

# The News and Observer

VOL. XLVI. NO. 73.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## LEADS ALL NORTH CAROLINA DAILIES IN NEWS AND CIRCULATION.

### THE UNITED TRUSTS OF AMERICA

**That is What This Country Has Become under Hanna.**

#### WETMORE TALKS SENSE

**A RICH TOBACCO MANUFACTURER WHO KNOWS THE EVILS OF TRUSTS.**

#### THE TRUST AND THE LOBBY MUST GO

**There is Needed a Governor Who Shall Say to the Lobby, the 'Tool of the Trusts, 'You Must Stay Away from the State Capitol.'**

St. Louis, Mo., May 27.—(Editorial Correspondence).—One of the most interesting figures in the public eye in the Central West is Col. Moses C. Wetmore, who spoke on "Trusts and Democracy" at the big anti-trust banquet. He came to St. Louis as a boy, with no money, and he ranks today with the millionaires of St. Louis. He has made his millions honestly—in the good, old-fashioned way. Until recently, he was a member of the big tobacco firm of Liggett, Myers & Co., the biggest concern in the West. It has been a thorn in the side of the American Tobacco Company, consistently refusing to go into the trust or to sell out to them. Last winter, when it was given out with a great flourish of trumpets that the Union Tobacco Company had been organized to fight the Tobacco trust, an option was obtained on the Liggett, Myers & Co. concern, and under that sleight-of-hand performance the Trust bought by indirection what they had failed to buy directly. Col. Wetmore has been the leading anti-trust fighter in the West, and he is confident that if the Democrats make a vigorous war on trusts they will win the fight hands down in 1900.

Col. Wetmore is no politician, has no political ambition and is interested in politics now because he has had a personal opportunity to see the dangerous and ruinous spirit pursued by the gigantic trusts. He has plenty of money and could spend the balance of his days in luxury and foreign travel, but he is one of the rich men of America who have not fallen down in worship of the Golden Calf. He loves his country more than he loves dollars, and has not permitted wealth to lead him away from those principles which give equal opportunity to all men in the race for fortune. Now that he has gotten rich, Col. Wetmore is not willing to join hands with trust magnates to kick down the ladder on which he and they climbed to success. He wants to keep the ladder free so that other industrious and pushy men may, round by round, climb up to a fortune or a competency. That's the feeling that actuates Col. Wetmore, and it is because of such a sentiment that he has thrown himself, heart and soul, into this anti-trust movement which is profoundly stirring the people in all parts of the country.

Col. Wetmore has devoted his life to business, and does not claim talent as a speaker. He has a head full of sense, however, and his speech at the banquet on "Trusts and Democracy" was full of epigrams fraught with illumination of his subject. He said:

**COL. WETMORE'S SPEECH.**  
Ladies and Gentlemen:  
The next President of the United States will be a Democrat; an old-fashioned, simon pure, Jeffersonian Democrat, with the fear of God and the love of man in his heart. He will be elected on a platform riveted with bolts of steel to the eternal truth of the equality of man; and the strongest plank in that platform will declare, in unequivocal unmistakable language that the nefarious and soulless trust system shall no longer have a place in the American Republic. And when this platform shall have been made we will place upon it a man in whom the people will have the most implicit confidence; a man who will veto every bill passed by Congress bearing the impress of the slinky hand of the trusts. And if the national administration, consisting of the trusts, of Senator Hanna and Mr. McKinley, say: "We, too, are opposed to trusts," we will say to them:

"For more than three years you have had absolute control of the Government in all its branches, and you have permitted it to almost become the United Trusts of America, and we want no more of such anti-trust work, and will have no more of such anti-trust people."  
"We shall say to them that the people of this country intend to take the Government from the hands of the trusts and place it where it belongs, and the people will assume the Government handed down to them by their fathers; and if they say to us:

"We intend to continue the single gold standard," we will say to them that the people in the future will decide on what kind of money they will use. And if they say to us: "We must have a large standing army of 100,000 men or more to protect our foreign possessions and to keep the peace at home," we shall

point them to Santiago and the Philippines, and say to them that the national guardian and the American volunteer are good enough soldiers for us. The people will understand that a large standing army is in the interest of trusts. With the right kind of a man on the right kind of an anti-trust platform we will carry every State in this Union, and we will carry the country by three million popular majority, for at least three millions of patriotic Republicans will vote with us.

