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ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O, Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with men
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship and love
Divinely bestowed upon man!
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would a taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is the glance of a mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas, recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest;
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought,
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

Bankrupted by Popularity.

BY EMMA M. WISE.

NINETEEN, twenty, twenty-one," said the bald-headed man. "Twenty-one namesakes I've got to look after when birthdays come round. What a confoundedly inconvenient thing it is to be popular!"

"You bet it is," said the man with the red mustache. "I never experienced any inconvenience on that score myself, but I know other folks who have. I know one fellow who was sent to jail on account of his popularity."

The bald-headed man ceased figuring. "Dear me!" he said, weakly.

"Yes, sir," repeated the man with the red mustache, "he was sent to jail. He just got out last week. I am glad he is out. Joe is a mighty good fellow. Good fellows are scarce these days, and it is a shame to keep one of them shut up in jail. I never saw such a popular fellow as Joe used to be. He was one of the kind that people name their babies after, and that is the very top notch of popularity."

"His friend, Tom Curtis, began the business. Tom clerks in a Nassau street bank. He is no end of a good fellow, and he and Joe often used to take luncheon together. One day, when Joe went into the bank at noon-time, he found Tom with his face spread out in one solid grin.

"Hello," said Joe, "what's the racket?"

"A boy," said Tom. "Arrived last night, and just guess, you old scallawag, what we are going to call him?"

"Joe wasn't a bit stuck on himself in those days, and he never tumbled to the real situation. 'Can't do it,' said he.

"We're going," said Tom, "to call him after the bravest, the kindest, the most affable gentleman in the world."

"Joe thought he saw a light. 'Ah!' said he. 'Teddy, eh? Teddy R.?'"

"Not on your life," said Tom. "We are going to call him Joseph Webster."

"Joe was new to that sort of flattery, and it pleased him immensely. He steered Tom into a more expensive restaurant than they usually patronized, and then both had more than was good for them. While in that surcharged state Joe made the mistake of his life.

"Tom," said he, "I am coming up to see that boy of yours, and I am going to do the handsome thing by him."

"Tom eyed Joe through a mist of real tears. 'I knew you would,' he said, 'and my wife said she knew you would. When I mentioned Joseph Webster to her this morning as a possible handle for the kid she said she was agreed, because you were just the kind to do the square thing by your namesake. It is a pleasure to learn, Joseph, that we were not mistaken in our estimate of your character.'

"Joe lived up to his reputation gallantly. He did more than the square thing by young Curtis. He gave him a present of \$100 on the day of the christening. That was Joe's undoing. Tom's wife had the habit of telling everything she knew; so of course she told that. In less than a week 'all

Joe's friends as far away as the remotest edges of Brooklyn and Staten Island knew about that present. Within six months every fellow with whom Joe had ever swapped a cigar or a yarn seemed to have been blessed with a new boy and had named him Joseph Webster. The worst of it was, every one of these happy fathers expected a christening offering of \$100. The first half dozen got it, but after that Joe had to cut down expenses. First, he reduced the amount to \$50, then to \$20, and finally to \$10. That made the mothers of the late comers mad. They called Joe stingy and said they would not have burdened their babies with such an ugly name as Joseph Webster if they had known that was all they were going to get out of it.

"Joe thought, when he dropped to the five-dollar mark, that his friends would stop adding Joseph Websters to the City Directory, but they kept up their infernal christening parties till they found he was dead broke. It took just two years to break him. When people began paying their respects to him in that expensive way he had about \$5000 that his grandfather had left him and a nice little business that cleared him an income of more than a thousand a year. His namesakes devoured it all—interest and principal alike. Finally, he closed up shop, and with the proceeds derived from a cash sale of the stock on hand he started a little combination stationery, tobacco, confectionery and delicatessen store up on Sixty-fourth street. When he moved into that store Joe cut loose from all his old associates. His wife went with him, and aside from her he hoped never to see any one whom he had known in his days of affluence. It would have been better if he could have left her behind, too, but that was not convenient. She put bad notions into Joe's head.

"I think," said she, "that we shall drum up a pretty fair trade in this neighborhood if you can only make yourself popular."

"For the first time in his life Joe threw hard words at the partner of his joys. 'Popular!' said he. 'Good heavens, I don't want to be popular. I've been popular long enough. I want to make people hate me, and if I can devise any way to accomplish that purpose I shall set about doing it at once.'

"In that case," said his wife, "you will not sell anything, and we shall starve to death."

"It is no harder," said Joe, "to starve through lack of popularity than through excess of it. We have already been brought to ruin by the latter means; we may as well try the former for a change."

"The second day after Joe got settled in his little shop he went to a down-town market and bought five bushels of speckled apples and oranges and seventeen pounds of stale candy. He intended to sell all that truck at regular prices, but in the afternoon when he was out his wife noticed its unsound condition and gave it away to the children of the neighborhood.

