THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

VOL 9.---NO. 19. PICKENS S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1899. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

THE TRUTH PLAINLY TOLD.

EX-GOV. NORTHEN ON THE NEGRO

A Review of the Conditions Existing in the South Between the Races—Lynchings Are Not Defended and Crimes are Not Extenuated.

Ex-Governor William J. Northen, of Georgia, was invited to deliver an address on the negro question in Tremont Temple, Boston, and in complying with the invitation he made an elaborate defence of the South in its relations and duties to the negro, recalling to the minds of the Bostonians the origin and history of slavery in this country, depicting in generous terms the loyal conduct of the negroes who were slaves during the civil war upon the plantations in the Southern States, and showing very clearly the evils of the reconstruction period when the negroes were taught to vote against the white man regardless of what he might have done for them in the past. This severance of former relations led to the commission of brutal crimes on the part of the negroes, stimulated by the hate and prejudice of their political leaders, and in turn the whites resorted to retaliation and punishment, which resulted in lynchings for criminal assaults upon white women and the growth of mob law. Gov. Northen's speech is too long for our columns, but we give the concluding part as embodying the pith of his argument:

Let it be distinctly understood that, personally, I am absolutely opposed to mob law for any and all offenses. I shall not take your time here to give you my reasons. Personally and officially, I have done everything known to me to suppress it in my state. But there is an unwritten law, not peculiar to Georgia or the South, but dominating conditions in every State in the union, where the circumstances are the same, that demands the quickest execution, in the quickest way, of the fiend who robs a virtuous woman of her honor to gratify his hellish diabolism. Human nature is the same throughout the civilized world, and say what you may, Massachusetts will not be one whit behind Georgia, when you make Mrs. Cranford the wife of a farmer in your State and Sam Holt a brutal fiend, in human shape, a neighbor near her home.

I repeat, again, mob law is terrible. You know its blood and slaughter in your own State. Georgia can no more suppress it than Massachusetts or New York. Until Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania and other States can control the wild fury of a mob, let us be done with denunciations upon Georgia, when she fails. Georgia and the South ask nothing but to be given the same consideration as other States and other sections.

You need not ask me, then, if I approve the horrible enactment that occurred within forty miles of my home, a few weeks ago. God forbid that I should. "Do you condemn the burning as strongly as it was condemned through the Northern press?" I answer emphatically—just as strongly. "Then you approve the course taken by the Northern press in the matters of lynchings at the South?" Pardon me, if, in reply, I say that I condemn the course of the Northern press upon lynchings at the South with all the vehemence of an offended nature. It is incendiary, unfair and cruel in the extreme.

Now, hear me! What was the policy of the press at the North, with only two exceptions, so far as I know, in the lynching of that villainous fiend, Sam Holt, at Newman, my State? Great scare heads—Another negro lynched at the South. Fiendish brutality on the part of the whites toward an unfortunate and defenseless negro. Human devils burn a colored man within fifty miles of the capital of Georgia, and gloat over his tortures like demons. Surely these people have been remanded to barbarism and become savages in a civilized land.

Not one word of sympathy for a pure and virtuous woman; her honor gone; her husband murdered in her presence, she and her little children dragged in the fresh, warm blood of the dying man, and not one word said about this doubly horribly outrage. Surely, in all the North, is there no sympathy except for a negro? No kindly feeling and no tender word for the defenseless women of the South, who carry with them a living shame, in a living death, in a life all too long for its miseries, if it last but for a day.

I submit: The policy of the press at the north, in condemning simply the lynchings, while they maintain an ominous and painful silence about the crimes that provoke them, is incendiary in the extreme, as it encourages negroes to a repetition. It is worse than cruel to the broken-hearted victim and the community that has suffered death in its tenderest relations.

The policy is unfair, as between lynchings at the North and lynchings at the South, making always fish of one and fowl of the other. Let us be fair, and we will sooner be orethren.

