

CASE OF J. WILEY SHOOK

Pigeon River Statesman Loses His Job.

He is Doing Some Plain Talking About Matters and Things.

The statement in yesterday's Citizen that J. Wiley Shook was to leave the internal revenue service created a great deal of interest because everything that the statesman from Haywood does, attracts the attention of the public.

Mr. Shook does things in a strenuous way and his remarks are invariably emphatic and vigorous. The Rooseveltian policy of making "Life, Death, and that vast forever one Chinese gong," is something of Colonel Shook's policy, but doubtless this coupling of his name with that of Theodore's is not exactly pleasing to J. Wiley. In fact from some casual remarks he made yesterday he is not in with the administration. Certainly he is not in with the Internal Revenue Commissioner Yerkes. "That tack-headed Kentucky turncoat," and the remarks made about the said yarkes were full of fire.

"Is Yerkes the man who raised so much of a row in Kentucky?" was asked Mr. Shook.

"Raised a row?" queried J. Wiley. "He raised a row? Why that fellow ran for governor on the Republican ticket just to let his relative Beckham get elected on the other side? A pusillanimous nobody."

But Mr. Shook is resigned to fate. He did have an article written out which sailed into Yerkes and Revenue agents Gus, Patterson and Gus, Alken, but on reflection decided not to publish it and to retire with only such side remarks as befit a man who has been thrust from a warm bed into the cold air of a winter night. Mr. Shook said that all the trouble was due to the two Gusses. Some whiskey was found in a basement of a storeroom in Henderson county belonging to a man named Hart, but Mr. Shook found on investigation that Hart had rented the basement to a distiller months ago and did not know what was stored in it. The collector, Mr. Shook said, endorsed this report, and it was sent Yerkes. Then came the two officious Gusses, special agents, and declared that Shook's report was not right and that something was wrong. Then the Mr. Yarkes, inspired possibly by those who have been after J. Wiley's scalp, demanded his resignation, and on the first of October, the resignation will be effective.

"The brains of a gosling and the hide of an alligator," is an expression used by J. Wiley when speaking of the Gusses and the Kentucky office.

Mr. Shook referred kindly to his friends in the local revenue service, and his friend Thomas Settle—friendship grows fast these cool autumn days, it seems—and said he did not want to embarrass them.

Long ago, at the time when J. Wiley assailed Richmond Pearson, and as a result had to "eat crow," some said the newspapers used to publish reports about "Shook shaken," and then later on, when he slung some sarcastic epithets at Senator Simmons, the department told him he must quit talking about United States senators in that tone of voice.

Mr. Shook comes from the mountains where speech is free and enforced silence did not agree with him. He would not talk for publication and the diet did not suit his constitution. The remarks made by irrelevant newspapers that J. Wiley would have to go back to Haywood and plough the little red ox in the hot sunshine were not true. Mr. Shook has not been guilty of ploughing since long ago, as far back as the time when Richmond Pearson and Hezekiah Gudge were rampant Democrats, and he is not going to plough now. He is going into the wholesale liquor business, he says, and will eat no crow while the said Duke and Hezekiah live on the fattest calf.

Nor will Mr. Shook run for congress. But Mr. Yarkes may have the satisfaction of knowing that he has turned loose a politician, firebrand, the maul is off, and if a sense of unjust treatment, coupled with a powerful command of vocabulary English, retains its potency divers persons had better look out.

T. L. Green, of the revenue office, will succeed Mr. Shook division deputy when the latter goes to Winston to engage in business.

It is pretty well settled that the Honorable Wiley regards Gus, Patterson special agent, as the special agent of his downfall and some of his remarks on the side indicate that if the aide special should pass away hired murrers and hired pal beares would be needed. Inasmuch as Mr. Patterson is a likely sort of man who has sufficient friends it may be seen that Mr. S. is not angry, and when J. Wiley gets angry he says things "with the bark on

them." He it was who said that Richmond Pearson might "pull through" on his congressional race but would "leave hair on both sides of the hole."—Citizen.

Home Week in The Old North State.

The "Home Week" movement which has developed of late years in various states, most notably, perhaps, in New Hampshire, is coming to find favor in the south. An excellent instance of this is the reunion of non-resident North Carolinians, for which extensive preparations are now being made. This is planned to begin on North Carolina Day, October 12, in the city of Greensboro, with the hearty co-operation of the state government.

