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Tea Table Tattle

By TEEBEE

Since the South Dakota bond suit has occupied such a large place in the public mind I have decided to obtain the views of prominent citizens and lay them before readers of this Tattle. Finding my friend Dr. Womble in an accommodating frame of mind, I induced him to interview Col. Jack Sellers, capitalist, scientist and jurist. It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the fame of Col. Sellers, for he is known from Durham to Raleigh and his name is a household word in both cities, where he enjoys a wide circle of acquaintance. Dr. Womble called on Col. Sellers last evening at his office in East Martin street, next door to a liquid refreshment stand, and found the colonel seated back in his easy chair, with his feet on the mantelpiece and smoking a meerschaum with large and vigorous puffs. But, let the doctor relate the interview himself:

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Cutting formality out through the window on the battered brick sidewalk, I approached the Russell Sage of North Carolina and requested an expression of his views in regard to the matter now agitating the public mind. Col. Sellers heard the thud as formality fell on the sidewalk, but it never jarred him in the slightest. In answer to my first question he became all animation and the diamond on his nose blushed a deeper blue as he responded vigorously:

"This suit is a blankety-blank outrage. It is an attempt at blackmail and it makes the blood in my veins rise to 212 degrees. North Carolina should rise up as one man and wipe South Dakota off the map. The geographies got it there by mistake anyway.

"This suing business comes natural with South Dakota people. You probably know that Sioux City is in that State. To sue or not to sue is always the question with them, and they generally sue for everything in sight. But this bond suit is the last straw that broke the camel's back. The penalty for this gross outrage on a sister State will be that Congress will have the whole darn State hauled out and dumped in Kansas, the hotbed of blank fools."

And having delivered himself of these interesting and edifying comments, Col. Sellers tipped his chair back a little farther and resumed his puffing with great serenity of mind.

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The Raleigh public does not appreciate a chrysanthemum show. This has been thoroughly tested and there is no disposition upon the part of the management of the recent show to repeat the experiment.

As all shows of this kind heretofore held in North Carolina have been entirely local affairs a few misguided enthusiasts conceived the idea of forming an association and, by offering more liberal premiums than had ever been offered before, to attract exhibits from other points and have a big show. The result, in the way of exhibits, was all that the most sanguine promoter of the show could expect, for the exhibits were large and numerous and the flowers the finest ever seen at a show in the State. Excellent taste was displayed in arranging the flowers to the best advantage, and then the doors were opened and the management waited for the public to come in and see the show.

But the public walked by the door, going to and fro, on business or pleasure or, perhaps, aimlessly; and only now and then somebody would drop a dime in the box and let his presence cheer the lonely exhibitors. By actual count of the door receipts 260 people out of a population something like 20,000 in the city of Raleigh paid a dime apiece to see the finest flower show ever given in North Carolina.

After the show only four persons could be found who were willing to acknowledge that they had anything to do with it, and those four held a sort of coroner's inquest over the remains. They decided to pay the premiums in full, pocket their losses and bury the corpse. And they were glad to do that when they reflected upon what might have been. As it was they had the use of one of the most public and most desirable rooms in the city for the purpose without cost, through the kindness of the Bell Telephone Company, and it was due to the courtesy of the gas company that there were no bills to pay for lights or fuel. Had these expenses been incurred the receipts would hardly have paid the bills and there would have been no dividend to declare on premiums. The management wisely concluded that it was not likely to run up against a similar situation soon again and was grateful for the calamity it had escaped.

If anybody wants to go into the flower show business a franchise can be bought cheap. Apply at the town pump for particulars.

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What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina was not a circumstance to what the Governor of Kentucky said to the Governor of Indiana. If the States of this Union were permitted to make war on one another there would be dark and bloody ground on both sides of the Ohio river before the end of the Goebel tragedy business.

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Do you read the Durham Advance? No, I imagine hearing you say. Then you do not know what you are missing. The Advance is an interesting patent inside and outside, published in the interest of our Afro-American fellow citizens. The copy before me contains about three-quarters of a column of original matter, divided almost equally between the editorial and local departments, but differing in no respect except in position on different pages. The Advance is blessed with two editors, one of whom—J. F. Jordan, LL. B.—is also city editor and business manager. It seems that he is also the most prominent citizen of Durham—that is, of his color. Out of sixteen items on the editorial page and eighteen in the local department three refer directly to him by name, wherein he appears as Lawyer J. F. Jordan. One of the most spicy editorial squibs is the following:

"Lawyer Jordan has several things for sale. Call at his office. A very nice crib can be bought cheap."

