

NEW YORK STATE POLITICAL MATTERS

An Interesting Study of Hearst, His Methods and His Power. With Unlimited Forces Against Him, He Has Persistently Forged to the Front.

Special Correspondence to The News.

New York, Nov. 3.

Within a few days it will be decided which of the two will fill the governor's chair. As the grand finale draws near the agony of excitement increases. Hearst is the most talked of; the most thoroughly abused man, in word and picture, by a united press, that has ever come before the public of New York.

The Outlook of week before last had two of the best articles on Hearst and Hughes that have appeared. The article on Hearst was the more interesting of the two. It gave a conservative size-up of Hearst, giving "the devil his dues, and yet giving others who have helped to make Hearst, their dues, notably three men: Brisbane, Ihmsen, Shearn. Brisbane is the writer of Hearst's editorials and Hearst's speeches. Ihmsen is his political manager; Shearn his lawyer.

Whatever may be said of Hearst, it can be said that "Hearst pays his own freight." He spends his money freely for his own exploitation, true, but the beneficiary looks not, cares not for the motive, but the happy result to himself. The present campaign is unique along the money line. Heretofore the Republicans have had the corporations back of them, but the amendment to which was drafted by Mr. Hughes himself, closes that source of "cash" for the Republican committee. "That law," says the New York Times, "imposes no restraint upon Mr. Hearst's expenditures. The contest is one-sided. Mr. Hearst in an attempt to make himself governor of New York will spend more money than has been expended by both parties in any two campaigns for filling that office. His work has been in progress for months, his agents have been active every county, and they do not work for nothing. With a fortune estimated at \$40,000,000 he can afford to be lavish. In seeking the attainment of his ambition he does not in the least cost the cost. It is nothing to him to pay \$5,000 for a rally in Madison Square Garden. It is nothing to maintain an army of organizers traveling about the State in his service. Moreover, in his newspapers Mr. Hearst has a campaign engineer such as in the whole history of the country no other candidate for office has ever been able to employ. The various editions are chiefly given up to campaign service in his interests. The weekly expense account of his newspapers doubtless exceeds \$100,000. It is proper to say that this is largely a campaign expenditure—half a million dollars for the five weeks of the campaign. That this money is effectively expended is quite beyond doubt. In no other way could he reach so many voters of influence so many minds. A hundred Hearsts speaking every night could not distill so much poison, stir up so much hatred of class against class, or get anything like so many falsehoods accepted as truth."

However, much credit is due Brisbane, Shearn and other bright men for Hearst's occupying the position he does in the public eye, in the nation's political stage. What about the mind that conceived the idea of this newspaper-political organization? I see Hearst every day on Lexington avenue. His house is on the corner of Lexington avenue and 23rd street, a block from where I live. Hearst is a large man. He hasn't a strong face, rather the contrary, but his expression denotes gentleness and amiability. He wears a black frock coat, big black slouch hat, black tie, and has an easy carriage. He saunters along, looking as unconcerned as if there was nothing of importance pending. His wife and little son are frequently with him. Mrs. Hearst is rather pretty, not stylish, and dresses plainly. Their house—about which so much was written in the last municipal fight—is four stories high. The windows are opaque glass, and are seldom open for the Hearsts are seldom at home. Mr.

Hearst is the only millionaire in the neighborhood. His surroundings are thoroughly Jeffersonian in simplicity and unpretentiousness. He could live with the "classes" on upper Fifth avenue, but true to his text he prefers to live near the masses. Nearly every night there is a rally about the Hearst house. The night of the first Hearst rally at Madison Square Garden, the handsomest floral piece I ever saw was displayed on the sidewalk opposite the Hearst mansion. It was an immense horseshoe of American Beauty roses, about seven feet in height and across it, on crimson ribbon, the words: "Our next Governor—William Randolph Hearst." It appeared later on the stage at the Garden. It was said that Hearst paid for it himself. Perhaps he did, but if so he strengthened his claim on his neighbor for its vote. That is his way. That is why all "the people" are for him. He spends his money with the people. When Hearst came to New York he had not discovered Brisbane or Shearn. He was a young man with millions, but unknown, politically. Today it is an undisputed fact that Hearst pays the best wages in New York. I do not like his paper any yet I read it because it gets the news first. Hearst makes his men his friends because he pays them well for their talents. He sets a pace that the other papers had to come up to. That is one of the reasons they are a unit against him. But nothing helps a man or cause more than persecution, supposal or real. Along this line the following communication to The Times, signed, "An Old Line Democrat," is apropos. Says the writer:

