is not a "settled woman," and is just gallivanting around till her spell is off. I have to get up before I feel like it and fire up the stove and then call the girls and they get a good breakfast in half an hour. Biscuit and coffee and hominy and fried eggs and beef steak are good enough for anybody, but I will have to discharge our cook and hire her over again and leave out the spell privilege.

BILL ARP.

## What Has Kept the South Back.

News and Observer.

Some journals are devoting much time to answering this question. "What has kept the South back?" The truth is that, after the war impoverished it, and the carpet-bagger stole what was left that was profitable and mortgaged the future by issuing bonds which they converted into cash, the South hasn't been kept back. It has paid hundreds of millions on the debt placed on the carpet bag government, many millions to educate the negroes, and many more millions to pension Federal soldiers, the Southern people are today worth more money than at any time in their history. The answer to the question is that the South hasn't been kept back.

In spite of every weight that hath beset them, they have gone forward. They have made more cotton than with slavery and every year are manufacturing more of it into the finished product. In the rebuilding of its fortunes, the Southern people have shown an industry, and a spirit of progress that reveal the stuff they are made of, and their motto is the command of Moses "that they go forward."

## The Editor's Marriage.

Muscatoh, Kan., Record.

For the first time we were married Wednesday. We have contemplated this step for a long time, but lack of funds has always prevented, until we finally decided to get married and trust to Providence for the rest. The subscription rates of the Record will remain at the same price. Only the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony. Our views on the money question will remain the same, only we need more of it. Will go to house-keeping in the Asquith home, in Second street.

## UNIQUE CHARGE TO GRAND JURY

Judge Robinson Says Town Girls are Hard to Catch and Worth Little After Caught.

News and Observer.

The July term of Wake Superior court for the trial of criminal causes began yesterday, Judge Robinson presiding.

Judge Robinson's charge to the grand jury was most unique, abounding in Irish wit and hard horse-sense, and chuckfull of humanity.

Comparing the courts of the early English days when there were 242 offenses punishable by death, with those of the present when there are only two capital crimes, he said:

"With countless loss of life and treasure our fathers wrested from King John at Runnymede the right to trial by jury. And yet we hear carping pessimists going around bemoaning the good old days. My only regret is that they didn't live then; they wouldn't have lived long, and we would now be rid of them and their breed."

Discussing the different degrees of murder, and recent changes in the law, he said:

"Many good men in the Legislature are sometimes fooled by what are called lobbyists—hirelings that hang around the lobbies when they ought to be over yonder." (Pointing in the direction of the asylum and penitentiary)

And further, in the same connection, he said:

"The sovereign people changed the law—the men that are sovereign 365 days in the year and never find it out but once every two years, when somebody asks them for their votes."

He warned the members of the grand jury against permitting malignant and frivolous prosecution:

"There is no room in the courts for malice. The proper way for a man, who feels himself aggrieved, to bring a suit, is in a magistrate's court, when the accused may face his accuser. But there are cases in which no particular person is aggrieved—offenses against the body politic, and therefore it is that the grand jury must present."

Touching tax-dodgers the judge was outspoken and emphatic. He said:

"I know many men in my county—men with lots of money—who go to the springs in summer, while I stay home and swat it, go to the warmer climes in winter, while I shiver at home, but when you examine the tax books you'll think they haven't got enough rags at home to wad a gun. The only balm of relief about it is that a little later they'll get to a hot climate where they can't move. It is a high privilege to pay taxes and enjoy all the freedom of such a government as this, and the man who tries to shirk them ought not only to be made to pay, but sent to the roads for swearing to a lie."

The social relations and the laws governing them were discussed at length. He said:

"Strange to say, the punishment for a man who woos a virtuous woman to her ruin is only five years in the penitentiary. I have in mind now a man tried before me in this court for just that offense. He had done the deed and then galloped off to Texas, and no wretch that every dangled at the end of a rope more richly deserved his fate than that fellow did the five years he got."

"But there is such a thing, also, as seducing men. Nor is it hard to do; but in our high admiration for woman we must not lose sight of the fact, for there are virtuous men; if there were not, then, indeed, would virtue perish from the face of the earth."

"Women are seated upon the pinnacle of admiration and she is apt to stay there unless she herself gets down. But if she dances in a man's arms all night, wearing a low-cut dress, comes away at break of day after the ball is over, with a fellow who has decorated his interior with a lot of gaudy material until his brain reels—has she not descended from her pedestal, and is there not something to be said for the man who yields to the temptation?"

