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Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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(W. H. GIBBS, Editor and Proprietor.)

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THROUGH THE WEST.

People and Products--A Description of Some of the Fine Hotels.

BY JOHN H. CRAIG.

Wednesday, Albert Bradley took me out to see the family of Sidney Bradley. He is a son of Jas. Bradley and lives a mile from town. That night his youngest daughter, Kate, drove me down to his (Sidney's) brother John's. There we spent the night and on the return trip we stopped at the old Bradley home where James died. Samuel and his maiden sister live there alone. That is about four miles from Hamletville. Also stopped awhile with Jasper Hoffman, a son of Peter Hoffman. Jasper married the widow of Jno. Torrence. They have four children. Spent one forenoon with Mrs. McArthur, the only daughter of Martha and Thos. Loney. They have one son, Craig Loney, called for me. I met him. Saw Hannah Wells, who was Hannah McArthur, then married Mr. Anthony and later Mr. Wells. She is a widow living with Mrs. Quinn, who is a daughter of Peter Hoffman.

Court being in session, I attended some, and there met many old friends, among whom were Monroe Whitesides and others. He came here 12 years ago; has lost his wife and baby.

Thursday, April 5th. This evening Mr. Albert Bradley drove with me down to the bottoms of the Arkansas river. There I saw some of the most beautiful and fertile lands in the South. These lands are owned by people who live out among the hills, and are cultivated mostly by negro tenants. We returned to Mr. Henry F. White's where I took supper and spent the night, leaving for Jacksonville, Ark., at 4:31 on the morning of April 6th. My highly esteemed young friend Mr. J. Warren Ferguson, called upon me to say good-bye, after a short but most pleasant acquaintance.

LITTLE ROCK.

Friday April 6th, on my way to Jacksonville. I missed my train in Little Rock, so lay over here till that afternoon. Took street car up town to the Capitol, where I found my friend Dr. McCully, went over to the Merchants Cafe where Salie and "Jenks" used to hang out and had one-half dozen nice fried oysters and a cup of coffee for breakfast. This is a nice first class restaurant and I enjoyed my meal. Took dinner with Mr. McCully's family, where I had previously spent some days so pleasantly.

JACKSONVILLE, ARK.

Left that afternoon for Jacksonville, where I arrived safely. Met Leo Pience where I stayed all night. Saturday, 7th, met John McNair and took dinner with him. Went to R. E. Boyd's and stayed all night. Met Darby, A. S. Boyd, R. S. Boyd, Joo, L. Wood, W. R. Johnston and family, and Drew McNair and family. Sunday 8th, left Boyd's and went to church. Attended Sunday school conducted by Rev. Parkison. After 8:30, at 1:30 o'clock we started for Jacksonville, where I spent the night. Monday, April 9th, spent the night with Leo Pience. Met Robt. L. Youngblood, Hilda, Ark., and leave Tuesday morning for Pine Bluff.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.

April 10th. Reached here O. K. Made close connection in Little Rock. Don't think I ever saw it rain harder than it has today. Found Salie and "Jenks" well. Brady not at home on account of a wreck on his road last night. Good news awaited me at Pine Bluff, viz: the arrival of a new name-sake at Charlotte, N. C., John Craig Mellon, son of Ed W. and Etta Craig Mellon, on Saturday morning, April 8th.

Wednesday, Apr. 11th. Awoke with considerable cold and hoarseness this morning, but the weather is clear and after a stroll out over the quiet nice town of Pine Bluff feel better. This place compares very favorably with manufacturing. It is a live business place. We took a "Cotton Belt" passenger train out one mile to the shops of the railroad, which is a big thing. On returning to the city I was met by a Mr. Russell, Pres. of the Commercial League and invited, or urged I might say, to be present at the meeting of the League, called for 4 o'clock to discuss the erection of a cotton mill at this point. Met a large body of bright, enthusiastic citizens. I took pleasure in stating to them the experience and knowledge I had on this line, which they received very graciously. There is an abundance of capital here to build cotton mills, and I think it is only in the near future till we shall hear of many being located in this great cotton country. Later in the evening I was met most cordially by Dr. Hull, a prominent physician of Pine Bluff, and his brother a merchant of Monticello, Ark., whose father I knew well in South Carolina.

