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BILL ARPS LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Life is a continual struggle—a struggle to better our condition—to keep even with the world or to get a little ahead—a struggle to pay these darn little just debts, as Sam McCamy used to call them—a struggle to raise up and educate a family of children—to gratify their reasonable desires and keep in hailing distance of society. The average young married man has visions of getting rich but by the time three or four children come along his best ambition is to keep even. The struggle is on him. A young mother has no ambition to get rich, but she does wish her children to rank with the best at home and abroad—at church and school and picnics and parties. She doesn't mind living in a cottage, but must have some nice furniture in the parlor and the hall where visitors are wont to come. When things get old and familiar she hints at a new carpet or a large square rug or some lace curtains hanging from gilded bars over the windows, something that is new and up to date, and her room needs renovating with the three "p's"—plaster, paint and paper. Why should she? That room is her home, or it is her prison in some cases. She has to sit in it and sew in it and nurse in it every day and her critical eye sees every sign of decay—every spider web and fly speck and the lamp smoke on the ceiling—every worn place in the carpet or the rug or the matting, and every broken glass or hole in the plaster that the children have made. A good mother can't raise up her children without some wear and tear of furniture and finery. It should never be forgotten by the young husband that it is woman's nature to love ornament and beautiful things. It was for her that God made the flowers and clothed the earth with grass and made birds to sing and studied the heavens with stars. The average man cares but little for these things, and is all absorbed in the success of his business whatever it is. If he had been made alone there would have been no birds but buzzards, no flowers but dog fennel.

"The world was sad—the garden was a wail—And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled."

But the struggle is on him—the struggle to maintain and please the wife and the children. The responsibility is his and he feels it, for the rearing of a family in a respectable way is the biggest undertaking in his life. He can't do this and get rich honestly, and he should not wish to. Riches generally dwarf a man in his better emotions and prove a curse to his children. Of course, any shrewd man can get rich if he will make a hog of himself—if he will do as the rich miser said he did—"buy nothing that you are obliged to have."

The ambition of every man and woman is to better their condition if possible. This is laudable and right. When I was young there was no glass window to our little bedroom—only a shutter, no cooking stove, no lamp light, no steel pens or matches, no store clothes nor sewing machines, but in a few years my father bettered his condition and built a better house and gave his children a good education and then I married and bettered my condition and my wife and I undertook to raise a flock of children on a higher plane than we had been raised on. We have succeeded pretty well, but it has been a continual struggle, especially since the war. It is hard to keep even. There are so many new inventions, new attractions that lessen labor or give pleasure that the temptation is very great and a liberal man is liable to get in the fix of the old fellow who said he was about even with the world and was ready to die for he owed about as many as he did owe.

It is these fixed charges that keep a man ever embarrassed. Fixed charges! That is what the railroad companies call them—expenses that are regular every month and do not vary. I was ruminating about the fixed charges in almost every aspiring family in a town or city. My own for example. There are taxes and fire insurance, say \$120 per annum, or \$10 a month; water, \$1.50; gas, \$3.50; telephone, \$1.50; cook, \$10; washing, \$5; church and Sunday school, \$4; newspapers, \$1; wood, and coal, \$8; ice, say \$1 for an average; postage and box rent, \$2. Now, all these make \$46.50 of fixed charges per month, not including cost of keeping a horse and a cow, and there is 5 per cent for annual repairs on the dwelling. And so much more than half of the income goes for fixed charges that seem to be unavoidable. Of course we can dismiss the cook and do without the telephone, but we do not wish to, for both are great comforts, especially when company comes. We have long since dismissed the horse and the cow. Now where do the food and clothing come from, for it takes more for the unfixed things than the fixed. Then there is something wanted almost every day for charity. Book agents come almost every day and excite our sympathy, but we have long since cut off that expense. One came yesterday that had General Miles for one of the editors. It would not stay in my house. Those northern publishers seem to think we have no feelings—no resentment—and they seek to shove "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and any other fraud upon us, and some of our folk

people swallow the bait. Why don't they buy Dr. Curry's book or "Raphael Semmes" or "Percy Grey," or some book that has fewer pictures and more truth.