With the exception of a few cases of cholera morbus, which the parents attributed to causes other than the generosity of Joe's wife, the youngsters pulled through without any serious aches and pains, and from that day Joe was solid with the old folks.

"A week later several of the men whose pocketbooks had been spared many recent raids for stray pennies on account of the free gorging of their offspring met in the shop under Joe's store and discussed plans for showing Joe how much they thought of him. They finally agreed upon a way. The next morning a committee of three called and told Joe what they proposed doing.

"As an evidence of our appreciation of you," said the spokesman, "we have decided that all the boys born in this vicinity during the next two years shall be called Joseph Webster."

"Joe fell over in a heap against the Swiss cheese. 'Good Lord!' he said. 'Joe's way of taking their announcement did not exactly appeal to the committee. 'You do not seem pleased,' they said.

"Oh, yes, I am," replied Joe. "I am overcome with emotion. I appreciate your appreciation very much."

"And then, even though Joe knew he was making a fool of himself, his natural gratitude and generosity got the best of his common sense and he made another rash promise. 'It is very sweet of you to honor me so,' he said. 'Of course I will reciprocate. I will give to the little Joseph Websters a christening present of \$2 a head.'

"The committee blessed Joe and went away. The next day they began to import kids. Never had Joe seen boys come to town in such overwhelming numbers. They arrived in shoals. Just as soon as people got wind that the stork was coming round they moved into that neighborhood just to devil Joe. But he stood all the imposition, and good-naturedly gave up a two-dollar bill at each christening till some people down on Amsterdam avenue began to ring in girls on him by calling them Josepha. Then he thought it time to kick.

"No more of this namesake nonsense for me," he said. "I am going to put a stop to it."

"How?" asked his wife.

"Never you mind," said Joe. "I will fix that all right."

"In the afternoon Joe called on a lawyer named Parks. 'I want to change my name,' said Joe.

"Parks disapproved, on principle, of his clients changing their names. Usually he tried to argue them out of the notion. He tried to argue Joe Webster out of it.

"Why aren't you satisfied with your name?" he said. "Webster is a great name in history—a name to be proud of. Best of all, it is easily remembered, and nobody need ever lose an opportunity to do you a favor on account of being unable to recall your name."

"Webster doubled up his fist as if he had half a mind to knock Parks down. It was a formidable fist and the lawyer flinched. Joe forced a pacificatory smile. 'Never mind,' he said. 'You are in no danger. When you learn the facts you will no longer insist that the euphony and the unforgettable of the name of Webster are good things.'

"Then Joe gave Parks the facts. Even though a lawyer, Parks sympathized. 'What do you want to call yourself?' he asked.

"Melancthon Gabrilowitshski," said Joe. "I don't think they will get on to that without a good deal of trouble."

"No," said Parks, "they won't, but I am afraid there are legal difficulties in the way of your adopting a new name at present. When did your contract to pay the two-dollar christening bills go into effect?"

"Eighteen months ago," said Joe.

"It has still half a year to run," said Parks. "You are under obligation to pay the bills for that length of time. If you change your name and try to shirk your responsibility on the ground that your name is not Webster, but Gabrilowitshski they can bring suit against you on the ground of taking a new name while wound up in financial entanglements and can put you in jail."

"Very well," said Joe, "I will go to jail. Not another cent of christening money will I pay. I have already been mulcted for baptismal offerings to 123 small boys, and I would rather lie in jail than set the rest of them up for life."

"Joe got his name changed and painted a new sign on his windows and awning. When he began to stand on his rights the parents of the would-be

Joseph Websters went to law. They proved, as Parks had prophesied, that Joe had gained the name of Gabrilowitshski under false representations, and he was sent to jail. Fortunately, his time is up and he is free again. He has started in business under his new name, and I think the admirer who calls his boy by that unmanageable combination of consonants will deserve a present."

The bald-headed man looked sad. "I do not wish to go to jail," he said. "I think I shall buy the twenty-one birthday presents."—New York Times.

Art of Pleasing.

The art of pleasing consists in making our daily lives agreeable to others as well as to ourselves, says the Catholic Mirror. To throw a grain of the idea and of poetry into our surroundings is to make them less commonplace and more congenial. If a woman has the tact of making others comfortable then she is endowed with the gift of making life happy. The gracious woman shines through a collection of beautiful qualities. She not only pleases the eye by her outward air of freshness and health; but she charms the mind by a characteristic worth. The cultivation of the physical or the body, produces the bloom of health; but quite as necessary in making a woman beautiful is the cultivation of the intellect, which gives her the inimitable attraction of knowledge. Then there is the cultivation of the heart, which gives her those gentle graces which are to her what the perfume is to the flower.

A certain great bishop struggled through sore difficulties without repining or manifesting impatience. A friend inquired how he could be so cheerful under such circumstances. "My secret," replied the old bishop, "consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend asked him to explain, and the bishop did so as follows: "In whatever state I am, first of all I look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it when I am dead and buried. I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more happy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine or complain."