Thursday, April 12th. This morning we had a pleasant walk to the sunshine, first stopping at the 6th Avenue city public school, where my grandson, Jenkins Brady, attends. The principal seemed glad to see us, and we were highly entertained by many performances from the very well trained pupils. Going on, we next called at the home of Mrs. Tom Atkinson, a widow, where I met her mother Mrs. Kirsh, a very old lady, and whose relatives I used to know well in South Carolina. After a very interesting conversation and a pleasant visitation to come back and spend a whole day, we next used Mrs. Ferguson, a sister of my warm friend in Gastonia, Mrs. Oulp. Here

we tarried only a little while, promising to return at an early day and take dinner when Mr. Ferguson would be at home. Next we called at the home of Dr. A. G. Thompson, where Brady's family lived a short while. Found the Dr. and his good lady very cordial, and enjoyed a short chat with the Dr. who was originally a Wisconsin gentleman. Found him exceedingly bright and interesting.

Friday, April 13th. Took a drive over Pine Bluff, stopping for some minutes at the boat landing to watch "Lucile Nowland" steam up and pull out for Memphis. We again drove to the big sawmill, "Sawyer Austin," where I saw a great quantity of pretty logs in the pond of water. This two million dollar plant they say will be in operation in about two weeks when I hope to see it running. Saturday, April 14th. My cold and cough continue to annoy me, but I rested fairly well last night and had a light breakfast at 9 o'clock and remained in the house till after dinner when I strolled down to Brady's office and found that he had just gotten in after a week's trip. Chatted with him till about four o'clock when Salie took me for a walk through the city streets to see the typical Pine Bluff. Saturday afternoon all the colored population for miles around come to town to see and meet each other and buy "nink-ninks." So the good white people of Pine Bluff simply give them the town so to speak.

Easter Sunday, April 15th. Went to service at the First Presbyterian church. Heard a good sermon preached by the pastor, Dr. Caldwell, from John 8:12. I recognized my friend "Tommy" Hill just in front of me, and after church his brother, Dr. Hall, Mr. T. C. Alexander, the pastor and others came up and shook hands with me. Sunday afternoon was very damp and rainy, so we did not get out again.

Monday, April 16th--Still raining. At about eleven o'clock I went down town for a walk. Friend Russell, Pres. of the Commercial League, met me cordially and took me around to several of the banks and business houses, where I found all eager to discuss "cotton mill." Monday night I went with Salie and Jenkins over to their church to an Easter song service, which was repeated on account of Sunday night being rainy, thus preventing many from attending. The service was very fine indeed. In addition to the large pipe organ there was an orchestra consisting of piano and two violins. I heard many good voices both male and female, and enjoyed the service even though the lights did go out twice.

Tuesday, April 17th. This morning is bright and beautiful. "Jenks," Salie and myself leave Pine Bluff this afternoon at 3 o'clock for our Texas tour, Brady having secured passes for us over his entire line from Cairo, Ill., and Malden, Mo., to Fort Worth and Dallas, Tex., a distance of over 700 miles drive time. If he can leave his work he will make a part of the trip with us. At 9 P. M. we reached Texarkana, which is situated on the line between the two states, half in Arkansas and half in Texas. The two joining counties are Miller and Bowie.

TEXARKANA, (ARK.-TEX.)

