

Sketches of Notable Men

By SAVOYARD.

William E. Chandler.

This man is a charter member of the Republican party, and was at Pittsburg when that organization was christened, more than fifty years ago, and doubtless heard the opening prayer offered by Lovejoy, of Illinois, positioning Almighty God either to open the eyes of Franklin Pierce, then President, or take him hence. Born for journalism, Chandler got into party politics, and pretty particular, practical party politics at that. He is a very little man, restless as a con, quick lawyer in a legal argument, and holding his spider, persistent as an ant, busy as a bee, and as full of mischief as the devil himself—that is the Democratic estimate of Bill Chandler as he was when Senator in Congress.

Many years ago I tried to describe him to the readers of a newspaper of which I was then correspondent, in this fashion:

He can talk with more men in a given time than any other Senator. Now he is in his seat, writing a letter; now he is on a sofa, talking with Cabot Lodge; now he is on his legs, making a speech that will throw somebody into confusion; now he is whispering to Ben Tillman, putting an extra wrinkle of devilment in that devil's head; now he is grappling with Lindsey, or Hoar, or Turpie, or some other great lawyer in a legal argument, and holding his spider; now he is in the chair, presiding, with great ability, much partiality and little dignity; now he is talking Cuba with Morgan; now he is badgering Allen, and Allen is oblivious of the amendment he is getting out of Allen; now he is congratulating Bacon on his conversion to technical procedure principles, and you could light a candle by the blush that comes over Bacon's face; now he is giving the Senate some downright common sense touching the navy and naval expenditures, for Chandler was too perverse, and too honest, to be run by rings while he was Secretary of the Navy, now he is conferring with Cockrell about something he wants the appropriations committee to do. And so he pushes and shoulders himself day by day. He has as much vitality as a cat; the iron-gray of his hair and beard evidence labor, not age; his step is as quick as Joe Wheeler's, and he uses the elevator less frequently than any other Senator. He enjoys a mug of milk and a plate of crackers more than one of Hale's elaborate dinners or one of Gibson's bird suppers. He prefers water to wine, and he never had the fun of a night of it, nor the misery of the following morning of it. He is the man who got the presidency for Hayes.

Born in New Hampshire in 1835, William E. Chandler began to acquire information of a political complexion before he left his nurse's arms. He got a tolerable education in the schools and studied law at Harvard. Of course, he practiced law in the State of Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster, but he soon abandoned the bar for journalism, though he was reporter of the decisions of the Supreme bench of the State. Later, he was in the Legislature, of which he got to be Speaker one term, and chairman of the Re-

publican State committee. At thirty years of age he first became a national figure, and was an assistant secretary of one of the Departments at the national capital. Then he was promoted to a similar place in a Department more important. He attained his zenith as an executive as Secretary of the Navy in Arthur's Cabinet. Later, he was elected to the United States Senate, serving in that body twelve years—1889-1900. He was missed since he left it. That is the sort of man he is.

Mr. Chandler was the last of the 16 to leave McKinley was as much of a silver man as Teller when he was nominated for President. In that year he was the disciple of "Big Iron" Kelley, who was as frank a freebacker as James E. Weaver. But political exigency made the grim demand of McKinley in October, 1896, to be a gold bug. Yet when he got to be President he was committed to the policy of sending a high commission to Europe to expound finance to the bankers over there and persuade them into an international agreement to revise the arithmetic until it could be demonstrated by mathematics that 4 is equal to 100.

The proposal went through the Senate after Chandler had made an exhaustive speech on it. I had the fortune, and I will call it good fortune, to hear it, and I tried to describe it to my paper as follows:

Mr. Chandler resents the business revival because it is on the gold battle field; he calls himself a bimetalist, and when Congress is in session he takes his opinions in the Senate, and when Congress is in vacation he writes his views in the newspapers. Not a great while ago he made a most exhaustive speech in the Senate. Old Father Morrill sat beside him, his face like a thundercloud, and old Father Stewart sat in front of him, his face like a rainbow. It was a silver speech from beginning to ending. It would have delighted young Mr. Bryan and did delight young Mr. Bailey. He quoted all those absurd figures of Wharton Barker, the only publicist in the world who knows less about the silver question than "Colon" Harvey and "Colon" Knowles, less than nothing about it. The Senate would have been astonished if Chandler could astonish the Senate. He is the matriarch of American politics, and nobody knows what he will do next, though, whatever it is, it is certain to be some mischief.

