The Weekly News.

H. C. MARTIN, Editor and Proprietor. An Independent Family Newspaper. Subscription Price One Dollar a Year.

VOLUME IV. LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1902. NO. 36.

STATE NEWS.

B. F. Long, Esq., of Statesville, is a candidate for the nomination for judge in his district.

The gift of $25,000 to Trinity College for a new dormitory is announced. It comes from Trinity's benevolent friend, Mr. B. N. Duke.

The public school authorities are notified that when the second $100,000 of the State's aid to schools is needed it will be forthcoming.

The Chattanooga Times thus describes a former residence of North Carolina: "Rev. L G. Broughton is a man with 185 pounds of backbone and 5 pounds of hair."

Emery E. Raper, of Davidson, will be a candidate for judge in his district, and the Lexington Dispatch says the prospects are that he will be nominated.

Four men are to be executed in North Carolina on February 26 for having committed burglary. This recalls the fact not generally known that three other states aside from North Carolina made burglary a capital offense—Louisiana, Deleware and Alabama.

A number of Bohemians are employed in oyster packing houses at Swan Quarter, Hyde county. They recently gave a ball. A number of the natives attempted to enter the building and participate. A desperate fight with knives resulted and thirteen persons were injured, seven seriously.

A Mrs. Tucker was burned to death in Stokes county the past week. The particulars as reported are that she was not feeling very well and made a pallet before the fire and lying down with her one-year-old babe in her arms, dropped off to sleep, when the bed clothing caught fire and burned her so severely that she died in twenty-four hours. Strange to say the baby was not hurt.

There is a wrong impression on the part of the authorities of a number of counties in regard to the meaning of the term "available school funds." They appear to think it means only funds which have come in since July 1st last. The law in regard to the expenditure of the schools open four months, requires that the schools must use all the funds to their credit before they draw on this State fund. They must use all their credit, even if it goes back 5 years. On the 1st of last July the great sum of $227,000 was in the hands of county treasurers to the credit of the school fund.

Then and Now.

Charlotte Observer.

Dr. Henry Louis Smith, the accomplished president of Davidson College, evidently read Coin's Financial School, and heard the arguments of our orbuster orators a few years ago. In his instructive and entertaining lecture last night he re-introduced us to some old acquaintances in reminding us of the times when we were told that the price of wheat and the price of silver were arbitrarity dependent upon each other—cheap silver, cheap wheat; high silver, high wheat. And when we were also duly informed that five-cents cotton was the direct and legitimate product of "The Crime of '73" and that cotton could never be higher until silver was "restored." But there was one argument that Dr. Smith forgot to mention, and it was the hardest of all to answer. We were told by Mr. Coin and all the other Napoleons of finance that the Almighty had planted silver and gold in the bowels of the earth in the exact proportion of 16 parts of silver to 1 of gold and that, therefore, to stand out against the immortal "rashio" was to defy God's law. This proposition was always received with great applause. It was what the late Jack Hall, of Salisbury used to call a "surbinder." The opposition could not look into the earth, and when the gold-bugs were told that if it wasn't so they must prove it, they stood naked and defenceless before their enemies.

Those were pleasant times. Every man was a financier. Wisdom cried aloud and knowledge was increased. We are indebted to Dr. Smith for reminding us of some almost forgotten history.

Once A Waste Product.

Cottonseed added in 1899-1900 as much as 1.14 cents to the value of each pound of cotton. This, too, when not one-half the seed was crushed for oil. Had all been crushed the added value would have been 1.69 cents per pound of cotton. In 1900 cottonseed added $54,345,677 to the wealth of the cotton raisers. It would have added $80,000,000 had all of it been crushed for oil. One-half of this value was that of the oil, and of the other half four-fifths was the value of the cake and meal, the remainder being made up of hulls, etc

Where the Difference Lies.

"Wherein lies the difference between photography and courtship?" he asked softly.

"I don't know," she replied.

"In photography," he explained, "the negative is developed in the dark room, while in courtship that is where the affirmative is is developed."

She blushed, but made no answer.

"Let us," he suggested, "proceed to develop an affirmative."

There being no objection, it was so ordered.

Old Boarder—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again.

Waitress—No, Sir; not ham and eggs this morning.