This is a nice town of about 15,000. We stopped at the Hookton House, a very nice hotel. Wednesday, April 18th: The Convention of Federated Clubs for Women in Arkansas being in session here, and Salie having been appointed delegate from the Ladies Auxiliary to the Y. M. C. A. of Pine Bluff, we remained in Texarkana today so that she might attend the convention. Jenks and I strolled over the city and visited a very large saw mill where I saw in operation a band saw, the first of the kind I have ever seen. I spent several hours in the hotel lobby chatting with the travelling men where I met an acquaintance I had made up at White's Hotel in Russellville some weeks since. His name is Robt. Fenton; his home is in Little Rock at present, though he is a Kentuckian originally. He knew Brady's family well when they lived in Little Rock, all having boarded at the same hotel. He is a thoroughly equipped and an interesting talker. Salie has spent all day in the Convention Hall (the Y. M. C. A.) and says she had a good time. We visited the B. R. Y. M. C. A. here, which I am told was built by the noted Gould family, Miss Helen having contributed individually several thousand besides the handsome library and a Stella music box said to cost \$450. It is a handsome three story structure of brick and stone, cost about \$25,000. It is a fine building, also with all kinds of games, amusements, besides the large library, also with dormitories and temporary hospital. This institution is principally maintained by the Goulds, so that it costs the members only \$3.00 per year. They have already over 500 members, Brady among them. Building has been completed only a few months.

TEXARKANA TO FORT WORTH.

Thursday, April 19th. One month ago this morning I left Charlotte for the West. With the exception of a slight cold I have kept well and enjoyed my travels. Have seen humanity in every phase--the rich, the poor, the high, the low--all mingling together. "Such is life." I rested well last night at the Hookton House after a hearty supper, and this morning partook of a splendid breakfast having the first strawberry in this A. M. we leave for Ft. Worth, Texas, a distance of 215 miles from Texarkana, and 307 miles from Pine Bluff, Ark.

FT. WORTH, TEX.

6:30 P. M. After a pleasant day's travel across the grand old state of Texas we reached Ft. Worth, which is a beautiful city of about 40,000 people. The union station here is the prettiest and most palatial I ever saw. It has comfortable apartments for the white and colored, including lunch room, dining room, smoking room with easy chairs, etc., which are really luxurious. We took a stroll up town and stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel, a nice large four story brick building covering an entire block. The finest hotel in the city is Hotel Worth, just a block above. Here we remained till next day, witnessing last night a grand street parade of flower carnival, given by the business people and citizens of Ft. Worth in connection with the annual convention of cattlemen, which is at present in session. It was certainly a beautiful procession, more than a mile in length, and composed of some floats and beautifully decorated vehicles, carriages and bugles of all descriptions, literally covered with flowers. The most attractive of these and the one which took the premium was a "Victoria," drawn by two fine black horses, driven tandem, with snow white harness, and the Victoria was completely covered with white flowers, (snow-ball paper flowers) every spoke of the wheel carriage and the entire body being a solid mass of these flowers. In the Victoria were seated two angel-like young girls clad in pure white dresses, with large lily-like flowers covered with the same snowball flowers. The driver matched up with the horses, he being a black boy dressed in snow white duck with white beaver and brass buckle and white gloves and breeches. It was called a "parade." Besides the many huge electric lights placed along the principal streets for the occasion, each float and vehicle was provided with extra lights borne along on either side by colored boys. It was truly a grand affair.

After a stroll around the city this morning, Friday April 20th, we boarded the Texas Pacific train for Dallas, a distance of 90 miles. Reached here at noon. I immediately made inquiry about a brother of my friend Mr. Sturford of Gastonia, and found him to be a hotel man on Patterson Ave. He was glad to hear from his old North Carolina friend and invited us into dinner, but being a little nauseated declined the invitation, and after an hour's pleasant chat, boarded the "Belt" street car for a ride into the city of Dallas, and stopped at its only cotton mill. Met President Howard and Supt. Fairbanks. The latter speaks of attending the Spicuzer's Convention in Charlotte May 12-15. This is an old mill and makes duck.

We returned to the M. K. & T. depot at 4:50 where we left for Hillsboro at 5:00. Hillsboro is about twice the size of Ft. Worth--30,000 people, and has some hotels and large business buildings. The largest and finest hotel is the Oriental, built by J. C. Bepko, one of the big beer men. We came through some of the most magnificent farm lands I ever saw, rich black soil, looks like it would grow anything in the world. In most of these large fields I noticed great drives of stock, horses, mules, and cattle. There are scarcely any trees in this country, one can see 30 or 40 miles unobstructed, or till your eyes give out. No hills or mountains.