What a glorious opportunity for some cradleless little pickaninny!

The management has a free and easy way of taking relief from the arduous duty of writing something like thirty-four local and editorial items a week. Accordingly it is announced that the Advance is about to take a week off. This fact is brought prominently before the reader in the following paragraphs, the first two of which are editorial and the others local:

"There will be no issue of the Advance next week. Both the editors will be out of the city."

"No paper next week."

"No paper next week, but the week after."

"There will be no issue of the Advance next week. Both of the editors will be out of the city the next ten days. Look out for us again November 29th."

The interruption of the weekly visits of the Advance will be a sore affliction; but it will not be without compensation as the following paragraph from the editorial department witnesseth:

"After our return from Lenoir we hope to devote more of our time to law and the publishing of the Advance."

There are other gems of art and poetry in the current issue of the Advance, a few of which are copied here for the edification of Tattle readers.

"If Governor Aycock is not the Governor of the whole people he has a very nice way of pretending to be."

"To seek social equality with the white race is a mild way of seeking death. Yet some of our leaders don't seem to care."

"Have you tried any of Merrick's dandruff cure?"

"Persons wishing us to write them up will please send along a small check to pay for mailing."

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After all we are told that Mr. Croker is still to be recognized as the boss of Tammany in order to keep peace in the family. It might have been otherwise to the manifest advantage of the organization, but if Dick wants to keep on running the wigwam no one is bold enough to say no to him. Meanwhile he is enjoying the fruits of a minority victory.

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A modern robber who springs the old gag "your money or your life" on his intended victim deserves to be killed, as a negro housebreaker was in Pennsylvania the other day. The next thing we know some amateur highwayman will work off "deliver or die," but I hope he will not live to say another word.

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The announcement that President Roosevelt intends to appoint a Southern Republican or Gold Democrat to succeed Secretary Root when he goes up higher by reason of the anticipated resignation of Secretary Hay is a bit of pleasing information. As Gold Democrats in this part of the moral vineyard, so far as known, are men of peace, we take it that none are eligible to wear Mr. Root's shoes; but it is a source at once of pleasure and pride to know that the portfolio will not go begging for want of suitable candidates among Southern Republicans. A friend at my elbow speaks of the eminent fitness of Ex-Governor Russell, but I am inclined to the opinion that he is better fitted to adorn a judicial station, and prefer that he should wait for an opening where his legal attainments would be appreciated at their true worth. For my part I do not have to think twice before unhesitatingly expressing a decided conviction that there is no one upon whom the honor could be more appropriately and worthily bestowed than my friend and neighbor, Col. J. C. L. Harris, who is known to fame in these parts as the God of War. Let us make the nomination unanimous.

TOM'S TOPICS

I read with great interest the doings at the "Chamber of Commerce" meeting last week, and the report and recommendations of what should be done by Raleigh in the near future. One item struck me as particularly well hit. To wit: The establishment of a cannery. I've seen in the papers propositions to erect one. Some parties came here before this very body not so many moons ago and there opened the goods, samples, which had been put up in this State, but nothing came of it. As an example of what might have been done, reference to trade reports will show that three seasons ago tomatoes, which in this climate fruit as fine as anywhere in the world, brought from 57 to 62 cents per dozen cans; the year following 67 to 75, last year 78 to 84, and this year 95 to $1.02.

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Tomatoes will grow on the average 200 bushels to the acre. One can get 15 cans out of a bushel. At the price this year a fifty acre farm grown in tomatoes alone would yield $12,500 gross. As an investment, as an enterprise for Raleigh, how 'bout it? What's the use in indulging altogether in pipe dreams all the time?

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Poor Miss Stone, the missionary who has been kidnapped by the brigands, is certainly having a delightful time, isn't she? If we are uncertain as to the fate awaiting her, she herself must be somewhat on the anxious seat. No doubt something is being done to get her out of pawn, but it's mighty unpleasant for the subject. Mark what I'm telling you, there's going to be a pretty muss with some of those little kingdoms when the settlement is made. If we pay the ransom, those ducks will get a charter and go into the kidnapping business right. Then we'll have to introduce some new department at Washington to take care of such things. But if we don't pay, and the heathens murder the lady, it may have the effect of inducing the army of martyrs to spend their humane efforts within our own confines, where the good Lord has left vast fields to be utilized.