Harper's Weekly, a paper popular over the country, has found great pleasure, from time to time, in maligning the South.

It is due to say that the editor is beginning to see the South through clearer glasses. In the issue of May 13th, I find the following: "To read the story of Sam Holt's crime, as our Georgia correspondent has written it, begets absolute indifference to that negro's sufferings or fate. It fills the mind with horror, and makes one feel that any means that is effectual to prevent such crimes is justified. One forgets the monstrousness of the Sam Holt lynching, and only wonders whether it was expedient."

In addition to the denunciations by the press, our colored brethren of the North have assumed dictatorship over the white people at the South. In a recent issue of The Herald, of this city, appeared an account of a meeting, I suppose, of colored people, described to be most enthusiastic, in which it was said, referring to the recent lynching in Georgia: "The climax of the evening was reached, however, when Captain Williams and Lieutenant Jackson said that every negro should carry a Winchester, and wherever a negro was killed, their brethren should go out on the highways and byways, and the first white man they saw should be shot down."

This is one way to settle it, according to the colored people of Boston. Not one word about the villainous scoundrel who did the double tragedy—a human fiend. Kill every white man you meet, who dares defend the women of the South against such iniquitous outrage, and the race problem will be settled at the South.

The colored people of New York met about the same time, and banded together to invoke the vengeance of God upon Georgia and the South for the lynching of Sam Holt, and not one word of sympathy for the home destroyed, the man murdered, the wife outraged and the children besmeared with the blood and brains of their murdered father.

May I say to my friends, the colored people of the North, if they will look after their own business and attend to the lawlessness that occurs in their own balliwick, they will possibly have quite as much as they can profitably manage. I would be glad to know what they said about the mob of 150 men that strung up Bradley, near New York, charged with stealing Martin Kelley's pocketbook, as reported in The New York World, April 21st. There, it is said, some of the mob wanted to burn Bradley, and that women fainted while the deed of horror was being enacted. There is a difference, a great difference, every one knows, between "tweedle-dum" and tweedle-dee."

Make the case your own: (Will you pardon me if in this presence, I tell a part of this horrible tale of woe and misery and loathsome wretchedness that you may somewhat understand?) Let it be your daughter, sitting at tea with husband and little children happily enjoying an evening meal. A bloody murderer stealthily approaches, and with the blow of a fiend, buries an ax to the eye in the husband's head: he fells him; beats his brains till they spread in sickening horror over the floor. He raises his devilish hand and strikes a stunning blow upon the face of a little child—your grandchild, can you imagine? He drags it across the bleeding, dying body of its father—your daughter's husband, and leaves it senseless, its father's blood dripping from its little skirts. See him as he takes another child, your grandchild, by the heels in one hand and his ax in the other, while he demands of the mother her consent or the cruel murder of her child. Be present in your thought at that supreme moment, and hear her saying, "Save my child." See him then as he confronts, in all the appalling horror of fiendish glare, with uplifted ax, the trembling form of the wife—your daughter (can you imagine?) curses as only a demon from hell can swear; jerks her down—your daughter, (can you imagine?) and rolls her in the warm blood of the only one she had hoped to defend her from such awful, awful, awful cruelty and shame! Hear her piteous cries as she writhes, for two long, long hours in the embrace of the villain, and then see her as she falls at her father's gate—your gate (can you imagin?) half clad and in a death swoon, to tell her horrible, sickening, disgusting, loathsome story, (a story I cannot tell here, and which has not yet been told because of the loathesomeness). Hear her tell it into her loving mother's ears, and tell me, would you not feel that the punishment of the nethermost hell, whether administered here or hereafter, was not too much for such a human fiend? What would you do? What would your neighbors do? What would a mob in Massachusetts do? I am not asking what ought to have been done. As to that, you and I are fully agreed. I am asking what was done, under similar conditions, in Ohio, Oregon, New Jersey, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Kansas, Illinois, New York and other States that have had similar or even less offenses. No State claims greater or more advanced civilization than New York, and yet, it is only a few years since a wild and frenzied mob cruelly murdered eleven innocent negroes, whose only offense was that they were negroes, then burned the negro orphan asylum over the heads of three hundred little helpless negro children, simply because they were negroes, and the little ones barely escaped by the back door, while the maddened mob beat down an entrance at the front. Why did not the great State of New York control the mob better than Georgia did?

