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FRIDAY . . . . . October 18, 1907

MORNING TONIC. (William Walker Atkinson.) No man ever gained success by lifting himself up by his own bootstraps. Catch hold of something and pull yourself up to it.

NO "QUITTING" FOR "MARSE HENRY."

In a recent issue of the New York World, Henry Watterson is quoted as declaring:

"If Roosevelt is to be kept in the White House, by all means let it be for life. Make him king. Do more, make him Emperor.

"I have quit politics forever. I wouldn't go to a convention, State or national. I have been pugnacious. Heaven knows, but I'm through with that. I shall become, or try to become an essayist, dealing with the 'simplicities of life'—the beatitudes of you like. No more politics for me. I am sick and disgusted with the people of my State."

The above discloses a petulance, hints a discouragement that is foreign to the militant character of the man who uttered it. The words are the words of a "quitter," but the voice is that of Watterson. At the same time, they do not speak the Watterson that the country has followed for the splendid spirit that was his; for the spirited attacks that he knew so well how to lead; for the acid philosophy with which he was accustomed to burn up the elaborate sophistries foisted on an unsuspecting country. The time was when, in a moment when all else was uncertain, when new men were pushing to the fore and new issues claiming a transient public attention, the people came back with a sense of relief of Watterson, preaching, and speaking and damning and defending with a consistency that gave him almost a solitary grandeur amid the rabble of cross-purpose and weak-kneed doubt. As years went on he became to the great section of a great party in a sense the "Sir Oracle" of opinion and political wisdom. His advice has been sought, his favour courted. His eloquence has swayed thousands, and his reason has convinced more than his oratory has charmed. His satire has been a familiar friend of all America and his humor a thing at which the hearts of multitudes have been warmed!

And now, wearing his white head as a distinction, still strong in brain and trenchant pen, Watterson talks of stepping aside and letting the current run around his legs while he meditates upon the lily pads hunting for minnows! The man who has braced the stream so long and so valiantly, talks not of drifting with the flow, but of standing aside and watching it flow on without his protest! This fearless and graceful man, this hero of a hundred battles, retires into his tent and talks of casting aside the sword for the brush. He "will become an essayist," forsooth, who was once in the front of action! He is "disgusted with the people" of his State, who once was unfatigued in earning their idolatry. "No more politics for me," whose word conventions waited on, instead, and hopeless of attainment to such a soul of vigorous contest, the "simplicities" and the "beatitudes." It is not as though Watterson, grown old and white, should retire from politics after having struggled to the final attainment of his end. It is not the withdrawal of a philosopher, content to have taught and hopeful of posterity. It is not the well-earned rest after work accomplished, but a disheartened surrender in the admission of defeat. Bitterness and exasperation and petulance ill-become the genius of Watterson. There is in his words, for all their brave flippancy, a touch of desperation; in all their affectation of disgust, a hint of heart-ache.

One hears much of the "demoralizing character of politics." One is apt to hear on all sides the trite observation that "politics" will ruin any man. Certainly it is true that a brand of politics is fatal to any man's best expression of himself. The trouble, however, lies in the mistaken notion as to what "politics" is. Consider it a game, and the fate of all who play games is certain. New players come to the board. New tricks suffice to baffle the old hand. Treachery in the ranks spoils many a coup. The end is disappointment, and bitterness, and regret. But "politics" in the better sense, is the enlistment for a purpose. It means an earnest choice and a faithful pursuit. It means in the case of the politician which Watterson has engaged, a responsibility as well as a profession. What is the particular matter that has temporarily affected "Marse Henry's" digestion we do not know. We know, however, that his ability, his zeal and his brilliancy are not qualities that ought to be, or will be, wasted in "essays" and "beatitudes." Watterson is a man who has faced life,

its problems and dangers. He has known defeat and experienced victory. He has come out of trials undaunted, unshamed and, ever, still "pugnacious." Whatever it is that has twisted his point of view away from that of his record as disclosed in the quotation from the World, we believe to be temporary, and trivial. The old Henry Watterson is still alive; and we yet expect to hear him speak like the young Watterson.