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Carey says: Politeness has been compared to an air cushion, which, although there is apparently nothing in it, eases our jolts wonderfully. Well, here is how one "rubber tired" act worked:

The newest way of borrowing money in New York, as tried in the presence of a group of gentlemen in a Madison avenue cafe a night or two ago, is quite a marvel of ingenuity. The would-be borrower found his intended victim surrounded by mutual acquaintances and saw at a glance that it would be folly to take him to one side for such a purpose. It would be even worse form to come out boldly with the request for a loan, and run the risk of a public rebuff. So the crafty fellow walked to the clerk's desk and selected two cards from the desk. On one he wrote:

Can You Lend Me $5?

On the other side he wrote in a supplicating sort of hand:

A Dollar Will Do!

Thus equipped he marched boldly up to the group and saluting them in his airiest fashion held up the first card in front of his victim's eyes and asked in the most nonchalant manner: "By the way, old fellow, do you know that man's address?" The would-be victim very promptly replied: "No, old man. I do not." Then producing his second card the unabashed borrower went on: "And how about this one, do you know his address?" No, nor his either," replied the unvictimized victim, and with an airy nod the borrower sails away with his cards in search of other game.

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The chemical analysis of a cigarette shows that it contains among other things the following ingredients: Opium, belladonna, alcohol, valerian, tonca bean, stramonium and melotots. That's a nice inventory for a boy or man to take in daily, isn't it? Is it any wonder that the common, ordinary everyday breath of the user has a tangled up flavor that is a cross between an ash barrel and a quarter of a pound of limburger? That it affects the senses? Yes. But before they've all left, wouldn't it stand as an offset to the argument if they would go and secure accommodations in the way of a nice cell in a quiet retreat, and invest without delay in a six by two piece of real estate in a cemetery?

* * *

Mister man, let me assure you that unless at some early date some of the prophesies of the past gone Bible students are realized, religion is going to get somewhat muddled in the dizzy maze of the passing regiment of Christians, or believers in something or some kind. We say the Messiah lives and reigns; the Jews are waiting his coming. Dwight L. Moody, in an interview five years ago, stated that Li Hung Chang came to visit us for some purpose, if it was only to give us the argument for Christianity. He admitted that our religion was better than his, when he said the golden rule of Confucius was only negative, while that of Jesus Christ was positive. Li is done gone over yonder now, and maybe he knows.

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Ingersoll, the infidel, arguing against Christianity, quotes one of his pet arguments and says, as we are told to believe, we must not eschew those laws which are laid down for us, because they are not convenient to harmonize with. "Take no thought for tomorrow," is the quotation in question; and I wonder if our good colored preacher don't successfully expound this text, for it is a certainty that his hearers believe in "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and practically adopt that religion.

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And finally, but a few days ago, in one of the leading dailies of the world, was published column after column report of the world's greatest scientist who proclaims that the beautiful story of the Garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve, is absolutely all a myth, a delusion, and a fabrication; that tribes of people did positively live and exist ages before that, and produce proofs of it. Oh, me! Om, my! Whatever on earth is going to come to us? and where, oh, where are we at? Some fine day there'll be something happen, never thought of before, and then won't there be a surprise party?

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Science tells us that man's heart beats 92,160 times a day. According to the story of a good and careful parent, his particular heart got in a day's work in just about four minutes the other night. It seems he had a lot of plunder of one kind or another out in a shed used for that purpose, among which was a lot of odds and ends of brass goods, copper and other material which the eyes watchful coon delights to transmigrate to the junk shop, and then in the ordinary course of events into corn whiskey or other delicatessen.

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When about half the stuff had gone this road, the parent's ingenious mind concocted the idea of fastening a loop of barbed fence wire across the entrance, just high enough to allow one to trip over it. Just inside the stable door, he placed an empty barrel on the top of which was a tray of old bottles. Then of course no one came. Thus things went along till he had quite forgotten the existence of the trap, till. ——

* * *

One midnight, one of his several heirs had all sorts of tangles in his little inside, and the good wife sent papa off at a one-two-three gait to the barn for flaxseed, in a can, right on the left hand side; couldn't miss it. Rather dishabille, papa went springting lightly in his barefeet on the errand. With a confidence born of familiarity with the surroundings, he struck the barbed wire, caught the barrel as he nearly stood on his head, and of course there was an awful crash. Bottles, barrels and papa were shockingly mixed up, and paterfamilias said a lot of things that were recorded somewhere against him.