And, provided we at home nominate the right kind of men on our State and legislative tickets we will carry the grand old Democratic State of Missouri by an unprecedented majority, which, in my opinion, will reach 200,000.

But we cannot and we must not occupy any equivocal grounds on the trust question, and we must make the lobby—which is the tool of the trusts—understand that they must stay away from Jefferson City while the Legislature is in session making laws for the people of the State. We must elect as Governor a man who will have the moral courage to say to the members of the lobby: "You must stay away from the State Capitol while the Legislature is in session," and he must have the physical courage to stand, if necessary, at the door of the State Capitol with a double-barrelled shotgun in his hand and see that they do stay away.

There is no question as to how the people of Missouri, and of the whole country, feel on this trust and lobby question. The time for action has come. We have our friends, the enemy, up against the proposition, and the national administration, consisting of the trusts, Senator Hanna and the President, cannot get away from it.

Now you may read longer, more elaborate and more learned orations, but I do not believe anybody can compress more sound sense in a shorter space.

When Col. Wetmore withdrew from the business, declining to remain in any way connected with a trust, the employees flocked around him and he made them a short speech, for there is no employer in St. Louis so highly esteemed by the men employed by him as Col. Wetmore. Last night at the banquet, when Col. Wetmore was introduced, he was received with general applause, but from a company of young women sitting in one of the highest galleries. They were a company of young women who had been employed by Col. Wetmore's concern. It was the finest sight I saw at the banquet. There is nowhere a scene fuller of pleasure than when there subsists a genuine regard between employer and employee. It is a relationship that you find strong wherever the just employer comes in personal contact with the men and women to whom he gives employment. As trusts rise and flourish, this relationship comes to an end. And that is one of the evils of trusts. Next to the fact that trusts deny a fair chance to individual success upon independent lines, the death blow given to the kindly relations that subsisted between employer and employee when they worked together, is the great and overshadowing curse of the modern trust.

It is a hopeful sign when a rich man, who could increase his private fortune by helping further to strengthen the trusts, stands out against them. It shows that wealth does not cause all men to lose sight of the rights of the humble, and that a man who has made his money honestly is the first to cry out against those outlaws of commerce who seek to add million to million by illegal combinations.

More than that, it is gratifying to hear a rich man cry out against the lobby. It is the "tool of the trusts," and there is as great need in every State for an honest Governor to take whipcords and drive them out of the legislative halls as there was for the Master in his day thus to drive out the money changers who polluted the temple at Jerusalem. The sentiment is so strong in this country against the operations of the lobbyists that many would applaud a Governor who would stand, if necessary, at the door of the State Capitol with a double-barrelled shot gun in his hand and see that they do stay away. It is an evil that is not denominated in so many enough languages. It is the fountain of corruption in more States than one, and in almost every instance, as Col. Wetmore aptly said, they are "the tool of the trust."

As a matter of fact, "Down with the Trusts," as a campaign shibboleth represents the whole sum of Democracy's duty. The money trust and the industrial trusts largely perpetrate themselves through corrupting legislators, and the instrument they largely use is the lobby—"the tool of the trust." Col. Wetmore has supreme confidence that the voters will put an end to trust domination in 1900 if the campaign is waged against all the trusts, from the money trust to the peanut trust.

J. D.  
**WHAT A MINISTER SHOULD PREACH.**

(Webster's Weekly.)

A minister of the Gospel makes a serious mistake when he preaches anything but Jesus Christ and his crucifixion. When he steps aside from his sacred vocation to discuss science, politics and other matters of temporal and passing interest, he lowers himself in the estimation not only of the world, but of good men as well. It has been well said that when the preacher strikes the Bible he has a "thus saith the Lord" for his statements, but when he discusses medicine, science, politics, philosophy, etc., it is "thus saith" the doctor, or scientist, or the politician, as the case may be. We do not say that a preacher is not entitled to his own opinion on secular affairs, but we do say that when he lays aside his high office and plunges into the arena of politics he is entitled to no more consideration than anybody else and has no right to complain if he receives hit for tat.

