



A Study in Statesmen

by Edward B. Clark



ORCE, picturesqueness and ability in congress knows no sections. Northerners, southerners, easterners and westerners have their strengths and their weaknesses, their likes and their dislikes, their physical mannerisms and their mental idiosyncrasies just like all other human beings.

There have been men in congress who year in and year out on every occasion have kept hewing to the line of one special legislative endeavor. John T. Morgan, for years senator from the state of Alabama, worked for months untold to secure the adoption by the United States government of the Nicaragua route for the great interoceanic canal. He lost out, but it is probable that the facts which he obtained in his researches were of more value to the diggers of the canal than those gathered by any other one man.

Senator Morgan was one of the noted exceptions to the parliament's rule for the limit of the years of man. Some of the flippant, and possibly tired, senators declared that Mr. Morgan's speeches were as long as his life. If the voice of the Alabama man had been younger there would have been few sleepy ones in the senate when he talked—that is when he talked on any other subject than the interoceanic canal. Then it was to fly before the face of his country.

There was substance to Senator Morgan's speeches, and this much cannot be said for the vocal efforts of some of the flippant and younger ones. The aged one's words went into the Congressional Record and illuminated its pages. When he rose to speak many of the colleagues of Mr. Morgan retreated to the restaurant or the cloak room. Only rarely did he take apparent notice of the coming discourtesy. Once, wisely or unwisely, he said with something of pathos in his voice that he wished he could talk in the lunch room, for there he would be sure of an audience.

Mr. Morgan was no imperialist. He had a fear in his heart of the outcome of the policy of expansion, and the note of warning that came from his lips was frequent and forceful. One day, after outlining the position which he believed his country should take, his voice came back to him. Senators starting to leave their seats sunk back and listened. The words fairly rang through the chamber. This was what he said:

"In this lofty attitude we can prove the virtue of the republic before the eyes of all mankind, or we can set its light as a beacon to warn roving generations that, even in the highest reach of power and advantage, this republic—the cynosure of all eyes—is affected to the core with the sin of covetousness, and is aflame with the consequent lust of power that is attended with the usurpations, tyrannies and oppressions which have marked the course of the oligarchies and despots that have disgraced the history of other nations."

The senate of the United States stands for dignity. Sometimes the dignity is overdone, but, on one occasion the Senate was undignified to the point of striking several older senators with horror.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina was making nothing less than an impassioned speech. He was reaching toward the skies of oratory, when Senator Warren left his seat, unseen of Tillman, and took station behind the South Carolinian. The speaker had both hands high over his head directing the seating of his thoughts and words. Warren took a step forward. His hand stole to Tillman's side, slipped into his pocket, and came out again holding in its clutch a big black bottle.

All unconscious Tillman went on with his words of fire. Warren held his hand aloft in full view of the ascending officer, of his colleagues and the crowded galleries. There was a gasp, then a smothered and simultaneous gurgle of horror from a hundred throats, and then roaring laughter uncheckable.

Tillman turned and knowledge of the awfulness of his situation came to him. For once, possibly for the first time in his life, he was staggered to speechlessness. He strove for words, but they came out at his bidding. His face was first black with something like anger. Then the cloud cleared and a smile broke through. Speech returned, and two words came: "Horacic acid."

It was horacic acid, but unfortunately for Mr. Tillman, it had been put into a black and suspicious bottle. A sore throat was the reason for its carrying, and while the South Carolinian is a man of known truth, he would not let the matter pass until he had passed the bottle and had forced his comrades to smell the stuff and make clear his temperance record.

Neither senate nor house makes light of pension pleas in the presence of the galleries, but some of the would-be pensioners play comic roles in the committee rooms and corridors. Claimants who can prove things are treated as old soldiers and old soldiers' widows ought to be treated—decently and reverently.

Congress in its weakness has voted pensions on many an occasion, though doubtless knowing that the pensions were unearned and undeserved, but the day of that sort of thing is passing. If it has not altogether gone. One member was asked to use his influence to secure an in-



crease of pension for the widow of a soldier. There were papers forwarded to him which bore on the case, and these he turned over to the committee on pensions after his bill had been introduced.

The widow did not get her money, and it was not long before the whole house knew why. The member who had espoused the widow's cause had been in congress for years, and the joke at his expense was too good to keep, and one after another of his colleagues walked up to his desk and congratulated him on the wisdom shown in the plea which was in written form, he had turned in to the committee to win the widow's case.

It is perhaps needless to say that the member had never read the plea. It set forth the fact that while the amount of pension increase the widow of the soldier here asked for was large, it must be understood "that she came of good family, moved in the best social circles, and was in need of a large sum of money to keep up appearances."

Upon occasion senators and representatives permit their constituents to do their talking for them in congress. Petitions come in floods at times, with the object of securing legislation by external pressure. In the Smoot case, and in the pure food and army canteen matters the pleas of the people came in by the tens of thousands. The members of both houses present these letters, call attention to their import and then allow the petition to do the rest if they are potent enough.