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A good whole-souled neighbor, to whom he had told of the petty thefts raised his window and let two ounces of bird shot rattle all over the side of the barn; mamma and the rest of the flock yelled all kinds and conditions of alarms; and papa, from behind the shelter of the very much alarmed muly cow, begged all hands to let up. Scratched and torn, he got the flaxseed in the house, to find the precious imp had got the tiddle-de-winks frightened all out of him. Papa will not apply for a patent on his burglar alarm business at this time.

The Industrial South As You See It Today

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record, the exponent of the industrial and railroad interest of the South, who is at the Waldorf Astoria, in discussing the advancement of the manufacturing industries of the South last night, said:

"Taken as a whole the business interests of the entire South are on a sounder basis and making greater progress than ever before. The depression in the cotton goods trade has been about the only weak spot in the situation, but there is now a very distinct tendency to improvement in that line. The growth of the cotton mill interests is seen in an increase from 1,700,000 spindles in 1890 to 6,500,000 spindles at present, this industry now representing a capital of between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000 against $61,0000,000 in 1890, and $21,000,000 in 1880. But the real advance is greater than figures show, for it is found in part in the greater skill acquired, the finer goods now produced and the foundation thus laid for a great broadening out of this industry. The South now consumes in its own mills over 1,600,000 bales a year, against an average of about 1,800,000 bales in all other mills in the country, the former having about quadrupled in the last ten or twelve years, while the latter consumes no more on the average than a decade ago. Southern cotton oil mills now employ a capital of over $50,000,000, and, according to the census of 1900, the value of the cotton seed of the South is now about $80,000,000 a year. The cotton crop last year was worth $494,000,000, and if to this be added the $80,000,000 for seed, cotton yielded to Southern farmers in that season $574,000,000. The value of the manufactured products of Southern mills was about $150,000,000, and of Southern oil mills $50,000,000, showing a grand total of about $775,000,000 which cotton and its products yielded to the South during the crop year ended August 31. This was far ahead of any previous year, but it will probably be nearly or quite duplicated this season.

"Iron and coal interests are crowded with business and the South is now making about 3,000,000 tons of pig iron and mining about 50,000,000 tons of bituminous coal a year, just about equaling in both the output of the United States in 1880—which gives some indication of what the South is doing. In iron, however, the South has been more hampered by lack of capital and by stock jobbing operations in New York than in any other leading industry. Fortunately, however, this is now being changed and the iron trade is getting in good shape for large expansion and steel making promises to vastly strengthen the whole situation, putting the South on much stronger ground than heretofore. The copper mining interests—and the South has vast stores of gold and copper ores—are for the first time being handled on a very broad scale, and the success of the Union Copper Company, which has expended $1,600,000 in developing its mines and putting in its smelter at Gold Hill, N. C., gives some assurance that at last the development of these vast copper and gold ore resources will be pushed on as broad a scale as in the West. Already Pittsburg capitalists have undertaken a mining development near the Union Copper property, and are preparing to spend $4,000,000 in developing 40,000 horse power on the Yadkin river for electric transmission as a part of their scheme, while it is now proposed to operate on a large scale the old Gold Hill mine, for which, it is said, English capitalists paid $3,000,000 about 1849 and which, after an output of about $6,000,000 of gold prior to 1860, was shut down, partly because of some legal complications and partly because the veins commenced to run too heavy in copper, which could not then be successfully treated at that point.

"In timber lands there is great activity, and a number of heavy sales running up into the millions of dollars have been made recently. Lumbering operations are being developed on an enormous scale, as illustrated in the recent purchase of 1,000,000 acres of timber land and several saw mills in Texas by a $10,000,000 company, which will enlarge its output to 1,000,000 feet of lumber a day, probably the largest output of any one lumber company in the world. And in speaking of Texas, the oil situation should not be forgotten. The magnitude of these discoveries amazes the world. So far over sixty "gushers," having a capacity of from 5,000 to 50,000 barrels each day, have been "brought in" at Beaumont, while the whole production of the United States last year was less than 200,000 barrels a day. How long these "gushers" will continue to flow at such an unprecedented rate no one can say, but other wells even as far away as Louisiana prove that the greatest oil field ever discovered has been found in that section. Its influence, not alone upon the South, but upon the whole industrial world, must be far-reaching and beyond anyone's ability to fully grasp. And then the same section of Louisiana and Texas have a rice industry not much more than a decade old in which over $20,000,000 have been invested. In this field hundreds of self-binding reapers will be at work within a few days harvesting rice just as wheat is harvested on the prairies of the West, but instead of a profit of a few dollars an acre as on wheat it is claimed that these upland rice farmers are making $40 to $100 an acre on their product. Thousands of Western grain growers are settling in that district, attracted by the phenomenal prosperity of this industry.