### JOHN J. INGALLS DISCUSSES TRUSTS

**The Brotherhood of Man a Mere Catch-Penny Phrase.**

#### INDIVIDUALISM THE BASIS OF OUR PRESENT SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SYSTEM.

#### THE VANISHING OF THE HANDICRAFTSMAN

#### The Trust a Fictitious Creature Without Soul

**But Endowed With Earthly Immortality Incapable of Crime, and Yet a Robber.**  
(New York Journal.)

"The tools to him who can use them," said Napoleon.

"Them as has, gets," says the Arkansas man.

"Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," says the nineteenth century.

"Root, hog, or die," says nature.

"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have," says God.

"All men are created equal," says the Declaration of Independence. But they are not, any more than horses are. The hip-shotten, sway-backed, top-eared street car steed was not created equal to Ormond, the king of the turf, who cannot be bought for a quarter of a million. Nor Richard Croker, or Daniel Webster, nor Alfred Austin, or William Shakespeare.

Since Adam left Eden, if he did, this has been a tough world for the most of its inhabitants. Not one came into it of his own accord, and few would have come at all had they been consulted. Fewer still would remain were they sure of anything better somewhere else. All being endowed with aspirations for happiness, multitudes find wretchedness, poverty and disease their only inheritance. Our credentials bear the same sign and seal, but some are born to honor and some to dishonor. Some Eden lilies and roses and walk on velvet, while others equally deserving shiver in rags and sleep in doorways, and stain flinty paths with bloody feet. All desire to succeed, but few reach the goal.

There is too much whining and squealing in these degenerate days. Brave men take their medicine without either, and endure adversity with fortitude. It would be sardonic to suppose that there is to be no reparation for the elaborate insults of fate, sometime and somewhere. Otherwise life would be an unintelligible, practical joke played by a being capable only of malignant laughter at his victims.

Whatever our errand or mission on this planet, it has long been evident to the impartial critic that we are not here for recreation, and that the brotherhood of man up to this time, as applied to human affairs, is like a phrase drawn out of a hat. Carnage and pillage continue popular, and while in theory our government has for its avowed object the greatest good of the greatest number, with most of us the greatest number continues to be number one.

Equality of condition, of endowment, of possession, has never existed, and the divergences now are wider than ever before. That the inequalities are to increase rather than diminish seems likely, and we must face the consequences.

It is apparent also that whatever progress has been made hitherto is due wholly to the effort of individuals. States make no inventions. Nations write no poems or dramas. Society is rich or strong or pure only as the individuals of which it is composed are wealthy and powerful and virtuous. Battles are won or lost as the individual soldiers are intrepid or timid. The Decalogue, that statute enacted in the parliament of the skies and promulgated amid the thunders of Sinai, has no effect upon the race except as its precepts are obeyed by the individuals to whom they are addressed.

So our social and political system rests on individualism; the highest development of the individual as the unit of the State; and, as the corollary of this, the equality of all men before equal laws, and equality of opportunity, so that all shall have an equal chance in this harum-scarum, helter-skelter scurmage which we call life. No man can ask more than this, and none should be content with less than this. Every arena must be open. Any citizen can enter the ring if he wishes. If he is put to sleep the first round, he can turn to some vocation for which he is better qualified. The Legislature can pass no law making him equal to Fitzsimmons. That would be unjust to Bob, who is as much entitled to fair play as the weakest mamekin of them all.

Aware of the incompatibility of feudalism and liberty, of the dangers of unrestricted accumulation of wealth, not only to the individual but society, and of hereditary limitation of property, our political ancestors abolished primogeniture and entail, supposing that in this way they had provided for the destruction of great estates and for the free distribution of capital in each generation.

They did not foresee the invention of corporations and trusts, fictitious creatures, without souls and yet endowed with earthly immortality—legal monsters

incapable of crime, but that can rob the citizen of his birthright and deprive posterity of its heritage.

In the early part of the century my Grandfather Ingalls, of Middleton, Mass., was a blacksmith, as ironworkers were called in those days.

