

JESS' PLAIN OLD ZEB VANCE

Splendid Tribute by the Brilliant Henry Watterson

Editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal—How Vance Compared With the Great Men of the Senate.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Our esteemed contemporary, The Daily Observer, of the good city of Charlotte, in the renowned Old Tar State, calls our attention—the Observer leaves nothing unnoticed—to a case of oversight, not of neglect, on the part of The Courier-Journal.

The Courier-Journal was in a reminiscent mood. The past put its touch upon it—the tragic past—and, a little tearfully, let us confess, it was looking backward over the darkling passageway of the years that will never come again, piled up with the beloved and the mighty dead. It had taken a flock of its younger readers upon its lap in a caressing, grandmotherly way and was telling them the story, the melancholy story, of the grand "old ship o' Zion," their fathers' flagship, "democracy."

(Brother Caldwell, after our Brother Tompkins has led in prayer, will you please join us in singing that good old song—

"She has carried many thousands, And shall carry many more?"—)

Well, as we were saying, The Courier-Journal was telling how once upon a time, a wicked old witch, named Free Silver had stolen aboard in the dome of the night and had drugged the drink of the crew till they slept, so that when they awoke and took their morning draught they fell into a state of frenzy; and knowing not what they did, they rose in mutiny and rage against their faithful, trained, and courageous officers, sending them adrift in a leaky boat to the inhospitable shores of a desert island to be heard of nevermore, and putting in their places a number of new, untried, and unskillful helmsmen. And then how, though all of them had been riding triumphant the safe depths of mid-ocean, the winds came and howled, and the waters hissed and roared, and the waves leaped mountain-high, until the ship, having no pilot, floundering hither and thither at the mercy of the elements, the poor sailors, quite at their wit's end, ran at last into the breakers and upon the rocks. And how the old pirate-ship, "Protection," which people thought had been sent to the bottom years before but which somehow was kept afloat and refitted and ordered to sea again, came sailing along that way. And, how she was well fixed to do the free-booting of her owners, Messrs High Tariff, High Finance & Company! How she was iron-clad below the water-line, and steel-plated above it; how she carried tons of stolen money for ballast; how her officers were not naval heroes, but super-cargoes carefully selected from a favored class and richly paid; how she was manned not by sailor-men, but by poor work-people, some of them dipped into the service, but most of them impressed; and how she had been turned loose to drive off the high seas the very emblem of America, to warn the commerce of the world away from our coasts, and to defend the Chinese wall erected at the people's expense, for the sole benefit of the close-corporation of speculators and millionaires which had chartered her, and was running her for all she was worth, the black flag of piracy flying at her masthead!

This wretched hulk, "Protection," for underneath the iron clothing and the steel plating, all was worn out and rotten, came full of conceit sailing that way, and spied our poor old "Ship o' Zion" in her most awful plight, water-logged and unprovisioned, unarmed except for the bows-and-arrows which had been improvised out of timbers yet sound, through and through; but still brave and full of fight!

These things, the Old Lady at the Corner—as here in Louisville The Courier-Journal is sometimes called—was telling the nice little Democratic boys and girls, who had gattered about her knee and climbed into her ever-open arms, crying, "Gramma tell us a story," and "Gramma, tell us some more." And she was already "gettin' powerful choked and mighty disfigured," as Uncle Remus would say. It had been particularly hard for her to talk about the dead, about Beck and Wells and Hurd and the dear old parsee Merchant, Moore, and the rest. If she had got to Vance, "that perb old Zeb Vance," that would have done her up "to the nines." Yet—and after this long prelude, here we reach the matter at issue—The Charlotte Observer rises up in meeting and says:

"In the enumeration of the giants of the old debate, Senator Vance should certainly have been included. When Senator Beck died his mantle fell upon Senator Vance, who, by natural ability and close study of this subject made himself the master of it and the most formidable speaker and debater in the Senate on the side of the revenue tariff men."

Hark'ee, friend and fellow-student didst never ask a hundred nobodies to a party, and forget your next-door neighbor? Well, that was it—only that and nothing more; for to omit from the list of the Giants of those Days, the name of Vance, were to leave out Sidney from the age of Elizabeth, Rupert from the Cavaliers, who fought Cromwell, and Nathaniel Green, from the Field Marshals, that surrounded Washington in the War of the Revolution.