But blessings on the good old-fashioned country people, who have no fixed charges to pay—none hardly, and the unfixed are not bought from the butcher or the baker, nor are the dry goods altogether regulated by the fashions of the town or city. They raise their own supplies of flour and meal and lard and chickens and eggs. When company comes they call up Sinda and tell her she will have to kill another chicken, and that is all of it. Of course, they must buy sugar and coffee, but they make their own jellies and jam and peach pickles from their own fruits and can beat Dio Lewis on cherry tarts and apple dumplings and chicken pie. Just go to a farmer's club one time, if you would know what these substantial country people can do in the way of a picnic.

But I like company and when it comes it is a real pleasure to spread before them a feast of good things and finish up with ice cream and cake. I like such things myself and am sure to get them when company comes, for my wife came from the old-fashioned stock that always echoed the militia captain's order when he exclaimed to his men, "Tention, company!" Pay attention to your company.

When Napoleon was in Egypt and about to fight the great battle of the Pyramids, he addressed his troops and said: "Soldiers! forty centuries are looking down upon you from the heights of those Pyramids." And so we may now say to the veterans of 1861, "Soldiers! forty years are looking down upon you from the heights of Manassas." Forty years ago from the 21 of this July was fought the great battle of the civil war. It was Sunday then, and it is Sunday now. To those engaged in it that battle seemed to be the greatest of the war. It was the first and made the deepest impression, for our boys had never been in a fight, and did not know what they could do. Not one in fifty had ever seen service against an enemy, but they were ready and eager for the battle, and on that day they avenged the wrongs of half a century—and proved themselves heroes and patriots. For weeks old Joe Johnston had been playing battle-door and shuttle-cock with Patterson between Winchester and Harper's Ferry. One day Patterson would give a dare as far as Charleston and fall back without a fight. Another day Johnston would give a dare as far as Buckle town and fall back without a fight. Our boys were discouraged. But when the order came at night to Manassas they knew they were to join Beauregard and fight. Every order was whispered—not a drum was beaten—not a wagon allowed to move. The campfires were left burning and only Kirby Smith was left behind with his brigade to play with Patterson and keep him from finding out the army had gone. But Kirby slipped off later, taking the cars at Strasburg, and he got to Manassas just in time for the fight. Patterson was left behind without a foe, but he never found it out till Saturday night—too late—too late to follow and help McDowell.

That midnight march will never be forgotten—that fording the broad and beautiful Shenandoah by torchlight—the boys up to their armpits and holding up their guns to keep their powder dry. It took four hours to make the crossing, for men move slow and cautiously in shoaly waters, but by sunrise they were eighteen miles from Winchester and by Friday night they were near the battle ground and McDowell did not know it. That was military strategy. That was old Joe's plan—the wildest fox that ever faced or fooled a foe. This is a fitting day for the veterans to sing his requiem.

BILL ARPS.

Rowan's Granite Industry.

Salisbury Cor. Raleigh Post.

The article on "Mining Industry in North Carolina" in Sunday's edition of The Post does not give due credit to the magnitude of the granite industry in Rowan county. In addition to the quarries at Faith and the Rowan granite quarries at Woodside, mention should have been made of the Davis Mountain quarries, the largest in the State, which are operated by Northern capitalists who are now installing a \$50,000 plant. Six carloads of the most improved granite working machinery were received by this company last week. From these quarries the stone in the postoffice at Raleigh was taken, and besides they have furnished thousands of feet of Belgian block and curbing to the cities of Washington, Cincinnati, Norfolk, Asheville and many other places. They are at work at the present time filling a large government contract which was awarded jointly to the Rowan and the Davis Mountain quarries. Northern capital is behind all of these enterprises with the exception of the Faith quarries, which are owned and conducted by home people.

