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SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS.

Have Been Most Unjustly Criticised.

On many occasions in the past The Post has had good words to say for those much misunderstood and most unjustly criticised fellow-creatures of ours, the Southern mountaineers. We have protested against the commentators who dwelt extravagantly almost always falsely, upon their imperfections without once paying tribute to their virtues. Circumstances, unwise laws oppressively administered, climatic and physical conditions have made them a people apart, but the fact does not excuse their maligners or divorce them from the sympathies of open-minded men. The truth is that they have changed very little in the process of the succeeding generations which intervene between them and their Scotch and English ancestors who came to America in the seventeenth century with Oglethrope and through the medium of the London Company. They have kept unimpaired their love of freedom, their simple standards and ideals, their rude chivalry, their religious practices, their feuds, their passions, and their creeds. They dwell among the mountains, they are hunted by a swarm of revenue agents, they know none of the so-called refinements and exaltations of our latter-day civilization. But Bishop Hoss, of the Methodist Church, who has worked among them for many years and who knows them well has this to say as the result of his long experience and enlightened observation:

"The great majority of the mountaineers, as I have before said, are excellent citizens, loving their and its flag, obeying its laws without reluctance, and ready to fight for it whenever any fighting needs to be done. They are the descendants of the men who rode with Sevier and Shelby to Kings Mountain in 1780 and for those who followed Jackson to New Orleans in 1815. In the civil war they divided sharply. Neutrality is foreign to their natures. They are always on one side or the other, and have a perfect capacity for partisanship. The bulk of them till their own land with their hands. They are great lovers of their homes and their families. Honesty, courage, and hospitality are almost universal among them. Corncribs go unlocked the year round, and families work in the field, leaving their houses unoccupied and wide open all day long. To be known as a coward is to lose standing. To turn away a stranger who seeks food or shelter is unheard of. Anarchists and communists are, of course, out of the question. Belief in Christianity is widespread, and is followed by membership in some church."

They have not soared to monkey dinners and dog receptions, neither do they invade their neighbors, families or permit any one to invade their own. They keep honor, dignity, the virtue and the name of women out of the police court, and, far away from the protection of organized society, they maintain standards of purity, fair dealing, truth, and loyalty for which many of our luxurious communities would be the better if they were only both able and willing to imitate them. The mountaineers have a place in our civilization, whatever wandering busybodies and doctrinaries may say or think to the contrary. Moreover, it is a place that would be more widely valued were it better understood and more honestly defined.—Washington Post.

UNCLE ZEK'S RUMINATIONS.

Some Facts That Will Interest the General Reader.

The other day I went into the office feeling a little tired, or what some folks would call lazy, and seating myself in the editor's easy chair, with my feet on the desk, had just filled and lighted my pipe, and under the mystic influence of the magic weed, was growing sorter mellow, when Mr. Thompson sez's: sez's he: "Zeke, the boys are out of copy."

Down came my air castles, and I set my old thinking hatchery running to incubate an idea, It was one of those times whem every newspaper scribbler feels that he is a dismal failure, and he begets what might well be taken as the offspring of a disordered brain.

Nearly every one imagines he could edit a newspaper if he had the chance, and if he were only in the editor's place he would dish up a delectable stew that would satisfy his readers and set the world a gaping.

Well, my friends, perhaps you can, but excuse me; I have tried it, and I am about as little account in the Editor's chair as an extra caudal appendage on a brindle pup.

I would no sooner conceive an idea than the misty ecbwebs of forgetfullness would clould the brain and writing wonld become the most tiresome of drudgeries, and I soon arrived at the conclusion that I was better adapted for cutting wood, and by the way, there are two things to which I am tetotally opposed; one is cutting wood, and the other is work.

But there is a fascination about a print shop that is hard to resist, and a man rarely breaks away from it, but sooner or later he drifts back to his old love. But this is not my only reason for becoming a Rustler. There are times when he enjoys life. He has such a splendid opportunity to loaf without the boss catching on.

Out by some country roadside, under the spread branches of a grand old oak, flat on his back, he snoozes the hours away. The gentle breezes softly sighing through the branches is music to his soul. While from over the meadow the "Bob White" of the quail sends greetings to Red Breast as he sits on the rail. The Rustler is at peace with all the world and his salary is going on.

And again he meets so many good folks, and lives well. And I am here to tell you, I would rather stick my legs under the tables of the good old farmers, of the country, than to stick a doiley behind my collar button at a banquet of the Lords.