Is the State of the president lacking in civilization? If not, how did it happen that an unhindered mob seized the rape fiend, Seymour Newland, and lynched him upon a tree near by, because of an outrage upon a respectable white woman of eighty-one years?

Is the State of Illinois without civilization, when her State attorney says they have had half a dozen lynchings in the last few years, and the world knows how the mob shot down negroes with the approval of the governor, for no other reason than that they had entered the State in search of work. In the presence of all this, the pious press of Chicago points to Georgia and thanks God that they are not as that publican.

Do you ask me how these lynchings can be stopped at the South? I answer promptly—just as they can be stopped at the North, and in no other way. Stop the outrages and the lynchings will cease. Continue the outrages, and the lynchings will always follow, regardless of threats by the law, whether in Georgia, Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio or other States.

Is it forgotten that the people of Massachusetts, themselves, burned a negro woman at the stake, who had been simply suspected, and not convicted, of poisoning a white man and his wife? We can't tell what is going to happen, even in the best regulated families.

Negro politics, in my judgment, as taught during reconstruction and continued to the present day, seeking to dominate the white people of the South, is responsible for most of the blood that has been split, the outrages that have been perpetrated and the sorrows that have come to the whites and negroes of the South. The course of the Northern press is responsible for much of the remainder. The South is a white man's country, and it will never be delivered over to negroes, whatever the power and influence brought to bear to force this fearful end.

In his recent charge to the jury, the court sitting in Charleston, S. C., to try certain citizens charged with lynching a negro in that State, Judge Brawley said: "If it be true that this postmaster was an incompetent negro, a stranger and resident of another county, the community that he was appointed to serve had grave and just grounds of complaint, and those who are responsible for his appointment cannot escape the condemnation of fair-minded men everywhere for the wrong done to that community. Every lawful effort of the people of Lake City to redress their grievance would have had the sympathy and support of all lovers of order."

How much did the appointment of a negro postmaster, over the protest of the people of Hogansville, a town within the neghborhood of Sam Holt's residence, and the closing of the mail cars, to force white people to patronize the negro's postoffice, have to do with the awful tragedies that have been enacted in my State? Let Judge Brawley answer.

Hon. Charles Bartlett, representing the Macon district in the present congress, upon application, secured rural mail delivery for the county of Bibb. Mr. Gaitree, the representative of the postoffice department, went to Macon and located the routes. Mr. Bartlett was assured that such carriers would be selected as were acceptable to the people. Quite a number of good white people made application, and on Mr. Gaitree's recommendation, two were selected. Their bonds were sent to the postmaster at Macon with instructions to have them filled out, and the carriers to commence service May 1st. A day or two after, the postmaster received a telegram from the chief of the free mail delivery department, asking him to hold up the bonds of the persons appointed. Next day a telegram came, stating the free delivery would be established, provided the bonds of two negroes, naming them, who had been appointed in the place of the white men, were filled out and returned. Mr. Bartlett went to Washington and protested that the farmers did not want negro carriers to deliver their mails, in the absence of all but the women of the families from home. Two days later, a telegram announced that the free delivery had been postponed. It must be a negro or nothing, says the government to the South.

