

Bill Arp on Pensions

Present War-Talk Brings the Subject to Mind--Gives Some Statistics Regarding Georgia's Soldiers.

Sad memories come over us about this time. The tocsin of impending war carries us back thirty-seven years, when Georgia and the South everywhere was in a state of feverish excitement--when the roll of drum and the thrilling notes of the life were heard in cities and towns and recruiting camps and men, women and children all seemed to be wild with patriotic enthusiasm. Only the aged men and women were serious and solemn and silently smothered their apprehensions. After the state had seceded it was hardly safe for a man to talk for the Union. Here and there could be heard a bold, defiant voice like that of Pettigrew, the great lawyer, who, when asked by a countryman the road that would lead him to the Linnæan asylum, exclaimed: "Any road, sir; every road, sir; all the roads, sir. The whole state is one vast Linnæan asylum."

The war fever is as contagious as the smallpox, and is an epidemic for which there is no cure but blood. April is a historic month. In April the first guns of the war were fired and Fort Sumter fell and surrendered. In April President Lincoln called for 75,000 men to suppress the rebellion. In April Virginia seceded from the Union, and General Robert E. Lee received from his allegiance the United States army and transferred his sword to his State and the Confederacy. In April President Davis telegraphed Governor Brown for three companies to march immediately to Norfolk, and in twenty-four hours a battalion was on the cars and arrived there before the Virginia troops did. And, last of all, in April Lee and Johnston both surrendered their armies and the war was over. There is a world of history, sad, thrilling and glorious, lying between the beginning and the end. Who that was in it can forget it? It grows brighter and grander as the years roll on. No wonder the surviving veterans wish to meet once more. For thirty years their glorious deeds have been tossed about as treason and rebellion and a crime, but these old soldiers have never surrendered their convictions nor felt ashamed of their sacrifice. And so let them gather in Atlanta in July and have one more embrace and one more salute in memories of battles lost and battles won and hardships innumerable, and at the last a sad but sweet return to home and kindred--a home desolated and a kindred thinned by death.

Every train brings news now--news of impending war--but we are not excited like we were then. We remember when there was no telegraph wire to Rome and the daily signal came with the daily train from Kingston. Wiley Harbin, the old engineer, gave three long, loud, cheering whistles on his approach to town everybody wakes up for good news and exchanged greetings. "Lee has whipped 'em again," was the watchword, and the people hurried to the depot to meet the train and get all the good of it. Two whistles from the engine was indifferent news and one was bad and sad, but did not come often, for old Bob Lee and Stonewall whipped them as often as they got at them and would have been whipping them yet if our boy children had grown up a little faster. We almost robbed the cradle and the grave for soldiers, and even then got only one for three foes. I shall always think they ought to have toted fair with us and fought us two to one instead of three--don't you? I wouldn't have a pension that took three to one to win--would you? When I was a schoolboy I had a fight with another boy and two of my friends clubbed me and sorter helped me, and I never felt so ashamed of anything in my life.

But old Georgia has never discounted her gratitude to her soldiers or their widows. She is a long way ahead of her sister States. Last year she paid more to them than all the other Southern States combined paid to theirs. Virginia paid to hers \$140,000. Alabama \$116,000, North Carolina \$13,000, South Carolina \$10,000, Florida \$65,000, Tennessee \$38,000, Mississippi \$75,000, Arkansas \$42,000, Kentucky nothing and Texas \$38,000, while Georgia paid over \$600,000.