Vance stood all by himself, a character, a personality, an intellect, an influence quite his own. He had indeed studied the question, and had studied it like the thinker and the scholar that he was. When Beck fell, and his mantle, rough when it was new, but old and ragged and

worn fell with him, Vance gently picked it up and laid it sadly away. He did not put it on. It would not have fit him and he did not need it. He wore already a mantle of his own; a mantle made of splendid stuff and richly lined; beneath whose folds he carried ready for use, wit and philosophy, poetry and eloquence and learning—to which hitherto great, rugged, tireless pulsant mastodon Beck made small pretensions—and along with these, a heart as big as a meeting-house.

Gods, with what strokes he smote the Money Devil; with what satire and invective; with what knowledge of the old beasts' peculiar curvatures; with what prophetic instinct and reach of arms; and lord, lord, how he fingers did knock them out with that wondrous display of power and pathos, when he once recited them "The Song of the Shirt?" Who that heard it will ever forget those tones, as standing in the Senate, surrounded by the attorneys of Mammon, in the very teeth of the Gray Wolves, he began slowly, almost solemnly:

"With fingers weary and worn, With eyelids heavy and red, A woman sat in unwomanly rags, Plying her needle and thread. And this, with its wailing note— 'For its oh, to be a slave, Along with the barbarous Turk,' And this— 'It is not linen you're wearing out, But human creature's lives.' And this— 'Oh, God, that bread should be so dear, And flesh and blood so cheap.'"

Forget him? Leave him out? Him, who fought with both Beck and Carlisle, smiting the mailed legions of the Yellow Rich, hip and thigh—who, with Tom Corwin and our own Procter Knott poured a flood of sunshine as well as wisdom and learning into the public life of their time—making the genius of American statesmanship a gentler side and leaving to all time a blessed and immortal Trinity—leave him out? And at the precise moment when Democracy, which he served so valiantly and loved so well, seems to be regaining its anagony, recovering its prestige and returning to the one modern issue on which it has carried the country; the key to the trend of the times; the cue to the political future; to-wit, that internal taxation must be laid equally on and for all the people, and that the impost duties, collected at the Custom House, shall be "for revenue only?" Forget him? Not on your life!

Kentucky hails the Old North State, Kentucky cherishes the memory of her great and loved ones; but among them, the name that, like Abou Ben Adhem's, "lead all the rest," is not that of Vance, the Senator, of Vance the Governor, nor yet of Vance the paladin, but "jess plain old Zeb Vance."

Have we succeeded in squaring the oversight and making it clear to you, Brother Caldwell?

MORE OF THE MORRIS CASE.

Here is Something to Make the Blood Boil.

Further developments in the Morris case seem to promise the hatching of a scandal much more serious than was caused by the ejection of that lady from the White House. The nomination to the postmastership at Washington of one Barnes, the executive clerk who is alleged to have handled Mrs. Morris with brutality, has stirred the people of the District to wrath; and now the charge is boldly made that President Roosevelt has shown indecent zeal in defense of Barnes has instigated a campaign of insinuation against the character of Mrs. Morris in order to palliate the offense of his subordinate, and has rewarded with public appointments the sons of two men who made themselves busy in the circulation of libels concerning her past life. It is even printed in circumstantial detail that the police force of Washington was employed in detective work to that end, and so engrossed have the Chief of Police and his rousers been in this unsavory work that the thoroughfares of the city have been left unguarded, and so criminals have been left free to ply their trade with impunity.