We often hear people say that their county paper is not worth the money, that there is so much that does not suit them. Be a little considerate, my friend, it is well to remember that, in the parlance of the street, "We are not the only shirts in the laundry," and what does not suit us, may please others. The man, who, back on the mountain, tills the soil, rears his family, adds his mite to the support of his ttate, his government, and his county paper, has his niche to fill in this world, and is entitled to the same consideration as the banker, the politician of the merchant.

The other day in conversation with a gentlemen on the train, he said that the county correspondents were a drawback to a country paper, and no one cared to read after them. Hold on, neighbor. The correspondents from the rural districts have a warm corner in my heart, and in hearts of many others.

Go into one of our large cities and enter the business offices of the money kings. The man of power and influence, keen-eyed and hard visaged, is seated at his desk, deeply engrossed in the affair of [illegible] messenger enters and places [illegible] desk, in which old money [illegible] When his eye falls on a small package of modest wrapper, "It is the little county paper from the old home town." Business i forgotten as he tears the wrapper, and turning to the "Jimtown Items," he reads that "Aunt Polly Smith last Saturday visited with her niece, Miss Mary Brown." He heeds not the hum of the busy world around him. There is a suspicious moisture on his glasses, and in fancy he sees again the little brown house in the grove on the hillside. In his mind's eye he sees the grey-haired mother, as she picks her way carefully over the little trail so familiar to him. He watches her bent form as he passes down the hill, and goes with her across the old foot log around the foot of the hill and up the incline, to Mary's house. For the time he has lived again in the scenes of his boyhood. The rural correspondent has touched a chord that fails to vibrate at the pernsal of the most brilliant editorial from the pen of the gifted writer on the great metropolitan sheet.

Ask him if the country correspondent is a draw back. Many is the time I have been crowded from the columns to make room for these jots. But there is no kick coming, for I realize that my stuff, when read—if at all—is thrown aside and forgotten, while these little items are a letter to some far off wanderer, a balm for the homesick soul of some absent one.

Oh yes, Mr. Editor, make room for the rurals, for it is when far away from home and friends, when our lot is cast among strangers, that we fully appreciate their sunny jots.

The bright-eyed Daisies, Violets, Blue Eyes, and others, who form this corps of writers, have a mighty warm place in the affections of your Uncle, and while I am now in the "sere and yellow" and have climbed to the ridge pole of life, and turned my face to the setting sun, I wish them to know that I have also passed the palpitating age, and to bear in mind as I canvass their districts, that the way to a man's heart is by way of his stomach.

I am not on the road for fun or glory, but I am after the dollars of our daddies, and as coming up life's incline has left me a little wheezy, I ask you to come down gracefully, as newspaper talk is not always "linked sweetness," although at times long draw out. By so doing you will all receive a pleasant word in the columns from your

UNCLE ZEKE.

In Pickens (S. C.) Sentinel.

HABIT'S "STICKABILITY."

TO THE EDITOR:—Habit is a great master and always sticks to his subject. There are habits good and habits bad, and one is just as tenacious as the other. Both seek your acquaintanceship and the most welcome one predominates in the power of "stickability." All persons should seek and cultivate the acquaintance of good habits, but ignore the reception of bad habits, for if you allow such companionship, even for a short season, it is hard to get rid of them: None of us should be slaves to habit. Habits are innumerable and are obtained by training as well as by natural acquisition. The child will follow or imitate the habits of his parents, besides acquiring a quantity of them of his own volition.

There are simple habits that are harmless, though rather eccentric. One of the acquired habits of the present day that is becoming alarming is that of smoking cigaretts by the youth of the land. Fifty years ago it was a rare thing to see any one smoke, even a pipe, except extremely old people, but now you can scarcely find a boy, of knee-breeches size, that is not supplied with a package of cigaretts and a full supply of matches, and continually the poisonous fumes of the same are being blown from his mouth and nostrils, making him a stench to decency, and gradually but surely robbing him of vitality of mind and body. We are surprised that parents do not take this matter in hand and put a stop to it. Unless it is stopped the present generation of boys will be a set of weaklings, mentally and physically, and we might very truthfully say, morally. We sometimes speak of the deadly rattle-snake or copperhead, but neither is doing one half the harm of the deadly cigarette. We have no doubt that the habit of smoking cigaretts, when once thoroughly formed, is hard to break. Let fond parents take their knee pants kids in charge for the first offense and lay them across their knee and try what virtue there is in a shingle or leather strap, if gentler means will not suffice.