"I am acquiring a very vivid appreciation of why the Athenians got tired of hearing Aristides called 'the Just.' At least the denunciations of Hearst by the New York newspapers provoke a feeling just about the reverse. By every epithet, distortion, and caricature, they are in a likely way to arouse a sense of square dealing in the mass of the people to the very opposite result of their abuse. 'The so-called indecency, suppression of fact, and demagogical methods attributed to Hearst pale in all their glory alongside of the confederated efforts of his newspaper rivals to out-defame him. The seemingly concerted attempt to word paint and picture him with a minimized brain, a man successful with a dozen newspapers, and who has beaten them at their own game, is simply an insult to the American intelligence if it is a fool he could not be such a knave as they paint him. If so thoroughly a knave he could not be such a fool."

"Why suppress and malign the things which he can rightly claim he has helped to effect? The fact is that rightly or wrongly, he has advocated, pursued, and offers us some constructive policies. And I would like to know of one single constructive policy presented by Mr. Hughes. Granting that Hearst is an 'apostle of discontent,' the people are right, deeply, and abidingly discontented. The discontent is well founded, and the revelations of the last few years have made the people know it. Hearst helped to furnish the evidence. The muck-rake was successful because the muck was there. With Hughes it will be the same thing, with regrets. With Hearst at least some shake-up in the land of graft—financial and political—and we all want a shake-up."

"Hearst's strength is by no means to be despised. I have been amazed at the demonstrations wherever and whenever he has appeared in public. Jerome, on his way to Buffalo, was given a word of advice in regard to Hearst's strength. Said one of the papers: 'Mr. Jerome is disposed to despise Hearst's strength. He will do well to remember the advice of Napoleon to his generals: Never despise the strength of the enemy.' Hearst got the nomination Jerome is still 'waiting at the church.' In San Francisco it was said of Hearst that he was 'the head-piece of a brilliant staff.' Brisbane and Carvalho were not with him then. He is the 'head-piece' of a brilliant staff, in New York, a staff described thus: 'Brisbane as the intellectual dynamite; Goddard, paint-mixer for the Sunday editions; Chamberlain the genius of the daily news; Carvalho, the business manager.' The Democratic emblem on the ballots is a star; Hearst's Independence League emblem, scales. Several days ago some one asked Hearst which emblem he would vote under Tuesday. He replied: 'Well, they stole so many of my votes last fall that I think I have a right to vote under both.' As the Old Line Democrat says: 'If he is a fool he could not be such a knave as they paint him. If so thoroughly a knave he could not be such a fool.' He is a man of boundless ambition. 'If I don't win this time,' he says, 'I will keep on until I do.' Mr. Willis B. Dowd, formerly of Charlotte, but now of New York, is a strong anti-Hearst man. At a

THE TIN INDUSTRY IN PIEDMONT N. C.

No Fabulous Wealth, But Many Splendid Properties Which Will Pay Handsome Dividends With Proper Development—Already Paying Well.

To the Editor of The News.

Under the caption, "Minerals in North Carolina," the Washington correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, in last Sunday's issue, has a very interesting and valuable article on the deposits of iron, silver, copper, lead, zinc and some other minerals which abound in this Piedmont section. This clever mineral writer for the Observer speaks out in no uncertain strain about the great mineral wealth of this section. He says in the first paragraph: "Copper, silver, lead, zinc and iron are shown to exist in the Piedmont section in inexhaustible quantities."