On the hearth in my library in Atchison, as the most valued of my ancestral heirlooms, stands the old anvil upon which he used to fashion and temper the scythe blades, the hoe and spades, the horseshoes and plough points for his rustic neighbors, when Thomas Jefferson was President. He was a man of influence and position, an active leader of the local democracy, and died possessed of a comfortable fortune.

Today there is not one of the things which he made in his forge that is not manufactured by machinery controlled by trusts, at prices which render individual competition impossible, and the occupation of the blacksmith is gone.

My Grandfather Chase, of Haverhill, Mass., about the same time, was a pioneer in the wholesale manufacture of boots and shoes. The soles and uppers were cut by hand and taken home in sets of sixty pairs by the neighboring farmers, where the women stitched and bound them, and the men pegged or sewed them, in the intervals of toil in the field or the forest. Within the life of the man of middle age all the boots and shoes in the world were made by manual labor.

My father invented the first machine for cutting soles from leather and for burnishing and finishing the edges and shanks. This has been followed by a multitude of inventions, so that now, with the exception of a few cobblers here and there, no man makes shoes. They are all made in factories by machinery requiring 130 different operations for every shoe, so that the man who makes the heel never sees the toe, and the avocation of the shoemaker is gone; and when by caprice or over-production, or under consumption, the factory shuts down, the operatives, having no independent handicraft, is thrown out of employment, his wages stop, and he becomes a mendicant or a tramp. In the same way the tailor, the carpenter, the compositor, the weaver, the farm hand have gradually become dislocated. Population is constantly increasing and the avenues of employment are continually diminishing.

I remember a story in my boyhood of a captive, confined in a vast apartment from which there was no escape, who was startled at midnight by the clang of the bell in his prison tower. Waking in the morning, he discovered that there was one less window in his room. The following morning there was another missing, and thus he became aware that day by day the walls of his cell were closing in upon him, and that sooner or later the discordant bell would toll the hour of his doom.

Labor, thus having lost its independence, is becoming degraded and discredited and losing its self-respect as well. Society is stratified. Its mobility is disappearing. The relations between the rich and the poor are not cordial. The prosperous are tolerant or patronizing. The dependent are sullen. They feel that under existing conditions they do not have equal opportunities. They are right. The race is no longer to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Not long since in a Western State I encountered a gentleman who described himself as an agent of the American Biscuit Trust. He said his duties were to see that no other biscuits or crackers than those made by his employers were sold in the territory in his charge. During our conversation, in response to my curiosity, he mentioned that two Germans who had been bakers in Berlin, having made a few thousand dollars here, were in Illinois, had concluded to abandon that business and make crackers again. As soon as he heard of their intention he mentioned to them that it would be a losing venture and advised them to desist. But they kept on, supposing they had sell some right to sell biscuits as to sell beer, and commenced business; whereupon the agent of the trust hired an adjacent store, stocked it with their goods, cut the price 10 per cent, and when this was met, cut again. I asked the result, and was told with a complacent smile that in three months the capital of the two Germans was gone, and they were financially strangled to death. This was not competition. It was crime. It was worse than robbery on the highway, because it lacked the courage of the footpad. In the dominion of the Sultan or the Czar there is no more execrable tyranny, no more abominable violation of the fundamental rights of man.

At the time this trust was formed there were several bakeries in St. Joseph, Atchison and other towns along the Missouri River. They were compelled to close. The workmen were discharged, and one of the proprietors now has a large salary for visiting "the grocery stores in order to guard against free trade among American citizens in the ginger snaps and to prevent smuggling of illicit food into the stomachs of the people."

Formerly flax culture was an exceedingly profitable industry in Eastern Kansas. The fibre was valuable for fabrics, and the seed for linseed oil. Mills were set up at many towns in the valley, providing a market for the farmers and yielding good returns to the owners. When the Linseed Oil Trust was formed, these establishments, either by purchase or strangulation, were suppressed, and flax culture has disappeared as absolutely as though the earth had become incapable of its support.

That the hostility to these combinations is not selfish is shown by the fact that in many cases they have cheapened and bettered products, and thus helped consumers in the struggle for life. The Standard Oil Company has undoubtedly diminished the cost of light for the poor and added immeasurably to the comforts of existence. And yet it stands as the most odious representative of intolerance for enrichment to which ordinary men

(Continued on Second Page.)