Old Boarder—Thank the stars! What is it?

Waitress—Only ham.

Mr. E. N. Page of Bisoe, Montgomery county, has recently announced himself a candidate for Congress, and will contest between him and Mr. Healy, a Troy, which starts.

A PICTURE TO LOOK UPON.

Raleigh Post.

The following from the Charlotte Mill News, a paper devoted exclusively and intelligently to the interests of mill operatives, is so crushing a refutation of the silly twaddle indulged in by "agitators" and their allies that we reproduce it. We have often thought that the operatives in our North Carolina mills would resent sooner or later the sudden interest in their welfare by those who picture them as "paupers" and "oppressed hirelings," without the spirit much less the opportunity to resist the cruel despotism under which they live. The following from The Mill News is an excellent and truthful picture of the general condition which prevails throughout the mills in this State:

"A certain class of writers are having much to say these days about what they term the deplorable condition of the Southern cotton mill operatives. They are striving hard to make the impression on the public that the average mill operative is the most oppressed and downtrodden person on the face of the earth. It is true many of the mill operatives are poor and hard run, but there are poor people in all walks of life.

"There are many advantages offered the Southern mill operatives that are superior to those enjoyed by many other classes of people, and the mill people themselves appreciate these advantages. It makes no difference to them how much the professional growler, who makes his living by showing his teeth, talks about their "terrible condition." They know he is either lying or don't know what he is talking about. While the condition of the Southern mill operative is not all that could be wished for, it is much better than that of the average farmer, and a thousand times better than the worthless men who do not toil themselves, but eke out an existance by making others feel miserable.

"To show how baseless this charge of squalid poverty and merciless oppression of mill operatives is we will give a few facts and figures from one mill village in this section. The operative of this mill have on deposit with the company and in banks amounts as follows:

One family	$1,200
One family	800
One family	700
One family of two	225
One family of two	130
One young lady	120
One family	200

"In addition to these, there are quite a number of small deposits ranging from $10 to $100. Some ten or twelve other families are living in their own houses and paying for them through the building and loan associations out of their weekly wages.

"The above all belongs to a moral and self-respecting class of people who, instead of moving from place to place every few weeks, stay at one mill for years, and by work and energy make for themselves places at good wages.

"What is true of the operative of this village is true of the operatives of many other mills throughout the South. These people have more money to-day then four-fifths of the farmers who own their farms. This does not look like the mill operatives are such a law, downtrodden lot of people as they have been painted by a set of men who claim to be their friends.

"No; if some of those fellows who are strolling around over the country slandering and belittling the honest mill operatives of the South would go to work themselves and earn an honest living, the country would be much better off."

Following Up the Argument.

"Dr. Fourthly, does the performance of one good act make a good man?"

"By no means."

"Then why should the committing of one sin make a man a sinner?"

"Well, suppose a man is covered with fleas. If you remove one flea from him him you don't make him happy, do you?"

"No."

"Yet if he has just one flea on him he's a miserable man, isn't he?"

A Pleasing Prediction.

The professor was explaining to the class at a girls' high school the theory according to which the human frame is completely renewed every seven years, and, addressing one of his pupils, he said:

"Thus, Miss Brown, in seven years you will be Miss Brown no longer."

"I devoutly hope that may be so," said the young lady, demurely casting down her eyes.

It was morning, and as he glanced out of the window he was surprised.

"Why it rained last night," he remarked.

There was a flash of lightning in his wife's eyes as she turned on him.

"Rain!" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess it did rain, and I had to pull up the awning and put down the windows."

"But you needn't have done that," he protested. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"I tried to," she answered coldly, "and I found the other the easier job."

"Did yez show Casey, 'the contractor the Wash'n't'n monnymint?" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"I did," answered Mr. Dolan, "an' he was deeply impressed."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was the tallest one-story buildin' he ivver saw."

"Pooh!" said Daisy, scornfully, "the idea of your being afraid of a poor old house dog! Why, he eats out of my hand."

"I don't doubt it," replied Burroughs dubiously, "but what I am afraid of is that he might take a notion to eat out of my leg."

The Baltimore Sun says that eggs are selling there at 18 cents per dozen.

DISCOMFITED BY MR. IRISH.