Civil service examinations for departmental service at Washington have been ordered held in North Carolina as follows: Asheville, October 7; Greensboro, September 23; Raleigh, October 10 and 22; Statesville, October 4; Wilmington, September 22 and 25.

THE LOYAL OLD NEGRO.

Sunny South.

The higher type of the old ex-slave population will soon be gone, and what will future generations know about the best traits of the negro character before freedom changed the whole status of the race in America? I am no defender of any system of human bondage and would not despoil the black man of the slightest boon of personal liberty he now enjoys, but even negro slavery had its virtues, and some of the relations existed between master and 'servant' on the old southern plantations were very beautiful.

What figure of these busy, restless days is more interesting than the gentle, respectful, dignified ex-slave on whose kindly, loyal soul the eventful years since January 1863, have wrought no essential change? I have in mind that class of bondmen who had the good fortune to be owned by the best families of the old order of southern society, whose subjection to the authority of a master was tempered by a deep sense of moral obligation on the part of the latter. There were many such relations existing in the days of slavery, which the sentiment of the outside world did not and could not discern. The abolition literature very naturally and inevitably pictured the worst side of the negro's lot. The north never could fully understand the loyalty of the slave to his master's household.

The spirit of the old negro who loved his white folks in the days of slavery, and who still loves the memory of the past, is so unlike the feeling of antipathy now manifested by the generation of blacks grown up in freedom that one shudders to think of the fierce and cruel strife which the future may witness when the antebellum bond of sympathy between master and slave no longer holds sway in the south. Never again can the negro find such friends among the white people as where the good master's household who saw the devotion of cabin life put to the supreme test in the dark and terrible days of the civil war, when the south passed through that desolating cataclysm of fire and ruin.

These old negro men and women who served so cheerfully their "white folks" a half century ago, who paid such sincere homage to a racial superiority and copied with marvelous aptitude some of the virtues of master and mistress—how strongly do they appeal to our kindest impulses. The simple faith and benignant hearts of some of the old uncles and aunts who have never lost the gracious manners of the majestic southern home of fifty years ago are today the most eloquent advocates of the black man's cause in his new and trying struggle to adjust himself to the conditions of freedom.

The Dignity of the Bench.

Atlanta Constitution.

There are judges and judges, just as there are decisions and decisions. The dignity of the court is just as variant. The other day a New York judge, presiding over an important trial, took his seat upon the bench. The district attorney whispered into his ear, the judge adjourned court instanter, and the courtroom was alive with speculation. The judge had forgotten to gown himself and public business had to go over.

Massachusetts has produced a judge of different mold. His honor daily holds court in his shirt sleeves, and says he gains more by feeling comfortable that he would by appearing dignified. One day during the heated spell of a fortnight ago he appeared in court coatless, wearing a pink colored shirt and belt. When questioned regarding the action, the judge said:

"That's nonsense. Why should a man sit and suffer when he can be cool? Any man who wants to sit in my court in his shirt sleeves or wear a shirt waist can do so, if he can look neat and respectable. The cooler a man can be these days the more sense he shows. Why should I make a man feel uncomfortable? I do not feel that the dignity of the first district court has suffered in the least, and so far as I am concerned I know one man was comfortable. There is such a thing as being too dignified."

The Massachusetts judge is probably right.

Danger Ahead.

A knavish-looking fellow was once charged before a magistrate with stealing a pair of trousers. The evidence against him not being strong enough to convict him, he was acquitted after a patient investigation of the case. The accused, however, to the surprise of everybody, remained in the dock. Thinking he could not hear or did not understand the magistrate's decision, the lawyer who had been defending him told him he was at liberty to go about his business, if he had any. The man, however, shook his head slightly, but did not move.

"You are discharged. Why don't you go?" asked the lawyer.

By this time the court was nearly empty, and the accused, leaning forward, whispered to his defender:

"I can't leave the dock till all the witnesses against me are gone."

"Why?" asked the man of law.