"Marse Henry's" great fight has been the tariff fight. What he has labored for on a hundred fields when defeat was the outcome, is now beginning to be recognized as the true principle, and the inevitable result, by those with whom he fought with exultation; by those whom he fought with fear. Even Taft, with the vision of the White House before his eyes, is coming into line. Even Massachusetts Republicans dare not adjourn without resolutions of promise. At this hour, when victory is in sight, when the country is waiting for such a bugle blast as only Watterson can blow, the spectacle of "Marse Henry" in a pout would be pathetic if it meant anything.

Watterson might write a graceful book of essays, might dawdle amid the beatitudes leaving foot-steps of star dust across the pages of poetry—if he had time. Perhaps, in momentary weariness, he thought he would take the time. But the country knows better. It looks to Watterson for a man's work, done in a man's way, in open fight with men and many weapons.

BRYAN AT THE FAIR.

More people heard Mr. Bryan speak at the State Fair yesterday than ever before listened to a public speech in North Carolina. There may have been as many people there when Mr. Roosevelt spoke, or there may have been more, but more heard Mr. Bryan than heard Mr. Roosevelt, both because they were more desirous to hear him and because his voice could reach a larger number of people.

It was an appreciative crowd—not overly demonstrative but appreciative and attentive—and there was the most perfect sympathy between speaker and hearers from start to finish. For nearly two hours Mr. Bryan spoke and the crowd increased instead of diminished. He held their perfect attention and the only regret was that not one-tenth of the people anxious to hear him could do so. It was a responsive audience in the best sense. They laughed at his stories, applauded his happy hits, and let him feel that he was talking to folks in sympathy with the principles and views he enunciated. He had a fund of happy and new stories that clinched the point and left nothing further to say. Not even Vance in his prime got more applause or provoked more mirth in a North Carolina audience than did Bryan yesterday. People who had heard him half a dozen times before were as pleased—or more pleased—than ever. Those who heard him for the first time felt the thrill of his unstudied eloquence and heartily applauded his every utterance.

The coming of Mr. Bryan, his words of wisdom and statesmanship, and the winning qualities of the man himself added to the many friends he had already made in North Carolina. His views upon moral and public questions are the same as those of the bulk of the people of North Carolina, and his Democracy is oased upon the same faith in Jefferson's ideals and confidence that the people are capable of self-government. This identity of belief is the foundation upon which rests the regard North Carolinians have for Mr. Bryan, but it is heightened by his attractive and winning personal qualities and unselfish life. North Carolina gave him a great welcome—the sort of hearty and generous welcome it reserves only for those who stand for the principles of justice and fairness.

Just suppose all the people who heard Bryan in North Carolina could have been gathered in one place! He had large crowds at Charlotte and Fayetteville, immense crowds at Greensboro and Raleigh, probably an hundred thousand in all.

How many folks in Raleigh yesterday? The estimate varied from thirty to sixty thousand. It was a great crowd of happy, patriotic, sober and well behaved people, reflecting credit upon the State.

Bryan has lost none of his charm while he has grown in ability since he first won North Carolina.

Bryan is the first and the best, and is stronger in North Carolina today than ever.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS

Henry Clews Sees and Talks Clearly, Norfolk Landmark.

For a long time The Landmark has admired the weekly "bulletin" which Henry Clews, the famous banker and broker, publishes from his office in Wall Street for the benefit of the investing public. Mr. Clews has done business successfully in Wall Street for at least half a century, and has two sons now in the same firm. His name has never been connected with any discreditable transaction.

Of course, there are numbers of other honest and successful brokers. It must not be presumed that because some financiers of previous good repute have been caught in gigantic looting schemes, all of Wall Street is of the same timber. There are plenty of men in financial and industrial life in every part of the country who have never knowingly taken a dishonest dollar. Of these, Henry Clews is a distinguished and admirable type, and in honoring him we honor all the rest who have shunned questionable ways of getting rich in the fertile soil of American development during the past generation.