Now while we can boast of this, yet I am free to say and dare to say, for I am not a candidate for anything limited or unlimited, that our pension laws are not just and need reforming--Georgia has overdone the thing. Pensions should be awarded to the needy, and the needy only. The great riches of the counties should distribute the pension fund and make selection of the poor soldiers and the poor widows, and be required to add 25 per cent to the fund apportioned by the state. Considering the general depression, the state is paying too much. It should be reduced at least one-half, and let the counties make up part of the deficiency. Where is the justice or the propriety of paying a man \$100 a year who is worth \$100,000 or \$200,000 and many poor invalid soldiers who fought just as hard and endured just as much, but did not lose an arm or a leg or get nothing. I see that both Atkinson and Berner, in their declarations, speak of the rewards that were promised the soldiers. That is a mistake--nothing was promised nor was anything expected. They fought for their country and \$10 a month and hard tack and bacon or beef, and that was all they expected. The word pension was not in their dictionary. I know a widow whose husband was killed at Bull Run, and she does not need her pension and at first declined to receive it, but changed her mind and gives it all to widows who are needy. The grand juries of the counties know who should be the beneficiaries of the pension fund and if they have to add 25 per cent to it they would be careful to see that it was not misapplied. It seems to me that a leak of at least \$100,000 might be stopped in this way, but as I am not a candidate, maybe I don't know. There is another leak that needs stopping. The railroad commission should be reformed. When Campbell Wallace and Colonel Trammell and Sam Barnett first took hold of it, there was lots of work to do and it took nearly all their time. But they built up a system without having a guide of precedent. They established rules and regulations and these have long since been reconsidered and re-adjusted, and are now generally accepted and approved by the railroads and the people. Now the commission has to meet only once or twice a month and one competent man as chairman is all that is

needed. Colonel Trammell, from his long experience, could run the whole business and this would save \$5,000 a year, besides the secretary's salary, which is another thousand. If Colonel Trammell or his successor needed any occasional help to decide new questions, he might call in the Comptroller General and the Secretary of State, who would willingly serve for nothing part of one day in a month. School Commissioner Glenn has that kind of help on his board and it costs the State nothing. Why can't we do that and save a leak of \$16,000? Why not? I tell you, my long-suffering friends, the government expenses have got to be cut down in some way; not just a little, but a good deal. "Sine qua non" are bigger things now than sine qua non. The people are poor. The speakers tell us that a hungry man can't get religion and if he should he can't enjoy it. If we don't stop the leak the whole dam business will burst and wash away and the mill can't grind at all. I remember well when we had no pensions nor school fund, and the people got along pretty well. The young men married the young girls and left the widows for the widowers. There was no such a word as trousseau in the dictionary, but if there were less clothes there was more love and fewer divorces.

But we will talk about these things later, when we get to the Legislature. I'm not going to vote for any man who will not promise to cut down the pension business when the veterans meet in July. I was ruminating about that day--the anniversary of the greatest battle ever fought and the greatest victory ever won by Confederate soldiers. It was a small affair compared with Gettysburg and Shiloh and the Wilderness, but its impression on the country and the soldiers was more profound than any other. It was like a young mother's first child--none that came after ever created so great a sensation. How vivid are the scenes, the rapid night march from Winchester, the crossing the Shenandoah by torchlight, waiting up to the armists with guns and cartridges held up. I can see Jimmy Smith, the little drummer boy of the Eighth Georgia, and little McKosker, bobbing up and down over the deep places with water running into their mouths, while taller soldiers behind them held them steady. I hear the shouts of Stonewall Jackson's men as they came through the woods and turned the tide to victory. I see the willow glade and the little branch where Dr. Miller and his assistants worked all night with their knives and probes and bandages, and the little white said, "next," like the harders to their customers. I see the dead in the pine thicket and the wounded placed in the ambulances and hurried to the Lewis house for a hospital. I see the New York Zouaves in the field near the old stone house on the pike. How thick they lay upon the ground--how fast they seemed next morning as the burial squads rolled them into shallow trenches. They had swollen in form and feature during the night until their corpses filled their loose clothes almost to bursting.

But when we all meet on the 21st we will talk over the misty past and rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep. A sea of tears has already been shed, both North and South, but still the chalice are not empty nor the hearts of the veterans feared over by the iron hand of time.

BILL ARP.

TALENT AT CHAPEL HILL.

Meeting of Historical Society an Interesting Evening.

Chapel Hill, N. C., April 21.--(Special).--The University Dramatic Club gave Tuesday night its performance, "A Modern Ananias," in Gerrard Hall to a good audience. It is considered better than the first play and shows considerable talent on the part of the boys. The meeting of the Historical Society this week was of special interest. Dr. Bynum read a full account of the origin of the Moravian church and many interesting facts connected with their history. Mr. W. S. Wilson reviewed Lawson's History, and Mr. P. C. Whitlock read a paper on the speakers of the convention of 1788. "The University of North Carolina and Wake Forest College" was the subject of a carefully prepared paper by Prof. Collier Cobb. He accurately showed the prominent part the University men played in the establishment of Wake Forest College. The University men who were on the first committee for the foundation of Wake Forest were considered. The new school was first advertised in "The Harbinger" (November 12, 1833), a paper published at Chapel Hill, and edited by President Caldwell of the University. In the lower house of all the 43 Chapel Hillians except three voted for the charter. In the senate the entire University contingent voted for the charter. The vote stood 29 to 29 and Moseley, the speaker, an alumnus of the University, cast the deciding vote in favor of the charter. The State's aid and the extent of \$10,000 was given in a loan to the infant institution.