"Because of the trousers," answered the other. "Don't you understand?"

"Most certainly I do not!" said the solicitor. "What about the trousers?"

"Only this, sir—I've got 'em on!"

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Charlotte News.

We have advocated compulsory education, and continue to advocate it, because we believe that it is the only effectual means of stamping out illiteracy. It makes no difference what educational facilities the State may provide, unless there is a school attendance the results will be unsatisfactory.

The leading educators of the South are realizing this truth and are advocating compulsory education laws.

The Atlantic Educational Journal, a continuation of the North Carolina Journal of Education, formerly published at Greensboro but now in Richmond, and edited by Prof. P. P. Claxton, in a recent number says:

"The best school will never eradicate fully all illiteracy until there is an effective attendance law in every State."

"To be effective the law must be compulsory, with sufficient penalties to cause it to be obeyed. This has been the experience of all the other States and counties, and we may not expect a different result here. The sooner we profit by their example the better."

"At present Austria, France, England, Scotland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Swiss Cantons, the German States, British Columbia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Queensland, South Australia, the provinces of Canada, and 32 of the United States have compulsory attendance laws. With a few minor exceptions, these laws require attendance six, seven or eight years, from twelve weeks to ten months annually. In all the States in which such laws have been enforced longer than twenty-five or thirty years the percentage of illiteracy has been reduced to a minimum. These States and countries contain a population of more than two hundred and fifty million people, the freest and most progressive in the world—more than 80 per cent. of all the people we call enlightened and progressive. Of the 32 American States having such a law only two—Kentucky and West Virginia—are southern States. But what has been found good for all these great States and countries will probably not prove otherwise for us; and it is noted with pleasure that sentiment in favor of such a law is developing rapidly in all parts of the South."

"Universal education is essential to the material, intellectual and moral welfare of the State. Illiteracy is a burden and constant menace to public morals and civil liberty and threatens the very existence of the State. The State provides schools at public expense, collecting money for their support by law and by force if necessary. It therefore has a right to enforce attendance, that its money may not be wasted and that its interests may be protected."

"Individual welfare depends on the general welfare. Having taken the money of one man to educate the children of another, the State must protect that man and his children from the oppression and dangers of illiterate neighbors and fellow-citizens."

"Children have rights as well as parents, and the State must protect them in their rights. Chief among these is the right to such education as will enable them to live useful and happy lives and become intelligent and self-supporting citizens. The importance of this right and the necessity of its being recognized increase as competition becomes more fierce, the use of machinery more common, the demand for intelligent labor greater, government more democratic, religious liberty more perfect, and the obligations of the individual to himself, his family, his country, and the world more complex and binding. Especially must it be regarded in those States in which the right of suffrage depends on educational qualification."

"Such a law cannot interfere with any right of parents; for no parent has a right to make a slave of his child or to rob it of the opportunity of gaining an elementary education. Parents who would commit this crime against their children should be restrained and punished. Such a law cannot be a burden to those who educate their children without it. As the laws against stealing are not burdensome to honest men, so a reasonable compulsory law cannot be burdensome to parents who desire to deal honestly and justly with their children."

"The experience of other States and countries has demonstrated that such laws may be effective, and that they need not work any hardship on individual citizens."

Too Late to Jit.

A preacher not far away is said to have used the following ceremony with telling effect: "Wilt thou take her for thy wed, for better or for worse, to hold, to fondly guard till hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes, make the fire every day and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou give her all the 'stuff' her little purse will pack, buy a boa and muff and a little seal skin sash? Wilt thou comfort her father and her mother, Aunt Jemima and Uncle John, three sisters and a brother?" And his face grew pale and blank—it was too late to jit; as through the floor he sank he sadly said, "I wilt!"

HOW AGUINALDO WAS CAPTURED

The Filipino Leader Describes How He Was Taken Prisoner.

