

Patriotic Tom Johnson.

By W. H. News and Observer.

Tom Johnson is "basted" financially. That was the news that was flashed over the wires yesterday. One of the most picturesque and attractive men in public life is Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio. When the war closed he was a bright boy selling newspapers in Louisville, Ky., where he was born. He made friends easily then as he has done since by his open manner and breezy way. After making some money, he bought a broken down street car system in Indianapolis, made it good and sold it at a profit. He made much money in building other street car systems, in manufacturing, and became a man of wealth. In 1892 he was elected to Congress by the Democrats. He did not believe in free coinage, but supported Bryan. Later he ran for Governor of Ohio and was defeated. Four times he has been elected mayor of Cleveland, the last time defeating Congressman Burton, who had been selected by Roosevelt to make the race against Johnson.

No man in America has waged so long and so hot a fight for the public good in any city in America. Since his first election as mayor of Cleveland, he has been fighting the street car monopoly and trying to secure three-cent fares. In his four years, the flesh and the devil, the Republican machine in a Republican city, and the entrenched power of public service corporations with all that such contest implies. He has had a score of lawsuits, organized a street car company and built a system on which he charged three cents, and forced the monopoly company to come down from five-cent fares to seven fares for a quarter. His company in a hot fight could not on three cents earn money enough to pay interest. At an election in October by the narrow majority of about 500 votes Cleveland voted against municipal ownership and Mayor Johnson's dream is postponed. During all these years he has been fighting for the people. Mr. Johnson has wholly neglected his private business, and on Thursday announced that he "had lost everything and would be compelled to give up his home on Euclid avenue and rent a cottage." When he began the fight to end the street car monopoly, he was a rich man. During the years he has fought for the people he has given himself and his fortune to the cause. The net result is, he is a poor man, the people have cheaper car fares and a better city, while the full realization of his hopes has failed.

Most men would be pessimistic in such a position. Not so with Tom Johnson. Instead of reproaching the people for not standing by him in the last contest, he shows that he is the twentieth century Mark Tapley, for he says: "Why did I choose the course I did? I'll tell you; I wanted happiness and nothing else when I closed up my business affairs and took up civic activity.

"And I've been happy, too. "I'm going to be happy yet, too. We may have to go back to a cottage, but that's the way we started, and we can look upon life just as joyfully there as we did in the house on Euclid avenue.

"They tell me my enemies are planning to bring financial trouble upon me. I've been expecting it. "My enemies are capable of doing that. One may expect nothing else from special privilege. Let them make any sort of an attack upon me they choose, I'll never give up, and they'll always find me at the front.

"If I had been a coward—if I had run away from this fight for the people of Cleveland—I could have saved my fortune and built it up. But I had chosen my course. I haven't been laboring as mayor with the expectation of being re-

warded by the gratitude of the people. One cannot count on that. It's pleasure in doing work that I like that has kept me in the fight. "I have never made a single penny out of the street railways since I became mayor. "I don't feel discouraged. I'm a free man, and that means a great deal to me."

That is the spirit of the man who is leading toward the Better Day when the people will have the sense and grit to vote for real reforms and not be driven or frightened into voting for their enemies. Though public ownership has been deferred—along with all other reforms opposed by "the interests"—the courage of Tom Johnson in adversity will be an inspiration to others who are fighting the fight of the masses—and fighting it, too, when many of the men for whom they are fighting are voting to destroy the man who risks and loses all that they and their children may have a fair chance. Many leaders who make one fight against "the interests" get discouraged when the men they are fighting for go back on them. Men of wide horizon, broad vision, who find happiness in the work and in faith that in the end the blind will see, do not pause because their work is not appreciated, their plans mis-carry or are deferred. They do not fight for popular rights for applause, and they cannot be discouraged or dismayed.

Tom Johnson is the sort of man who cannot stay down.

What the Bell Monopoly Does for Country Telephones.

Marksville Home.

A news article in the Landmark today sets forth that the efforts of the Bell Telephone Company, under one name or another, to put out of business all independent telephone companies, so that it can have a monopoly, is to be fought out in the courts. The Bell Telephone Company pursues methods similar to those of the American Tobacco Company, the Standard Oil Company and other monopolies in its endeavor to destroy competition, the purpose being of course to have a monopoly so that it may make its own price for telephone service. In North Carolina, for instance, it gives certain newspapers special rates or free service until the management of these newspapers feel so much obligation to the company that they will not print in their columns a criticism of its methods; and we have no doubt that if the inner workings of the company were exposed right here in North Carolina the facts would be more interesting than the Hearst Standard Oil letters.—Statesville Landmark.

Several attempts have been made to buy independent telephone companies in Union county. These propositions to buy do not come "direct," but they are made by somebody not connected with the Bell Company. All efforts of this kind have thus far met with defeat, and Union county still enjoys the best rural telephone service in the South. Country people get the service at 50 cents a month, and after isn't a toll line in the county. After having enjoyed the service of independent companies at a low rate of rents, we state a fact when we say that our rural population would not stand for anything that looks like the Bell Telephone Company's methods, even if it should succeed in buying the independent exchange at the county seat.