In his last weekly review of the financial situation in the country, Mr. Clews has set out straight from the shoulder. We may say that he takes just as a conscientious, independent editor would talk, and as many of them are talking in all sections of the nation today. This is what Mr. Clews tells his clients and the public and Wall Street about the necessity



for reform in the management of corporations: Confidence has received another rude shock through the amazing exposures resulting from the Metropolitan Securities investigation. It is now over two years since public disclosures of breach in his many and various circles began, followed by the collapse of the copper manipulation, and finally these later scandals connected with the local situation. Hence no wonder confidence is seriously disturbed! And who is responsible? Messrs. Roosevelt and Hughes, who have been the instruments of exposure—of the individuals who have been and conducted these operations and abused the trust placed in their charge? Of course, the guilty parties against financial honesty and integrity, they endeavor to ward off official investigations on the plea that they disturb confidence. But responsibility for the latter should be placed distinctly where it belongs—upon the perpetrators of misdeeds, and not upon those who are the means of turning on the light and preventing future operations of this sort. Those who have been conscientiously and with public interest and displayed a blind disregard of stockholders' rights are the real culprits. It becomes daily more evident that when our corporations are honestly managed, the public and stockholders will get their dues, values will become more stable, and American credit, which is now at such a low ebb in all the great financial centres of the world, will be restored to its rightful status. Through-out all these disclosures there is one gleam of encouragement; and that is the public opinion which has been raised to its rightful status. Through-out all these disclosures there is one gleam of encouragement; and that is the public opinion which has been raised to its rightful status. Through-out all these disclosures there is one gleam of encouragement; and that is the public opinion which has been raised to its rightful status.

Confidence has been badly shattered. It can be restored and will be restored. It can be restored by the voluntary action, which would be the stockholders in great corporations whose methods are under suspicion. It can be restored by the voluntary action, which would be the quicker way, or by the determined force of public sentiment as expressed in the making and the administration of law.

It is encouraging to see that Mr. Clews, like Mr. A. D. Noyes, financial editor of the New York Evening Post, believes that the extraordinary decline in railroad and other securities has been "quite sufficient to avert any serious panic." The turning of the light on rottenness in high places, where it exists, and the automatic drop of stocks because of the temporary exhaustion of the buying and investing power of the country, probably saved the United States from one of the worst panics in history. We were going too fast, and if the pace had not been reduced, a smash-up would have been inevitable.

The captains of industry and finance and their lieutenants had better heed the wise words of Wall Street's Nestor. And the private citizen and finance had better weigh his warning that this is a time to hold what you have and not go into debt. The country must have a chance to catch up with itself.

The Real Bryan.

Richmond Journal. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says that in every man there are three men. There is John as God sees him, John as men see him, and John as he sees himself. One's view of himself is generally untrustworthy, or, in rare instances, of a depressing or melancholia depression. Seldom does a man weigh his own merits by scales first adjusted to the perfect standard of heavenly righteousness. It is only at rare intervals that honest but blunt friendship holds up the mirror that we may see ourselves as others see us, while now and then through life, in moments of profound inspection we catch a flashing glimpse of our unworthiness as it is written in the book of enduring record.

A public man is peculiarly the victim of misjudgments. He is the object of the exaggerated misconceptions of admiration, a fictitious party in the public mind by reason of servile flattery and fulsome compliment. He becomes to obsequious sycophants a manufactured combination of impossible attributes or the meretricious product of the false and vain imaginings of malevolent foes. He is Louis the Fourteenth sceptered and crowned, weighted down with the gold stiffened robes of divine right, and private the shivering slave of an imperious mistress. The public man with real and abounding merit is he alone who will wear and not fade, will endure under the fiercest light that beams upon high station and stand unmoved through years of abrasing hostile criticism, and what is more difficult to survive, the constant and unrelenting fettered familiarity of private life. When such a man is examined at all ranges, his metal is tried and we learn his true ring on the counter of intimacy.

The great speech delivered by Mr. Bryan at the State Fair measured full and plump to the best traditions that have placed American statesmen in the front ranks of orators. Yet, it was in his exquisite talk at the banquet at night that the real, the lovely Bryan stood forth. The robes of statelyness were cast off, the hobbling constraint of hostile espionage, that ever dogs a party leader, no longer fettered familiar utterance. The great man was at the house of his friends and in the bosom of his political family. He took his heart out and wore it on the coat sleeve that all might see his inner nature and perceive the depth of his humanitarian love, the pure springs of his devotion to principle, his dependence upon his ideals, his faith in human nature, his hope of the ultimate triumph of right after the temporary supremacy of wrong, and, chiefly, the Bible as the fountain of all wisdom, and God as the all-sufficing stay of the pure in mind and the clean of purpose.

the real actualities of solid achievements. Man was more than a money bag and character more precious than temporal success. What of trial and triumph the future holds for the great American Commoner the thick, inscrutable veil hides from our eyes, but to all who were privileged to hear this charming, tasteful, home-like and heart-to-heart talk there will ever be present the real Bryan, the clean-souled, high minded, unselfish, and catholic statesman. He has ever been worthy of admiration; he has now become an object of affectionate regard.