There is another habit that is forming great proportions and is exceedingly dangerous and many noble boys are becoming victims while they are persuaded that the habit of tippling is of small import. The only sure way to avoid being a drunkard is never to take the first dram. The writer has heard boys say, "My father has been a drinker all his life, and I never saw him drunk." There are just two things for you to consider at this juncture. One is that you are not you father and the other is that liquor now is only distantly related to what it was some years ago. It is doctored with various concoctions, to increase the quantity and decrease the quality. The men who make and sell it do not care if it kills you. All they are after is the money they can get out of it. A season of the year is now upon us when the temptaion to drink will be presented to many whose lips have never been defiled by it. Young man, will you yield? It is time to stop and think.

Think of the purpose for which you came into the world. You have a duty to perform. In what way will you perform it. Drinking is a useless habit. It does not in any way add to your manhood, neither mentally, morally. There is no medicinal property about it. It always has a debasing effect and the drinker always pays the bill of his own debauchery, and that bill is always an expensive one. Young men and boys I beg you, as one who loves you, to stop and think.

OBSERVER.

THE CHEERFUL SOUTH

Laughs at Phrophesies and Promises of Revenge.

The Chicago Tribune, in reviewing the election, refers to "the pathetic Solid South." The South is not pathetic, it needs no commiseration, it brooks no patronizing. In politics it stands firmly for its principles, in adversity and in prosperity, and does so with pride and dignity. It is not unduly elated when the cause it fights for wins; it does not put on sackcloth when the cause is lost. It has for thirty-five years turned a deaf ear to those who counselled it "to end devotion to sentiment and convictions and make voting a matter of business." It has refused to make merchandise of its civic virtue, to the amazement of the so-called commercialists at home and abroad. The recent defeat in national politics, when only Southern States gave a majority for the Democratic candidate, has not caused any man of principle to change his views or "jump on the band-wagon" of the party that puts opportunities above principle and the Constitution.

The South believes today, and acts up to its belief in the declaration of Jefferson that "absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism. . . . one of the essential principles of our government."—News and Observer.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal writes a two column reply to the Tribune on "The Cheerful South," from which the following is taken.

"Like Little Phil Sheridan at New Orleans, the South can say, 'I ain't afraid,' She can laugh at prophesies of disaster and promises of revenge There is much talk about the cutting down of representation in Congress. How can it be done? Congress can't disfranchise all those who don't vote for this would cut in two the representation of many Northen States. There isn't a law in the South that disfranchises any one on account of his color. When we get down to brass tacks, it will be found that it is an educational or property qualification that disfranchises, and this does not apply exclusively to one race. Besides, how could Congress consider the educational qualification in Mississippi and ignore it in Massachusetts? We need not worry our brains over that. There is no just and constitutional way to cut down exclusively the representation in the South. If the thing is attempted the republican party would be the sufferer, and the negro the victim. For that would amount, if successful, to the permanent disfranchisement of the colored voter by the republican party; and whatever may be said of the republican leaders, they are not fools. The South then can afford to laugh at this threat. It can't be done without imposing upon the republican party the charming task of committing harikari.

"But why does the south tote the doodle sack and go right on enjoying life? Simply because the south has attained her commercial and industrial majority. For a year or mone the north has had to her lips the cup of trembling. Visions of disaster have come to her in the watches of the night. The crisis was ever imminent. Stocks had been tumbling down npon one another like unsafe walls. In steel alone there was a shrinkage of fully half a billion dollars. Standard Oil had shrunk over one hundred millions. Amalgamated copper had gone to grass, and the leather had evaporated into thin air. The ships of the shipbuilding trust had gone to sea and foundered on the Inchcape Rock. The clearing house receipts had increased practically nil. The places of amusement had lost their ability to charm the coin out of the reluctant pockets. Hundreds of thousands of working men were idle. When Senator Fairbanks pointed eloquently to a mill that typified the triumph of republican policies, it turned out that the mill had been closed for two years. In the south all has been different. The clearing house receipts have increased marvelously in this section and nowhere else. A profitable cotton crop has mended the fortunes of all sorts and conditions of men. The southern cotton mills now take as much cotton as the northern. Railroad building has increased more here than in the North. Our southern ports are taking trade away from the northern. Last year's cotton crop first and last, was worth at least a billion dollars to the south. In Memphis alone, manfold in a decade. [illegible]ses were increased threenew cities out of the old towns of the south. Our theatres have been prosperous, while those of the north have been empty. Along all the lines of endeavor the south has grown; and southern banks are able to furnish the money to move our crops without depending on the north. The situation in this section is entirely exceptional; and while the north has been sweating blood the south has been growing prosperous and living off the fat of the land. We then can afford to smile again when the people of other sections extend to us their profound, but misplaced pity.

