

Dr. McKanna's Eastern Record

A VERITABLE WHIRLWIND OF SUCCESS

On the tenth day of June, 1906, nearly one year ago, Dr. J. J. McKanna, leased the magnificent Rockingham Hotel building in Reidsville, N. C., and opened still another sanitarium for the treatment of alcoholism. This step was taken with the full knowledge of the crying need for a quick and reliable liquor cure sanitarium in the Carolinas. For the first sixty days, or until about the middle of August, patients came in very slowly. The good people of this locality, as elsewhere, had to be "shown," and they were shown—to their hearts' content. Every man who did come to Reidsville and take the treatment went back home and told how good he felt—how he hated even the smell of whiskey, and in each case the public soon became convinced that these men were telling the truth. There were no more sprees to be marked against their names. They soon rose to their proper plane in social and business life and the public sat up and took notice. Then it was that business began to mend—got better and better, until now the McKanna, Reidsville, sanitarium is doing more business than all other liquor cure establishments in the entire State, showing conclusively that

GRATEFUL PATIENTS HAVE SPREAD THE NEWS

Only a few days ago a patient arrived at the sanitarium from Fayetteville, N. C., in a pitiable condition. He had been "drugged and drugged," as he expressed it, at a hospital there in the futile attempt to keep him quiet. Sixty days out of the past three months were necessary to reduce his condition to a state bordering on total collapse. This man stayed at the McKanna sanitarium just five days, and when he left his eyes were bright, his brain active, his step elastic, and to quote him literally: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have been to Keeley. I have just recently tried a Fayetteville hospital, but there is only one McKanna cure and I thank my lucky stars that I took the advice of friends and came here." And his is the experience of patients

In Hundreds of Towns and Cities, North, East, South and West

We would respectfully ask every man and woman who is anxious to eliminate the whiskey curse from our Southern States to cooperate with us. Send us the name of every person who needs the treatment. (it will be with the strictest confidence). All further information and a personal letter from Governor Glenn will be sent on request.

The McKanna 3-Day Liquor Cure Company SPLENDID SANITARIUM REIDSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Sketches of Notable Men

CHARLES A. CULBERSON.

BY SAVOYARD.



Charles A. Culberson.

four years before the pro- over John Q. Adams, from Webster's own State. When Adams was elected by the House he invited Crawford to remain at the head of the Treasury, but he declined, returned home, accepted a judgeship, and a few years later died.

Crawford was not so great a man as Clay, or Calhoun, or Webster, but he was better fitted for the Presidency than any one of them. He was emphatically a sagacious man. He was not a statesman by intuition; his statesmanship resulted from reflection. Though no genius, he had wisdom of the highest practical order. Webster and Calhoun were warm friends in 1825, and both hoped to see Crawford chosen President over Adams or Jackson, and it is no small tribute to a man's capacity and character when Calhoun and Webster endorsed him for the first place in the republic.

character, in temperament. Cautious in deliberation, he is adamant when once he has reached a conclusion. There is nothing dazzling about him. It is a cool head always. He reflects carefully and weighs every argument scrupulously before he decides; but his decision is final. He is to-day the best prepared man in the Senate. He has in old trunks, boxes, drawers, and chests more papers and scraps of papers than any other of our public men, and he knows precisely where to search for any one of them. He would request of wish to be burned. Like Baillie Nicol Jarvie's father, the deacon, he never puts out his hand so far that he cannot draw it back again. He is the most capable and the most skillful politician in the Democratic party to-day.

David B. Culberson was a member of Congress for twenty-two years when he voluntarily retired from that body. As a lawyer he had no superior in either House of the national Legislature, and for many years he presided over the Judiciary Committee. One of the finest public speakers in public life, he rarely addressed the House, but when he did rise to speak he commanded the attention of all within the sound of his voice. He was powerful in the logic of common sense. He loved simple and homely speech. He was a simple man in temperament and as democratic as a hunting shirt or a coonskin cap. The late Tom Reed had extravagant admiration for his extraordinary abilities, and when they were both members of the Judiciary Committee, Reed was fond of taking untenable positions just to see "old Cyclops demolish them." It was the ambition of the elder Culberson to represent Texas in the Senate, not for vanity, but because he was conscious of his capacities for that theatre. A time came when the Senatorship was his for the asking, but he was now growing old and tired of parliamentary life. He declined it, and Texas gave it to his favorite son, the apple of his eye, the core of his heart—the boy of whom he was so proud and who so well deserved his approbation.