It is not the purpose of this article to attack a single point, or to deny any statement made by the Washington correspondent concerning the great and apparently inexhaustible mineral wealth of the Piedmont section of North Carolina, including a few counties in South Carolina. We simply desire that the time to give our readers some idea of the tin deposits of this section and the present status of tin mining along the tin belt, extending from Gaffney, S. C., to near Lincolnton, N. C., a distance of more than 35 miles. The town of King's Mountain is the tin belt's largest mineral center of this known tin belt, the vein, or veins, passing directly through the town. The Ross mine, near Gaffney, S. C., is now being worked by Captain Ross, who is producing considerable quantities of cassiterite, tin concentrates. These concentrates are shipped to Cornwall, England, to be smelted and sold. Mr. Ross says one carload shipment netted him a little more than \$10,000. Capt. J. W. Foster, of Virginia, began tin mining in and near the town of King's Mountain, some fifteen months ago. During that time he has sunk two shafts over 100 feet on what is known as the Parker tract, within the corporate limits of the town, uttering rich in veins of good thickness in the shafts and in the various levels or drifts which run from the shafts. Captain Foster has erected on this property a tin mill of 100 tons daily capacity. While the mine is not yet sufficiently developed to reduce the required amount of ore to run this large mill full time, the owners are now pushing toward the work of sinking deep shafts, driving tunnels and drifts and producing ore with gratifying success. We learn from the managers in charge of the mine that already several thousand pounds of concentrates had been produced ready to ship to the smelter. Besides the Parker mine, Captain Foster has bought what are known as the Ledoux tin tract and the Hinton property, situated about two miles south of King's Mountain, and he is now pushing forward the work of prospecting, mining and milling the tin ores on these properties. A visit to these latter properties sur-

SAVED FROM FLAMES BY DOG.

Animal Gave Alarm and Family Escaped as Roof Fell.

Chippewa, Falls, Wis., Nov. 2.—Jno. Dolan, his wife, two daughters, and a son, were saved from burning to death this morning by their dog. When the animal finally awakened Dolan, their home was in a mass of flames, and it was with difficulty that they made their escape.

A Paternal Criticism.

Mr. H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, who is now playing in this country, was not educated primarily for the stage. Indeed his case seems one of insistent hereditary influence. Studying for the profession of barrister, while he was still in college he took part in amateur theatricals. An amusing story is told of one of his earlier interpretations of the difficult role of Hamlet, a role, he said, in which he has since made a pronounced and artistic success. On this particular and early occasion, however, Sir Henry was "cut in front" and after the performance several, including his son crowded about him for an expression of opinion. "What do you think of Smith as Polonius?" asked one. "Good, very good," murmured Sir Henry, in his quiet, kindly way. "And Miss Blank as Ophelia?" "Good, very good," again murmured Sir Henry. "And Jones, as the King?" "Good, very good," repeated Sir Henry. "And Thomas as Horatio?" "Good, very good," came the answer. So the entire cast was gone through with the exception of the principal character, and each received the same precise, neat criticism, "good, very good." Then there was a slight pause, an awkward pause after which the son who had been waiting eagerly and anxiously for his father's opinion about his acting, managed to pluck up enough courage to stammer, "But, father—what did you think of—the rest of the cast?" Sir Henry looked blandly at his son and then remarked dryly, "Are you sure that you want to be an actor, my son?"—The Bohemian Magazine.

Experience Instead of Dividends. While the New York agents and others are warning the policy holders against "inexperienced people," it is well to remember that the policy holders themselves are not "inexperienced." In fact they have been getting "experience" instead of dividends; most of their accumulations consist of "experience," and it would be little consideration to them to allow them to use it in choosing directors for their company without advice from interested parties.—Charleston News and Courier.

THE PEOPLE AT THE GAME.

Some people suffer horribly by football games; yet you cannot keep them away. One of my classmates could never endure this dreadfully glorious opening moment. He always turned his face away, and then kept beseeching the rest of us in a low moan to tell him what going on, which we never did. He is fat now and presumably phlegmatic, but I haven't happened to be near him of late years.

I know another man who always goes alone and will not allow any one he knows to sit near him if he can help it. He wears a cap and sweater and pays no attention to anything but football, yelling with delight when a thing pleases him and swearing quietly to himself when there seems need of it. Once upon a time he was the best football player of his department in the whole country, but that was so many years ago that they no longer call upon his services as a coach, so he sits in the grand-stand and has a lonely debauch of football emotion. Most of us, however, need some one to talk to, some one to say the name, obvious things to, such as "Hal! Third Down!" when every one knows it, and "Going to kick!" when fifty or sixty thousand other eyes can see the punter drop back for that purpose. Most especially do we need some one to pound on the back when things go our way, some one to exchange looks with when they go the other way. There is one man in our class, supposed by some to be without emotion, who is really dangerous at football games; he strikes out so hard and wildly.

There is another man, not in our class; who goes to every game, and though we always hope to avoid him, he turns up in our proximity with a regularity which makes us nudge each other and say "of course." He is of the noisy breed; stirs up discussions, gives the umpire advice before it is requested, and lets it be known to every one within four rows just how much he bet on the game and with whom; while we look the other way and pretend that he has merely assumed our college colors for the occasion. There is one advantage of being near him, however; he never hesitates to bellow "Down in front!" to men, women or children.—From "The Day of the Game," by Jesse Lynch Williams, in The Outing Magazine for November.

