

Well, we come again.  
There's no money in it,  
but we will send ten papers  
for the campaign for  
\$1.00.

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# THE CAUCASIAN.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1896.

We try to do our part.  
We did it once before at a loss, but will again offer to send ten papers for the campaign for \$1.00.

VOL. XIV.

NO. 48

MARION BUTLER  
NAT. CHAIRMAN

of the Peoples Party Executive Committee—His Work In the Present Great Contest

A NEW FORCE IN POLITICS

The Peoples Party the Most Perfect Organization of All Parties—Larger in Numbers Than That Which Elected Lincoln the First Time—It Has Introduced New Ideas in American Politics—Mr. Butler's Chief Work is to Make Every Free Silver Vote Count for Bryan

One of the very best of monthly magazines published is The Review of Reviews, edited by Mr. Albert Shaw. Mr. Shaw has so ably directed the policy of this magazine that today it has no superior and takes rank with the best type of American magazines. It is devoted to "topics of the day," gives brief reviews of current events, and reproduces the best American and foreign cartoons that have appeared during the month, and many other good features. It reviews the political situation impartially, and its non-partisan position commends it to all. The October issue is an unusually good number. Of the many interesting articles "The Three Strategic Chiefs of the Presidential Campaign" is the leading paper in this issue. This article is divided into three parts—part I deals with a brief sketch of Mark A. Hanna, chairman of the Republican executive committee, by Murat Halstead; part II, with a short description of Jerome K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic executive committee, by Willis J. Abbott; and part III gives a narrative of Marion Butler, chairman of the Peoples Party executive committee. The article is accompanied with fine half-tone engravings of Mr. Hanna and Mr. Butler.

Marion Butler, by Carl Snyder.

Of the three national chairmen, Butler, the Populist, is by odds the most interesting. Both Mr. Hanna and Senator Jones are to the country at large, new men, but they are not particularly new types. The Republican party has entrusted its fortunes to the millionaire politicians before. Senator Jones has thus far been chiefly notable from the mistakes he has made and the things he has better left unsaid. Butler alone is novel and picturesque. A country editor, sprung from the plain people and reared on a farm, at 33 this young man finds himself in control of the party machinery of a political organization larger in numbers than which elected Lincoln for the first time and acknowledged leaders and a United States Senator to boot. In his brief and quite dazzling career he has shown himself a shrewd manipulator and a dexterous tactician, with a genius for success and an unusual talent for taking advantage of other men's necessities. There is a growing suspicion that he holds the key to the situation, if there be such a key, on the Democratic-Populist side, and that even now he has the key in the lock and is beginning to slowly turn it around.

All these things would of themselves make Butler quite worth while. But more than all this, he stands as the representative of that new force which has come in to change the face of American politics, to recast the lines of party divisions, to introduce new issues and new ideas and to re-locate the storm centers of our presidential struggles. No intelligent conception of the present campaign, in fact, is possible that does not take into consideration the thoroughly dominating influence of the Peoples Party. And inasmuch as the precise position of that organization in this contest is due, whether through luck or leadership I know not, to Butler's decisive action at the St. Louis convention, it may be well to glance back a little way and note how events conspired to work out an opportunity for this unknown politician to put himself at the front.

A year ago the Democracy found itself in the Civil War, as organized in Mr. Cleveland, and the dark deep waves of annihilation and sweet forgetfulness. Under the President's leadership, the party had been forced into positions antagonistic to its natural tendencies, and in much more important antagonism to the sentiments of its rank and file. The Populists, with a compact, earnest and aggressive organization were forcing financial issues to the fore. The tariff, pensions, the Force bill, and their antique kindred were growing decrepit and decayed. As political issues they were back numbers. Meanwhile the Democracy had sustained heavy losses in the South and was quite fading from view in the West. Alarmed at the shadow of free silver, the business interests of the country were growing apprehensive and were turning to the Republican party as their natural ally. In spite of the frantic efforts of the Republican leaders to prevent it, the country was forming in two divisions, with the money question as the line of cleavage; the Republican party was forced to become the champion of gold; the champions of silver were the Populists. It was then that the Democratic leaders began to ask themselves: Where do we come in?

They did not come in. Divided on the single vital issue of the hour, and thrust into an anomalous position by their adherence to Cleveland, the Democracy was simply being ground between the upper and lower millstones. To shift the metaphor, it was at this point that a new set of leaders boldly seized the helm and turned the party into a new course. The Chicago platform was their work. Revolutionary it was, it was the single stroke which could save the party from total wreck. Had the Democracy taken an equivalent position upon the issue which Populism had made dominant, it would have lost the South, disappeared from the West and been spurned by the East. It would have found itself in the position of the Douglas wing of the Democracy in 1860.