Hardworked committees are flooding the country with circulars in a joyous effort to "round up all the Tar Heels who have wandered to other parts of the county." And it would be surprising if one could have the figures, to see how numerous they are. This city alone has a larger colony of native North Carolinians than the average New Yorker would be at all likely to imagine, while in many of the Middle Western and prairie states they form a large percentage of the population. Years ago there was an extensive movement of North Carolinians westward. Many returned, and it is now difficult to find a North Carolina farmer who has not reminiscences of the time he spent in Indiana or Illinois; but many others made the west their home. It is expected that they, too, will be largely represented. This drawing together of scattered natives from all parts of the country will serve to revive old friendships and to create new ones, but assuredly it will do more than this. The opportunity to meet and compare notes after years of widely various residence and equally various surroundings, occupations, and experience—this man a farmer in Michigan, that a lawyer in New York, another a merchant in Texas—is worth much. It cannot but stimulate and broaden the common thought, open up new perspectives, and give new points of view. The names of some of the invited speakers, such as Representative Joseph Cannon of Illinois, Mr. Walter H. Page of New York, and President, E. A. Alderman of Louisiana—the last two excellent illustrations of North Carolinians abroad—are an earnest of the liberal and progressive spirit in which the reunion is conceived.—New York Evening Post.

Remote Contingency.

Norfolk Virginia-Pilot.

As for the discussion of Mr. Cleveland as a possibility that is easily explained. He represents the extreme of all the bolting faction of the party stood for in 1896. His nomination would be a complete vindication of triumph for that faction. With characteristic Bourbonism, the press representing that faction has, therefore, put Mr. Cleveland forward wholly regardless of the party welfare, and what the Observer regards as Mr. Cleveland's strength with the people is really the strength of lung possessed by that section of the press that has blindly followed and now blindly worships him.

As for the matter of bolting Mr. Cleveland, the discussion of that question is purely academic and must so remain, for there is scarcely an infinitesimal chance of his nomination. However, it were an easy task to show that bolting Mr. Cleveland, a man who betrayed and disrupted his party, would be a less serious offense than bolting a Democrat in good standing. But as the contingency is so remote as to be negligible what is the use?

No Apologies to Offer.

Chicago Tribune.

"Sir," said the caller, pale with anger, "you had an item about me in your paper this morning in which you said I was 'torturing the Western cities with a lecture on political economy.' I shall ask you to apologize and retract. If you don't, you will get into trouble."

"Sir," replied the editor of the Daily Bread, "I will acknowledge that an explanation is due you. I did not intend to say you were 'torturing the Western cities with your lectures. I wrote it 'touring,' but since then I have read the lecture and have decided to stand by the item. There will be no apology and no retraction."

Beckoning to his fighting editor, he waited for the trouble to begin

Roosevelt a Pistol Toter.

The newspapers of the country are talking a good deal of the fact that when, in New Jersey last week, a gust of wind blew President Roosevelt's coat tails apart the butt of a revolver was revealed. Yet who can blame him? At this period when cranks, lunatics and anarchists are in wait for presidents, kings and other potentates each is justified in surrounding himself with secret service men and in toting a gun as an additional precaution.

The Way Joe Bryson Takes in the Tigers.

Brevard N. C., Oct. 1.—This is the way they "do 'em up" at Brevard: Tuesday one Cook, hailing from Jackson county, seemed to be playing the "middle man," but Chief Bryson soon discovered from the movements of the gentleman that there was "something doing" and so set to watch. Cook, went out to a grove with a package, and after some sleight-of-hand performance, 's supposed to have been the transfer of liquor from keg to bottle, or wrapping up a package of liquor, immediately retraced his steps. He carried the package to a place of business where men are employed who are not avowed enemies of the "mountain dew," whereupon Chief Bryson, summoning help, proceeded at once to ascertain the contents of the keg, and satisfying themselves as to its contents, and being desirous of placing the same into hands capable of protecting it against loss by breakage or otherwise, in the presence of eyes witnesses, delivered the same into the hands of one Mr. Bly of the Brevard Drug company. He then arrested the said Cook. A trial was had before Squire Henry, who, because of circumstantial evidence being so strong, informed the defendant that he would have to give bond in the sum of \$300 for his appearance at the next term of court.

Good Roads From the Farmer's Standpoint.

In the sociology of country life good roads are a tremendous factor directly related to financial, social and spiritual betterment.