"The story of activity and of diversification in Southern industry should include the small beginning made in furniture making, the little town of High Point, N. C., for instance, has now thirty furniture factories and fast tending to a rivalry with Grand Rapids, while only last week a New England manufacturer of furniture-making machinery decided to build a factory in North Carolina to provide the machinery for this rapidly growing furniture industry. It should also tell of industries as diverse as ship building and cotton manufacturing, and it should tell of the fact that Southern railroads are so crowded with business as to make it almost impossible to provide rolling stock, but really though the South is just getting under way for its material upbuilding it is almost impossible to cover the whole situation."

UNIQUE BOOKKEEPING

How Two Country Tradesmen Protected Themselves

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

During the sojourn of the delegates to the convention of the Indiana Bankers' Association in this city many interesting stories were related. One prosy subject of debit and credit, but prosy subject of debit and credit, but with the stories that were told to illustrate certain ideas the subject lost much of its dullness.

"A friend of mine once ran across a queer system of keeping books in a little Southern town," said a banker. "He was a traveling salesman and his territory included Tennessee. Naturally he grew pretty well acquainted with his customers, who were for the most part keepers of general stores. Happening in such establishment one day he found the proprietor in the rear of the room poring intently over what seemed to be his ledger. My friend noticed that the old gentleman would mutter savagely now and then and turning over a few leaves jot down a set of figures. After this process had been repeated several times my friend interrupted him with 'Mr. Hodges, what on earth are you doing there?'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' replied the old man. 'This here Bill Jones is a worthless scamp and he has left town owing me $1.50. So I jest put it on Brown's account over here (turning the leaves.) Then there's Charley Colson that got into a scrap the other night and was killed. He owed me $2, so I put her over on Joe Smith's account. I tell you, brother, whatever goes in this here old book has got to come out, by the eternal.'

"That reminds me of a story of strange methods of keeping accounts that I heard one time," spoke up another financier. "This was in a little Western town. The proprietor of a store wanted to go on a visit out in the country one day and when he got ready to start he told his clerk, a mere lad, to kind of keep an eye on things while he was absent. 'You needn't be particular about taking in money for what you sell,' said the storekeeper. 'Just remember what you sold and who got it and I will put it on the books when I get home tonight.'

"Well, when the old fellow arrived home that night he asked the boy how he had 'made out' during the day. 'O pretty well,' said the lad. 'I sold a washboard and tub to Widow Harkness, a currycomb and brush to Old Man Johnson, a tin bucket to Mrs. Leeds, a broom and a package of needles to Mrs. Branscomb, and—say, I sold some feller a horse-collar, but blamed if I can remember who I sold it to.'

"'Never mind about that,' said the proprietor. 'It'll be all right. I'll just charge all of my book customers with a horse collar.' And he did put down a horse collar on every account he had in his ledger. The funny part of it was that all of them paid except one man, and the storekeeper brought suit against him. Banking would be a soft snap if we could keep books like that."

The First Free Library

(Roanoke-Chowan Times.)

In discussing the rural library plan with Judge Winston at Jackson the other day he gave us an interesting piece of history regarding the first free library in North Carolina. He stated that in 1715 the Legislature of the State at its meeting at the house of Captain Richard Sanderson on Little river in Perquimans county passed an act for "caring for the free library of St. Thomas' parish at Bath." The oldest church in the State is at Bath which is now in Beaufort county. The act referred to was a private act, which also incorporated the town of Bath. We presume this interesting bit of history has not been published before. It is found in Martin's Statute, republished by order of the Legislature under Judge Iredell's supervision.

"If existing obstacles are not removed, there can be no reciprocity, and the name might as well be abandoned," the Philadelphia Times (Ind.). "It will then mean nothing. It will be without practical purpose as a theory or principle, and the sooner the Republican party defines its true policy in regard to the tariff and the trade questions growing out of it, the sooner will it place itself in an honest attitude towards an issue which daily becomes of more and more pressing importance to the nation."