But with this Napoleonic stroke the Populists, when they met in convention in St. Louis, found themselves in a quandary. The Democracy had seized their position and nominated one of the two men whom the Populists had already selected as their probable candidate. To endorse the Chicago ticket was to lose the silver strength of the country. The most prominent leaders fought for the former action. The temptations of power which a united army seemed to insure were great. But the privates in the ranks, far more independent than the privates in political parties usually are, were not so fast.

It was at this juncture that Butler of North Carolina came to the front. His standing in the party was strong. He had made himself master of his own State. He was president of the National Farmers' Alliance; he had all the prestige that goes with success.

When he arrived in St. Louis he had already learned the power that is often gathered from waiting until a decisive moment; he had won his leadership largely through his ability to gauge the feeling of the ranks and direct this feeling.

Made temporary chairman of the convention, in his speech he played skilfully upon the passions of the mass and the desires of the leaders. It was then that with the strength gained by his foresight in making himself, so to speak, the balance of power, he formulated his plan for the endorsement of Bryan and the nomination of a Southern Populist for second place. The chief leaders, Weaver, Allen and others, fought his plan bitterly. But the Tar Heel statesman carried the convention with him by an overwhelming majority; his programme was put through and Butler found himself at the close of the struggle the foremost man of his party. As a logical result, he was put in charge of the campaign.

This at 33 years of age.

Up to this time it is certain that Butler had, outside his own party, been misjudged and underrated. His advent in the Senate had tended to obscure his political talent and craft. He had stepped from the editorship of THE CLINTON CAUCASIAN to the Senate—a long stride. It is a matter of history, I believe that on the gray December day when this proprietor of a village weekly newspaper had fusion with the Republicans would have been successful. But all overtures for a union that year were defeated by the obscurity of the chairman of the Republican committee, who headed a faction of older-seeking politicians who had no desire to share the carpet bag era. Two years ago, however, Butler had not only become supreme in the councils in his own party, but succeeded in rousing the Republicans to the beneficial results of a combine, and the two parties "fused." The result was that Butler was a leading light in a new of Hanna and Butler, and Butler was in the thick of the fray. The Democrats had the counting machine, however, and relied upon their ability to work that machine in an appropriate and sufficiently industrial manner to forestall any evil results. The Populists, though electing every polling place properly manned by two fusion watchers and three witnesses. Every fusion voter received his ticket from one of the witnesses, and cast it in their presence; his name was registered in a little book, and when the voting was over the names of the fusion voters were tested by the witnesses, and they were admitted to the central committee. It was for this reason that the counting machine failed to develop its usual capacities for beautiful majorities. The majorities were, however, never Butler's fault, but in the end he was blamed for his failure to recover the Fusion ticket had him been elected. There were two United States Senatorships for the election of Senator Pritchard, and he was not stopped by being stopped by the old guard, suffered a rude shock like unto the advent of the weirdly wonderful Tillman. The voice of the new member was rasping, his chest capacity large, his style of oratory that of the hustings of his State. And he had a mission. It was the last perhaps which pained most. The young man came straight from green fields and babbling brooks and his manner was reminiscent; he was in earnest, and the Senate, it is regrettable to say is a sophisticated, and somewhat blasphemous body. As the day wore on, over the faces of many of its members crept a weary look, and they regretted that anything could have so disturbed the reveries of that delightful club.

It is only fair to say, however, that it soon became apparent that there was more behind the member than the declamatory fustian, as they regarded it, with which it seemed to abound. After a brief season in which, like many others, the new Senator from North Carolina seemed to be a long stride, it is a matter of history, I believe that on the day mentioned the venerable traditions of the Senate, faithfully upheld by the picturesquely old gentlemen, were being stopped by the old guard, suffered a rude shock like unto the advent of the weirdly wonderful Tillman. The voice of the new member was rasping, his chest capacity large, his style of oratory that of the hustings of his State. And he had a mission. It was the last perhaps which pained most. The young man came straight from green fields and babbling brooks and his manner was reminiscent; he was in earnest, and the Senate, it is regrettable to say is a sophisticated, and somewhat blasphemous body. As the day wore on, over the faces of many of its members crept a weary look, and they regretted that anything could have so disturbed the reveries of that delightful club.

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