Senator Latimer of South Carolina once introduced a good roads bill calling for the expenditure of government millions for the improvement of the highways. The automobilists all over the country began sending letters of approval. They pressed their friends into the writing service, but that they did not always pass upon the persuasive merits of the friends' productions is shown fairly well by one letter on the good roads' subject received by Senator Cullom. It read like this:

"Dear Mr. Cullom: Please vote for this d—d bill, and you will oblige a fool friend of mine who runs an automobile. Yours more or less sincerely,

It was a Chicago man who wrote this appeal. There were others like unto it. The good roads bill still sleeps.

In the older days the school readers contained the story of "I'll Try Sir Miller." Probably everybody knows who "I'll Try Sir Miller" was. Certainly everybody ought to know. Gen. James Miller then a captain, was the hero of Lundy's Lane. He said he would try to do the thing necessary for the thrashing of the enemy, and he did it, and "I'll Try Sir" took the place of his Christian name James.

For years several representatives in congress tried to secure an appropriation to be used for the building of a monument to General Miller at Petersboro, N. H., near which town "I'll Try Sir" lived on a farm before the war of 1812, and for years after its close. The representatives who had the matter of pushing the bill in hand used the words of Captain Miller at Lundy's Lane to express their own determination to secure a victory. They certainly did try, and the speeches that were made before the library committee of congress held patriotic appeals in every sentence. Apparently, however, it was easier for Miller to capture a battery against odds than it was for members of congress to capture the dollars necessary to build a monument of enduring stones to his memory.

It was a case of try and try again. While the cause of Miller, whose heroism was worth a dozen monuments, was being pleaded, congress voted money for memorials to other men less deserving. Finally, however, a New Hampshire member who had been digging into history found out something about "I'll Try Sir's" career which was not generally known. Congress had been told time and again that Captain Miller not only had shown conspicuous gallantry at Lundy's Lane, but that prior to that fight he had thrashed a superior force of British and Indians at Managua. Congress had also been told that Miller had commanded the center column of General Brown's army, which routed what was apparently an overwhelmingly greater force of the British at Fore Erie.

These things didn't make an impression. Congress seemed to think that inasmuch as Miller was a soldier that it was his business to defeat superior forces of the enemy every day in the week without imposing any monument-raising duty on posterity. The New Hampshire member, however, found out that after the war of 1812 Miller went back to his farm near Petersboro, plowed fields, chopped wood and milked the cows instead of going to Washington to ask the government to do something for him on account of his record.

Miller's popularity was such after the treaty of peace that the government probably would have been glad to give him anything that it had to give. When "I'll Try Sir" was asked why he was playing Cincinnati instead of taking a job in Washington, he replied: "When men begin leaving the farms for the cities the nation will begin to decay."

Congress was told of this saying of Miller's, and either admiration for his choice of a farmer's life or else belief that he was a prophet who before long might have the truth of his prophecy proved, brought a favorable report from the committee on library in the matter of the monument at Petersboro.

Finding of the Book of the Law

Sunday School Lesson for July 30, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 34:14-23.
MEMORY VERSE—2.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Psa. 119:11.
TIME—B. C. 622, in the 18th year of Josiah's reign, when he was 26 years old.
STAGE IV of the last lesson.
PLACE—The Temple and Palace at Jerusalem.
PERSONS—Josiah the king, Huldah the prophetess, Hilkiah the high priest, Shaphan the scribe or secretary.

With hundreds of millions of Bibles in existence and several millions more printed every year, it is somewhat difficult for us to imagine how knowledge of the written Bible, and of the exact tenor of its teachings could be lost. Some facts will help us to understand. There were at that time very few copies of the sacred books in existence. They were very expensive. It was customary for these copies to be kept in the temple, while the copy which (according to the law) was made for the use of the king, would most certainly have perished under such kings as Manasseh and Amon.

It is plain that the finding of this book "was not the discovery of something unknown before, but the rescuing of the temple copy of the law from the hiding place in which it had long lain." It must have been the ancient copy of the law, and not a book written, as some critics think, by unknown persons in the reign of Manasseh, never seen or used among the Jews before.

When they brought out from the old chests in the temple the money contributed for repairs, which had been deposited in the safest hiding place, Hilkiah the priest, who had charge of the money, in searching the chest found at the bottom a book of the law of the Lord, the law given by Moses.

Hilkiah delivered the book to Shaphan, King Josiah's secretary of state, as the fitting person to show it to the king. When Shaphan reported the contributions and the work on the temple, he brought the book with him, told how it had been found, and read it to the king.

The king heard the book read, and he assembled the elders and priests, and the Levites. They made a public covenant and pledge. The king himself first made a public covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, with all his heart.

This was very similar to the great meeting under Joshua on the slopes of Mount Ebal and Gerizim eight centuries before, on taking possession of the Promised Land. The same motives were presented, and the same covenant made.