Education in the East.

The woman question is agitating the far East. A new book by Kasem Ameen, a learned Mohammedan jurist, is the subject of spirited discussion in Mohammedan circles. The author advocates giving girls a fair elementary education; he would protect her from being divorced from her husband for slight causes, or no cause at all; he would check polygamy; he would abolish the veil, not all at once, but gradually, and would bring women in contact with the outside world. Ameen's book is violently opposed by the conservative element, which includes the majority of the women themselves. Certain matrons have been reported as declaring that they would commit suicide rather than have the degradation of an education thrust upon them, and the few bold spirits among the women who have dared to express themselves in favor of the reforms have been denounced in strongest terms. As for the men, they are able to sit back and exclaim triumphantly: "When the majority of women want to learn to read, they will do it. The few have no right to thrust these unheard-of innovations on the representative members of their sex."

Has a Wonderful Timepiece.

One of the most wonderful watches in the world is that owned and made by Major Dopping-Hepenstal, of the Royal Engineers. It is a comparatively small watch, not much bigger than an ordinary lever, but it performs a variety of services in addition to telling the time. It rings an alarm bell in the morning to wake its owner, then it proceeds to light a spirit lamp and boil a kettle of water, and finally pours the boiling water into a small teapot. The Prince of Wales witnessed the wonderful performance of this watch and partook of a cup of tea which it made for his royal highness.

Finest of Marine Aquaria.

The new physiological laboratory and marine aquarium just completed for Professor Jacques Loeb at the University of California is regarded by experts as the finest of its kind in the world. Rudolph Spreckles gave \$25,000 for the building, and no expense has been spared in its equipment.

DEPRESSING.

'Tis wrong to chide the man who makes
A tedious display
Of language when he vainly tries
To say his little say.

Though turgid words are piled on high
With industry intense,
Until they build a barricade
Which quite conceals the sense,

You should not wear a sneering smile
Nor gaze with scornful eyes;
A spirit of true charity
Would bid you sympathize.

To read the thing is very hard
And yet 'tis not the worst;
Consider what a fate 'twould be
To have to think it first!



Madge—"Nellie says she is twenty-four." Marjory—"Yes; twenty-four marked down from thirty-nine."—Judge.

"I see Smith takes five minutes for lunch." "Oh, yes! Smith has been out of active business for some little time, now."—Puck.

"A street car killed eighteen sheep Sunday." "Yes, but all the end-seat hogs are still alive."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

We pray for sun or rain, and fret
And disapprove the weather's state,
Although we know full well we'll get
The kind we want if we'll but wait.
—Washington Star.

Little Girl (watching her mother fixing hatpins through her hat)—"When will I be old enough, mummy, to have holes made in my head to keep my hat on?"—Punch.

"Your paw ever whip you?" asked Muggsy. "Sure," replied Swipsey, "but I don't mind it." "Why not?" "He ain't never said: 'My son, this hurts me more than it does you.'"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Indignant Citizen—"Say, youngster, if you don't put away that toy pistol I'll report you to the policeman in the next block." The Youngster—"Huh! You'll git a punch in de snoot if ye do. He's my dad."—Chicago Tribune.

There's a girl—I'd like to hug her,
For she's surely "it."
She is like the grocer's sugar,
Sweet and full of grit!
—Philadelphia Record.

A little girl was asked to write an essay about man. The following was her composition: "Man is a funny animal. He has eyes to see with, hands to feel with, and is split up the middle and walks on the split ends."—Glasgow Times.

"Do you believe in reincarnation?" said the man with dark glasses. "I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox uneasily; "you see, when we give a party mother and the girls always look after the floral decorations."—Washington Star.

"You say you favor divorce?" "Well," answered the theatrical manager, "I don't exactly say I favor it, but if there were no such thing as divorce what would we do for heroines in society dramas or for actresses to play the parts?"—Washington Star.

Miss Bragg—"And when he gave me the ring he said: 'There is only one woman in the world worthy to wear this diamond, and that's you, I thought that very flattering.'" Miss Speltz—"Yes, they do say that imitation is the sincerest flattery."—Philadelphia Press.

"No, Mr. Wooster," said the frigid maid with the imported complexion, "it can never be. I'm satisfied I would not make a good wife for a poor man." "I guess that's the unadulterated truth," rejoined the young man, "but you will undoubtedly make a poor wife for some good man."—Chicago News.

"I should like to know," asked the parent, who had a son in need of some further education, "what is the course at your college?" "The usual half-mile course of cinders and all that sort of thing, you know," absent mindedly replied the president of the great institution.—Philadelphia Press.

A Record in Nursing.

At the village of Montroix, Puy-de-Dome, France, live two old women, mother and daughter, who have nursed 140 babies without losing a single one. The mother was born in 1807 and the daughter in 1828. The local council has supported an application on their behalf for the Motyon prize, which is awarded to candidates who can give proof of having done specially good service to the human race.