HILLSBORO, TEXAS.

Saturday, April 21--We reached Hillsboro last evening at sundown, stopped at the Etherage House. This is a place of 8 or 10,000. My object in this immediate country is to see my old school boy, Bob Ferguson, who has told lives ten miles north of Hillsboro at Brandon. At 3 o'clock we took the Cotton Belt train for this point. At the station we found that Mr. Luther White, son-in-law of Mr. Ferguson, was a banker just across the street. We were pointed to the sign "Bank of Brandon." In a minute we were face to face with President White. Found him very, very cordial. After showing us through his pretty new bank, he drove us in a carriage out to see his father-in-law's place, one and one-half miles out of town. Every body in this country is familiar with "Uncle Bob" Ferguson. He is considered the richest man in the county; owns 700 acres of fine land with thousands of cattle on it. Mr. White says I should be proud of my old friend; that he is a grand old character, and that his wife is grander. Well we came the mile and one-half out of town and found Mr. Ferguson in his 60's, highly delighted to see us. Though he did not recognize me at first, as his eye sight isn't good. Has a catarrh growing over one eye. He is slightly deaf, but loves to talk, and we spent several hours delightfully discussing many incidents of our younger days; what he has done out here in Texas and in New Mexico, where he owns big cattle ranches, etc.; and of the many old friends and relatives he left behind in North Carolina. Mr. Ferguson is now 74 years old, Mrs. Ferguson is about 62. She was a Scotch lady, good looking and very pleasant. They have seven children--4 sons and 3 daughters. None of them at home in their family album I notice the familiar faces of Tom Wilson, Jane Falls White, Bright Torrence, and Bob Falls. We enjoyed a splendid family dinner cooked by Mrs. Ferguson alone. They keep no servant. After several hours more of chat, we drove out about a mile to Mr. Ferguson's 500 acre pasture, which I found stocked by several hundred head of milk cows, etc. On our way we jumped one of the famous Jack Rabbits--the first of the kind I ever saw. It is about twice the size of our ordinary cotton tail rabbit, and can run twice as fast; looks something like a small deer, and can run about as fast. It left our dog away behind, and as we had no gun with us, Jack Rabbit soon disappeared. On returning from the pasture we found our newly made friend Mr. White awaiting us in his carriage to drive us back to Brandon. So after spending one of the pleasantest days of my life, I bade my old friend good-bye. Have met few

men in my life whom I liked better or found more cordial than Mr. Luther White. He drove us to his pleasant home, where we were royally entertained by his good wife, a handsome brunette, and the youngest daughter of my friend Ferguson. I never partook of a more palatable supper. I learned they had a white cook, a Swedish woman. Her cooking certainly suited my taste. At 7:30 we said good-bye to Mr. White's family--they have two small boys in dresses--and left for Waco, via Hillsboro where we spent the previous night. Changed cars here leaving the Cotton Belt and taking the famous "Katy Flyer," which landed us in Waco at 9:52. We crossed the Brazos River near the city. Texas hasn't many large rivers.

WACO.

Find Waco to be a live city of about 40,000. We stopped at the Natarium Hotel, which takes its name from a large swimming pool right in the rear of the building, which is supplied from an artesian well several hundred feet deep. The water is 104° at being Saturday night, the ladies were excluded; other evenings they go in with their escorts I was told. The water is clear from 9 to 14 feet deep. These baths are free to the guests of the hotel. We spent a pleasant night here, and left next morning at 7:45 on the Cotton Belt, for Pine Bluff, reaching the latter at midnight. Brady met us at Louisville, Ark., where we rode from Pine Bluff. On this ride of 100 miles we passed many pretty little cities, and through the best fruit and berry section of Texas, and I found it a little more hilly and sandy. At Corcoran, I noticed dozens of oil wells scattered all over town; looked like wind mills. The next large city was Tyler, a great oil and gas center, and where the Cotton Belt makes its regular ride from Pine Bluff. This place has about 10,000 population. I met several gentlemen on the train from Tyler, who were very anxious to talk "Cotton Mill" as they contemplate building a mill at this point. On leaving the car, they expressed many regrets at not riding out sooner. It poured rain all day long which made our travel unpleasant as the streets were muddy and we were in a handsome parlor car which had no seats served to us. Hence we did not have to get out of the car the whole day long. This car has glass observation in the rear, and large map chairs instead of seats.

