

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Writes About an Old Ex-Slave.

Atlanta Constitution.

Uncle Sam is dead. Good old Sam Pitts. He never changed his name when freedom came. "My old master was a good old man," he said. "Dar was good people den and bad people jes' like dar is now—black and white; but de black has got wusser and wusser since dey got free. Effen a black man had a good master he was mighty well off, fer he didn't have no spon-sibility. Effen I bin sho of a good master and my wife and children been sho of one and we all live togodder ontill we die I wouldnt keer anything bout freedom. Niggers got too much freedom anyhow. My old master used to make de nigger gals get married and take a man and stick to him; but nowadays dey don't marry at all hardly. I got a lot of grandchildren what haint got no daddy to speak of and I don't know my sons-in-law. Dey don't come about in daytime. Dat's what killed my old woman. She jes' got mortified and so shamed she never got over it. So many spurious children all round callin' her granny. Effen a white woman do dat way she is disgraced, but a black 'oman don't keer; she shine as big as ever and dey don't turn her outen de church. In de old times she got a whippin and dey ort to have it yet. White folks dun quit whippin bad niggers; dey send em to chain-gang, and dey don't keer for dat. I hear dat dar is four or five thousand in dar from Georgy. How's dat—didnt have nary one before de war. Gwine to school too much I speck and work too little. Don't know what is gwine to come of all dese growin' up niggers. Dar is a dozen or more round de depot or trampin' around town doing nuthin' all de time—livin' often dey mummies and smokin' dese little paper seegars."

Old Uncle Sam didnt talk too much, but sometimes he would lean on his hoe or his ax and spress his feelings. It did him good. He has been chopping my wood and helping me in the garden for thirteen years and we will miss him. He fell down paralyzed with his hoe in his hand. He was "the man with the hoe" to the very last, but he never was poor, for he made a good living and had many friends and owned a comfortable house and lot. They sent to my wife for some grave clothes and he will be buried in a right decent suit of mine and we will go to his funeral.

I was ruminating about this good old negro who had seen thirty-three years of slavery and thirty-seven of freedom and knew the good and the bad of both conditions and then my thought wandered to the malignity of those who have slandered us so long without a cause. Here is a book of poems by John G. Whittier and thirty-seven of them are pitiful appeals for the poor slave and invoking heaven's curses upon his master. He knew no more about slavery as it really was than he did about Barbara Fretichio and he fed the young people of New England upon poetic lies for thirty years and instilled into their hearts that hatred from which they have never recovered. Strange it is that smart people will write about things they have never seen. Now, the idea of an uneducated negro slave getting down on his knees and making an apostrophe to the north star—and yet that is the title of one of the poems—"The Slave's Apostrophe to the North Star." That nigger was 'possum hunt-ing right then, but the poet makes him to say:

"Star of the North, I look to thee,
"Thy light and truth shall set me free."

But enough of this. The question still survives what will become of the negro. And that other question still looms up before us, what will we do with 10,000,000 more of them over in the Philippines? A more senseless war was never waged. It was conceived in sin and is being carried on in iniquity. Prosperity! Yes, it is war that glosses over suffering and death and grief with a coat of prosperity. But it is nothing but a coat. War always produces a semblance of prosperity, for armies have to be fed and clothed and equipped. Ships have to be built and cannon made and a thousand things collateral to these show activity and give employment to labor and to capital. This activity began with the Cuban embroglio and still goes on, but in the long run somebody will have to foot the money bill. The bill for blood and suffering will never be paid. Who wants the war but contractors who are growing rich from their profits? When I was last in Texas I heard a cattleman say he hoped that Russia and England would get up a fight, for he had 100,000 head of cattle that would go up 50 per cent. in a day. Daily wages don't go up, but everything the laborer is obliged to consume has advanced. How about

clerk hire, male and female, in the towns and cities. How about child labor in the factories—not in all of the factories, but in most of them, for there are not many Gunby Jordans at the head of Southern cotton mills. What a beautiful tribute his people paid him in Columbus when he returned from Europe. What a touching ovation those factory workers gave him. Why can't the owners of every mill do the same by their operatives and secure their love, which is worth more than a crown of gold. I read in an Atlanta paper about a poor woman who swore her son would not be nine years old until next Christmas, but her husband certified to the Superintendent of the mill that he was eleven so as to get him a place, for no boy under ten would be employed.