Mr. John P. Irish, Naval Officer of Customs at San Francisco, who has been spending considerable time in Washington this winter attending to Federal matters, is an Iowan and a former neighbor of the new Secretary of the Treasury, Governor Shaw. "Iowa has produced many brilliant orators," said Mr. William L. Cubertson, President of the First National Bank, of Carroll, Iowa, who was present in Washington to welcome Governor Shaw, "and Irish is one of them."

The naval office which Colonel Irish fills is a branch of the Treasury Department. It is one of a series of similar offices which were established for the sake of convenience and economy in certain Customs districts where the extent of transactions makes it impracticable to forward a daily accounting to the Department at Washington.

The power of Mr. Irish as an orator has been recognized by politicial leaders and he has been much in demand in big campaigns. Prior to Bryan's first nomination for the Presidency Mr. Irish had engaged in several joint debates with the Nebraskan, and during both national campaigns he was commissioned by the Republican managers to follow in Bryan's wake. Wherever Bryan spoke, there on the following night Irish would address the people.

Irish is a man of nimble wit. On one occasion, while addressing a convention, some delegates opposed to the course which he was urging began to hiss.

Instantly his followers shouted rebuke. The voice of Irish, which in carrying power has been likened to Webster's, rose above the clamor.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing his supporters and waving his hand toward the hissing delegation, "let them hiss. I have always been an advocate of absolute liberty of expression. Neither in this convention nor out of it would I apply closure to the means employed to vocalize the thoughts of men or the predilections of animals. The snake hisses out of instinctive venom, the goose hisses out of the stupidity of its nature, and all creatures, including man should have equal rights to express themselves according to their congenial endowment."

Then turning to his disturbers, Mr. Irish added: "You may, gentlemen, if that is the ordained method for the expression of your emotions, continue to hiss."

Neither Sampson Nor Schley Entitled to any Unusual Reward.

The salient features of President Roosevelt's decision in the Schley case are as follows:

All the accusations against Schley, based on his conduct prior to the battle off Santiago, are thrown out. The president holds that if Admiral Schley erred during that period his offenses were condoned by his retention as second in command.

On the question of command the president says:

"Technically Sampson commanded the fleet and Schley, as usual, the western division. The actual fact is, that after the battle was joined not a helm was shifted, not a gun was fired, not a pound of steam was put on in the engine room aboard any ship actively engaged in obedience to the order of either Sampson or Schley, save on their own two vessels. It was a captain's fight."

Sampson was hardly more than technically in the fight. His only claim for credit rests upon his work as commander in chief in planning to meet the Spanish ships when they should come out.

Schley is entitled, as is Captain Cook, to the credit for what the Brooklyn did in the fight. On the whole, the president finds that the Brooklyn did well, though he considers the vessel's "loop" the "one grave mistake" made by any American ship during the battle.

The president considers that the most striking act of the battle was that of the Gloucester, whose commander, Wainwright, pushed into the fight through a hail of projectiles in order that he might do his part in destroying the two torpedo boats. For this conduct Wainwright was entitled to receive more than any other commander with the possible exception of Clark, of the Oregon.

It was just to Admiral Sampson that he should receive a greater advance in numbers than Admiral Schley. There was nothing done in the battle that warranted any unusual reward for either.

There is no excuse whatever from either side for any further agitation of this unhappy controversy. To keep it alive would merely do damage to the navy and to the country.

North Carolina Postal Clerk Stricken with Smallpox on His Honeymoon.

Washington Post, 19th.

Arthur B. Craver, of Lexington, N. C., a postal clerk on the Southern Railway, became ill a few days ago in this city and was sent to the smallpox hospital yesterday when it became evident that he was suffering from a mild attack of that dread disease. His bride is closely quarantined at 810 Fifth street, northwest, where the couple have resided since arrival in the city. Craver was married in December and came to Washington with his bride to live. His route lay between this city and Charlotte, N. C., and he traveled it regularly until several days ago, when he became ill. Dr. Walter C. Murphy was called in to see the patient yesterday, and becoming suspicious that the case was one of smallpox, he called in Dr. Llewellyn Elliott, who concurred in the opinion of the first physician. Dr. Fowler, of the health department, was summoned, and, recognizing the character of the disease, ordered the patient removed to the smallpox hospital.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