When the government appoints a minister to Austria, and the cablegram comes—"persona non grata"—the name is recalled and another substituted at once. Why Austria and not the South? Why dominate the South with an appointee who is "persona non grata" when Austria can get what she wants? Why dominate a section whose people, as a section, are more thoroughly American than any other section of the continent; a section more devoted to American industries than any other section as such, because of its more American citizenship; a section that defends the American flag with as loyal hearts, as heroic daring, and as patriotic devotion as ever characterized a liberty-loving citizen of the nation? Let the North answer me, why?

Now, then, if the slave trade, the promotor of slavery in America, was a sin, whose sin was it? Not the sin of the South, but the sin of England, the Dutch and New England.

If the conferring of citizenship and the ballot upon 4,000,000 of people, absolutely untaught in the simplest elements of government, was a mistake, whose mistake was it? Not the mistake of the South, but the mistake of the North.

If the avenues to division and hate and blood and carnage, outrages and lynchings and violence and mobs have been opened up, at the South, through the ballot given to the negro and that politics taught him to pursue in the destruction of the white man were a sin, whose sin was it? Not the sin of the South, but the sin of the North.

If the people in the South sheltered the negro in his absolute poverty, fed him when he was hungry, furnished him means to accumulate property and money; educated his children to prepare them for usefulness in life, whose honor is it but the honor of the men who have borne, for a generation, his burdens, while he gave marked ingratitude in return through his votes.

What are we going to do about it?

The negro problem at the South will not be settled in a day. Step by step, as it marches into the future of the nation, it must be met by the conditions best suited to the detail of its solution. It will never be settled by abuse of the South, and the North had as well understand that fact now as later. What is needed now is, at least, toleration and non-interference, if the South is to be responsible for results.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the relations between the races at the South are, in no sense, alarming. Under God we will work out the problem in righteous settlement for both races, if we are left alone.

Negroes are employed upon our farms, in preference to white people. They are used as coachmen, mechanics and in all the trades. They never suffer for lack of work, if they want a job. We provide for them good schools, that are superintended by the same boards as control the white schools. Their religious training is carefully guarded by the churches in all the religious denominations. Confidence is constantly strengthened, as the negroes are beginning to know the white people are their best friends.

Sam Holt is by no means, a representative of his race. It is only a very small per cent of the negroes that are malicious, criminal and mean. The race should not suffer in reputation because of the bad character of a few.

The better part of the negroes, and this is by far the larger part, are beginning to co-operate with the white people for better conditions.

Recognizing the tremendous demands that await us in the future, we shall trust in God, do our best, and wait. The gospel of the living God is sufficient for all human ills and human woes. The gospel's best analysis is: "Faith, hope and charity." "The greatest of these is charity."

BILL ARP'S RUMINATIONS.

A VERY BUSY OLD MAN.

He Will Leave the Negro Problem to Wiser Heads—Has to Work the Garden and Sprinkle the Flowers.

I reckon there are enough philosophers to solve the race problem and save the country without further assistance from me, and so I will swear off for the present. I don't care much whether the negro goes to Africa or Arizona or stays here. If he stays here he has got to stop his devilment or take the consequences, and I'm willing to trust the people on that line. But of all the absurd remedies that have been proposed none are more so than a change of venue and a trial in five days in some distant county. County lines do not bound the fierce indignation of a people horrified and enraged over such fiendish work as that of Sam Holt and Will Lucas. And besides, just think of the machinery that has to be set in motion to summons and convey thirty or forty witnesses to a distant county, and even then perhaps no trial, or a mock trial that disregards the forms of law and the rights of the criminal. No, that is no remedy.

But I've sworn off. Let the wise men settle it, tho I confess I was surprised when I read that Governor Candler had just discovered that education was the only remedy that would stop the commission of these heinous crimes. According to the statistics of New York and Massachusetts, taken from their state prisons and published to the world, education fosters and increases crime—not a little, but immensely. The Governor's theory has long since exploded. And right here in Georgia the uneducated negro before the war and for a few years after was moral and law-abiding and now there are 4,000 in the state and county chaingangs, 75 per cent. of whom can read and write.