Overruling the Faculty.

Richmond News-Leader. Now the old question whether the college shall be governed by the faculty on the students has developed acutely at Wake Forest, N. C. Five students were suspended for having and, presumably, after a fair hearing. They were punished because they violated laws and rules of the institution of which they were members and to which they had been sent by their parents. The other students have taken it upon themselves to become a court of last resort and to overrule the faculty. We have the process, usual in such affairs, of mass-meetings and resolutions and threat of wholesale withdrawals.

We hope the faculty will stand its ground. We confess to having no sympathy with the attitude of boys and very young men who undertake to rise in mutiny against their elders, men of experience and character, and to demand that discipline shall be enforced according to the student notion. It is safe to presume almost invariably that the professors are right. Men do not become members of college or university faculties until they have proved themselves to possess ability, learning and honesty. It is hardly conceivable that men of that kind would go out of their way to do injustice or to inflict undeserved punishment. A faculty afraid of its students is likely to be inefficient and impotent as a commander of troops afraid of his men. Instances of this kind have occurred heretofore and in every case that we recall, where the faculties have had the nerve to face all threats of depletion of attendance and to enforce discipline rigidly, the institutions have been strengthened in public estimation and in the confidence of parents and patrons.

One of the Darkest Transactions That Ever Occurred in Our Political History.

Enfield Ledger. The explanation of State Senator John C. Drewry has at last been made to the \$4,000 received by him and the Evening Times from the Southern Railway, and it must be conceded that the explanation fixes him and the railroad with improper conduct. His statement is that he approached Col. Andrews and asked him if he would not like to see the Evening Times enlarged and take all of the Associated Press dispatches so as to make a larger and more valuable



bee. The organs cited as inimical to the Nebraska are either thinly veneered with advanced views or have ever been his pronounced enemies. The masses of the people who do the voting and will also force their will upon "the leaders" are as staunch and unwavering in devotion as ever, and "the leaders" will keep step with the music in the band wagon, even if they are not the first to exhibit their agility by leaping in.

The New Orleans States tells of the antics of one Roberts, of New York, who has been itinerating through the South, presumably in the interests of young Mr. Chandler, and who delights the soul of that pretended friend, but hearty arch enemy of true democratic principles, the New York World, with the assurance that Bryan is admired only by the ragtag and bobtail of the party and by no one else. He declares we want a new man, one not "tinted with a socialist propaganda," and proves the keenness of his insight into the views of Southern Democrats by asserting that there was more sentiment for Lieutenant Governor Chandler than for any other candidate. Does not this touch the ne plus ultra of silliness? In speaking of the "prominent Democrats" this wise man interviewed, the States rightly remarks that if their backs "were to be scratched we should probably find them Republicans or the embittered relics of the Palmer-Huckner fake."

Burnt Child Dreads the Fire. Norfolk Virginia-Pilot. Our courteous contemporary, the Greensboro Industrial News, does not understand why people in North Carolina, not altogether satisfied with conditions existing under Democratic rule, should hesitate to throw their votes and influence to the Republican party of that State, and to seek reform. To our view and explanation is very simple, and may be very briefly stated; the burnt child dreads the fire.

Bold and Valiant Champion of the Rights of the People

Charity and Children. The News and Observer is a bold and valiant champion of the rights of the people. It is discredited and abused in certain quarters, but its influence and power are steadily growing, because it stands with the folks rather than the corporations. It strenuously opposed the election of Mr. Drewry to the Senate last year and many prominent citizens were indignant at its course; now the paper is up and the prominent citizens are down. North Carolina needs the News and Observer in its business.

More than one thousand workmen are now employed on the construction of the power plant of the Rockingham Power Company at the Blawett Falls, in Anson county—Troy Montgomerian.

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