The farmer's attitude is worth knowing, worth reckoning with and worth directing and using to the best advantage. If his attitude were better known and not so largely ignored, even sneered at, rational measures would receive the strong endorsement and support of the average American farmer. He is neither a foggy nor a fool. He is not mean or stingy. He is something of a business man in this century, and is alert to public enterprise and progress. He does his part fairly consistent with his means, but he does lack the leadership of men who have sympathetic intelligence and who really know country life, its conditions and real needs; mere theorists will not pass.

The status of the American farmer is indicated by the farm journals, daily papers and high-class magazines and books he reads; by the boys and girls he sends to high school and college. The popularity and patronage of farmers' institutes, correspondence courses in agriculture, experiment station work, etc., are significant. The phenomenal popularity of reading courses for farmers, farmers' wives and farmers' children in practical agriculture, household interests, nature study, etc., are equally auspicious.

The farmer is largely promoting the consolidation of rural schools, advocating rural free delivery of mails and also the postal saving bank, the postal check and parcel post. As a practical man, knowing the enormous benefit of the telephone, he is organizing "farmers' mutual," or better still "people's cooperation" telephone systems made up of local divisions under local management of lines strictly first class and using only high grade instruments.

With the passing of useless and expensive road fences, the zigzag rail fences, unsightly hedgerows and stone walls, the little and listless school, the pale-face dairy butter, the scythe, the cradle and the hoe, there has come the cottage organ or upright piano, the top-buggy and surry. The lawn mower is following the hammock, and of farm machinery there is almost too much.

It is altogether to soon to say that we have reached perfection in road standards. Indeed invention and discovery may be expected to modify practice. Hence the farmer knows that the engineers and city resident with automobiles are only stupid in advocating asphalt, telford or macadam everywhere. He too wants good roads—as good as can be well afforded—roads that will pay the farmer himself, roads that will pay him best. We have, therefore, only to show him by carefully planned object-lessons near the larger towns the beauties of best macadam, elsewhere the advantages of broken stone, and nearer home, in his own village, the best road and the most business like policy consistent with local needs and resources. He is thereby disarmed of prejudices. Show the American farmer that good roads are not merely for the automobilists, bicyclers and the pleasure of city people; show him by actual construction the splendid economy of steadily building permanent roads for his own use, and he readily becomes an ardent advocate of good roads.

A boy always makes a nuisance of himself when he tries to make people believe he is older and tougher than he really is. Don't do that.

Roosevelt's Nomination Would Solidify the Democrats.

Montgomery, Ala., Dispatch to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The nomination of Roosevelt for the Presidency by the Republican party means a hard, and in all probability, a losing fight according to Colonel William Youngblood, one of the best known Republican leaders in Alabama, who was third auditor of the Treasury under President McKinley. In discussing the matter with the representative of The Times-Democrat today, Colonel Youngblood said:

"The nomination of Roosevelt would cement the Democratic party as nothing else would. It would endanger the success of the party when, with any other candidate, we could succeed 'hands down.' At least 90 per cent. of the 30,000 Republican voters in the South are opposed to Roosevelt, and the Democrats here, as elsewhere, will unite on almost any man that the party may nominate to defeat him. The Democrats are divided now, and there is no possible chance to get them together, except by the Republican party nominating Roosevelt."

Colonel Youngblood was recently in Washington and has been in Indiana and Illinois, and has felt the pulse of his party and he is very frank to say that it would be a mistake for his party to nominate would not only solidify the Democrats as they have not been solidified since 1894, but that it would cause great apathy and indifference in the Republican party, among leaders who would really stand back and wish to see the Democrats win.

A Fearful Business.

Wishing to get a living without working hard, I have leased commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's block, on Ruin and Perdition Lane—next door to the undertaker's—where I shall manufacture Drunkards, Paupers, Lunatics, Beggars Criminals and Deadbeats, for sober and industrious people to support, backed up by the law. I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, painful diseases, disgraceful quarrels, riots and cold blooded murders. My LIQUORS ARE WARRANTED to rob some of life, many of reason, more of property, and all of true peace; to make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans. I shall cause mothers to forget their infants, children to grow up in ignorance; young women to lose their priceless purity; and smart young men to become swearers, gamblers, skeptics and lewd fellows of the baser sort. Lady customers supplied with beer, as good as the best "home brewed, which will not intoxicate" them, but only make them stupid, slack, lazy, coarse and quarrelsome.

"Sunday Customers Please Enter at Back Door."

Boys and girls are the raw material of which I make drunkards, etc. Parents may help in this work by always sending their children for the "home brewed article." At two hours notice I am able to put husbands in a condition to reel home, break the furniture, beat their wives, and kick their children out of doors.