"Slow Hard." A young woman who presides at the organ of one of the churches in Wynnwood, a settlement on the east side of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, related an amusing incident in which she played an important part. On going into the church she observed that a new minister occupied the chancel and determined to play the best. At previous services she had had considerable trouble because the blow boy would let the wind out of the organ when she needed it most. So she wrote him a note saying: "Blow, blow hard; blow all the time until I tell you to stop." She then beckoned for the boy to come to her and gave him the note. He, supposing the note was for the minister, without opening it, carried it to the pulpit and delivered the missive to the dominie.

A Long Root. An Irishman, with one jaw very much swollen from a tooth that he wished to have pulled, entered the office of a Washington dentist. When the suffering Celt was put into the chair and saw the gleaming forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth. Being a man of resource, the dentist quietly instructed his assistant to push a pin into the patient's leg, so that when the Irishman opened his mouth to yell the dentist could get at the refractory molar. When all was over, the dentist smilingly asked: "It didn't hurt as much as you expected, did it?" "Well, no," reluctantly admitted the patient. "But," he added, as he ran his hand over the place into which the assistant had inserted the pin, "little did I think them roots went that far down!"

A Chance For a Bargain. "He is a man who is plainly cut out for a sunny lot in life." "That so? Whew! I wonder if I could stick him for that lot of mine in the old suburbs?"—Baltimore American.

"Erroneous" Decisions. The work of revising "erroneous" decisions of the supreme court of the United States requires a sympathetic majority on that bench. The fact seems to be duly appreciated in the highest quarter in Washington, where all error is sifted and all truth proclaimed.—New York Sun.

"A CONTEMPTIBLE, COWARDLY LIAR"

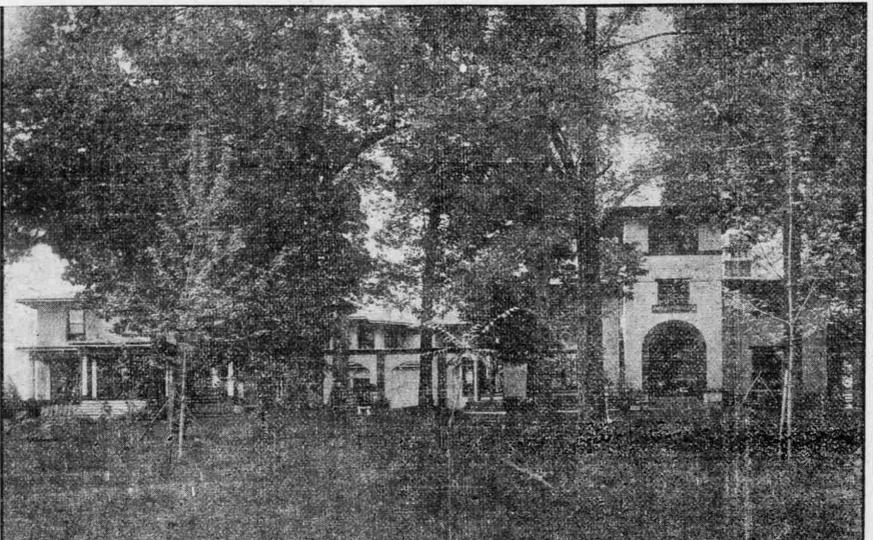
The Above Are the Words Used by Hackett in Reply to Blackburn and His Henchmen's Attacks on His Character at Statesville, A Severe Arraignment.

The following letter taken from the Statesville Landmark of yesterday, was written by Hon. Richard N. Hackett in reply to Blackburn's attacks on his personal character.