Senator Tillman has renewed his protest against the confirmation of Barnes since the appearance in print of these serious allegations, and his moved for an investigation by the Senate on the ground of newly discovered facts. The matter is grave enough to call for thorough sifting. It is unbearable that a President of the United States should be subjected to the suspicious and insinuations which are rife, when the truth can be so easily arrived at. The implications are so disgraceful that we cannot give credence in advance of explicit proof. But we would not be justified in suppressing notice not be justified in suppressing notice of the matter when so respectable a paper as the Washington Star, consistently Republican in politics, and heretofore a staunch admirer of the President, gives editorial utterance to the direct accusations synopsized above, and publishes in its leading columns such bitter reflections as these:

"The carnival of crimes continues in the District. Last night the wife of a policeman was robbed while passing through Rock Creek park. This assailant took long chances, for the woman was armed, but her aim was poor. This morning an Anacostia woman on returning home from market was gashed by a robber in her own house and robbed of a considerable sum of money. No arrests have yet been made in these cases. Meanwhile thirty-eight policemen remain on duty at the White House. And the major and superintendent of police and remnants of his force are still engaged in scouring the city and country for evidence with which to blacken the character of Mrs. Minor Morris, in order that the President's assistant secretary may be white-washed and railroaded into office as the postmaster of Washington. The situation is altogether significant."—Virginia Pilot.

CARE OF CONFEDERATE GRAVES

Colonel Elliott Establishes His Office in Washington—A Sketch of the Movement of Which Colonel Elliott's Office is the Culmination.

(B. R. M. HARNER, in News and Courier.)

Washington, May 4.—Special: Headquarters have been established here by Col. William Elliott, of Charleston, South Carolina, who was appointed by Secretary Taft commissioner "to ascertain the location and condition of all graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors, who died in Federal prisons and military hospitals in the North, and who were buried near the places of confinement." Col. Elliott was appointed pursuant to an Act, which passed Congress and which the president approved March 9, 1906, and will cause to be prepared registers in triplicate, one for the superintendent's office in the cemetery, one for the quartermaster general's office and one for the war records office, Confederate archives, showing place of burial, number of grave, name, company, regiment or vessel, and State of each Confederate soldier and sailor who so died; to cause to be erected over said graves white marble headstones similar to those in the "Confederate section" at Arlington, Va., similarly inscribed. For carrying out this project \$200,000 has been appropriated, and it is expected that the work will be completed within two years, when a report on the subject will be made to Congress.

Statistics in the war department show that there were buried in eighty-nine localities throughout the country 30,152 Confederate prisoners of war, comprising 455 officers, 28,490 enlisted men, 726 unknown and 481 citizens. Approximately 9,300 Confederates are buried in national cemeteries.

Congress was prompted to pass this law by a resolution of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, adopted by the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn., in May, 1901, requesting appropriate action looking to the care and preservation of the graves of Confederate dead now in the various cemeteries in the Northern States. Gen. Lee, in support of the proposition, wrote as follows:

"I believe the passage of the resolution at Memphis was done in appreciation of the noble and humane sentiments expressed by our late lamented President in his speech at Atlanta, Ga., December 14, 1898. There was no object so near his patriotic heart as that to obliterate sectional feeling incident to our unhappy civil strife. He seemed to take advantage of every incident in his administration of public affairs to cause it to bear in the country once estranged. Had he lived, no doubt would have brought about his cherished project in causing the Government to share in the expense of the care and preservation of the graves of the Confederate dead, whose valor, with that of the Union dead, is now the valor of the American soldier, a sacred heritage of the American people. I think that Mr. McKinley's speech at Atlanta, Ga., touched the Southern heart more than any other act of any President, and the South mourned his death as sincerely as any part of our great Republic."

An excerpt from President McKinley's speech at Atlanta appears in the proceedings of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis in May, 1901, as follows:

"A nation which cares for its disabled soldiers, as we have always done, will never lack defenders. The national cemeteries for those who fell in battle all prove that the dead, as well as the living, have our love. What an array of silent sentinels we have, and with what loving care their graves are kept. Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor."

"When these graves were made we differed widely about the future of this government, but these differences were long ago settled by the arbitration of arms. In the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the Providence of God, the time has now come when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers. "Cordial feeling now happily existing between the North and South prompts this gracious act, and if it needed further justification it is found in the gallant loyalty to the Union and the flag so conspicuously shown in the year just passed by the sons and grandsons of these heroic dead."