"Gentlemen, I invite you to drink with me," said President Diaz to the Pan-American delegates. Evidently oratory is not dead in Mexico.

BRYAN, THE IDEALIST.

Written for The Morning Post

By B. BOISSEAU BOBBITT.

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong.
—Dryden.

An idealist is one who forms picturesque fancies, and is given to romantic expectations the realization of which are impossibilities. An idealist, it follows, is an impractical person. Mr. Bryan is conceded to be an impractical man, since he has favored the adoption of certain measures which were not only extremely impractical, but which were in themselves positively injurious. This being the case, I think that I am justified in saying that Mr. Bryan is an idealist. I have made the assertion that Mr. Bryan has advocated impractical measures; it is now incumbent upon me to prove the truth of this. Socialism and populism are idealistic, and consequently impractical. Mr. Bryan will be spoken of in history as the typical representative of the great socialistic movement in the Democratic party near the close of the nineteenth century.

In 1896, immediately after the famous Chicago Democratic convention of that year, it was widely hertlded by newspapers of populistic tendencies masquerading under the disguise of Democracy, that "a young Lochinvar was come out of the West" to bind up the commercial wounds and heel the financial ills of the nation. The manifest absurdity of these claims did not at once appear even to intelligent people. According to these papers all of these things were to be done by elevating to the Presidency of the nation the subject of our sketch. It naturally followed that this man was the life of the movement of which he was the leader. But, he was not responsible for the movement. Neither did he take the initiative in bringing it about. It was the result of certain natural causes, concerning which we can not now speak in detail. He did not represent the cause; or even one of the causes of the movement, but rather one of its effects; "others had wrought, but he gathered the increase," such as it was, and it is indeed marvelous that it was so great.

Let us see what were the principles advocated by this movement of which I have spoken, how they originated, and finally, what they accomplished. This relates vitally to the subject of our article, inasmuch as it is not a disputed fact that his energy, ability and pugnacious perseverance helped to establish temporarily a heretical doctrine which was entirely out of place in his party, and served to retain a spark of vitality in it long after it had accomplished whatever mission it was fated to accomplish. If we prove satisfactorily that the movement was impractical we need adduce no further testimony in order to prove Mr. Bryan so.

The first principles which the leaders of the pseudo-Democracy of 1896 advocated were: (1) "Free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, without international agreement," which "the great unwashed" took to mean that each person should be supplied, and kept supplied, with an unlimited amount of the standard silver "dollars of our daddies," the result of which would be that everybody would have plenty of money, and that nobody would have to work. This was too ideal to work well if put into actual practice. (2) An income tax, which would, it was claimed by its fond adherents, make rich men pay their pro rata share of taxes. Just how this could be done has never been very plainly demonstrated, for, if a man will lie about his property why should he not lie equally as well about his income. A man's income is certainly a mere intangible thing, and often one harder to get at than his real estate and personal property. Neither have the supporters of this measure ever told us just how we could get around the unconstitutionality of it, even if it were desirable, as long as our government possessed so entirely useless an appendage as a Supreme Court. (3) Government ownership of railways and telegraph, which it was said would be of inestimable benefit to everybody. The supporters of this proposition have never clearly explained to us why it is that freight and passenger rates are higher in Europe under the government ownership system than they are in this country, under private or corporation control. Nor have these men ever told us just how it was that they propose for the government to get possession of these railways and telegraphs. All of these companies have franchises. Then it would certainly require a very elastic construction of the right of eminent domain to make their confiscation legally possible. If the government could illegally confiscate the property of the railway and telegraph companies, then what assurance have we that other private property will be exempt from the operation of the same rule. Any sensible man will readily admit that any such radical step as this is fraught with innumerable dangerous consequences. The adoption of these principles advocated by them was the first aim of these men. Their ultimate aim was the establishment of an up-to-date made-to-order Utopia, where everybody could be happy all of the time under the paternal guidance of the government, and where every politician should have room at the pie-counter for every unworthy constitutent, plans and specifications for some drawn by Wm. J. Bryan, chief architect. That such an order of things as was contemplated was contrary to the economic arrangement of nature's laws, and consequently impossible of consummation they did not care a fig.