Monday April 22. Reached Pine Bluff at 5 o'clock this morning, being a little late. Slept well till 10 o'clock and do not now feel any worse for a ride across the State of Texas. After dinner Brady took me out to his railroad shops, one mile; went this far on the passenger train for Little Rock. Here we boarded a special for a flying trip out on the Y. This train was in charge of Chief Car Repairer, Mr. Osborne, and was run out this distance of 12 miles to Altheimer to test the workmanship on the new line. We made 70 and 80 miles per hour at times. The track, as far as most of the roadbed in Arkansas and Texas. We crossed the Arkansas River on a large iron bridge 6 miles from Pine Bluff. Am told that this bridge has the longest draw of any bridge made, on account of the channel of the river changing continually. On returning to the shops, we drove through and found some very interesting.

Tuesday, April 24th. After another good night's rest I arose at 6:15 to take a little trip of 29 miles down the Cotton Belt with Brady, where he had to go to get some information from one of the railroad company's physicians regarding an injured man, with whom Mr. Brady makes the settlement for the company. Went to Kendall's mill just below Pine Bluff some 20 miles, and saw the latest work in operation. As we came back, the conductor notified Mr. Brady he had a crazy woman on board for Tennessee and that he had better go on with him and look after her, which he did as far as Memphis. He had no serious trouble. Several times she attempted to jump out of the window. Brady turned her over to the other railroad at Memphis, and returned to Pine Bluff that night. This afternoon I called upon my old friend Mrs. Kirsh, mother of Mrs. Tom Atkinson. She directed me to the home of Mrs. Tony Smith, the only daughter of Godfrey Kirsh; also to see Mrs. Caughlin at Mrs. Byrd's a relative of Kirsh family. Found all at home and very glad to meet me and hear from their old home.

PINE BLUFF TO CAIRO, ILL.

Wednesday April 25th. After a very pleasant stay at Mrs. Coe's, 114 West 8th Ave. Pine Bluff, Ark., we left on the noon train for Cairo, Ill. Stopped off that night at Fair Oaks. Arrived here at 5:30 next morning and reached Cairo at noon Thursday. Here we were transferred across the Great Mississippi right where it is joined by the Ohio, making quite a large sheet of water. We went over on a large vessel, which carried our train and several freight cars besides. We rode several miles on this transfer-boat on the river in crossing Cairo. It is a town of about 18,000. The Illinois Hotel is a good sized hotel. After an hour's stay here we took the Illinois Central railroad for St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS.

Arrived here at 7:30 just at dark. Found the "Grand Terminal" or Union Station, all ablaze with electric light, one of the prettiest things I ever saw. Said to be the finest in the world. It covers two city blocks. All trains into St. Louis come here and are well lighted. In this station, also, on the European plan; rooms \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day including meals served at a handsome restaurant inside the building. Here are also found telegraph, telephone, and stereograph offices, soda fountains, saloons, etc. flowers for sale, all the latest of Edison's graphophone amusements. In fact this station is a little world within itself. It is constructed of gray stone and the interior is finished in Monte Carlo floor, wainscoting, with scarce a

piece of wood to be seen. After going over this magnificent structure, about 8 p. m. we took a street car up through the city to the elegant new Planter's Hotel--the finest in St. Louis and said to be the finest of the kind outside of New York City. Somehow it suited me all right, as I slept better last night than I have since I left home. We stopped here on the European plan, rooms \$2.00 per day. Took our meals at Tony Funt's restaurant, a very fine one. Took in the big Mississippi land-ine and bridge bars and the best portion of the business part of the city.