Having investigated the condition of the graves of the Confederate dead at Arlington, Va., and encouraged by President McKinley's address, Charles Broadway Roush Camp of United Confederate Veterans, at Washington, D. C., petitioned the President June 5, 1899, setting forth the condition of the graves of the dead in that cemetery, and requesting remedial measures. This petition was received by the President in the most kindly manner, with an expression that it was a matter in which he was deeply interested. As a result Congress passed an Act, which was approved June 6, 1900, appropriating \$2,500 for carrying out the remedial measure requested. Secretary Root, of the war department, gave order for the execution of the work April 25, 1901 and it was completed October 1, 1901.

This was an entering wedge of a project which has culminated in a liberal provision by Congress for carrying out the wishes of the late President McKinley, and which will ever be a tribute to his memory as a patriot and a friend of humanity.

The "Coves of aYncey" Man in Demand.

Chief Justice Walter Clark's mountain friend in the coves of Yancey, who had never seen the learned judge but who "writ" him a letter to tell him he was "writ" for him because "them railroad fellers" were after him, should come to time now. Mr. J. B. McGuffin, of Dobson, Surry county, writes the Raleigh News and Observer nominating Judge Clark for United States senator. It's now up to the man in the coves of Yancey to second the nomination.—Statesville Landmark.

Bowser In The Wrong

Druggist, Butcher and Grocer Help Philosopher's Wife to Set Him Right.

GETS MIXED ON NAMES

Can Find No One to Agree With Him on Subject in Dispute—Takes It Out of the Mail Man.

[Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcells.] Mr. Bowser had been reading his paper for half an hour the other evening when he looked up and said: "Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but there is a little matter I'd like to speak of." "Very well, what is it?" she replied. "We were over at Spooners' the other evening for a call." "Yes." "While she was talking with you I was talking with Spooner, but I heard much of what was said between you."



"DOC, I HAVE GOT INTO A LITTLE DISPUTE."

She was asking you about certain books. You gave her the names, but I felt as if I should drop dead when I heard you pronounce them. If she hadn't been the lady she is she must have giggled in your face. As I said, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you must be more careful when you are treading on ground unfamiliar to you."

"Will you kindly explain just where I blundered?" "I will, and I hope you won't get mad at me. You are not to blame that you couldn't have a classical education. You spoke of a book named 'Don Keeleby.'"

"Well?" "Pronunciation of Don Quixote." "Well, don't ever do it again. The name of that book is 'Don Quixote.' You pronounce the last name as if divided, 'Quix-eat.'"

"Anything else?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as the shade of a smile crossed her face. "I'm afraid that you pronounced the name of 'Hudibraw' as 'Hudibraw.' I saw Mrs. Spooner flinch; but, of course, she couldn't pick you up."

"Na, of course not. Did you hear anything else?" "You recommended a novel to her by some one you called Weedy. I suppose you referred to the author named Owdy?" "Yes, she is the one. Did I make any other mistakes?" "You spoke of some one making a faux-pas and pronounced it as if spelled fo-paw. Don't get angry when I tell you that the right pronunciation is fox-pass."

"And what else?" asked Mrs. Bowser, who was taking her punishment so coolly as to make him wonder. "Didn't you tell Mrs. Spooner that a certain person had got to be blazay, as you call it?"

"Takes Issue With Wife." "Yes, I believe I did." "The word is pronounced blaze, Mrs. Bowser. I wasn't ten years old when my schoolteacher told me how to pronounce it. There was just one thing more. You spoke of the massacre of the Jews in Russia, and you called it mass-a-ker. You ought to know that it is pronounced mass-a-cree. That's all, Mrs. Bowser, and I reiterate my hope that your feelings will not be hurt in the least."

"And I assure you that they are not," she said, as she turned to her book. Mr. Bowser didn't like the situation. Mrs. Bowser was altogether too calm and complacent under the lecture. As he cast sly glances at her it seemed to him as if her nose tilted up in a spirit of defiance and disdain. He hung on to himself for awhile and then said: "I haven't hurt your feelings, have I?"

"No, but I'm sorry that—that—" "Speak it right out, Mrs. Bowser. You mean you are sorry that you humiliated me, I suppose?" "Did Not Want to Be Humiliated." "No; I mean that if you stick by words and names as you have pronounced them I am certain to be humiliated on your account. I hope you will be very, very careful, Mr. Bowser. If you should call that Don Quix-eat before an educated person he would think the ceiling of the room had dropped down."