"But there's Teddy the Terror. What will he do to us? Well, what can he do to us? The feudal system has passed away. We are neither his serfs nor his retainers. We do not need his permission to breathe. If he is reckless and insane he might disturb industrial conditions, but this would affect the north as disastrously as the south. Besides he tells us that he is going to be good; and this is indeed the part of wisdom. The United States cannot get along without the south and her splendid sons. It was a southerner that wrote the Declaration of Independence and framed the first measure abolishing slavery. It was a southerner who conducted the Revolution to a successful issue. It was a South Carolinian who drew the frame work of our immortal Constitution tha was adopted and followed by the Colonial Convention. It was a Virginian that promulgated the Monroe Doctrine. It was another Virginian about 100 years ago who announced the cardinal prineiples of Civil Service reform. It was a Kentuckian who originated and fathered protection—the cardinal principle of the republican party—in this country. It was a southerner who added to the Republic the great empire of the west embraced in the Louisiana purchase. It was a Tennesseean who smashed the British at New Orleans and crowned the war of 1812 with success It was the military genius of the south that won the Mexican war. It was a southerner who marked out the Gulf stream and brought about the establishment of the Naval Academy. It was a Kentuckian who guided the ship of state through the war of Secession and freed the slaves. It was a Tennessean who commanded the Federal fleets during the Civil War and become one of the three admirals the country has had. It was a southerner who was in command of the fleet at Santiago that destroyed the naval power of Spain. Instances might be multiplied of the genius, the enterprise and the valor of sons of the south; but we have named enough to prove that the country cannot do without the south.

"The south is cheerful and serene, The past is only a promise of her future. The Panama canal will be built, and the merchants of the south will be the merchants of the world. Southern ports will handle much of the commerce that will pass through the canal. Ten cent cotton will be a permanent thing. We are not looking mournfully back into the past. It can never come again. We are the happiest people on the face of the earth. The moon shines bright on the old Kentucky home new-modeled There is still the sound of music way down on the Suwanee river. The corn is full of kernels, and the colonels full of corn.

Many a youth and many a maid
Are dancing in the checquered shade,

and the mocking bird is singing in the lane.'

WILL LET TARIFF ALONE.

The Forthcoming Message Will Steer Clear of This Issue.

PRESIDENT FEARS PARTY SPLIT

Secretary Shaw Credited With Having Discovered a Happy Middle Course.

Washington, Nov. 25.—The unceasing agitation of the tariff question, which has chiefly taken the form of an incessant demand for a reform of certain schedules, has occasioned no little anxiety at the White House. President Roosevelt is not without independent views on this subject, but it is said that he concluded to withold an expression of these views, while preparing his forthcoming message, because of the diverse opinions entertained by his advisers. Strong as he undoubtedly is, the president must have a party behind him if he is to achieve the ends to which both he and the party are pledged, and he could not have made any recommendations concerning the tariff in the message now in course of preparation without incurring the risk of splitting his party wide open on the threshold of his administration. While there has been no cessation in the clamor of the revisionists their cause has seemingly made little headway within the past week or ten days. Even such an eminent republican authority as The New York Tribune does not hesitate to say that anything like a radical revision of the tariff is unlikely, an assertion coupled with the admission that there may be little tariff tinkering, with which will ultimatety result in the adoption of a few minor amendments.

Happy Middle Course.

Secretary Shaw has discovered a happy middle course which is receiving much republican commendation. He is urging an extension of the drawback system. He deand admits that while he has in mind two or three which he thinks could be amended without danger he would want to investigate the mattter with care before he recommended even this departure from the paths beaten by the framers of the Dingley law. Secretary Shaw thus explained the drawback system:

"Under the present law tin plate can be imported, manufactured into cans, filled and exported, and the exporter will be entitled to a drawback; but neither tin cans, nor glass jars, nor barrels, nor boxes can be imported, filled and drawback allowed. In other words, there must be a domestic manufacture from the imported material. Hides can be imported and manufactured into leather, and a drawback allowed when exported in the form of shoes, if properly traced, but the application of the law is so complicated that it renders it in some instances inoperative and valueless. I suggested several ways in which the drawback law could be extended, but I did not intend to commit myself in favor of extending the law to the extreme limit. To illustrate, I am not prepared to advocate the allowance of a refund of the duty paid on Swedish iron ore when stoves constructed of American iron are exported. I used it as an extreme case."