### MR. GRAY'S TRIBUTE TO VANCE

**His Life the Model for Ambitious Young Men.**

#### THESE HANDS ARE CLEAN

**HIS LOVE OF STATE AND ITS PEOPLE DOMINATED THE GREAT COMMONER.**

#### SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS AND POPULARITY

**No Threats or Promises from Political or Corporate Power, No Frowns or Smiles of Majesty, or Aught Else Could Make him Abate One Jot.**

At the University commencement last week, the senior class presented a bust of Vance to the University. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Julian S. Carr, Jr., president of the class, and the speech of acceptance on the part of the faculty was made by President Alderman. Both of these speeches appeared in Thursday morning's issue. Mr. R. T. Gray, speaking for the Board of Trustees in accepting the gift, said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Senior Class of 1899:

"On behalf of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina, I accept this work of art which so well represents and reproduces the lineaments of that great North Carolinian the memory of whom, more than that of any other son of our beloved State (and this can be said without disparagement to others) lingers with the people whom he loved and served and who loved, honored and idolized him. And in thus accepting it, I beg on behalf of the Trustees, to thank you, the class of 1899, for the happy and patriotic thoughtfulness which suggested so becoming a gift to your Alma Mater, and you, sir," (addressing Julian S. Carr, Jr.) "for the very graceful and eloquent address with which you have presented it, and to thank Mr. Randall for the labor he has so lovingly bestowed upon it and for the correctness of eye and the deftness of hand and chisel which, guided by the innate genius of the true artist, have enabled him so faithfully to reproduce the image of Governor Vance. Alexander standing at the tomb of Achilles cried out, 'O fortunate youth, in that thou hadst a Homer for thy Eulogist!' 'O fortunate juvenile, quid Bonerum præconem habueras?' Ladies and gentlemen, trustees and students, is it out of place or too much for me to say that our beloved Vance, though in his grave, is fortunate in having as his sculptor so accomplished an artist as Mr. Randall, native and to the manor born, and whose first breath was from the air of the same mountains where Vance was inspired and among which he was nurtured and grew strong."

It is not expected nor would it be appropriate in the performance of the duty assigned to me, to discuss at any length Governor Vance, or to recount the services which he rendered to the State during his long and useful public life, and I shall therefore content myself, and thus, I hope, make but slight draft upon your patience, with calling your attention to what may be considered to have been Vance's most prominent characteristics as a public man and which, were, in my opinion, the secret of the great hold he had upon the heart-strings of the people—his rugged honesty and independence, his intense love of the duty, his fidelity to the interests and welfare of the people, his close communion with his constituents, and his unwavering belief in the virtue, integrity and wisdom of the great mass of the people, and, in a word, his trust in the popular heart. These were the qualities that endeared him to the people and caused them to trust him without question—to lay their hands confidently in his and, without fear or tremor, to follow whithersoever he led, no matter how great the darkness or how wild the tempest or how rugged the road!

"As to his honesty, it was incorruptible, avarice had absolutely no place in his moral constitution and neither the blandishments of wealth nor the attractions of high official position and power could tempt him to swerve from the plain paths which his conscience and love of truth marked out for him. Living and moving for nearly a half a century in the fierce glare of the light that critics and enemies and envious contemporaries are accustomed to turn upon successful politicians and statesmen, no charge of personal or official wrong doing was ever preferred or suggested against him. His escutcheon from his earliest entrance upon the public arena down to the day when his spear was broken and his warfare ended, was as bright and spotless as an untarnished mirror. And when, in that ever memorable campaign of 1876 in which he contended with the knightly Settle for the uppermost place in the esteem and affections of the people, he held up his hands with dramatic action and cried: "These hands are clean!" it was not because any imputation of personal or official corruption had been made against him, but it was the confident and triumphant challenge that an honest steward of the people made to the world and to his enemies to find, if they could, one single instance of wrong doing in his career which had been full of opportunities for enrichment to which ordinary men

might have yielded, and the wild enthusiasm which greeted that thrilling challenge from the sea to the mountains and the November acclaim of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," showed that the people saw no stain upon those upturned hands.