This is a bright and blessed morning. I feel better—a good deal better. Think I will write a verse or two of poetry. If a sick man has good surroundings it beats medicine. Good, cheerful company to call and not stay long—good children to sympathize and watch the clock for medicine time, good grandchildren to come and kiss you and go to and from and talk and make a noise; a good wife to scold you and tell how imprudent you have been, and a good doctor to look at your tongue and choke you with a spoon handle so as to see away down the esophagus. But nature has the best of medicines stowed away in the blessed sunshine that gives life and vigor to everything animal and vegetable and revives the drooping spirits of the sick. It has been a long and hard winter—the coldest and most disagreeable one hundred consecutive days that we have had for years. How I envied the good people of Florida while I read Tom Sawyer's rhapsodies in the Clear Water paper over the advent of spring with its peach trees and yellow jessamine perfuming the balmy air with their fragrant blossons. But it is coming—gentle spring is not far away now and a day like this is its harbinger. If it were not for the daily catalogue of horrible things that headline the daily papers even a sick man could be calm and serene on such a day as this. An aged country friend told me that he had quit taking the daily papers for it distressed him to read such things. "I haven't long to live," said he, "and I don't wish to cloud my mind with a daily record of human misery." But most all people have to mix up with the affairs of nations and of men and keep posted about everything that happens. We can't skip the bad and read the good only. There is a fascination about horrible things that we cannot resist. They are the first things we look for. They excite our pity or our indignation or our wonder. Our childhood began that way for we never tired of Jack the Giant Killer and Rawhead and Bloody Bones and Robinson Crusoe. And now the editor of the press dispatches carelessly looks over the little slips that are laid upon his desk and reads "Another explosion in the mines—one hundred killed;" "Another railroad wreck—thirteen killed," and then resumes the little anecdote he was narrating to a friend. We are all growing case-hardened to pain and grief and suffering for the same reason that the surgeon becomes case-hardened to the pain of his patient.

But even and anon some new horror comes along that shocks humanity and astounds the world. I read three long columns last night about the horrors of adulterated food in Paris and how 18,600 infants died the last year from poisoned milk. How the great incorporated dairy companies in the suburban towns have to deliver 800,000 quarts every night. It it skimmed before it is canned and then is watered 20 per cent before it is put on the cars. On arrival at their depots it is delivered in cans to 800 milk boys (garcons) who get $1.40 a night and as much more as they can made by watering the milk from the hydrants that are supplied from the river Seine, the filthiest river in all France. One hundred detectives are employed to watch these boys, but the boys have detectives, too, and are seldom caught or arrested. The superintendent of police says it is impossible for one hundred men to follow and watch eight hundred boys and he now asks for two thousand. This watered milk quickly sours and by the time it is delivered to the retailer at day break it has to be watered again with a solution of bicarbonate of soda. This is the milk that supplies all Paris, and is daily fed to infant children and in a brief time they take cholera infantum or diarrhœa and die. The medical faculty all teslified that this milk caused the death of over 18,000 infants in Paris in one year and the mortality was on the increase, and this does not include the death of children over one year old. These eight hundred boys are organized into a powerful syndicate for protection and defense. Each pays into their treasury $4 a week, making a total of $14,000 a month with which to pay lawyers' fees and fines and the wages of those in jail and to bribe the city detectives not to catch them when watering the milk. They water it while the wagons are on the go—pumping in behind with cans of water. The milk suspected is turned over to the city chemists, who analyze and report and if the boys are arrested most of them escape punishment in come corrupt way, but none are discharged. They go back at once into the company's service. But Paris is aroused as it never has been and declares the death-dealing business shall be broken up if it takes two thousand detectives to pursue the eight hundred boys. "Our children are fed on microbes from the river Seine," is now on every tongue. Other cities have taken up the cry and Bouen and Dunkirk show a larger death rate of infants than Paris, and now they say no wonder the popular of France is decreasing instead of increasing. We are poisoning three-fourths of all the children before they are a year old, and half the remainder soon after. Seine water, microbes and bi-carbonate of soda!