Dr. Carter's visit is anticipated with pleasure. Dr. Baskerville will lecture to-night the last of the series but two of fortnightly lectures this term.

Much interest in the Virginia game next Saturday.

FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY.

Carthage, N. C., 21.--(Special).--Fayetteville Presbytery met here yesterday 7:00 p. m. This Presbytery has over 7,000 members, about twenty-three ministers, and over eighty churches. Rev. M. D. McNeill, of Sanford is moderator. Rev. W. B. Arrowood and Capt. W. C. McPhail, temporary clerks. Rev. R. L. Law, stated clerk. Revs. M. McG. Shields and T. M. Lowry, of Mocklenburg Presbytery, are present. Others, ministers expected.

Red Springs is chosen for next place of meeting. Rev. A. M. Hassell and W. D. Smith were elected delegates to the General Assembly. Rev. M. D. McNeill and J. M. McIver alternate.

Procrastination is the thief of time, and industry is the only policeman that can catch up with him.

The Raid of Donno Clotilde.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

gave a blow, and the Riffian dropped limply, and Donna Clotilde stood by the yacht's bulwark, breathless and gasping. "Now you get away below," he ordered, curtly. "I'll soon clear this rabble over the side."

He watched to see her obey him, and she did it meekly. Then he gave his attention to the fight. He broke a packet of cartridges which lay on the deck planks, picked up and loaded a revolver, and commenced to make himself useful to the yacht's crew; and from that moment the fortune of the battle turned.

Capt. Owen Kettle was (and is) a beautiful fighter, and this was just his fight. Against his cool-headed ferocity the Riffians gave way like sand before waves. He did not miss a blow, he did not waste a shot; all his efforts went home with the deadliest effect. His voice, too, was a splendid ally. The yacht's crew had been doing their utmost already; they had been fighting for their bare lives. But with Kettle's poisonous tongue to lash them, they did far more, they raged like wild beasts at the brown men who had invaded their sacred docking, and drove them back with resistless fury.

"Hump yourselves you lazy dogs," Kettle shouted. "Keep them on the move. Drive them over the bows. Murder those you can reach. Am I to do all this job myself? Come on you mongrels!"

The red cutlasses stabled and hacked and the shrieks and yells and curses of the fight grew to a climax, and then the Riffians, with a sudden panic gale, and ran for the side, and tumbled over into their boats. There was no quarter asked or given. The exasperated yachtman cut down all they could reach, even whilst they were escaping; and when the sound had gone, they threw after them the killed and wounded to be rescued or lost as they chose. Afterwards, having a moment's respite, they picked up their revolvers again, loaded them, and kept up a spattering ill-aimed fire till the boats were out of reach. Then when they turned to look to their own killed and hurt they found a new crisis awaiting them.

Capt. Kettle was on the top of the deck house, which served as a navigating bridge, ostentatiously closing up the breach of his revolver after reloading it. He wished for a hearing, and after what he had seen of his deadly marksmanship they gave it to him without demur. His needs were simple. He wanted steam as soon as the engines could give it to him, and he intended to take the yacht into Gibraltar right away. Had anybody an objection to raise?

The red-haired man made himself spokesman. "We should have to go to Gibraltar," said he. "Some of us want a doctor badly, and three of us want a parson to read the funeral service. Whether you can get ashore once we do run into Gibraltar, is your own concern."

"You can leave that to me safely," said Capt. Kettle. "It will be something big that steps me from having my own way now."

The men dispersed about their duties, the decks were hosed down, and the deck lights switched off. After awhile Donna Clotilde came gliding up out of the darkness, and stepped up the ladder to the top of the deck house. Kettle regarded her unamiably.