"As to his independence, he had no master but the people whom he always believed capable of reaching just conclusions when they had the opportunity to calmly and dispassionately meditate and pass judgment upon a question, and no clique or ring, no threats or promises from political or corporate power, no frowns or smiles of majesty, no slamming in his face of white house doors, could make him abate one jot or tittle of his well considered opinions or stay his arm or tongue or pen in his championship of the people's rights.

"Being close to the people, he communed closely with them, learned and sympathized with their needs and fearlessly contended for their relief. He fulfilled the ideal of the true statesman as portrayed by Edmund Burke when he said: "It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect; their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasure, his satisfaction to theirs, and above all, ever and in all cases, to prefer their interests to his own."

"But not the least secret of his success and popularity with the people lay in his love for his native State which was in constant evidence and his constant care for the interests of the people. The utterances with which his speeches and writings abounded, showing his pride in his State and his love for its history and traditions, were not the honeyed phrases and clap-trap of a mere politician, but the sincere tribute of a patriot who deems his land of every land the pride." As Congressman, Governor during the trying times of the Civil war and in 1876 and as Senator, the burden upon his soul was to uplift the State, protect its soldiers and citizens and to advance its prosperity and glory.

Young gentlemen, let the love which Vance cherished for the State be an example and inspiration to you in the career upon which you are entering with such bright hopes and auspicious beginnings. If you shall love your State with the ardent affection of true sons, you will be useful in your day and generation and being useful you will be successful according to the true standards. No son of a mother really loves her if he neglects or brings sorrow or disgrace upon her, and if you shall be proud of your State and shall love her with a true and knightly devotion your brain and brawn will ever be at work to devise and carry out plans for her prosperity, peace and glory."

#### A RUSH TO DELAWARE PARK.

Twelve Excursions Already Booked for the Month of June.

In spite of the late spring and comparatively cool weather of May, the excursion fever seems to have taken possession of everybody.

Early in the month of May over 2,000 people went to Delaware Park for the day, and instead of being jaded by the jaunt returned refreshed; for conveniences and diversions afford one opportunity for rest and creature comforts in the midst of pleasure.

As many as twelve excursions are already booked for June by the Seaboard Air Line and unless prompt application is made for the grounds there certainly will be difficulty in securing suitable arrangements.

Outing parties, picnic parties, associations, concert parties, Sunday school parties, all kinds of parties should apply at once to L. S. Allen, General Passenger Agent, Seaboard Air Line, Portsmouth, Va.

There will be a rush all summer for this resort which is growing phenomenally in popular favor. There is fine fishing and boating for the children on the famous Nottoway river, flowing picturesquely at the foot of the park, and winding hills of the park. The spot is beautifully situated, forty miles from Norfolk and 130 miles from Raleigh, covering 14 acres of ground, all inclosed and protected by a high fence.

The observatory commands a rare stretch of rolling country, there is a perfectly equipped ten pin alley, merry-go-round, shooting gallery, pavilion for dancing on the river bank and other spacious pavilions, amply protected against both storm and sunshine. A grand piano is on hand for concerts, quadrilles and cake walks as the case may be.

Stages may also be erected for theatricals or other festive entertainments.

The park as a pleasure ground is not surpassed in the South, and the water alone is destined to make of it a permanent summer resort.

There are three Sulphur Springs said by many to be equal in their tonic and alterative effect to the waters of the renowned Greenbrier White, and there are other mineral springs, also, including the notable Magnesia springs, the sanitary effects of which have been known for years by the old residents of this country. An artesian well sparkles forth one hundred feet in the air, the stream being six inches in diameter as it issues from the earth. For that matter the whole landscape is twinkling with springs for those who prefer their water "straight."

There are over one hundred improved swings which keep the groves merry with the laughter of children, promenades and lovers nooks, rustic seats and leafy vistas, birds and balmy air.

A few hours and a few dollars and one is out of the heat of the city, out of danger of doctors' bills, among the cooling Nottoway hills.

Every time the sun shines the pessimist consoles himself with the thought that it is raining somewhere.