In charging the jury in regard to whiskey-selling, card-playing and other forms of gambling, Judge Robinson became eloquent in his portrayal of country life:

"There is no greater God-given pleasure than that of the bright sun and growing vegetation—the singing birds and the fresh-plowed earth. I wonder why a boy will leave it all to come to town and play lackey to somebody or be jump a counter at \$25 a month; where the air is impure and temptations are great to put his finger in the till for money to play cards in the back room of some infernal bar-room; where nights are long and days are short and painted lips invited to death."

And the country girl, too, came in for her share of praise, though only by indirection, when the Judge declared:

"Town girls are like summer foxes—hard to catch and not worth much after you've caught them."

Judge Robinson's charge was listened to with closest attention by the members of the grand jury and the bar, though there were often broad smiles at some of his bold and witty sayings.

The loss of life in the West Virginia floods is possibly far below the minimum estimate.

## "BRYAN IS A DEAD DUCK," SAYS SAM P. JONES.

Atlanta Journal.

I left home last Friday for southern Louisiana chautauquas, at Franklin and Crowley. They are both growing southern Louisiana towns, on the Southern Pacific railroad, in the land of cane and rice. Much of the territory between New Orleans and Lake Charles is as fertile as Cuba. The soil around Franklin is especially adapted to cane, around Crowley the rice fields stretch in every direction.

With some friends I drove to the pumping station, which supplies water from the bayou to irrigate seven thousand acres of rice land. It was a marvelous sight to see the amount of water lifted by the four suction pumps into the race, which emptied into the canal.

The rice fields of southern Louisiana promise a fine harvest, so do the cane fields, but in the territory over which I have traveled since I left Georgia I have not seen a promising field of corn. The drought and burning sun have wilted and blasted the corn. Cotton looks more promising, but thousands of acres have been turned out and will not have a crop or hoe in them again this year. This is the poorest prospect for crops of corn and cotton that I have seen for five years.

I am here in attendance of the North Louisiana chautauqua. This is my sixth visit to this institution since it was inaugurated ten years ago.

This is Independence day, the Fourth of July, and great crowds are gathering, not only here, but elsewhere, over the broad land. Up in Yankee Doodle they are a fine crowd, and make out like it is Christmas, on the Fourth of July; down south, we have picnics and gatherings, songs and speeches.

One thing impresses me as I travel through south Mississippi, south Louisiana and Texas is the marvelous growth of the towns in the past few years, and the rapid overhauling of the rural districts. The Southland is going there. If the Negro race shall be built in the next few years, the tide will turn actively to the ports of Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Port Arthur and Galveston. A' early the east is feeling the force of the tide, which is moving westward, and the southland railroads, on the northwest, are put to their tests in moving the tide this way.

The south is now busy with her industrial and commercial enterprises. She is not losing much time on politics and political debates. The Southland is going there. If the Negro race shall be built in the next few years, the tide will turn actively to the ports of Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Port Arthur and Galveston. A' early the east is feeling the force of the tide, which is moving westward, and the southland railroads, on the northwest, are put to their tests in moving the tide this way.

The Republican party is making mistakes constantly, that would accrue to the advantage of the Democrats, if the Democratic party had a leader. If the Democrats were capable, now, of thinking wisely and acting sensibly they could soon get conflicting gangstogether, and rally around such candidates as will lead them to victory. If they will knock out every Populist plank in their platform, and nominate W. C. Whitney for president and Carter Harrison for vice-president, they can elect their candidates. But no man can be elected president of the United States who does not carry with him in that high office the confidence of the business and the brains of the country. The money and brains of this country will run it awhile longer, at least.

I leave here for Boulder, Colorado, this evening, and thence into Kansas and Illinois. Will write from St. Louis next week, on my Texas Panhandle Colorado tour.

Yours,

SAM P. JONES.

P. S.—Some friend sent me a copy of Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle, June 20, W. H. Craig, editor and business manager. He slings mud all over my uncle Jones in a two column double headed editorial. If he believed what he said he is a plain idiot; if he meant to lie on me he is a plain rascal. He can take his choice. I have a little grandson, two years old, named for me. I would send him up to Gainesville to wallop the life out of Craig if it was not for the law forbidding cruelty to animals.