The thing passed and Wolcott, Adlai Stevenson and Mr. Payne were sent abroad to persuade, or convince, Europe that 16 to 1 was the only wear. Europe tried to be polite, and listened with seeming attention. The Hon. Cabot Lodge proposed to stop all trade with Great Britain until Parliament enacted 16 to 1. Chandler said the proper ratio was 12 to 1. By and by our fellows got back with bugs in their ears. Then Congress enacted our present imperfect gold standard.

It was in 1876 that Chandler performed his greatest labor—reversing the verdict of more than 8,000,000 freemen, who rendered it at the polls that year. Before midnight that day every intelligent man within hall of a telegraph office knew that Samuel J. Tilden had been elected President

of the United States and Thomas A. Hendricks Vice President. Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate for President, admitted it, and declared in a public speech that it was no personal grievance to him, but that he was "sorry for the poor negro." And so it would have gone, unchallenged, but for a bit of supercilious curiosity on the part of William H. Barnum, chairman of the Democratic national committee, who wired The New York Times to know if that paper had any news from Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida. An article of the Times, a Florida news editor of the name of John C. Reid, argued from that inquiry that the Democrats were not certain or confident, and he hunted up Bill Chandler, and they concocted the famous dispatch claiming that Hayes had 185 votes in the college and was elected. But for Barnum's fatal query to The Times, there would have been no more contest of Tilden's election than there had been of Grant's, four years earlier, or Garfield's, four years later.

Then the stealing, lying and buying began. The Democrats kept their business men away from New Orleans and left the conduct of the case to their statesmen; the Republicans supplemented their statesmen with business men of the "addition, division and silence" school, who re-enforced Mistress Eliza Pinkston, and they ransomed the highest office in the world from the hands of a man who had offered to sell it to its real owner, the Democratic party.

The first act of Mr. Hayes was to recognize the Democratic Governors of all three States, which history accepts as a plea of guilty to a charge of stealing the presidency.

In the Senate Chandler was a public benefactor, and killed many jobs as Sam Randall in the House. His is a keen, acute, incisive mind. He cannot see very far, but he sees all within his mental horizon, sees it sooner than any one else, perhaps; clearer than any one else. Aggressive and provocative, he was admired as well as hated. Daniel O'Connell's fellow—"you persistent, irrepressible, contentious, spiteful, fiery ram cat" was the Bill Chandler of the Irish bar.

The debate in the Senate of the Wilson tariff discovered the G. O. P. in its great dramatic creation of Pecksniff on the political stage. Chandler had the centre of the boards, though some of his fellows could beat him playing the leading role of Pecksniff. For some forty years the Democratic party has rarely neglected the opportunity to play the ass, and on this occasion it not only accepted it, but embraced it. The Republican party is in power today, and has been for ten years. Not for its own merit, but for the fatuous folly of the Democratic party in rejecting the counsels of Grover Cleveland and refusing to follow his banner. But it was Chandler, even more than Aldrich, who put the cotton schedule in the Wilson bill, and he, more than Quay, made the metal schedule of that measure, both of which Mr. Dingley, with little change, put in the present law. These compose three-fourths of the tariff, and yet the knaves tell us the Wil-

son bill was free-trade, and the fools believe it.

Chandler was not a great Senator, but he was a valuable Senator. Yet his proper place was the unrestricted editorial head of a great independent political newspaper. He would keep the pot boiling, and it was a man like Bill Chandler whom Balzac had in view when he wrote this:

Who has been a newspaper man will ever be one; that horoscope is as sure and certain as that of drunkards. Whoever has tasted that feverish, that tribune, erected by his own hands, fulfilled the functions of that magistracy to which he is self-appointed—in short, whoever has been, for however brief a space, that proxy of public opinion, looks upon himself, when remanded to private life, as an exile and the moment a chance is offered to him puts out an eager hand to snatch back his crown.

Charles II declared that the priests gave to his brother, afterwards James II, Catherine Sedley for a mistress, when remanded to private life, as an exile and the moment a chance is offered to him puts out an eager hand to snatch back his crown.