I shall fit mechanics to spoil their work; be discharged and become tramps. If one of my regular customers should decide to reform, I will, for a few pennies, with pleasure induce him to take just one glass more, or by offering him "free drink," tempt him to start again on the road to hell. The money he would spend for bread and other things for his family will be luxuries for mine, then when his money is gone I will persuade him to run in debt, for I can collect the bill by attaching his wages.

Orders promptly filled for Fevers, Scrofula, Consumption or Delirium Tremens. In short, I will do my best to bring upon my regular customers, debt, disgrace, disease, despair and death in this world, and in the next the pangs of the second death. Having paid for my license, I have a right to bring all the evils upon my friends and neighbors for the sake of gain. Some have suggested that I display outside the door assorted specimens of my art, but that would blockade the street. Excellent samples of my manufactured wreck may be seen inside almost any time, or at the station house every morning; in the poor house, asylums and prisons every day, and very, very frequently on the gallows.—Mr. Saloon Keeper, Pentecost Herald.

Mid-winter meeting of Tar Heel Editors.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the North Carolina Press Association held in Charlotte yesterday, it was decided that a mid-winter meeting of the association should be held in Washington December 2nd and 3rd. The meeting was attended by these members of the committee: J. B. Sherrill, of Concord, E. B. Varner, of Lexington; J. D. Bivins, of Albemarle, and W. C. Dowd, of Charlotte.—Charlotte Observer, Sept. 25.

Col. Lusk Delivers himself of a Few Pointed Remarks.

The Charlotte News prints a letter from its Asheville correspondent which says:

Every politician in North Carolina, and almost every one else, so far as that goes, knows the old Republican war-horse of Buncombe, Col. Virgilius Septonious Lusk. Much has been said and written about the Colonel during his political life, but whatever else may be said, no one has ever accused him of being a fool. He has campaigned Buncombe many times, and has represented the county in both branches of the legislature. No one realizes better than his opponents that he is a vigorous fighter, not lacking in questionable anecdote and strong language; and ever ready to hand out great hunks of sophistry to catch the unwary voter. But in the last election he was not a winner. Today in the presence of several citizens he delivered himself of a few pent up sentiments. He appeared to be cynical, and is evidently soured on Asheville and North Carolina.

Asked why he was not laying in his winter's supply of coal while the price is low, he replied that he might not be here. His listeners, knowing that he had large interests here are curious to know the meaning of this statement. "Why," said he, "I am driven to do one of two things. I shall join the Democratic party and help to get prices down to a low standard again, for I am a consumer not a producer. This prosperity may be the making of the other fellow but it is thunder for me. Do you know, I pay these robbers here, \$750 a year, and for what? simply for the privilege of buying eggs at 25 cents a dozen and old hens at 40 cents a piece. I won't stand it; and if I don't join the Democratic party I shall go to Oklahoma. In the last election there, I am told, the Democrats carried the election and the Republicans stole the offices. I have it on the authority of a good Democrat. Now that is the place for me. I want to go where I will have a chance to do the selling myself. Here I can't do it any longer, but on the other hand, the Democrats steal the offices from me. They are entirely too smooth for me to do anything here any more. Oklahoma is the land for me." Thus delivering himself the Colonel left his friends to themselves and made his way to his office on Park square.

Rollins will not Endorse Mr. Shipp.

Washington, Sept. 30.—The Lincoln postoffice contest was without developments to-day, owing to the failure of State Chairman Rollins and National Committee-man Robinson to reach the scene of action. Both were expected here to take up the case with the President, but neither arrived. Chairman Rollins wired early during the day that he would be unable to get away from Asheville just now, and it is supposed that ex-Judge Robinson was detained at home, though he had an engagement to be at the White House. Those interested in the Lincoln postoffice contest here were not surprised today when they heard the report that Postmaster Barclay might be requested to withdraw his application and that the Republican organization would then join in the request for Mrs. Shipp's appointment. A movement with this object in view is at work, and it is backed by high Republican influences. In some quarters it was intimated that a tip had come from the White House that this would be the wisest course to pursue. The arrival of Chairman Rollins is awaited because no action will probably be taken until he reaches here.

Don't Do That.

Some old men act like they imagine they are regular "lady killers." Don't do that.

Some young men think it is smart to be considered dissipated and "fast." Don't do that.

There are young ladies who never think of practicing upon the piano until it is time to wash the dishes. Don't do that.

Some employes have habit of losing the last hour of the working day by watching the clock. Don't do that.