S. P. J.

## Plot Against Harrison.

CHICAGO, July 10.—Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, is threatened with the same death which befell his father, who was assassinated while Mayor of the city. The Mayor today received a warning through the mail.

Although the officials at the City Hall are inclined to regard the note as the work of a crank, still the memory of the assassination of the elder Harrison at the door of his home by William Pendergast, in 1893, is too vivid for them to permit the matter to go unnoticed.

A note penciled on a postal card informed Mayor Harrison of the plot to assassinate him. The card was mailed at Harvey, Ill., July 9th, at 2.30 p. m.

Affable Stranger—I can't help thinking I have seen your picture somewhere in the newspapers.

Hon. Mr. Greatman—Oh, no doubt. It's often been published.

Stranger—Then I was not mistaken. What were you cured of?

## CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES WILL NOT LONG BE SEPARATE.

So Declares General Gomez at a Banquet at the Union League Club.

W. E. D. Stokes gave a dinner at the Union League Club at New York recently to General Maximo Gomez and General T. Estrada Palma. Mr. Stokes was formerly a member of the Cuban League of America and was closely identified with the work of the junta of which General Palma was the head.

The Cuban general was the hero of the occasion and was warmly received. He made a brief speech, which was interpreted by General Gonzales.

General Gomez said he was almost touched to tears by the remarkable reception he had received in the United States. He knew Cuba was indebted to the United States, but he never knew until he came here how deep that debt was—that it was not merely the obligation of one people to another, but of brother to brother. Every Cuban, born and bred, he said, lived and died with the idea of Cuba libre before him, with the hope of the people being free and relieved of the yoke of oppression.

Cuba and the United States, said the General, belong together. It is only a question of gravitation when they will be one. But at present, after the great struggle in which hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed and when men returned to their homes only to find their wives and children starved to death in the restricted barriers in which Weyler held them under his policy of reconcentration, they felt that they must have Cuba libre. It is realized fully, he said, that Cuba cannot get along without the United States, but the Cubans do want to feel freedom.

General Gomez referred to General Palma as the hold-over president of Cuba, having been elected during the insurrection of 1895, and he pointed to his fellow Cuban as the first president of Cuba libre.

General Palma made a feeling reply, warming to the subject of Cuba libre, and speaking enthusiastically of the future of the Pearl of the Antilles.

After the dinner General Gomez said to the newspaper men that he wished to express his gratitude to the press of the United States and of the world for the great good they have done to the cause of Cuba libre. He said that when he came here years ago he was very sad, but that on this visit he was very happy and was glad to recognize how much the American people had done for the Cubans.

He had felt a bond of sympathy with the American nation when he first mingled with its people, but he now felt much more strongly the reality of that bond. He was sure that the Cubans would now establish their own government and would show how much they feel gratitude for the successful help of the Americans in removing the Spanish yoke.

"Is there any feeling of apprehension in Cuba with regard to the intentions of the United States?" he was asked.

"No, there is no question about it," he replied. "Cuba trusts implicitly in the honor of the American people."

"What can you say as to the future policy of Cuba?"

"That cannot be answered," replied General Gomez, "because no one can foresee the future, but I believe that the attitude of Cuba will be one of gratitude in accordance with the obligations of Cuba to the United States."

"Whom do you think will be the president of the Cuban republic?"

"I don't know, but I hope that it will be General Palma."

"No, no," said General Palma, "that is for the Cuban people to say."

"Well, there are three candidates," said General Gomez, "or rather three persons named, myself General Bartolomeo Masso and General Palma. I will not accept under any circumstances. General Palma was elected during the ten years' war, and I hope that he will be elected again."

## Love's Dream of Bliss.

London Tidbits.

In whispers of glowing, rapturous and fervent they spoke of what would be when they twain became as one. Wrapped in each other's arms and the friendly darkness born of a purposely extinguished chandelier, they recked not of the complaining creak of the overburdened chair which supported their united weight; neither heard they a suspicious sound which floated in through the keyhole—a sound as of a fat and elderly man breathing heavily outside that aperture.

"Only think, sweetest sweetling! just think, dearest darling!" he whispered ecstatically, "won't we be happy when we're married and have a house of our own? Love, kisses bliss—"

"Rates! taxes! bills! servants! doctors! youngsters!" said a sepulchral voice solemnly.