This exposure comes from late official sources and is no doubt the truth, or very near it. Just think of it and shudder—18,000 innocent helpless babes murdered in one year in one city. Tom Hood wrote a song about the poor sewing women that aroused all London. If he were alive in Paris now what a pitiful subject he would have for another song. What a shame upon our sex, for it is not women who do these things, but men and boys. The mothers suffer in giving them birth. They nurse and cherish and clasp the little things to their bosoms and love and hope and pray, but the destroyer comes and then all she can do is to grieve and weep. England slaughtering the Boers and France her innocent children. What next?

A graphic writer in The New York Press describes a different kind of horror that we know not of, but is a living, breathing, seething thing that is not new but has come to stay and grows bigger and more horrible as the years move on. He says: "It would have been unnecessary for Gustave Dore to follow Dante for a text in order to picture the horrors of hell." The government has established free baths at Hot Springs where thousands of the most miserable of all God's creatures congregate and bathe for relief and a cure from their loathsome diseases. The wretches leave their rags upon the cemented floors which are an inch deep in water, then stagger or reel or crawl naked as the fiends in the chambers of hell. From thence they crowd into a third room where the water and the air is up to 110, and the stench of foul odors is horrible. In this room are two large pools like vats in a tan yard, and the victims tumble into them like hogs into a mud puddle. No doctor, no soap, no towels, no attendants, and they are soon hurried out to make room for more, for several hundred a day is the maximum. Ten, fifteen or twenty at a time soak their loathsome infirmities in the nasty, fifthy, hot healing waters, and then reclothe themselves with their wet rags and go somewhere to dry. All are benefited and 10 per cent. are cured. What a picture! Their lives, such as they have made them, are not worth saving, but they cling to them and live in hope and defy despair. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand of these human beings passed through the free baths last year. One bath room is for white men, one for white women, one for negro men and one for negro women.

Not far away is a magnificent hotel, and there is a fashionable ball going on. The rich, the gay, the elite are there. One moment a man is waltzing with his wife, the next with some other man's wife, the next with somebody's mistress, and the next with his own mistress. Everything goes, and all is hell. A famous physician took his daughter there this season, but sent her home quickly to keep her from the company of wealthy and diseased parasites. Almost every one who goes there registers under an assumed name and plays incognito during his stay. A southern judge was recently called upon for a toast at a hotel banquet and said: "Here's to the names we left behind us." But the ball has not been told—some of it is too bad to tell. Every night the poker rooms are in blast and thousands won and lost. The reader ponders and wonders can such things be in this Christian land, and in this God's country. Verily, the humble and the poor who live around us on the hills and in the valleys or down in the piney woods should be thankful for the health and morality that comes from poverty. Burns never wrote a truer verse than that which says:

"And I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled
From among the dark elms that a cottage was near,
And I said to myself if there's peace in this world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

BILL ARP.

Pig for Marriage Fee.

Baltimore Sun.

"A Lutheran minister in a Western Maryland town told me an amusing story the other day," said a gentleman to a reporter of the Sun. "Some time ago, as this minister was walking along a street of the town an old German ad- advanced toward him with extended hand. The minister shook hands, but remarked that he could not recall his name. 'Oh, yes,' said the old German, 'you remember me. I am the man who gave you a pig when you married me.'

"The minister smiled as he recalled the incident, and as he was about to ask about the wife, the old German said: "Now, I tell what I'll do. When you married me I gave you a pig, so I'll give you two pigs if you will now unmarry me.'"

Two Generous Gifts.

News and Observer.

Trinity College has been the recipient this month of two handsome gifts which are to be completed before the opening of the Fall session—one a modern dormitory to cost $25,000 or $30,000 by Benj. N. Duke, and the other an elegant granite pavilion to be built between the gateway of the college and the Washington Duke building, the gift of Mrs. James E. Stagg, the grand-daughter of Mr. Washington Duke. These two additions, together with the magnificent J. B. Duke Library Building, will add greatly to the equipment, comfort and adornment of Trinity College.

Our correspondent says: "It seems to be the policy of the Messrs. Duke to concentrate their gifts here to the end that Trinity College shall have an equipment that will make it rank with the first American institutions." That will be a wise policy. The late Governor Holt gave good advice when he counselled men of wealth "to invest in immortal mind." Such investments pay an hundred fold and are more permanent than investments in stocks and bonds. These generous gifts to education by father, sons and grand-daughter will be hailed with pleasure by all who are interested in the educational progress of North Carolina.