As a like wonder must come to him who contemplates the close and intimate personal friends of that exists between Bill Chandler and Ben Tillman. When the latter first fetched his pitchfork into the Senate, Chandler was the only member of that august body that appreciated the audacity of it, and enjoyed the matter of it. Therefore, Chandler and Lodge had been Damon and Pythias; now Chandler and Tillman were Castor and Pollux.

The Boston and Maine Railroad put Chandler out of the Senate, and he got to be chairman of the Spanish claims commission, an office he was made for. When the great octopus chase was put on foot, Chandler became the intermediary between Chief Huntsman Roosevelt and Chief Beagle Tillman. Later he was made a royal arch member of the chapter of the Knights of Ananias.

One night while the rate bill was pending Chandler and Tillman had a conference, and after a thorough discussion of the words that were to be drawn and the course the chase was to cover the next day, a general conversation sprang up among the half-dozen gentlemen present. Tillman was leader of it, and at a loss to establish a date. Turning to Chandler, he appealed: "Chandler, it was just forty years ago, when you were down in Florida stealing the election to which Chandler retorted: "Forty years! That's the way you fellows count down there."

And that suggests. One night in this town Ben Butler and John S. Ware were in consultation as to a law to be passed by the Supreme Court the following day. After settling all the points, long after midnight, Butler remarked: "Ware, I have at home a valuable vase, a remarkable work of art, that some society or other presented to your father when he was Governor

of Virginia. How it came into my possession is a great mystery." "No mystery at all," replied Ware. "My father's mansion was in Accomac county, near Fortress Monroe. You stole it while you were in command there."

Old Ben laid back and laughed heartily, and answered: "Perhaps you're right, but I shall make restitution," which he promptly did. (Copyright, 1907, by E. W. Newman.) Washington, Nov. 5, 1907.

parantly operative among the animals. Self-preservation and in three senses the development of its race is one of the ruling instincts and foremost intuitions of life, and when the thoughtful have their attention called to it, it is not so strange to find that what they supposed were the codes of the Jewish law given mankind from divine source, only a higher interpretation of the great fundamental precepts of the world ruled over by the inexorable, immutable laws of nature.

BLREW TOO MUCH

When the gas meter was carried to Kaituma, which Fuel Gas Company in Debt to House Owners, New York Sun.

Captain Will, of the record-breaking Louisiana, was talking about machinery.

"Machinery is Jellate stuff," he said, "and the amateur is wise to let it alone. You know about the men who blow down the gas meter?"

"No."

"Well, at the club one night, a certain man complained bitterly about his gas bills.

"Hang it all," he said, "my bills are something enormous. I'm sure I don't burn all the gas. The company, company, it is cheating me."

"A friend spoke up and said: 'Look here, do you want to know how to get the better of the gas company?'

"'Yes, I just do!'

"Then," said the friend, "blow down the meter. Every night before you turn in, blow down the meter. The meter, you see, is full of little wheels, all turning, piling up big bills against you every time you light the gas. But just blow down the pipe, and—"

"The friend gave a loud laugh at the delightful thought.

"Just blow down the pipe, and—ha, ha, ha—all the little wheels will turn the other way."

"The man thanked his friend for this good and valuable advice, went straight home, and blew a long and powerful blast down the pipe of the gas meter before retiring. He did this every night. Not once did he forget, the last thing before going to bed, to blow down the meter with terrific force.

"Well, in due course, at the month's end, the inspector came.

"The man welcomed the inspector a trifle nervously, and hung about the cellar door, to hear what the fellow would have to say after his inspection.

"The inspector emerged from the cellar studying a column of figures with a puzzled frown. He looked up at the master of the house and said in a strange voice:

"Well, Mr. Smith, I don't know what the dickens has been happening to your meter, but the company owes you thirty-four dollars and seventeen cents."

Cop Fired For Kissing.

Sharon, Pa., Dispatch to Philadelphia North American.

Chief of Police Charles Scharff, of Wheatland, will be arraigned before Justice Cook, of South Sharon, to answer the charge preferred by pretty Katherine Mori. Scharff is alleged to have pursued the young woman up a flight of stairs, and throwing his arms around her, pressed his lips to hers.

The young woman was indignant, and immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He waived a hearing, and demanded a jury trial. The Wheatland Council was shocked over his action, and at a meeting on Saturday night dismissed him from the force.

Justice Peter Cook stated that he could find no law about a young man kissing a girl against her will, but he says that it is certainly an attack.

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