After talking with Tal Placido and Segovia for fifteen or twenty minutes, I gave orders that the new arrived men be allowed to fall out and go to rest in the quarters which had been prepared for them, says Emil Aguinaldo in Everybody's Magazine. Captain Segovia immediately left the house and returned to the place where his men were drawn up waiting for him. As he came up to them Segovia shouted, in a loud voice, an order which we did not hear distinctly and did not understand. Instantly his men began to shoot at the soldiers of my guard, taking them completely by surprise.

When the firing began, not suspecting any plan against myself, I thought it was a salute with blank cartridges, and having this in mind, I ran to the window and cried out several times, "Cease firing." But seeing that the firing continued, and that the bullets from the rifles of the attacking party were directed against me as well as against the soldiers of my guard, I for the first time realized that the newcomers were enemies. I hurriedly left the window and ran into another room in the hope of finding some means of escape, but saw at once that the house was already surrounded. Then I seized a revolver, intending to defend myself, but Dr. Barcelona threw both arms around me, crying out, "Don't sacrifice yourself. The country needs your life." Thus I was prevented from carrying out my intention. Colonel Villa ran from the house in an attempt to break through the lines of the enemy and rally our men, but he was shot three times and finally taken prisoner.

When the firing commenced, Tal Placido threw himself down on the floor to avoid the bullets, but now he got up and told us that we were prisoners of the Americans, who, he said, were on the other side of the river with four hundred American soldiers, and would soon be here. Just at this time several of Tal Placido's soldiers came into the house shouting, "Hurrah for the Macabebes!" and surrounded Barcelona and myself. A little later five Americans, all armed with carbines, came into the room where we were. They came up to us, and one of them asked, "Which of you is Aguinaldo?" As soon as I had been identified by the Americans I was placed, with Dr. Barcelona and Colonel Villa, in one of the rooms of the house, and guards were posted at all the windows and doors, under command of one of the Americans. The other four Americans then began to search the house for whatever papers and documents might be there.

We were then informed that our captors were General Funston, Captains Newton and Harrard, and Lieutenants Hazzard and Mitchell.

Equal to the Situation.

A story is told of a colored preacher who was holding a meeting in a large tobacco barn in a rural district in Kentucky. An empty tobacco hogshead was impressed into service as an elevation upon which to stand while delivering his discourse. Warming up with his subject, he soon became excited. Throwing his arms into the air above his head and elevating one foot, he exclaimed: "De righteous shall rise and de wicked shall fall!" At the word "fall" he brought his foot down vehemently upon the head of the hogshead, and like a flash it gave way and he dropped out of sight, being short of stature. Amid the precipitated uproar he reached up and grasped the chime of the barrel and drew himself into view, shouting, "Bless God, dey shall rise again!"

Some Striking Contrasts in Salaries.

Salary of the United States Supreme Court Justices—\$10,000 a year each.

Judges of the Supreme Court of New York county—\$17,000 a year.

Tammany police magistrates—\$7,000 a year.

Secretary of the United States Treasury—\$8,000 a year.

City Chamberlain, who is treasurer of the New York municipality—\$12,000 a year.

Attorney-General of the United States—\$8,000 a year.

Corporation counsel of New York city—\$15,000 a year.

Millions Lost in Crops.

From conservative estimates gleaned in all sections of the Western grain belt the following figures can be considered reasonably accurate as showing losses the Western farmers will sustain from the protracted hot weather and drought:

Kansas	\$225,000,000
Missouri	100,000,000
Nebraska	35,000,000
S. Dakota and Minnesota	20,000,000
Iowa	30,000,000
Illinois	30,000,000

The prospects are that these figures will be increased.

Visiting the Midway at Buffalo is called "flying the goose." It takes \$13 to see the entire Midway from end to end. For this amount the sight-seer can wander through the streets of Egypt, Mexico, Japan, Old Nuremberg, a Filipino, Eskimo and American Indian Village, with glimpses of Venice, darkest Africa, a trip to the moon, the house upside down, an ostrich farm and numerous other shows.

SAM JONES ON OHIO HEAT AND GEORGIA EDITORS.