What a degree of misery must be in a family who have to resort to such methods. The poor have but few friends, but I hope they have enough to press that labor bill before the next general assembly.

Later—News has just come that old Uncle Sam is not yet dead. They began to dress him for the grave and suddenly he showed signs of life. Maybe he will live to have his obituary read to him—who knows. I read my own many years ago in a western newspaper when the original Bill Arp died in Texas and the editor thought it was I. But Uncle Sam will hardly live through the night.

BILL ARP.

Pleasures of Parachuting.

It is not given to everybody to ascend midair in balloons and descend to mother earth in the swaying parachute—yet such is human curiosity that many of us would much like to know what it feels like so to do. To this end an interviewer recently had an interesting chat with a parachutist:

"Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," remarked the artist in question. "Did you ever dream of falling from a high place? You come down, alight quietly, and awake, and you are not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again. "No, there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way, a practiced hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out air, and thus work it to where you want to land."

"Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening. When the sun goes down the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air, and the parachute drops back on the circus lot, or not far away. A balloon is made of muslin, and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is also made of muslin. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before the parachute begins to fill. It must fill if you are up high enough."

"There are several hundred parachute men in the business, and the accidents are less in ratio than railroad casualties. Our business is new at that. After a while the ratio will be less. A man can't shake out a parachute if it don't open. A man in the air is powerless. Invariably the fall is headfirst."

"When the parachute begins to fill the descent is less rapid, and finally when the parachute has filled it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs onto his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten you can land back on the place whence you started."

After this one is tempted to indulge in mild speculation as to whether or not "parachuting" will ever become a fashionable pastime.

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Down they go Without Sound.

"In all my experiences, and I have had considerable at various watering resorts, I have never known of a single instance of a drowning person calling for help," said one of the life savers at the bathing beach.

"It is generally supposed that persons struggling in the water call for assistance, but such is not the case. For some reason, which cannot be explained, they never signal help. They simply throw up one hand, not both, mind you, and under they go. I have noticed this particularly at the Washington beach. In not a single instance has there been a call for help. I have pulled persons from the water within a few feet of the raft who were struggling for life and yet who never uttered a single cry."

"It was only that I happened to notice their peculiar actions in the water, and not the noise they made, that impelled me to go after them. Time and again I have seen poor swimmers start from the shore and, after paddling a short distance, throw up one hand and go under. It is the most remarkable thing imaginable that they give no signal of distress when help is so near. I have often asked rescued persons why they did not call for help, but they could give no explanation. They knew they were drowning, but the only sign of their peril was the involuntary raising of the arm. I have become so accustomed to this sort of thing—that peculiar manner in which a drowning person throws up his hand—that among a score of bathers diving, ducking and splashing about I can tell the one in danger in an instant."

"When he goes down it is with the head thrown far back. As the water washes over his face up comes the hand. Then it slowly disappears, going under inch by inch."

"Then if anything is done it must be done quickly. I have heard many stories of a drowning person making a great racket to attract attention, but I do not believe them. When more than one person is in danger I have known of calls, but invariably they came from the one who could swim enough to save himself, but who could not bring the drowning one ashore. The one in immediate peril simply goes under without a sound. I have been with fairly good swimmers who became exhausted, and who, without a word of warning, threw back the head as though about to float or swim on the back and go under. As they sank one arm came up."

"One would suppose that a person who could swim would be exempt from this dumbness in the moment of danger, get back without assistance, and would call for help before their energy has been all spent. Possibly they may manage to keep afloat until assistance comes, so when they cry out they are not actually drowning. When it comes to giving up and going under they sink slowly without a sound."

"The more I think of this phase of the drowning question the more remarkable it seems. Boys have drowned here who would have been rescued had they but called once. They have gone under surrounded by companions and so close to the life guard that rescue would have been assured had there been any signal whatsoever."

"The impression that a drowning person comes to the surface three times is a mistake. In fact in most cases he goes under once and stays there unless someone goes after him. Ordinarily a person overboard takes enough water into the body on first sinking to weigh it so that it will not rise to the surface, but there seems to be no rule of nature governing this."