The chair was suddenly relieved of its double burden, the gas flared up brazenly; but when they opened the door a moment later, awkwardly bidding each other good-night, the hall was empty and they saw and heard nothing to account for the warning voice.

But far away up the staircase an elderly man, with a cruel smile on his face and a substantial corporation beneath his waistcoat, crept stealthily, in bestocking understandings, to his night's resting place.

## TO HARMONIZE EAST AND WEST.

Sam Jones Makes Suggestion as to National Presidential Ticket.

Atlanta Journal.

The Rev. Sam Jones, who says he is neither a Democrat nor a Republican, but just simply a gentleman, has returned from a trip through the southwest and he brings back with him a political suggestion that is at least interesting if not conclusive.

Whitney and Harrison, he declares, should be the Democratic ticket for 1904. He intimates that he might almost be willing to vote such a ticket, and he firmly believes there are enough other people in the country who will do so to elect it.

"In the first place," said Mr. Jones to a Journal reporter this morning, "it would harmonize both elements in the party and this is absolutely necessary to success."

"Whitney would command the respect of the element that has brains and money and Carter Harrison would carry the west. Thus the Democrats could catch both the east and west with such a ticket. 'And let me tell you, bud, the party that don't command the confidence of the brains and money of the country ain't going to win—and the silverites, you know, haven't got either.'"

"Besides, both Whitney and Harrison are good men. Neither have ever made themselves obnoxious to the other wing of the party, so that they would be easy men to harmonize on. Whitney can carry New York and Harrison can carry Illinois—that's enough right there, isn't it?"

"The west will demand recognition on the ticket and she must have it if the Democrats are to win. As for Bryan he is out of the question. He is one of these rather-be-right-than-president sort of fellows—and, as the fellow said, he'll never be either."

"Now, if the party will agree on two such men as Whitney and Harrison it can win next time. But, of course, it will be necessary to shelve Chairman Jones. He has been dead for ten years, but for some reason his obsequies have been postponed. Now, if the party will put such a man as Gorman, of Maryland, in charge of the campaign, the Republicans won't be in it next time."

"Besides both Whitney and Harrison and the Republican party has some hard sledding ahead of it. It is just going up against its policy of imperialism and there's no telling what sort of chickens that setting is going to bring forth—its just as liable to be ducks as alligators."

"Then, too, it has reduced the war taxes, the only thing that ever gave it a surplus, and there's no telling where that's going to lead to. I'm satisfied they'll have a deficit in less than four years, and then there'll be more bond issues. Then the country will be ripe for a change. If the Democrats don't win next time it'll be their own fault. I hate to try to run things, but I do hate to see a man or a party keep on acting the fool."

"What do you think of the southern man for president idea, Mr. Jones?" asked the reporter.

"I never think about nothing until I try to go to sleep and can't. Then it's a good thing to do. But that southern man for president business isn't an idea—it's an hallucination. It would mean two Democratic tickets, just like it did before. Of course, it may be all right for a subject to harp on during a dull summer, but we want to be careful to forget it before election year."

## Passenger Train Done up by a Mail Storm.

The Burlington's Portland train arrived at Lincoln, Neb., one day, last week with every window pane on the north side of the cars broken and with dents half inch deep in the sides, and the paint almost entirely scraped away.

A furious hail storm, encountered near Alliance last evening, did the damage. Train men assert that hail stones as large as goose eggs fell.

The storm came up very suddenly and the first the passengers knew of it was when great chunks of ice came thundering upon the roofs and crashing through the windows. The storm lasted several minutes and was followed by a rain that completely soaked the interior of the coaches, rendering them uninhabitable. No cars were within three hundred miles and most of the night was spent uncomfortably. A veritable panic existed among the passengers, many of whom were injured by flying glass.

The storm occurred in the cattle country and reports received tonight indicate much damage done.

## A Former Mistress of the White House Dies in Tennessee.

GREENVILLE, Tenn., July 10.—Mrs. Martha Patterson, last of the children of President Andrew Johnson, and who was mistress of the White House during the Johnson administration, died Wednesday at her home here. Mrs. Patterson was born October 25, 1828.

## Best Answer He Knew.

"Papa," asked Dicky Tredway, "what is a nonsuit?" "I think," replied Mr. Tredway, "it was the kind that Adam and Eve wore the summer before the fall."