The covenant was made under the power of the strongest and best motives that could be brought to bear upon them, when their minds were uplifted into clearest vision, above the smoke and clouds of earth. That was the right time to make a decision. God has given us feelings on purpose to move us to decide aright.

Josiah restored the regular temple services under the priests and Levites; and he celebrated a passover, such as had not been celebrated from the days of the judges that judged Israel, nor in all the days of the kings of Israel, nor of the kings of Judah. From all parts of the land the people flocked up to the renovated temple and joined with every demonstration of gladness in the eight days' festivity prepared for them. Thirty thousand males of full age attended. During all these days the services of the temple choir were brought into requisition—the singers of the famous clan of Asaph chanting, in relays, the psalms for the season, appointed centuries before by David, Asaph and Jeduthun.

The Bible may be lost today by neglecting it—neglecting to read it daily. Neglecting family reading and prayers. Neglecting to read its stories to little children. By disobeying it. Disobeying its precepts dulls the conscience, and the whole moral nature, so that it may be said, "Eyes have they, but they see not, ears have they but they hear not."

By being so absorbed in worldly things that while he heareth the word with his ears, "the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful." By keeping the Word far from daily life, so that all its blessed truths are admired, but not geared on to right action.

By making the Bible unattractive. I have heard a number of ministers read the Bible so poorly that people were not interested in it, listened carelessly, and liked it less than if it had been unread. Then the printing of the Revised Version is so solid as to be unattractive and difficult to use. By lessening its authority. It makes a vast difference in the power of the Bible, whether it is received as only the thoughts of men, or as a message from God. By neglecting all the light that is shining upon it from many sources.

Find the Bible—Get acquainted with it. Read it. Study it. Know what is in it. One of the best things in the Sunday school, in the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor movement is their emphasis on the daily reading of the Bible. Practice its precepts. Only by doing God's will can one understand it. Use it as a guide book for daily life. Sometimes boys in school and college have little interest in their studies because they do not see any practical use in them. But as soon as they see how they guide to success, or are essential to their aims, they become full of enthusiasm.

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HOW IT HAPPENED.



Tom—Was 't case of love at first sight?
Harry—No—first call. She was a telephone girl, and he was taken with her voice when he first heard it.

Honors More Than Even.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not kindly inclined to criticism of her work. At a rehearsal of a new play, one morning, her manager, Charles Frohman, stopped Mrs. Campbell and said: "Mrs. Campbell, it seems to me that those lines should be delivered thus," repeating the lines in question. Mrs. Campbell drew herself up and said: "Mr. Frohman, I am an artist." "That is all right, Mrs. Campbell," replied the urbane manager. "I assure you I will never reveal your secret."

Making It Legal.

"We don't know what to do about Plute Pete," said the Crimson Gulch citizen. "He was a real good feller, but he would be careless about shootin' up the populace."

"Did you straighten out the matter?"

"To some extent; we elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal."

The Man Who Sued the Widow.
A St. Louis man is suing a widow for \$100,000 for refusing to marry him. He must be one of those iron-gray whiskered men who want to sit on the front porch of a house that was built with money earned by another man.—Houston Post.

Would Need It.

"Gracious, what is all that crap for?"

"I had a chance to get it at a bargain, and, you know, my husband goes in for the flying!"

A Triumph Of Cookery—

Post Toasties

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The Shepherd of the Black Sheep

Professor Sir Charles Bell in the Strand Calls It a Convulsive Action of the Diaphragm.

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Bell in the London Strand, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted, short and audible exhalations. This contraction of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter; but there are several accessories, especially the sharp intake of air arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being

a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lacrimal glands."

There you have a scientific definition. But it is clear that mankind would hardly take the trouble to go through that experience if that is all that laughter consisted of. They would not regard a Dickens or a Mark Twain as a benefactor merely because a perusal of their writings produced that. No; even the philosophers know that laughter is something better than that—something internal—that there is such a thing as silent laughter. Hobbes calls laughter "a

sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own former."

If a laugh is a benefaction and the provoker of a laugh a benefactor, why are there more statues to dull people than to witty ones? Who was the greatest laugh promoter in history? It was said of Sidney Smith that he was the father of 10,000,000 laughs. "Laughter," said Lord Rosebery recently, "is a physical necessity. We live under a sunless sky, surrounded by a melancholy ocean, and it is a physical necessity for the English nation—even for the Scotch nation and the Welsh nation—to laugh. It ex-Marates all social relations. Was not," his lordship added, "the laugh

of Sir Frank Lockwood something that would make a stuffed bird rejoice? And those who listened to the splendor of merriment which he could impart by that laugh realize the intense value of that emotional exercise."

Alibi.

Father (having caught his son in a lie)—Haven't I always told you to tell the truth?

Son—Yes, father; but you also told me never to become the slave of a habit.

Do you ever think of the irrevocable nature of speech? You may find, years after your light word was spoken, that it made a whole life unhappy, or ruined the peace of a household.—Stopford Brooke.