ST. LOUIS TO HOPE--CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Friday April 27th. Have purchased railroad ticket from St. Louis to Charlotte via Illinois Central railroad to Chattanooga, and from there via the Southern. Take sleeper here to Chattanooga where I should arrive at 2:30 Saturday, and get a through sleeper for Salisbury and arrive there Sunday morning in time for the Washington Limited for Charlotte, and arrive at Charlotte Sunday morning. As due to leave this great city of St. Louis at 8:05 this Friday morning, have had a pleasant trip and seen many new scenes and varied country. Considering my age, and feebleness, have gotten around considerably and covered an immense amount of territory. Have passed through about a dozen states, and travelled several thousand miles. Have had no ill luck on all my journey, not even a delayed train, and can only hope for a continuance of good luck until I shall have reached home.

ON BOARD THE SLEEPER.

Salie, Jenkins, and Brady are on the train with me. In a few minutes will say good-bye to a thoroughly enjoyable six week's visiting with them. They return to Pine Bluff tomorrow, Saturday. This train is called the Dixie Flyer. Times up! Left St. Louis at 8:44; crossed the Ohio and rode 40 miles through Kentucky. Passed through the old town of Nashville, arrived at Chattanooga and spent the day. Went up the inclined way of Lookout Mountain, 1700 feet. Left Chattanooga at 10 o'clock. Came through Knoxville, Tenn., and viewed the beautiful mountain scenery about and around Asheville, N. C. From thence on to Salisbury and to Charlotte where I arrived at 12 o'clock.

FASHIONABLE WAISTS FOR ATLANTA MEN.

Fashionable Hat Allows its Guest to See the New Gait at Dinner.

Atlanta Dispatch in New York World.

In response to the written position of a majority of the women boarders at the fashionable Hotel Majestic the proprietor granted permission to gentlemen to appear in the dining room in their shirt waists, a privilege of which half a hundred took advantage at dinner.

Ex-Governor William J. Northen led the procession of shirt waists. His waist was a simple room with a garment gathered at the yoke in small tufts. The black tie was worn in the narrow collar was partly hidden by his whiskers, but his silver belt buckle was wholly unobscured and shining resplendent, rivaling the cut-glass and table silver in brilliancy.

The shirt waists ranged in color from white to purple. There were red, black, white and purple. There were in all colors of the rainbow. Joined together, they might have formed effective strings for a May-pole dance.

The wearers of the waists and belts were quite as diversified in form as was their attire in color. There were tall men, short men, lean men, fat men, men with whiskers and men with shaven faces.

The combination of colors and shapes in the elegant dining room made a picturesque display. The women at the hotel were proud of their victory; they observed the neatness and comfort evinced in the shirt waists and the smiles of satisfaction on the faces of the wearers.

"We just couldn't stand in the way of their comfort in this hot weather," said one of the women. "We were all glad of an opportunity to sign such a petition."

Breaking the News.

A workman having been injured seriously in the course of his employment one of his mates was told to go and break the news to the injured man's wife.

"Break the news as gently as possible Tom," said the "gaffer," and he went to his unfortunate mate's house, where he found the latter's wife at her household duties.

"I see the war's gone on as bad as ever, Mrs. Tomson," observed Tom occasionally.

"Yes, more's the pity," returned Mrs. Tomson.

"Lots of poor fellows a-lost'n' of a leg," said Tom.

"Aye, poor chaps," sighed Mrs. Tomson.

"You feels for 'em, don't you?" queried Tom.

"Of course I do," answered Mrs. Tomson.

"You orter," said Tom, "com your ole man as jest 'ud both of 'is out off by the engine!"

ANY AND UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

The South Needs More Schools for Development Along This Line.

Prof. Jno. Ward Binson, former director of "Artistic Artismanship" in several Northern institutions, is starting for a few days vacation for health in the mountains. An interview with him on the subject of American industrial skill as compared with foreign nations, in which he has been for many years investigating, brought out the following suggestions:

"America has trusted too long to her raw materials in the hands of her men. Crude material is made more valuable in the degree that more brains and good taste to put into it. Thus, for instance, if you cut down a tree and give one-half to a skilled laborer and the other half to a skilled wood worker, worth few dollars; the other workman may turn his log into a fine bedstead or bureau worth many dollars. The difference in value is the difference in the brains of the two men. This is so in everything. Of two doctors of law, we would gladly give the most money to the one who can most surely help or defend us in sickness or trouble.