But I forbear. I had rather ruminate about pleasanter things, though I must protest against this utterly untenable basis of all the negroes being good negroes excepting 5 per cent. Mr. Inman started it, and I see that Bishop Gaines takes comfort from it in his beautiful and impressive sermon of last Sunday. It is a delusion and a snare. Nearly 5 per cent. of their voting population are now in the chaingangs, and it is safe to say that if every one who steals was arrested and punished it would add 10 per cent. more to the black army of convicts. Petty larcenies are common in every household where they are employed, but they are not brought to court. These little pilferings are crimes, but the crimes are condoned—overlooked—for they have some good qualities, and their service is needed. It is a race trait and develops with their education, especially among the younger negroes. The records of the courts prove that the percentage of small larceny and burglary grows faster than their population increases. City negroes and town negroes are more addicted to it than country negroes, for they have more education and more opportunities. The fear of the law as it is now does not deter them. The fear of the lash would. But we can worry along with their little pilferings on the principle that a cook we once had declared to me when I reproved her for stealing: "You don't miss what I takes." It is the greater crimes that now give our people deep concern and these will be quickly and terribly avenged. Our people, especially the country people, are in deperate earnest, and neither law nor lawyers nor the horns of the altar will protect a brute in human form, whether he be white or colored.

But what makes my thoughts and my pen glide along on this subject? My wife is calling me now to come there and bring the stepladder. She wants the vines of the trellis tied up, and I am the boy. That ladder is old and rickety and I am subject to vertigo sometimes. I'm afraid of that ladder, but never in my life did I admit to her that I was afraid of anything, and so I will mount that ladder with all the alarcity I can. The time was when I had black boys and whites ones, too, to wait on me, but now I have to tote my own skillet and nurse the grandchildren, too. There are two little ones here half the time and they love me dearly and I have to stop writing whenever they say so. They want me in the garden to get flowers, or pick strawberries, or make sand houses, or mud pies or get some water or something to eat, and I have to follow them around or carry the little one while my wife is making some more little dresses for them. Their mother has no servant and lets them come up here by themselves to be petted, while she is sewing or cooking or playing on the piano. My wife and I do more work nowadays than we ever did in our lives, but it is sweet work and we like it. How the children and grandchildren will get along when our time is out and we are off duty I cannot see, but one thing I known, "the Lord will provide," for "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

But about these negroes. Hardly a day passes but what I hear somebody say: "I wish to the Lord that they were all out of the country." I don't know about that. The iron makers and miners and lumber men and railroad men and the big farmers would object, for their labor is both useful and profitable. I wish we could scatter and apportion them all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There are at least 500 in this little town that we would like to spare, but we would like to pick them. There are no doubt 10,000 in Atlanta—mostly young bucks and wenches who have been educated and are now vagabonds—parasites who live off the labor of good working negroes just as the vagabonds do here. We have many good negroes here who are good citizens and give no trouble, and they are our draymen, our carpenters, carriage makers, blacksmiths, barbers, gardeners, cooks and washerwomen. These trades are shut out to them at the North, but the North keeps on sending money down here to educate them and to keep their leaders in line politically. The truth is that all this devilment that has of late so agitated our people comes from politics. It is planned and designed for party purposes, and Mr. McKinley was a party to it when he appointed negroes to be postmasters and revenue officers in white communities. I have had no respect for him since he did it. They say that he has quit it, but he has not apologized. How much longer is he going to keep that educated negro politician in office at Hogansville? And yet there are thousands of Democrats, men and women, in Atlanta who gave him a welcome and threw him flowers and shouted "All hail McKinley!" I've no respect for them, either. I want to live long enough to see a man in the presidential chair who is far above such machine politics. They say they want to break up the solid South and yet they do the very things to keep it solid.