The younger Culberson was born in Alabama in 1855, and the following year his father became a citizen of Texas. Old Dave said that he intended that the boy should have an education that would enable him "to find his hat." One might write volumes and not express it so well. What the father meant was that his boy should be disciplined for the battle of life; that he should be taught detail; that he should be grounded in self-reliance; that he should know how to make his way in the world. Many a boy, bright, healthy, vigorous, cannot find his hat in the morning, and the pity of it is they go through life just that way—always seeking what they cannot find, and simply because they were not properly taught in childhood how to seek.

And as soon as he was old enough young Culberson was packed off to the Virginia Military Institute, a school little inferior to West Point,

and studied under the instructions of the old man for three years and then became a student at the law department of the University of Virginia, where he greatly distinguished himself. Here he attracted the attention of Senator Daniel, himself a great lawyer, who wrote a paper on one of Culberson's legal productions at school, and predicted the distinguished career the young man was to carve out.

Returning to Texas after his graduation, young Culberson opened an office at Jefferson, and engaged actively in the practice. He was very soon thereafter elected prosecuting attorney of Marion county; but his private practice made such demands on him that, in justice to his clients, he was forced to resign the office. While yet a very young man he appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States and argued the celebrated case of *Le Grande vs. The United States*, involving the constitutionality of the *Ku Klux* act. His speech on that occasion was a legal triumph, and the court decided the case in his client's favor.

In 1890, at the age of thirty-five, he was elected attorney general of Texas, succeeding the redoubtable James Hogg, and two years later he was re-elected. It was while he was attorney general that he again appeared before the Supreme bench at Washington and argued the case of *Reagan vs. The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company*, involving the constitutionality of the act creating the Texas railroad commission. When he had concluded his argument and was preparing to leave the room the clerk of court beckoned him, and upon going to the desk he there found Mr. Justice Gray, who warmly congratulated him upon his able presentation of the case. This was praise from Sir Hubert, and a Sir Hubert not lavish of praise. Some years subsequently, when he made another exceptionally strong plea before that bench, Justice Gray again sent for him, and said: "Young man, I have watched your career, and am not unimpressed by the fact that the people of Texas have taken care that you should not go unrewarded." Chief Justice Fuller also heartily commended him.

In 1894 Culberson was elected Governor, defeating the veteran John H. Reagan for the nomination. Two years later he was re-elected. His administration was eminently satisfactory, and his fame went to the uttermost parts of the Union, when, with bulldog determination, he banished the prize ring from the State. It cost a deal of money, and no end of vigilance, but Christian civilization cheerfully footed the bill and policed the border. In 1899 Culberson became a Senator in Congress, and is now serving his second term. He is a capital public speaker, but not a whitewind declaimer. What he says will set men a-thinking, rather than a-shouting. He speaks the English tongue, and never wanders from the text. His style is that of the Disker

Roosevelt. But Culberson, like all great lawyers, is a conservative. He does not believe in pyrotechnics. He suspects novelty. He will sooner cross the river on a safe bridge than on a tightrope. He examines everything, and no labor daunts him. Well grounded in the fundamentals of party politics, he tests everything by those principles. In short, Charles A. Culberson is his great-grandfather returned to life, and William H. Crawford and David B. Culberson live again in him.

I understand the Democratic side of the United States Senate is in search of a leader. Culberson has no superior in that body. No man is more alert—swifter to see a mistake of the enemy or prompter to take advantage of it. It may be objected that he is Fabius rather than Marcellus; but Fabius gave Hannibal more concern than did Marcellus. Fabius saved Rome; Marcellus fell in action. Culberson is perhaps the only Senator the Democrats would cheerfully follow. He does not create antagonisms. He has an admirable temper. He commands confidence and wins respect. Leadership is as necessary to a party as to an army. No man who saw the work of Thomas B. Reed in the Fifty-second Congress will challenge that proposition. If the Democrats of the Senate of 1907-08 are led with half the skill the Republicans of the House were in 1891-93, it will have a tremendous effect on the political situation.