"I suppose if one goes under with the lungs full of air the body will come to the surface, but usually the first sinking is the last."

"This is our experience at the beach. Cases have been quite numerous where good swimmers dived from the raft and failed to come to the surface, going under and staying there until one of the guards went down for them. Of course they were brought up unconscious and could not tell why they did not come up as usual. This is another of the mysteries of drowning. If there are more ways of killing a cat than one so there are more reasons than one why people drown. Good swimmers and those who can't swim at all go under and stay from time to time. If people will go in the water people will drown. We guard against accidents to the best of our ability, but occasionally someone goes down never to come up alive. We guards sit here and watch, go in and drag out all who appear in distress, but despite our vigilance suddenly someone will be missed, going down without a word, surrounded by half a hundred persons, any one of whom would possibly have been able to extend a helping hand."

—Washington Star.

For sprains, swellings and lameness there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Try it. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

—A woman listens to the advice of her husband, but she invariably does as she pleases just the same. This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of eroup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take. Evans' Pharmacy.

Bridegroom Wasn't There.

In Lippincott's Magazine is given an account by Chloe, a young negro servant in an Atlanta family, of a wedding she had attended.

The next day her mistress said to her:

"Well, Chloe, how did the wedding go off?"

"Oh, la, missy, it was de grandest weddin' I effer saw! It was jess lubly! Oh, yo' jess ought to ob seen de flowahs an' de bride—oh, de bride! She had on de longest trail, an' a white veil all oval her, an' a wreath ob flowahs, an', oh, it was jess de most elegant weddin'!"

"How did the bridegroom look?"

An expression of infinite disgust came into the face of Chloe as she said, scornfully:

"La, missy, dat good-for-nothin', no 'count niggah nebbah come anigh!"

It Happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have in stock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

D. S. VANDIVER.

Baby Weighed Twenty Ounces.

The tiniest mite of humanity in New Jersey, perhaps, is the new born baby boy of Mrs. William Leighman, of Cedar Brook, about five miles from here. Though a physically perfect baby, with fully developed power to emphasize its feelings in the way that babies do, this newcomer weighed two ounces less than two pounds when he was ushered into the world.

The usual preparations for the coming stranger had been made with motherly care, but the mite disappeared entirely in the immaculate white slips in which the nurse enveloped him. An ordinary tea cup engulfed his tiny head, and his mother's wedding ring made him a bracelet which lay loose about his arm above the elbow. His tiny pink toes were like tea berries, and his wonderful, dark eyes like glistening glass beads.

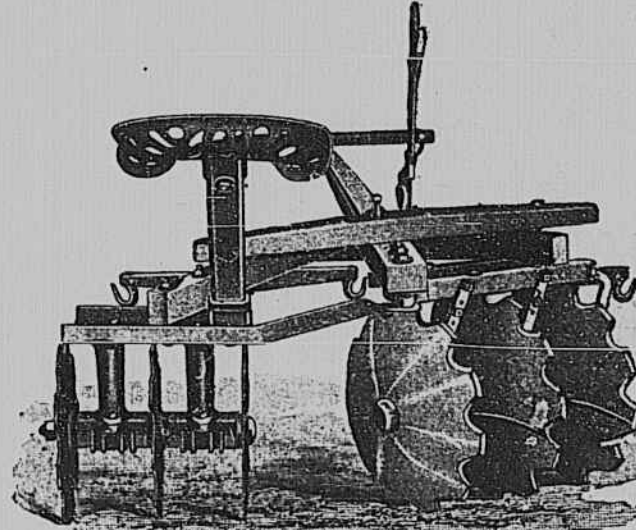
The little fellow quickly developed a normal appetite and is flourishing, but his fond mother says she can hardly realize that he is a real, live baby. Both parents are of the average size.

—A remarkable engineer feat is soon to be attempted in Boston—the moving of a six-story brick and stone building from one site to another without taking it apart. The ground upon which the building now stands is of a swampy character and 780 piles will have to be driven around the foundations of the structure to support the 1,000 jacks upon which it will be raised from its foundation prior to its removal. It will be transported to its new location, 42 feet distant, on steel rollers.

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