But my wife is calling me again. She says it is about time for me to begin to water the roses. It takes about fifty buckets of water every evening, but the hydrant is near by and I don't mind it. The little chaps try to help me with little buckets and they get their clothes wet and of course I am scolded for it. If they get dirty or take cold or run at the nose it's all my fault. They say that I spoil them so nobody else can do anything with them. I don't care. They shall have a good time as long as I live, for there will be trouble enough after I am gone.

Now about this thing that is called education I do not wish to be misunderstood. Millions are wasted on it to no good purpose. Every mother's son and daughter should be taught to read and to write and multiply. Good reading books should be placed within their reach—books that teach a good moral lesson, books that exalt virtue and condemn vice—but work, toil, industry is a bigger thing than books. Modern education is confined to the head, the intellect, and is mixed up with training the hands to play ball and the legs to run, and the boys tramp all over the country to play match games and the old man's money is spent for something that is not worth a cent to the young man when he settles down to the business of life. The average boy has no more use for algebra, or conic sections, or calculus, or astronomy, or Greek or French than a wagon has for a fifth wheel. It is valuable time wasted. Outside of the professors I have never found but one college graduate who could translate a line of Greek or solve a problem in geometry. Perhaps one in a thousand shows a fitness for these higher branches and that one should have a chance at them if possible, for the world needs astronomers and mathematicians and scientists and linguists, and will have them, even if the acquirement has to be hammered out at the anvil as Elihu Burritt did. Work is the big thing in this practical age. To make a living is imperative, and it is a struggle. But to be a great orator, or poet, or preacher is a *gift*, and like Patrick Henry, or Henry Clay, or John Wesley, will come to fruition with or without a higher education. To read well and to read wisely is the best part of an education. It is strange that our schools do not teach their pupils to read—to read with emphasis and tone and accent. Not one preacher in ten can read a chapter or a hymn in an impressive manner. It was his happy faculty of reading well that made Bishop Beckwith a great man. It was a solemn feast to hear him recite the litany, or read a hymn or utter a prayer. Why do not the theological seminaries teach the students to read and also something of elocution? It is an imposition on a congregation to have to listen to the sing-song, childish, unimpressive readings of our preachers.

But this is enough on this line. I fear I am getting hypercritical.

BILL ARP.

DEWEY AND WOMEN.

A Hint Which He Gave a Woman Newspaper Worker.

Admiral Dewey is not, like Napoleon, a woman hater, although many naval officers' wives are almost convinced to the contrary. The admiral does not hesitate to say that he believes the presence of a woman interferes with a man's efficiency as an officer in war time. Many officers' wives, as soon as they became convinced that their husbands would remain an indefinite period at Manila, lost no time in hurrying over to join them, and some, 'tis said, even though their husbands cabled "No" to their petitions. The admiral did not look with favor upon their arrival, for, to his mind, it meant impaired efficiency in some of his best officers. They came, however, and before the outbreak of hostilities between the insurgents and the Americans, dances and yacht excursions in the bay and up the Pasig river became quite frequent even the admiral himself giving a large ball on the Olympia. He, however always maintained his position, and no woman was allowed aboard ship when she went to sea or during the subsequent period when the fleet was in battle array around Manila bay.

One young lady, engaged in newspaper work, drew heavily on the different ships' junior officers, who fell victims to her charms. It became quite a daily practice among the officers to, in turn, take her driving in the cool of the afternoon. As the principles drives of interest lay in close proximity to the firing lines the excursion was not without the element of danger so dear to the heart of both officers and adventursome women. The admiral looked on for some time in silence, but eventually meeting the fair charmer one day, reproached her for taking such risks, thinking perhaps in this way to stem the practice so rapidly becoming popular among his men.

The young lady promptly replied that she was not at all afraid of bullets when protected by one of Dewey's officers.

"Well," replied the admiral, "if you do not object to being killed I have nothing to say; but I cannot spare any of my men."