When the Southern Senators retired in 1861 and Douglas died, the Democrats of the Senate were in a great deal worse fix than their successors are in the present Senate. They were few in number and without leadership. The two ablest men among them were powerless in the grasp of the demon of drink. Garret Davis was not yet a Democrat, Lazarus W. Powell was discredited for his Southern sympathies, Latham was more than half a Republican. Turpie was a Senator but a few weeks. Doolittle was not yet a Senator. Thurman did not come in until 1869. There was no leadership, and very nearly no party. Hendricks and Thurman put a different face on things, and it was the wise counsel of Thurman, supported by Bayard, Lamar, Hill, and Casserley, that gave the Democrats the Senate in the Forty-sixth Congress. It took twelve years for the "Old Roman" to accomplish it, but he had but a handful of supporters to begin with, yet he hewed his way to the majority by the sheer force of logic and the invincible truths of old-fashioned Democracy; a principle that has never for one moment been in a minority in this republic since the ordination of the Constitution of the United States. Tilden saw with perfect vision when, as early as 1878, he made the declaration: "The Democratic party was never beaten when it was Democratic."

But leadership implies discipline. Will the Democracy be led? That

The Trying of the McAllister

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF

CHAPTER I.

A DECISION.

"There is one thing certain!" "That isn't our income, is it?" "Well, hardly." "And it isn't the honor of a man." "Nor the charity of a girl." "Nor the chivalry of a boy." The boy laughed. He was only 17, and people who are 17 laugh in the face of calamity.

The girl was 15 and the boy's sister, but you wouldn't have guessed that just at first, for she was pretty—pretty as a May pink and dainty as an apple blossom.

Her hair was yellow and soft, and it went back from her low, white forehead in a series of deep, natural waves to the back of her proudly poised head, where it terminated in the regulation pig tail, with a black bow at the end of it.

Her eyes were of a nameless color—a sort of gray-blue, and they were fringed with black, curled lashes and shaded by delicate brows.

And there was her nose, of course, tip-tilted and saucy, and her lips, cut after the delicate fashion of Cupid's bow, and a delicate chin finished off with a deep dimple.

She laughed when the boy did, but she left off sooner.

"Don't, Hardy, we ought not to laugh. You keep forgetting that we are in great trouble."

Instantly the boy's face was grave, and then his eyes were like his sister's only tender and graver, but his face was rugged—almost homely.

"You are right, Drusie; I ought to remember. We've got to think. There's one thing certain; something's got to be done."

Week before last the Crookedville Chronicle came out with heavy black lines between the columns. The editor, Harding MacAllister, was dead. There were his children.

Last week there had been no paper. This week there would be one.

leader of the Senate, and Mr. Culberson is not the man. Mr. Roosevelt has accomplished more impossible things than any other man since Napoleon Bonaparte. He is absolute master of one party and claims an option on the other. If the Democratic party is going to take orders from a Republican President, it is useless to even think of Culberson for the titular leader of such a layout. If he is made leader in name he will be leader in fact, and the party in the Senate would as well, or better, go out of the political business as to name a leader and then take orders from the enemy.

With strong Democratic leadership in the two houses of Congress—

"It must come out next Hardy said, and the blue all of his eyes, leaving them gray."

"The Chronicle?" "Yes." "Why, I thought—"

"So have I thought, and this it has come too: We must go the paper."

"But the mortgage?" "That's one of the lions we'll get out of the way," he said, a little an then:

Which one of us had better Colonel Swinson?" "Which one?"

"Look here, Drusie, if we are to be independent we'll have to hold boldly. You'll have to force you are a girl and help. And time you're a young lady—"

"Why, Hardy!" "Oh, well, if you want to go to Sara—"

"What are you driving at, girl? work as well as a boy can see Colonel Swinson, only I don't what to say to him."

"We'll both go to him." "The printers are gone." "Stocum isn't."

"But he—"

"Was the best of them all?" "And can we get him?" "You see, he isn't young like others, and—"

"That is a disadvantage." "To him, Hardy laughed, just the thing for us. He is just the old life. He dislikes new saw him today. I can set type, you. We'll just have to do it, glad we learned."

"Yes. Do you know Colonel son?" "Not very well."

Hardy looked thoughtfully to fire. It was not a very bright the wood was nearly out. The quite near to it, for the room was

It has been said that trouble comes in pairs. This had been in the editor's case. With his came the treachery of a friend he had helped. And with his came the poverty that made world a dark place to the boy's girl.

Some times before their death, the MacAllisters had just pretty home among the elms maples at the end of the long street that straggled through a sleepy old town.

Since that day they had two rooms. Mrs. Allen, the natured landlady, had been helpful, but she was poor, and now the MacAllisters were

nearby in the