The worst feature about the telephone monopoly is that it hinders development of the telephone service in the rural districts. Every town or city in North Carolina that has given the Bell Telephone Company a monopoly is surrounded by a country population that is practically without the convenience of telephone communication. Charlotte is the leading city in the State and Mecklenburg county has the best public roads in the State, yet comparatively few farmers in that county have phones in their houses, and those who have then pay high rents, with a limited service—unless they pay additional charges for the use of toll lines. That part of Mecklenburg that lies next to Union has caught the inspiration, and rural telephone service through independent exchanges is developing to some extent, but they are not in touch with the Charlotte business men, as patrons should be, and it will continue to be this way as long as the telephone monopoly has things its own way in Charlotte.

If Union county farmers can put two thousand telephones in the rural districts, other counties can do as well—if they'll get the city telephone monopoly out of the way.

The Football Course.

(John Kautz's Race to Harper's Weekly)

Jim he took the Football Course—Come home stronger nor a horse, Ain't such in his knowledge box, But the muscle of an ox. Set of like a great big snail That has been to Boardin'-school—That's my boy, my old boy Jim—Tell ye, I am proud o' him.

Ought to see Jim with the stock—Mind him yer lar as a clock. Bull got smug, tried to chase—All the farm hands off the place—Chased 'em, too, all 'ceptin' Jim—Jim just waited round for him. Bent half backward, sent a snarl—Shook his temples all the while.

Mr. Bull come rakin' 'long, Jim a-hummin' some old song—"Down the Field," or some such bit, I ain't sure the name of it—Then they met! I never see Such a scrimmage! Jimme he Tackled low—fast thing I know Bull was an hour comin' to!

Lot o' tramps come by one day, Haven't "him" along the way, Seven on 'em—had ones Geet Nothin' I never see. Fooled around till Jim come out Just to see what 'twas about, and a snarl—Wah, I wish ye'd had them there—Jim, he walked 'em for fair.

Tramps lined up down near the hedge In a sort o' human wedge; Jim he grinned when he see that, He'd that play down pretty pat. Started for 'em on the run, Head down, back on, full o' fun—Batted through the half derm bench Just where each one kep' his lunch!

Sort of feel, with Jim around, Lest he sure or my ground; Kind o' feel if things gets hot Jim'll be there on the spot. Tacklin' 'em and pullin' 'em through; Me and Marthy with him too. Kind o' think there's lots o' force In that College Football Course.

One Set of Outlaws Beat Out Another Set.

Richmond News and Observer.

The whole country has been troubled because of the violent deeds of the night riders in the tobacco belt of Kentucky. It has been lawlessness that the authorities could not wink at, but it was lawlessness born out of retaliation for lawlessness. For years the tobacco trust, a well known outlaw of commerce, having secured a monopoly and therefore able to fix the price, had been systematically fixing the price of the farmer's tobacco at a figure that meant almost starvation to the growers. The growers appealed in vain for relief from the lawless trust's robbery. For years the Federal administration has been taking evidence against the trust, but the proceedings dragged along so slowly that the tobacco growers saw they would be bankrupt if they waited the tardy Bonaparte method of prosecuting trusts, even if at the end the trust was convicted. Therefore the tobacco trust could by illegal methods prevent the trust's taking the tobacco needed in their business by not growing a full crop of tobacco and then storing the crop raised in warehouses until the trust would pay a fair price for it. The 1906 and 1907 crops were held off of the market. In order to force the trust they terrorized farmers who were breaking the compact to hold back their tobacco. In 1908 no crop was raised. The Kentucky authorities could not suppress night riders because pretty much all the community sympathized with the growers who were using lawless methods to feed their wives and children by defeating the lawless methods of the trust in taking their tobacco at a price fixed by monopoly.

Yesterday it was printed that the tobacco trust had purchased the 1906 and 1907 crops from the Burley Tobacco Society, paying 20 cents for the 1906 crop and 17 cents for the crop of 1907, which will put \$14,000,000 in the hands of the Kentucky tobacco growers and their creditors. The tobacco growers by their lawless methods have won a costly victory over the trust's lawless methods. It has been a costly warfare and as the farmers raised no 1908 crop they made no money for a whole year. Still the fight has been profitable if the trust will feel bound in the future to pay fair prices.

The lesson of the lawless night riders and the lawless tobacco trust is that the people in this country have no redress from monopoly except by taking the law into their own hands. That is a severe indictment but a true one, as the Kentucky incident and others show. The termination of the Kentucky lawlessness is not due to the authorities, State or national. The trust began to need the tobacco. It began to feel public opinion holding it responsible for the night riding. These two motives, both born of cupidity, influenced the trust to pay a sufficient sum to get the tobacco. It is believed the transaction ends the lawless night riding and Kentucky will have peace—at least until the trust again puts down the price to a point that farmers, to escape starvation, will imitate the lawless methods of the trust.