Mrs. O'Brien: "Good marnin', Mrs. McCabe. An' phwat makes you look so sad?" Mrs. McCabe: "Shure, Dennis was nint to th' Penitentiary for six months." Mrs. O'Brien: "Well! Shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass." Mrs. McCabe: "Shure, that's phwat worries me."

A REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING

Earnest, Vigorous Young Men Meet in Convention.

The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North Carolina will take place in Charlotte March 8-11. It will be unlike any convention ever held in previous years. Not more than one-half a dozen topics will be discussed, as the convention will confine itself to the discussion of several vital, live subjects which have to deal with the religious life of men. It will in every respect be a Twentieth Century Convention. Practically every important college and many preparatory schools for boys will send delegations of their choicest men. City and town associations will be represented by some of their leading men. Railroad men from several terminal points are also coming to participate in the convention programme.

This year the convention will open on Saturday evening, closing on Tuesday night. Sunday will be a red letter day in Charlotte. There will be services in nearly all of the prominent churches, with union meetings at night, addressed by some of the most prominent association leaders in North America. In the afternoon there will be a great mass meeting for the men of Charlotte. The local association hopes to have over a thousand men present at this service. Mr. Augustus Nash, the Religious Work Secretary of the Cleveland, Ohio, Association, will address this mass meeting for men. Among other prominent speakers who are to participate in the convention are Messrs. Don. O. Shelton, of New York City. C. L. Gates, of Atlanta; H. E. Rosevear; of Louisville.

The music will be a special feature. The executive committee have secured Mr. E. O. Sellers, of Washington, D. C., to have general charge of this feature.

A cordial invitation is extended to every pastor in North Carolina and to all men who are interested in their fellow men. Young men from towns and rural districts where there are no associations will be especially welcome. It will be necessary, however, for them to secure the proper credentials. By writing to A. G. Knebel, State Secretary Y. M. C. A., Asheville, N. C., within the next ten days these credentials and all other information will be promptly forwarded.

The good people of Charlotte will entertain all delegates. The majority of the railroads have granted reduced rates. It would be well, however, to see your local ticket agent in advance, and ascertain whether or not he has received instructions.

New England Tribute To Lee.

Charlotte Observer.

The Boston Herald, in a recent editorial discussing the celebration in the South of the birthday General Robert E. Lee, said:

It can nowhere be regarded as an unnatural thing that, so long as there is a numerous body of survivors of the Confederate States' armies, the memory of Lee shall be held in affectionate veneration. Nor would it portend any harm to the Union if the custom should be kept up by the following generation. We may understand the regard in which Lee is held as a great soldier and as one who sacrificed much in following what he esteemed to be the way of duty and patriotism. As time passes, it will not be so much the cause that he served as his personal character and his rank as a great American that will command this testimonial.

The South does not expect the North to consider the cause that Lee served in the light in which it does, but it can expect Northerners of breadth to look beyond the cause and consider the man, as The Boston Herald does, in the above extract from its gracious editorial. In all the tide of time there was never a more perfect character then Robert E. Lee and the wars of all ages have developed few great commanders. These facts the fair-minded student of history must concede. However much at fault the cause of the South may be thought to have been, the world already stands prepared to admit that the commander of its armies was peerless among gentlemen and as a soldier entirely great.

Does Smallpox Disfigure?

Charlotte Observer.

The question is often discussed here, Does smallpox leave scars? It is stated by physicians that in the great majority of the cases that have been treated and cured in this city the face of the patient has not been pitted to any noticeable degree, and it is contended that, in accordance with the modern methods of the treatment of the disease, almost every patient should escape disfigurement. Yet the few cases where marks are left are unsightly enough to make the disease still dreaded as a beauty destroyer.

How the Firemen Were Fooled.

Chicago Dispatch.

Firemen who grouped their way through fire and smoke and dragged six dead bodies into the street from Bennett's hospital at Ada and Fulton streets last night, carried on their heroic labor in the belief that they were rescuing persons who had been asphyxiated and not until the flames had been subdued did they learn that they had been in the dissecting room of Bennett Medical College and that the rescued bodies were from the dissecting tables of the school. Several of the cadavers were clothed, having been brought to the school in that condition.