Atlanta Journal.

Since writing my last letter to The Journal I have been in the regions of drought, hot winds and disconsolate people. This is the third time in my experience that I have run into the hot winds, once in Oklahoma, once coming from Ocean Grove, N. J., to Philadelphia, and then my experience of last week through Missouri, Illinois and Iowa.

I see that Secretary Wilson calls the reports from the southwest "hot air blasts," and discounts the reports very much. I am astonished at a man of his sense and his facilities for knowing the facts, that he gives such a jocular term to this sad event.

The only promising crops I have seen at all were in Eastern Ohio. Up to ten days ago they had plenty of rain through that section, but they are getting dry now. Rains in the next few days would save largely the corn crop of Indiana and parts of Illinois. I am glad to note everywhere that the wheat crop is immense. If the present harvest shall turn out seven hundred millions of bushels, as predicted, we will have bread whether we have any corn or not, and if the present drought holds on so that it affects all the states as it has affected Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, etc., wheat will soon be worth \$1 per bushel or more, and pork and beef will go up in proportion.

I notice with interest, of course, the weather reports on heat and precipitation in the south. The thermometer shows a higher notch through the west than it does in Georgia, but the heat is so intensely dry up here that one doesn't feel it so much—it is not so oppressive.

The Ohio Democracy with its platform its enunciation of principles and denunciation of Bryanism, is one of the hopeful signs of the time. It seems that Democracy will get together again. They can afford to let Bryan ride on the caboose as a belated passenger, but they cannot have him for engineer, conductor, fireman or brakeman, and they cannot afford to let Chairman Jones be watchman at the road crossing. McLaurinism, Hurlburism and Ohioism will get together and there is a fighting chance for the Democrats if they use all the sense they have got and quit playing the fool.

In spite of heat and dust the chautauques are well attended everywhere I have been.

The work and dust and heat together makes it a little disagreeable in traveling and working, but I do no more pleasant work than my chautauque work. The people all seem to be in a good humor; while some feel a little blue from the crop prospects, others are hopeful, and believe that in any event they will live until they die.

Traveling these days is not what it used to be. Get on cars, they have electric fans, sit down to dinner at the hotel and electric fans keep you cool. In the office of the hotel the electric fan is getting in its work. Really about all a fellows needs to do is to guard his diet. Too much meat don't go with this weather, and the less you worry the more you can work.

I see the Georgia editors are off on their tour to Buffalo. They will all enjoy it and all stay sober, unless they run up on free beer. The average newspaper man does so much work for nothing that whenever anything is offered him free he will take it, from a glass of beer down to the seven-year itch, and thank God that things occasionally come his way. It helps the little country editors to travel. My! how they will write when they get back home of what they see and hear and a heap of things they did not see and hear.

The failure of the great manufacturing interest of this country to come to an understanding with labor is the darkest cloud hanging over us, next to the failure of crops. Capital is sometimes arrogant; sometimes labor becomes arrogant, and it is a very hard matter to get two contending forces together when they are both feeling their keeping. I heard quite an interesting discussion on the question yesterday at the dinner table. One gentleman took the position that labor ought to share in the profit with capital. "Yes," said the other gentleman, "but will labor share in the loss of the capitalist?" "Suppose," said he, "a manufacturer should lose \$10,000 this year, and levy on his laboring men for \$50,000 of his losses—what then?" "No," said the advocate of labor, "that won't work." "Then," said the other gentleman, "a one-sided program won't work. If labor shares in the profit of capital, then labor must come up with its share of the deficit if money is lost." The contending forces had better get together. Somebody is going to get a "black eye" and somebody is going to be clamoring for bread louder than they are now clamoring for nine hours work with ten hours' pay. I wish both sides well, and hope that they will soon come to an understanding. More anon.

SAM P. JONES.

The Corporation Commission refused to grant exemption to the street railways from the law requiring them to be fitted with vestibules for the protection of their motormen in cold weather.