Will the Federal and State governments permit lawlessness to be ended only by agreement of two law-defying bodies? Is the arm of the law shortened that it cannot dissolve the tobacco trust and punish its officials? Can men have no redress except by organizing as night riders to preserve their agreements to refuse to sell to the trust? Is the public satisfied to see a giant trust and a lawless band of night riders superior to law?

Guilty of Counterfeiting.

Passing counterfeit money is no worse than substituting some unknown and worthless remedy for Foley's Honey and Tar, the great cough and cold remedy that cures the most obstinate coughs and heals the lungs. English Drug Company.

The Region of Dear Ten.

(The Outlook for Dear Ten, by Prof. E. A. Ross, in the December Everybody's.)

There are signs that folks will soon cease to be a glut in the market. In what time a babe grows to manhood, the birth rate of Italy has fallen a tenth, of Hungary an eighth, of Germany and Holland a seventh, of France and Scotland a sixth, of England a fifth. But not from hard times, mark you. For why should the baby crop of Australasia have shrunk a third? Why should the proportion of children among Americans have fallen a quarter in forty years? No symptom of pressure, this, but of release—release of women from the home "sphere," of wives from the yoke of husbands, of married couples from the injunction to "increase and multiply." The unlooked for promptness with which the millions have developed a sense of responsibility in this matter of family bids us hope for a Golden Age when the specter of overpopulation will be laid forever.

Tell a Celestial gentleman of a myriad of Chinese wiped out by plague or flood, and you get the blind count, "Pleanty Chintamen left?" Such contempt is natural wherever overbreeding has cheapened humanity. In the teeming Orient common people seem as fit to be considered as clay pigeons at the shooting traps. Being a grass hopper in the eyes of others, the individual ends by being a grass hopper in his own eyes. Hence, in the East, pessimistic religion, cringing obedience to rulers, wily submission, subordination of self to family or community, frivolous suicide, meager philanthropy. The West, on the other hand, is already the region of dear men; with it slackening output of babies, human beings will become still dearer.

The Black Death, by sweeping away a third of the English people in the fourteenth century, so cut a man's worth that serfdom came to an end. On the same principle, a lighter birth rate will give the common people not only more economic value, but also more social and political value.

Good Cough Medicine for Children.

The season for coughs and colds is now at hand and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract diphtheria or scarlet fever when he has a cold. The quicker you cure his cold the less the risk. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the sole reliance of many mothers, and few of those who have tried it are willing to use any other. Mrs. F. E. Starcher of Ripley, W. Va., says: "I have never used anything other than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for my children and it has always given good satisfaction." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Kleptomaniacs.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)

One day in the height of his career Inspector Bourke of Scotland Yard was sent for by a Bond street jewelry house that had been robbed of a diamond necklace worth many thousand dollars. It was almost certain that Lady Renfield was the thief. On the quiet she had been known for several years as a kleptomaniac. But for her title they would have called it by a more ugly name. She was the only customer that had looked at the necklace that afternoon before it was found to be missing. Lady Renfield had just returned from Paris when Bourke made an excuse to call. There was to be a fair for the benefit of the poor, and she was to have a booth.

If so happened that just at this moment Lord Renfield was in the hands of the Jews. He had gone into a mining speculation and dropped \$250,000. Let it once be known that a son of nobility who is supposed to have large sums of money to burn is hard up and don't know which way to turn, and his creditors come down on him like a flock of hungry vultures.

Inspector Bourke under another name and as one of the officials of the great fair was revealed in the lady's morning room. He had posted himself on the subject to be talked about, and he talked intelligently and interestingly for half an hour before bringing in his usual and usual remark. Lady Renfield promptly and vigorously asserted her innocence. He had been through the same programme fifty times before, and he calmly replied that she had three days in which to give up the necklace. After that time had expired he should feel at liberty to take some other course. Lady Renfield thereupon defied him and showed him the door. In leaving he spoke of calling again.

He did call the very next morning, though without the faintest hope of being admitted. To his surprise, he seemed to be expected, and as Lady Renfield came forward with extended hand she said:

"You have come again about the necklace, but I must tell you what I told you yesterday. I know nothing whatever about it."

Inspector Bourke's line was the sentimental and pathetic. It was for him to draw a picture of one of the greatest ladies in England arrested and scandalized and placed in the felon's dock. He asked her to imagine the feelings of her friends and family, the social ruin, the degradation of a proud family. Tears came to the eyes of Lady Renfield as he talked, but she nevertheless insisted that she did not take the necklace.

Then the inspector took the line of bluster. It wasn't vulgar bluster, but genteel bluster. He must go to some of her friends, even to her husband. He must get them to make her see her position. The jewelry firm wanted no publicity, but was determined to have the necklace back or its equivalent in cash. Lady Renfield answered his covert threats by words of defiance. Her husband was in the house, and she threatened to call him in and have her visitor thrown out as a blackmailer. She would welcome any sort

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