The young lady does not know whether this is a compliment or a reproach.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

—The Chicago Evening Post claims that Chicago has passed the two million mark in her population.

—The doctor who gets out of patients is apt to lose his temper.

THE SOUTH'S ADVANTAGES.

A Roseate View of the Future—Astonishing Figures of the Present Situation.

Richard H. Edmonds, editor and general manager of the Manufactures' Record of Baltimore, is generally looked upon as one of the best-informed men in the country on the general commercial status.

In discussing the general business outlook for the country Mr. Edmonds said last night: "We have entered upon an era in business and commercial affairs with which there is nothing in all our history to compare. The revolution through which we are passing is the most wide-reaching upon the world's affairs that has ever been known. Before the civil war and after it, even up to about 1890, we were busy developing a continent. The opening up to civilization of the great west, the building of about 150,000 miles of railroad, which we have done in the last 40 years, the creation of our vast industrial interests, now employing from 4,000,000 to 4,000,000 hands and turning out annually between $12,000,000,000 and $15,000,000,000 worth of products, or about four times the total annual value of all our agricultural products, were tasks sufficient to employ our energy and capital. No other nation ever made such a record, and we may well afford to boast of what we have done.

"But what we have accomplished is only an indication of our future Until about four or five years ago we were not counted as factors in the world's commercial affairs, except as an exporter of grain, provisions and cotton. To-day we are the dominating power in the world's industrial activities. We are fixing the price for every ton of pig iron and steel rails which the world is consuming. It matters not how distant the country, nor how great the undertaking, American iron and steel set the price which all other producers must meet or else lose the business.

"A few years ago we were importing an average of about 1,000,000 tons a year of iron and steel. Now the conditions are reversed, and we are exporting as much as five years ago we imported. Our bridge builders are capturing contracts in Africa and in Asia; our locomotive shops are exporting almost as many locomotives as they are supplying to our railroads; our metal and woodworking machinery makers are finding an ever-expanding market in Europe, in the Orient and in Africa.

"These are new conditions. They are so revolutionizing in their effect that we have scarcely had time to comprehend their full meaning. Within five years we have become a creditor nation instead of a debtor. The balance of trade in our favor—the excess of our sales to foreign countries over our purchases from them during the last three years—amounts to about $1,500,000,000. In all our history we have been a debtor nation to Europe until now, when Europe is largely in debt to us.

"We have had little or no part in supplying the world's demands for manufactured goods, but now we are crowding our old world competitors. England stands amazed at our progress and German iron makers find their own home markets invaded by our products. In 15 years England has made no progress in iron production, her output of 6,000,000 tons in that time being practically the highest point reached, while we have doubled our output and against England's 8,000,000 tons of pig iron will this year produce 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 tons. The opening up of Africa and Asia, the development of great navies and the new use to which iron and steel are being put make the world hungry for iron and steel. Consumption is everywhere increasing at a marvelous rate, and until China in the distant future develops her iron and coal resources the United States must of necessity supply the grater part of this increase. Whether China will ever become an important factor in the world's iron interests need not concern this generation.

"In this mighty advance—the most marvelous that the human race has seen—an advance which must affect the destinies of every country, there may and likely will come halting periods. There will be times of reaction as in the past, but with the foreign markets open to us it is reasonable to hope that our periods of depression will be less severe and of shorter duration than heretofore. The very magnitude and financial strength of our great corporations will be strong factor in pushing our manufactured products into all foreign markets.

"In this great revolution the South must necessarily be a large gainer. As the South can make iron at a lower cost than any other section; as it has greater resources of coal and iron susceptible of development than any other country; as it produces about three-fourths of the world's cotton crop and has more than one-half of the standing timber of the United States, it possesses an unequaled combination of advantages. It is on a solid basis, its industrial interests are rapidly expanding, and its foreign commerce is growing at an astonishing rate. Its future is certain, but even the most conservative forecast of it would be regarded as a dream of an enthusiast."