Wilkesboro, N. C., Nov. 1, 1906. My attention was called to the fact that on Monday and Monday night, at Statesville, N. C., Spencer Blackburn made certain false, malicious and vicious attacks on my personal character. I have always known that Blackburn is a contemptible coward, but I scarcely believed, from his repeated refusals to meet me anywhere, that his super stimulated, Peruna-produced courage would bring him to the point where he would, even at forty-mile range, attack my personal character. I don't know that I have heard all of the things which Blackburn said in regard to me, but from what I have heard I want the privilege in your columns to state that he is a contemptible, cowardly liar and that every one of his henchmen, who in any way give circulation to these infamous lies regarding my character are on a parity with him in infamy, and the above characterization is intended to apply to any or all them, just the same as it does to Blackburn. In all my campaign I have had nothing to say against Blackburn's private character. I have had things to say concerning his political methods, every word of which is the truth backed by official records and affidavits of men whose character for truth and honesty is as far above Blackburn's as heaven is above the earth. Throughout this district, and especially in Ashe and Watauga counties, numbers of men have come to me voluntarily and offered to swear things concerning Blackburn's private character which would forever damn him in the eyes of decent people, but I declined to receive and use their affidavits, telling them that I was not assaulting Blackburn's private character, but only his public record and political methods. He has seen fit, at this late moment, to throw off the mask from his infamous rascality, and I merely write this to brand him before the public for the contemptible, cowardly cur that he is. Yours respectfully, R. N. HACKETT.

FATTENING OYSTERS. How the United States Government Helps the Bivalves Grow. From Country Life in America. The oyster eating public is already familiar with the process of fattening adopted by some unscrupulous dealers in oysters. This consists merely in throwing the oysters into fresh water which they absorb in large quantities, and become plump. The flavor is thereby injured and there is danger of infecting the oysters with typhoid fever. At Lynchburg, Va., the United States Bureau of Fisheries has been working for several years on a plan to establish an artificial fattening bed for oysters. The oyster lives chiefly on diatoms and other microscopic marine plants. These plants require for their growth a large supply of inorganic salts in the water. The necessary plant food is supplied by putting commercial fertilizers into the water. The fattening bed must be in shallow water so as to have a relatively high temperature. A wall is maintained around the fattening ground so as to retain the fertilizer and diatoms. Even after the diatoms have multiplied enormously the oysters receive no benefit from them unless a current is maintained in the water to carry the food to the oysters. Salt water is pumped in to prevent the fattening beds from becoming too fresh, and a little lime is added to the water to prevent the growth of algae and other plants which would give a disagreeable flavor to the oysters. Too much lime, on the other hand, will destroy the food plants of the oyster. The process seems somewhat complicated but it has been demonstrated to be feasible and to yield fine results in the number and quality of the oyster.

He Got Off Easy. Clark Howell of Atlanta, tells of the sad case of an elderly dandy in Georgia charged with the theft of some chickens. The negro had the misfortune to be defended by a young and inexperienced attorney, although it is doubtful whether any one could have secured his acquittal, the commission of the crime having been proved beyond all doubt. The dandy received a pretty severe sentence. "Thank you, sah," said he, cheerfully, addressing the judge when the sentence had been announced. "Dat's mighty hard, sah, but it ain't nowhere near what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and dat speech of mah lawyer dat you'd hang me shore."—Success Magazine.



In the celebrated Piedmont section of North Carolina, all roads lead to Greensboro. With its delightful temperate climate, rolling country and bracing altitude, it is fast becoming a well known resort. The natural beauties of the surrounding country, good roads, pure water, parks, theaters and numerous places of historical interest, make Greensboro a most delightful place to visit. The geographical location and quick railroad facilities make it possible for residents of the northern or extreme southern cities to reach a change of climate within a few hours. A more healthful or generally desirable location for a sanitarium could hardly be found. Here the Greensboro Keeley Institute has been doing a great work for fifteen years, and during the past twelve months has successfully treated more patients for the liquor and drug addictions, tobacco habit and nerve exhaustion than in any previous year of its history. Its home is one of Greensboro's interesting points, "Blandwood," covering an entire city block, is a mass of giant trees, well kept lawns and beautiful flowers. In the center of this stately park, the old Morehead mansion forms the Institute proper. The above illustration shows, also, the handsome annex which has recently been built, containing apartments en suite, with private baths, electric lights and all the comforts and conveniences of a thoroughly modern home. Here, special arrangements have been made for the accommodation of ladies, a matron is employed and treatment is administered privately. These features and the extensive grounds insure all the privacy and seclusion which may be desired and yet the place is within five minutes walk of the city's principal thoroughfare. A splendid cuisine is maintained and a competent corps of waiters provide excellent service. An efficient business management, entailing a regular and orderly life on the part of the patient; experienced attendants and a resident physician, especially instructed in Dr. Keeley's methods, insure the best results obtainable at the Greensboro Institute, the largest branch home for the Keeley treatment in the United States.