Senator Simmons' Idea.

The idea advanced by Senator Simmons, while here this week, that it would be just as well to drop the subject of politics for a couple of years, expresses the sentiments of a good many people. It is hard to find a man who is moved to enthusiasm over the suggestion of William Jennings Bryan, t at an early conference be held by the leaders of the party on the subject of reorganization. Especially is this true of prominent democrats who have arrived here from the south, in anticipation of the coming session of congress. Such party leaders are slow to talk for publication, for they do not wish to say anything that would have a tendency to cause unpleasantness or confusion, but they do not hesitate to so express themselves in private conversation. Some believe that Bryan, realizing the indifference with which his suggestion has been received, will abandon his early conference movement.

Apparently democrats have little real apprehension over the talk of reducing southern representation. A sourhern senator said to a party of newspaper men:

Only Campaign Talk.

"I never believed the talk was more than a campaign slogan," said the Senator, "designed for consumption in close northern states where the negro vote was thought to be of importance. If the republicans in congress should really attempt seriously to carry out the declaration of their platform along this line, I should be the most surprised man on earth. The plan has no popularity among the more thoughtful and unbiased men of the northern states, and its attempted execution would bring the republican party a degree of unpopularity in its own strongholds, for which no loss it could inflict on the south would compensate in any way. At any rate, there would be no time for the carrying out of the plan of reduction at the short session of Congress. There will be too many matters seriously demanding attention—too many that of necessity must be left over until the next session to leave the pursuit of this phantom within the domain of present probabilities. Of course, I may be mistaken. It may be the republicans will astonish me by an actual effort, made in congress, to reduce the representation of the southern states; if they do, I am free to say, I shall be very much astonished, indeed."

THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The Turkey for Dinner Weighed 35 Pounds, Gift of Horace Vorse.

Washington, Nov. 24.—The president spent Thanksgiving Day quietly at home with the exception of a ride in the country this morning. After nearly a half day's work at this office the president joined Mrs. Roosevelt and the children. They drove to the outskirt of the city, followed by one or two secret service men on bicycles.

At 7:30 tonight the president and family partook of their Thanksgiving dinner, the chief feature of which was a huge turkey presented by Horace Vorse of Rhode Island, who has supplied the White House table with Thanksgiving turkeys for many years. This year's bird weighed 35 pounds and was declared by Mr. Vose to be the best he had ever sent.

The president received no callers during the day and only a few intimate friends shared the White House dinner, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson and Miss Robinson of New York. Mrs. Robinson is the president sister.

Another turkey was received by the president from an admirer in Minnesota. This turkey was a live one and such a fine specimen that it was decided that he should be sent to Sagamore Hill, to be added to the president's stock of poultry.

President Is Off For St. Louis.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 24.—President Roosevelt left Washington at 12 o'clock tonight on his trip to St. Louis and the Lousiana Purchase Exposition. He was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt Miss Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Secretary and Mrs. Loeb, Surgeon General Rixey, M. C. Latta, the president's stenographer, and a representative of each of the three press associations. The party traveled in a special train of three private cars on the Pennsylvania road, and will arrive in St. Louis early Saturday morning. The president will spend Saturday in visiting some of the points of interest and will be the guest of honor at a banquet in the evening. He will spend Sun day quietly in St. Louis and at midnight will leave on the regular trip to Washington, arriving here Tuesday morning at seven o'clock.

Somebody has playfully remarked that there is nothing so false as facts except figures. Economists have long contended that as compared with Europeans the people of this country are neither frugal nor saving but are spendthrifts. Mow comes the Bureau of statistics in Washington estimating that there are 7,805,448 depositors in the banks of the United States, with an average of $418 for each. In England the average for each depositor is $87, only a fourth as much. In the United States the total bank deposits amount to $87 per head of the population.

Senator Lodge vehemently declared a month ago that any talk of reciprocity with Canada was "an insult to the administration at Washington." But since a democratic shoemaker was elected governor of Massachusetts Lodge roars you as gently as a sucking dove and has actually announced that Congress may possibly consider the subject. (His term will expire March, 3, 1905.)