"European nations, and even the best Asiatic nations, have long ago found this out and are driving us sharply out of world-markets by their skilled competition, and their real in creating good industrial schools to train the public taste and provide first-class workers. America is only behind in this great reform. A log sleeping under a tree will not make a winter do any work to provide itself with food, because it has no imagination to foresee the winter, the very pressure of starvation overtakes it. Communities are often as slow in their covering degradation themselves and their children, till the actual danger is upon them.

"The South has great opportunities and is rich in raw materials, but is almost asleep in its comprehension of the real cause of much of its poverty. It is the lack of broad, deep and vital industrial education for its youths of both sexes, and even for its colored population. Thus, she abounds in magnificent minerals and ores hidden in the bowels of her earth; fine clays for all sorts of plastic arts, and boundless cotton fields giving the raw material for vast textile manufactures, and of course, fine forests of excellent timber for architectural and interior furnishings. But where are the skilled workers and good industrial schools to prevent these raw materials wandering off to other states and nations, to acquire the real skill and finish worked into them which shall make them truly valuable? In many cases they have to come back to be taught by Southern homes, after the double freight and added skill has been expended on them elsewhere. This ought not to be.

The South should have its own fine industrial and art schools close at hand, together with the manufacturers and shops to get out them.

"Constructive and manufacturing skill, even in art, is not enough, for two buttons (equally well made, but of good) will sell for quite different prices according to the different beauty and art taste in their design; and two wagons (equally capable of wheeling us to market) bring vastly different prices and purchasers according as they are representative of lower or higher grades of excellence in style. As Principal France of the Pennsylvania School of Art says: 'No amount of cheapening of process can compensate for the absence of this Art quality, and no mechanical skill can supply the want of Art. The product of foreign looms is fading a market in our midst not because it is cheaper, but because it is more beautiful; and it is more beautiful not because of better machinery or more economic methods, but because its character is determined by a finer taste.'

Prof. Binson added: "Among many hundreds of students, in many years, that have gone under my direct supervision, and many thousands more I have studied with abroad, I can honestly say that those coming to us from America and especially from your Southern States, have shown as much natural ability and latent capacity as any in the world. But they have not been given a fair chance by their own parents and cities. Education itself has been too blindly abstracted, industrial education most of all, and the South will suffer keenly if she does not hasten to catch up with general progress. Can anything, for instance, be more shortsighted or cruel than for parents to deprive their little children under twelve and thirteen years of age of the opportunities for education offered, and some of the best sleep all night in mill towns for some miserable pittance? This most inevitably not only weakens their future value as intelligent workers, but so destroys their value as healthy human beings that they will become subsequent burdens upon their parents or the community. Such short-sighted selfishness will deprive both the child, the parent and the manufacturer himself of the very brain of ability to produce valuable in future years.

"Good industrial schools are abundantly provided in all the leading cities of the great nations such as France, Germany, England, Austria, etc., and the result is not only to get far greater market value out of the raw materials they possess or import, but for higher class of self-respect and power of self-support out of their populations. This skill, refinement and taste enters into their brains, home life, and even enjoyment of general life. It increases the whole class of citizenship. It intelligently distinguishes the dangers and temptations toward crime, it increases greatly the varieties of productive occupations, the openings for capable hands, and facility to any worker to re-adjust himself quickly and safely when change of skill is demanded. It goes without saying, of course, that it highly increases the tendency to pre-

vide permanent homes and property holdings, and so augments the revenue of government; and better distributed taxation. Hence the strange fact that in our own land (and especially in the South) under "Republican" institutions, we are supported by "respect for labor" and "equal distribution of labor," really in respect for labor then abroad, and more abounding power of the real productive power of skilled labor; as well as vast masses of crude and unskilled labor left distracted and discontented to corrupt legislation and escape the burden of general taxation.