To his surprise she knelt down, took his hand and smothered it with burning kisses. "Then she went back to the head of the ladder. "My dear," she said, "I will never see you again. I made you hate me, and yet you saved my life. I wish I thought I could ever forget you."

"Miss La Touche," said Kettle, "you will find a man in your own station one of these days to make you a proper husband, and then you will look back at this cruise and think how lucky it was you so soon sickened and kicked me away from you."

She shook her head and smiled through her tears. "You are generous," she said. "Goodbye, my darling, goodbye."

Then she went down the ladder, and Capt. Kettle never saw her again. A quartermaster came up and took the wheel. The wireless engine had been clacking, and the red-haired man (who had continued himself temporary mate) called out from forward, "All gone."

"Quartermaster," said Kettle. "Yessir," said the quartermaster. "Nor-nor-west and by west."

"Nor-nor-west, no-west it is sir," said the quartermaster briskly.

PRACTICAL PART OF IT.

"We've got the ships and the men and the patriotism to back 'em," said Mr. Cumrox, warmly.

"But," protested the young man who is studying international law, "we can't go to war without a casus belli."

"Well, ain't this country rich enough to get one?"

"Cleverleigh is always saying such original things, isn't he?"

"Yes; he has evidently been reading Solomon and getting his knowledge at first hand."

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Poland Chinas a Specialty.



GRAY'S I X L 79768.

A superior lot of Pigs by Royal Wilkes 33011, and Grey's Free Trade 34815. Also choice young boars and sows, and get the best from the oldest and largest herd of registered "Poland-Chinas" in Virginia, at prices to suit the times.

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AND BRANCHES AND FLORENCE RAILROAD

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATE	NO 25	NO 26	NO 27	NO 28
Dec. 21, 1937.	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30
W. Weldon	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30
W. Norfolk	8:15	8:45	9:15	9:45
W. York	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00
W. Rocky Mt.	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15
W. Weldon	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
W. Norfolk	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45
W. York	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
W. Rocky Mt.	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15
W. Weldon	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
W. Norfolk	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45
W. York	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00
W. Rocky Mt.	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15
W. Weldon	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30
W. Norfolk	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45
W. York	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00
W. Rocky Mt.	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15
W. Weldon	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30
W. Norfolk	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45
W. York	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00
W. Rocky Mt.	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15
W. Weldon	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30
W. Norfolk	1:15	1:45	2:15	2:45
W. York	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00
W. Rocky Mt.	1:45	2:15	2:45	3:15
W. Weldon	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30
W. Norfolk	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45
W. York	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00
W. Rocky Mt.	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15
W. Weldon	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30
W. Norfolk	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45
W. York	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00
W. Rocky Mt.	3:45	4:15	4:45	5:15
W. Weldon	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30
W. Norfolk	4:15	4:45	5:15	5:45
W. York	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00
W. Rocky Mt.	4:45	5:15	5:45	6:15
W. Weldon	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30
W. Norfolk	5:15	5:45	6:15	6:45
W. York	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00
W. Rocky Mt.	5:45	6:15	6:45	7:15
W. Weldon	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30
W. Norfolk	6:15	6:45	7:15	7:45
W. York	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00
W. Rocky Mt.	6:45	7:15	7:45	8:15
W. Weldon	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
W. Norfolk	7:15	7:45	8:15	8:45
W. York	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00
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W. York	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
W. Rocky Mt.	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15
W. Weldon	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
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W. Weldon	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30
W. Norfolk	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45
W. York	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00
W. Rocky Mt.	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15
W. Weldon	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30
W. Norfolk	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45
W. York	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00
W. Rocky Mt.	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

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W. Norfolk	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45
W. York	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
W. Rocky Mt.	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15
W. Weldon	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
W. Norfolk	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45
W. York	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00
W. Rocky Mt.	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15
W. Weldon	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30
W. Norfolk	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45
W. York	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00
W. Rocky Mt.	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15
W. Weldon	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30
W. Norfolk	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45
W. York	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00
W. Rocky Mt.	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15
W. Weldon	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30
W. Norfolk	1:15	1:45	2:15	2:45
W. York	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00
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W. Norfolk	2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45
W. York	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00
W. Rocky Mt.	2:45	3:15	3:45	4:15
W. Weldon	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30
W. Norfolk	3:15	3:45	4:15	