"By the seven brass dogs of the sev-

en prophets, but what do you mean?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he sprang to his feet with such a jar that the cook in the kitchen peeling potatoes for breakfast slid out of her chair in alarm.

"I mean that it is pronounced Kee-ho-ty." "What! What! You mean that you are right and I am wrong?" "Exactly. I was also right about Hudibraw."

Mr. Bowser turned red and then plum color, and he held his mouth open as if it was hard work to get his breath. Mrs. Bowser rather neatly took advantage of his helpless situation to continue:

"Ouida is a French name, and the pronunciation of it is Weedy and not Owdy. Try to remember that, Mr. Bowser. If you should call it Owdy at a church festival, for instance, I don't know what effect it might not have on the ice cream."

"Woman, what is this?" he managed to exclaim at last, as he tried to fix her with a baleful eye.

"For His Own Good." "I am giving you a few lessons in pronunciation, dear. Never in your life when you are out in company speak of any one as blaze. It's blazay and nothing else. If you called it the other way they'd be looking for hayseed in your hair."

"And this to me—to Bowser—to the Bowser?" he hoarsely whispered as he looked around for the cat. "Woman, have you lost your senses entirely? Is it possible that you have been drinking too much claret? Has that mother of yours arrived and told you to look upon me as a jackass? Speak, woman—speak!"

"And apropos is pronounced apropro," she said, with a smile. "Try to remember this when we go to the Greens'. They are people of education, and if you should add on the 'poss' she'd tell it all over the neighborhood as a good joke. And don't fool with mass-a-ker. Mr. Bowser, you might get your fingers cut."

"Madam, do you know who I am?" asked Mr. Bowser as he stood with his hands on the table before him. "Certainly, you are Mr. Bowser, Mr. Samuel Bowser, and my husband."

"And yet you talk this way to me?" "I must tell you that fox-pass is wrong and hope never to hear you use it. I noticed that you pronounced monster the other night as if spelled mon-sewer."

Leaves the House. Mr. Bowser went plum color again, but shut his teeth hard and put on his hat and overcoat and left the house. He wanted corroboration. His soul was stirred to its profoundest depths, and if the druggist, the butcher and the plumber agreed with him he would make Mrs. Bowser tired to the end of her days. His first call was at the drug store, where he said:

"Doc, I have got into a little dispute about Don Quix-eat." "No wonder you have if you pronounce it that way." "How do you pronounce it?" "Keelohy, of course, same as any one else that doesn't live in the swamps." "Then you are an ass!"

"Ditto! Please go out. I've got to put up some paregoric, and it might fly to your head."

"Say, Johnson," began Mr. Bowser as he found the plumber charging a customer \$1.50 for stopping up a pin-hole leak in a water pipe, "did you ever hear of Hudibraw?" "Too much brass on that," laughed the plumber. "You mean Hudibraw, don't you?"

"No, sir, I don't mean any such thing." "Then you'd better ask the flour and feed man next door. He used to run a brass foundry."

Butcher Confirms Wife. Mr. Bowser walked in on the butcher as if to complain about too much bone in the meat, but suddenly smiled and said:

"Phillips, does your wife read novels?" "She reads 'em ones. She likes those by Weedy."

"What in thunder do you mean?" "I said Weedy. She writes her name Ouida, you know. Why do you ask?" "None of your durned business!" replied Mr. Bowser as he walked out.

Mrs. Bowser was right and he was wrong. He would never admit it if he lived to be a thousand years old, but it was a fact nevertheless. He wanted to tear things to pieces as he thought of it and walked slowly homeward. Providence was good to him. As he reached his gate he saw a man on the steps who had just rung the bell. It was a postal employee with a special delivery letter, but Mr. Bowser didn't wait to ascertain. He simply rushed upon that man and dragged him down the steps and threw him over the fence and warned him that if he ever came within a mile of the house again he would mass-a-cree him out of hand.

AWAKENED FOR THE HANGING

Denver Reporter Chose Something Better Than Alarm Clock.