—"If I were to select the prime requisites for success," says Mr. Beveridge, "I would say, first of all, energy. But equally necessary as energy are concentration and determination. Shielded from the wind and hitting in the same place every time, little drops of water will wear a hole into the living rock. But if the wind blows them here and there over a small surface, they have little effect. Thus with a man's energies—let them be concentrated and persistent. Hard study and hard work never injure; no standard is too lofty. But once having selected your pinnacle, no matter how difficult the way, never, never rest until you have reached it."

—A St. Louis girl is so modest that she blushes at the bare statement of facts.

THE NEW STORE.

Draws Like A Magne!

This store is undoubtedly an attraction; New Goods, Good Goods, Stylish Goods at the prices we name will never fail to attract the attention of the public. Not one special article thrown out as a "catcher," but every item in the store marked at a price that defies underselling for like qualities. The chain is never stronger than its weakest link, and the business success of any store can be measured by the confidence the public has in that business.

Summer is Here!

In dead earnest. You feel like getting into strictly summer apparel. Our assortment of those pretty, dainty, sheer qualities of Organdies, Dimities, Lawns, Ginghams, etc., is unmatchable—every pattern a new one. Big values in all classes of White Goods, Lawns, Organdies, Dimities, P'K and Swisses, French Nainsook, &c.

Our Hosiery Department, also Underwear is very strong.

Our Shoe Department.

You will find the trustworthy kind—every pair new. Prices entirely economical. In buying for our jobbing as well as our retail department we are enable to buy cheaper than any shoe man in Greenville.

☞ Remember we are agents for the celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns, price 10 and 15 cents.

Make it a point to visit the New Store at the first opportunity, at J. H. Morgan & Brother's old stand.

MAHON & ARNOLD,

311 Upper Main St. GREENVILLE.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

More Than Three Million and a Half are Earning Wages in This Country.

Figures furnished by the United States bureau of statistics which presumably are obtained from reliable sources, show that there are more than 3,500,000 women wage earners in this country.

Few persons would have supposed that there were so many, and the number is steadily increasing.

The variety, as well as the extent, of the employments of women is surprising.

The report referred to gives the following interesting information on this point:

"Female teachers and professors number 250,000, exclusive of teachers of music who are 34,519 strong and 10,000 artists and teachers of art.

"There are 1,143 women clergymen.

"Journalists number 888, with 2,725 authors and literary persons.

"Of chemists, assayers and metallurgists there are two score, lacking one.

"Lawyers who are not men are 208.

"Female detectives are 279 in number.

"Only two women have been discovered who are veterinary surgeons.

"In Texas a woman has the contract for carrying the mail from Kiffe to Serirnal Hall.

"Gergia has a woman mail carrier; she travels a forty-mile route triweekly. This young woman also manages a farm.

"The chamber of commerce, Cincinnati, has a restaurant run by three Scotch women, and they clear about $15,000 yearly, although their annual rental is $5,000.

"In New Orleans one of the finest orchestras is composed entirely of women.

"Packing trunks is a St. Louis woman's industry.

"A conservatory and rose garden in Elmira, N. Y., is owned and managed by a woman.

"At the Young Women's Christian association, Philadelphia, two young women are in charge of the elevators.

"Women writ-servers are employed with success.

"Buffalo has a woman contractor, who is also a quarry owner; she is the only female member of the building exchange.

"The woman manager of a California insurance company is credited with the largest salary paid to any woman—$10,000 a year.

"A French Canadian girl is making her bread by cobbling shoes at Lewiston, Me.

"In Boston are two large advertising agencies, the members of both firms being women and all their employes women."

What one must have to produce a cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, backache, etc., is a penetrating, healing compound. One that will reach down to the cause, through the skin muscles, and membrane, no matter where located. You will find **Alligator Liniment** the only outward application that does this. It is a certain cure. Don't be deceived, there is none half so good.