"The reason why so many of the old colored population of the South regard so valuable to their masters, so safe, reliable and loyal to their old plantations (when their masters were away at war) was doubtless because no such real character, self-respect and genuine ability and gratitude had been cultivated into them by the excellent industrial education obtained directly from the more highly civilized masters of those days. The few youths who grew up today without the same self-respect and sound prompt of real worth to themselves and the country is to depend then dangerously whether as citizens or voters, and leave them in time to fall back as burdens or inconspicuous, and throw the weight of their taxation and their support upon others who have sufficient ability to carry.

"It is a good thing that Southern capital and enterprise is being awakened to help the new South on in its splendid future coming, but for heaven's sake don't import the shrieking Yankee whistles with it, that won't let a honest Christian get a square night's rest. Because a man doesn't want to sleep by day doesn't mean that he ought not to sleep decently at night. You ought, also, to give your patriotism enough in this State or like government, to preserve this noble revolutionary battlefield at King's Mt. that turned the tide for liberty in this continent, from becoming an overgrown and neglected that only a "rattler" or a "cotton tail" can see his way into it."

DEED FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

Young Negro Drowned in Swimming Pool used for Recovery of Flood.

Washington Post.

Alexander Mason, a negro, twenty-three years old who lived with his father at 1023 Thirty-third street northwest, risked and lost his life yesterday for the sum of 15 cents. Mason was drowned in the Potomac River about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon in an attempt to swim out after the cork float of a fishing pole, which had drifted out on the river, and for the recovery of which its owner offered 15 cents.

The angler whose name the police could not ascertain, was fishing off a dock at the foot of Thirty-third street, when his line became tangled, and in an effort to straighten it out the bob became unfastened and floated out of reach. Mason was swimming near the shore at the time, and when he saw the bob about to get the best of him he shouted to him to get the bob, offering him 15 cents if he did so. The angler swam out and got the bob and turned toward the shore. He was either seized with a cramp or had not the strength to make the journey back, for he sank and was drowned before help could reach him.

The body was recovered by Thomas Barker and removed to the morgue. (Special Correspondent.)

Washington Post.

The fact that both of the great political parties are sending out speakers for the campaign in larger numbers this year seems to imply that, while oratory of the old-fashioned sort may be declining as some declared it to be, there is a virtual yet in the oratory of the stump. The success of these campaigns are practical men, but they are practical results, and they would spend money in hiring orators if that form of investment brought no returns.

Senator Scott, of West Virginia, who is managing this part of the Republican campaign, says that he pays his stump orators from \$10 a day up to more than \$200 a week. For some of them the smallest sum named might be considered high; but when the paucity of such men grows to be less than was expected, Senator Scott says he "made them into Pennsylvania."

Why an incompetent ten-dollar orator can be most profitable employed in Pennsylvania, he does not say; but he adds that "sons but a speaker whose English is of the best is sent into Pennsylvania."

There is undoubtedly a great deal of influence exerted by Presidential campaigns, and a considerable part of this is due to campaign oratory. But it does not begin with the influence of the discussion of public issues by the press; indeed, the campaign speeches, whether by the senator or by the higher priced ones, would mean comparatively few if the newspaper did not publish them.

According to Women's Weekly.

Lu Hing, Chinese, wife of the Marquis Hing, is also one of the cleverest women of her country. She was 30 years of age when she was 20 or 30 years of age, but she looks more a day over 25 and her intellect even the admiration of all who see her. Her garments are calculated not to be less in number than those of four thousand. Her fur robes are wonderfully beautiful, and comprise 600 made from the finest skins. Not the least extraordinary and varied parts of her attire is her "dressing" which can be accomplished in at least 30 ways.

When the ball that hit G. B. Goodman, of Kentucky, hit, in the Civil War. It caused him to lose his leg and no treatment lasted for 20 years. Then Buckner's Artillery saved him. Good Cut, Britain, Burma, Sulu, Palau, Corea, St. Paul, and other islands. He was on earth 33 out of a year. Care guaranteed. Sold by J. E. Curry and Company, Druggists.

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