Solomon spent most of his time saying wise things and the rest of it in doing foolish things. Don't do that.

Some people waste so much polish on the toes of their shoes that they have none for their heels. Don't do that.

A whole lot of people work overtime trying to frame up some excuse for not doing their duty. Don't do that.

Some parents lay aside their company manners just as soon as they are alone with their children. Don't do that.

Some people think their mission in life is to be always giving sage advice for others to follow. Don't do that.—The Commoner.

Defaulting Bank Cashier Writes From His Hiding.

Friday morning's Raleigh News and Observer contains the following:

"Below we print in full a letter received by the editor from Mr. Thomas W. Dewey, ex-cashier of the Merchants and Farmers' Bank of Newbern, who left Newbern some weeks ago and has not since been heard from. There was a large shortage in his account, variously estimated at from \$100,000 to \$134,000. The capital stock of the bank was \$75,000.

"The state bank examiner discovered some irregularities or shortage in his accounts on Friday, July 31. On Saturday night August 1, Dewey came to Raleigh, and no trace has been heard of him since a little after midnight, when he is supposed to have taken the midnight train on the Seaboard Air Line bound for the north.

"The Merchants and Farmers' Bank offered a large reward for his arrest, the governor offered a reward, his picture, with the reward offered, was printed all over the country, but nothing has been heard from him from the hour of his departure until the editor of the News and Observer received a letter from him yesterday afternoon. The letter was not addressed in Mr. Dewey's handwriting, but was in the handwriting of a lay. It bore this postmark: Golds, at Greens. Sept. 30, 1903. 11:35.

The last line on the postmark is too dim to make out. On the reverse side of the envelope is this postmark:

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 30, 4:30 p. m., '03. It is addressed thus: "Mr. Josephus Daniels, Edr. Raleigh, N. C."

The letter is in Mr. Dewey's handwriting and covers four pages of Mr. Dewey's back handwriting and is in full as follows: WILL YOU DO ME THE KINDNESS TO PUBLISH THIS? Josephus Daniels, Esq., Editor, Raleigh, N. C.

My Dear Sir: There have I accidentally fallen into the hands of one of the reports published in both Raleigh and Charlotte papers concerning my default, etc., which I denounce as malicious lies—more in particular, two columns long, with scarcely a semblance of truth from the beginning to the end. The facts are grave enough but I will swear by all past associations and by my hope of forgiveness by the Great Judge of all hearts, that the true shortage will not and cannot be made by HONEST men to aggregate ONE HALF of amounts published.

I have not as yet attempted any defense, and if I ever do there will be a few shattered panes in the glass Houses of some of those prominent families of Newbern, who seem to have "swallowed their consciences" (if they ever had any to swallow and now so eagerly and harshly siting in judgment against me; and while I say this, I have not a word of reproach for any one who is trying to do me justice, whatever the penalty of that justice may be. Thus I have not a word of reproach for any one who is trying to do justice, whatever the penalty of that justice may be. This I consider the unpardonable sin—to speak maliciously or disparagingly of human man souls, hungering for hope. When the man without brains does it he can be pardoned for knowing no better. When the man with brains does it, he should be ashamed to look his fellow mortals in the eyes. It is a sin ten times deeper dyed than giving a stone to those who ask for bread, or giving poison to those who ask for a cup of cold water. My heart has never been intentionally evil, nor am I the recipient of any ill-gotten gains. I realize to the fullest capabilities of a proud and sensitive nature (for the pall has hung hourly before my eyes) the turpitude and lasting shame (in their every phase) or my errors, and remorse must be my eternal portion in this life. I have never had any other idea than that of returning voluntarily, if not otherwise, when I felt that I had the strength and courage to do so for my present sufferings are far greater than the Law of man can inflict. I wish to live only for the innocent ones dependent upon me. There is nothing we cannot live down, and rise above, and overcome. I would rather learn sympathy and nobleness of heart through sin than never learn it at all.

Truthfully,

T. W. DEWEY.

It will be observed that this letter gives no hint of his whereabouts. It indicates that it is his purpose to return home and make a clean breast of the whole transaction. Indeed, he says he has always intended to return when he had the "strength and courage to do so."

When he will return, how he will return, and where he is now—the three questions that will rise in voluntarily to every lip—all these are as much shrouded in mystery as ever. But the letter will be read with interest by everybody in North Carolina and all will expect that it is a precursor of Cashier Dewey's return. Whether this lecture is true time alone can tell.