I have spoken in a previous article of the panic of 1893, and its causes. The effects of this panic politically were plainly evident in the platform and leadership of the Democratic party in 1896. A great revolution had taken place in the party. Tried and true men of undoubted ability were thrust aside to make room for men who had previously been unknown quantities, but who owed their elevation to their ability to adapt themselves to circumstances, an indispensable and essential quality of a politician. Mr. Bryan was the logical candidate of his party at that time. He held views similar to the party leaders in regard to purifying the politics and morals, and increasing the wealth of the people, and bringing about the millennium by legislative enactment. Perhaps he now holds views more identical with those expressed by the late Senator Ingalls when he said that "the purification of politics is an irridescent dream of the most irridescent hue to imagine for a moment that the people of the Unted States will ever tolerate socialistic, populistic or anarchistic policies. For "you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

The citizens of a republic have as good a government and laws as they want and deserve, Mr. Bryan to the contrary notwithstanding. The sooner we learn that we cannot legislative evil, and trouble with their various concomitants, out of our country the better it will be for all concerned. The French people tried once upon a time to legislate everything bad, according to their idea of bad, out of their country, and the resulting Reign of Terror remains to all nations to this day a ghastly example which counsels conservatism in political affairs.

The result of the revolutionary movement in the Democratic party of which Mr. Bryan was the head has had a wholesome effect on the party, and the people generally. In the first place, the agitation of the issues of free silver and imperialism has caused the masses of the people to study and become acquainted with political questions as they have never before done. Politically, then, the last two national campaigns have been educational. Viewed from a partisan standpoint they have been beneficial to the Democratic party, since they have taught us that true Democracy and Populism can no more be mixed than oil and water. "Experience is a hard task-master, but a good one." We derive profit from our mistakes whether or not they were at one time inevitable, inasmuch as we are better prepared to take such steps as will render their future recurrence impossible.

Mr. Bryan has frequently during the past five years assumed the attitude of dictator to the Democratic party. His stubbornness, or uncompromising adherence to what he says are the fundamental principles of Democracy, but which are in reality the primary principles of socialism, is of the proverbial type. There is in his make-up a tendency toward tyranny which if encouraged would doubtless soon become well developed. His insistence that a declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver should be incorporated in the national Democratic platform in 1900, in the face of the protests of the most astute leaders in the party shows him plainly in his self-assumed role of dictator to the organization.

Bryan has not in him the attributes and qualities of a good executive. He has will and determination; he lacks conservatism, and the power to discriminate between good and bad measures. He is an orator; he is not by any means a logician. He is not unscrupulous; but he is a born demagogue, and a very unsuccessful one. He forced free silver to the front as an issue in 1896, but failed to convince the people that an urgent necessity existed for its adoption. He tried to force imperialism to the front as "the paramount issue" in 1900, but failed to do so. The people knew that he had proved to be a false prophet, and he failed signally to prove to their satisfaction that there was danger of "a government of the people for the people and by the people perishing utterly from the earth."

Mr. Bryan is an excellent example of an individual whose energies have been misdirected. If they had have been properly directed he might have made a success. As it is he is as dead politically as McKinley is physically. And who will say that McKinley's was the unhappiest fate? A quondam politician is ever an eminently proper object for sympathy. That Mr. Bryan is a man of unusual natural ability cannot be denied. On the other hand, that he is a statesman of Presidential calibre cannot be truthfully asserted. He went beyond his depths. But, he maintained his mental equinoise and bravely fought a hopeless fight until there was nothing left to fight for but proven fallacies. Yet, in the absence of something better, he is willing, aye eager, to fight for them.

Because I do not endorse his political opinions I do not wish to criticise Bryan unfavorably as a man, for I am convinced of the fact that he is a good man, and taking into consideration the fact that we are not suffering from an overproduction of that commodity at present, and the further fact that it is essentially cowardly to strike a man when he is down, I think that you will agree with me in saying that such would be conduct unbecoming a gentleman. I admire Mr. Bryan's devotion to what he conceives to be right, I admire his perseverance, I admire his courage; but as the man said about the little bull that tried to butt an engine off the railroad track, "I can't say that I think much of his judgment."

We do not need an idealist for President. There is too wide an interval existing between ideal things and real ones to make it desirable or profitable for us to pin ourselves down to the ideal. Politically, Mr. Bryan has finished his course, he has not kept the faith, therefore there is not laid up for him the crown of reward which comes from the plaudits of a people who say "well done." His political career but proves the truth of the following persion of Shakespeare:

Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,
And naked is he locked up in silver
Who hath his mind with political heresies corrupted.

Danville, Va., Nov. 13, 1901.

A fool flatters himself; the wise man flatters the fool.—Bulwer.