"Johnnie," said his mother threateningly, to the incorrigible, "I am going to have your father whip you when he comes home to-night."

"Please don't, mamma," replied Johnnie, pensively, "pa is also tired when he comes home."

Those Who Seek to Destroy.

Charlotte Observer.

Dr. Chas. D. McIver, in the address which he delivered on the evening of the 14th of January when he and Governor Aycock spoke before the Charlotte chamber of commerce in behalf of public education, recited a poem which divided the inhabitants of the earth into just two classes—"the people who lift and the people who lean. It was excellent, but the division does not go deep enough. There are those who lift and those who lean and likewise those who destroy. There are drones in all hives—those who lean—but we are not without those of the last named class also—those who destroy or seek to destroy. There is in the State a class which is at war with its best interests; which, instead of fostering these, instead of seeking to promote the welfare of the young industries which are springing up, instead of holding up the hands of the men who are doing things for North Carolina, find their occupation in promoting legislation and in creating a public sentiment calculated in the one case and intended in the other to tear down these interests, and which finds its chief delight in defaming and seeking to discredit the workers.

This class can be at once identified by observation. It is never heard of except as fighting some one or some thing, trying, not to help, but to hurt somebody or something, except as selfish interest may occasionally suggest sycophantic praise. Whoever or whatever fails to answer to the personal or polical whip is named for slaughter, and the danger as well as the villainy of this warfare upon the State's best interests and best workers lies in its insidiousness—it is waged in the name of patriotism for "the people," in the interest of "the masses," if you please—as if it were not the highest interest of "the masses" that North Carolina should become prosperous and great and glorious and shine in the galaxy of States.

Spot Cotton Too High; Mills May Close Down.

Charlotte News.

Spot cotton in Charlotte is as high, if not higher, than any of the surrounding towns. In speaking of this a well-known manufacturer said: "At the present price of spot cotton, it is almost impossible for the mills to come out as good as even on their manufactured goods. Our people are getting the same prices now as they were when cotton was selling around seven cents. Cotton yarns have not advanced anything like in proportion to the advance in spot cotton. Just how long the mills will hold out under these conditions, I am unable to say. Surely it will not be long."

Other manufacturers were approached on the same subject and they, with one accord, corroborated the above statement.

One went so far as to say that he was afraid if conditions did not change, and that too, at an early day, a number of mills would, of necessity, be compelled to shut down until higher prices could be obtained.

Another manufacturer admitted that the mills he was connected with had made no money for some time and that, at the present prices obtainable for yarns, it was a losing game all the way through.

The mills that are making the finer grades of goods are about the only ones clearing any money. Charlotte has several of these and the News man was given to understand that business with these was thoroughly satisfactory. However, one of these manufacturers said that his mill was not making any big thing at present.

Black Mafia In Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE, Feb. 21.—Recorder Shannonhouse today unearthed a secret society among the negro offenders of the city which would rival the most approved Italian Mafia.

It is called the "Market Association," and the objects of its members have been to never bear witness against a fellow associate. That the association has been effected have been proven by the failure of officers to convict negro offenders upon the testimony of negro witnesses.

The existence of this secret society came to light today by charges being brought in the recorder's court at the instance of an unwilling member who was initiated by a ride across the greased floor of the negro market here.

The members who were concerned in the initiatory programme told a story that agreed in the veriest detail. Recorder Shannonhouse, however, wrested the truth of the affair from the negroes concerned by threatening perjury charges, which he later had sworn out. As a result, fifteen negroes are awaiting trial.

Major Robbins' Opinion of Predestination and Card Playing.

Statesville Landmark.)

To the Editor of The Landmark: In response to the lady who last week said Major Robbins did not believe in predestination, the major begs to assure her that he does believe that boys who are taught to play euchre and other games of cards around the family fireside are almost certainly predestined to become gamblers when they grow up.

Young Roosevelt Goes Home.

GROTON, Feb 21.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who has been ill with pneumonia for two weeks in the Groton school infirmary, is bound for Washington to-night. Bundled to his eyes with blankets, he was taken in a covered sleigh from the infirmary to the special train which had been in readiness at the Groton station for several days.

Durham makes an offer of a site and $5,000 for the orphanage of the Junior Order of American Mechanics.