This little story is fastened on Denver by T. M. Chieington who writes for the Western Publisher, Chicago:

Hughes was dead tired. Hughes was the police reporter of a Denver newspaper that was trying to make a few extra dollars by getting out extra editions without increasing its staff or the wages of its employes, who were not affiliated with labor unions. The particular paper was an afternoon sheet which published a mornin' edition.

The city editor's staff was one man short, because of the illness of a reporter, and Hughes was doing the work of two men. When he turned in his copy at midnight, after a strenuous day in which he had covered police justice courts, and the criminal court, having been in duty close to seventeen hours, he was so worn out that he had to keep moving to avoid falling asleep.

The city editor as was hardly less tired, looking up at Hughes as he laid his only reply was: "I'm about all sorry old man but we must cover that hanging this morning, and it's up to you."

Hughes was not surprised, although he had cherished the faint hope that some other man might have been assigned to cover this important event. His only reply was: "I'm about all in, but I'll get the story if I don't fall asleep on the way over to the jail."

When he reached the county jail he appealed to the sheriff for information, as to the exact time the man was to die, but was informed that this had not been decided upon. The desire to sleep was becoming overmastering, and Hughes again appealed to the sheriff for information. He learned, as a result of his questioning, that the ladder by which the condemned man must climb to the platform of the gallows was then in the basement of the jail building.

Like a flash he mapped out his plan of action. Without consulting any one, he made his way to the basement located the ladder, which was lying on the cement floor of a passageway, curled up on it, and was soon sound asleep.

At 3:30 o'clock the sheriff was forced to arouse the sleeper to get the ladder out from under him, and it is needless to say that Hughes was an eyewitness to the hanging, and that his paper was the first upon the street with the news of the event.—Raleigh Times.

PRESBYTERIAN PRAYER BOOK

Some Churches Refuse to Recognize Innovation Recently Authorized.

(From the New York Times.) When a woman is seen on her way to or from church on Sunday bearing a prayer book it is no longer safe to infer that she attends a Catholic or an Episcopal church. She may be a Presbyterian carrying the new Book of Common Worship, which has just been published with the authority of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

For three years a special committee on forms and services of the general assembly headed by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, has been working on this new prayer book. The first copies of the completed book were received from the Presbyterian Official Board of Publication on Saturday.

The approval of the general assembly to the innovation of a prayer book for use in Presbyterian churches was not obtained without a struggle, nor will it be possible to introduce the books into individual churches without some opposition. Many loyal Presbyterians, especially those of Scotch descent, look upon the innovation in the church as savoring of Romanism or Episcopalianism. The best that could be done in the general assembly was to secure its permissive approval, and the title page of the book bears the announcement, "For vountary use in the churches."

Now that the Presbyterian prayer book is published, however, all that remains for those who oppose it is to refrain from its use, and it is predicted by Presbyterian leaders that many churches will so refrain. In the East, however, and in the large cities of the country the new book is expected to be largely used.

Women will be interested to know that in the marriage service the word "obey" is omitted.

Sailor's Story of Jungle Surgery. "There wuz this here black Cameroon savage, naked as an animal," said the sailor, "and there wuz this explorer in his pretty suit of white drillin', and there wuz a Cameroon medicine man with a headress o' human bones."

"They stood under a palm tree. I sot on a log and watched 'em. "The medicine man put the right arms of the savage and the explorer close together, and then, flourishing a dull lookin' knife, he nicks a vein in the white arm and then a artery in the black arm.

"The blood come a-rushin' and a-gushin' out of the black arm, and the medicine man scooped it up in the hollow of his hand and rubbed it into the nicked white arm. He must 'a' rubbed in a pint before he closed the wound. "Transfusion o' blood is what they call it. They say it saves a white man from jungle fever, and from all the evils of the miasma, of the hot swamps, the damp heat, the rottin' vegetation.

"They say Stanley had black blood transfused into hisen eight times. That is how he stood Africa. I know that's a common thing for African explorers to go through the transfusion process. "And I'll tell you a funny thing about it. It makes the hair thicker and darker, and it darkens the skin a couple of shades.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Standard Oil is of the opinion that Garfield is no better than a process server.—Philadelphia Ledger.



"What can be more aggravating than having a jealous husband?"

"Having one that isn't, my dear!"