

LOTHED IN THE GARB OF FRAUD

Col. Lusk Again Scores the Radical Party

TRICKS OF BUTLER

Col. Lusk Says This Local Self-Government Plank of the Republican Party Was Brazenly Concealed in Fraud and Born in Iniquity—He Practically Comes to the Point of Advising Republicans in North Carolina That They Cannot Vote the Republican Ticket This Year and Retain Their Self-Respect.

Asheville, N. C., Oct. 20, 1910.

Dear Reynolds:—I wish to thank the editor for favoring me, with a copy of the Union Republican containing your reply to my letter to you of a few days ago on the subject of the "local self-government plank" in our State platform, and more especially, do I wish to thank you for your attempted explanation of the meaning of the time honored principle of local self-government: that is "as foolish as to define the word dinner. Dinner to one man means bacon and cabbage, to another it may mean pork and beans." All right, let us stick to your definition of dinner and observe where the contortion of local self-government into meaning local option will lead you. Dinner, according to your explanation of the word, may mean anything to eat, therefore, we ought to be explicit in explanation of the word. When you order dinner at the hotel you are careful to tell the waiter what you want to eat. You don't leave the servant to guess what you want. If you want bacon and cabbage you say so, and so order and do not leave it in doubt. You are particular as to what you want to eat, and so you call for the bill of fare, and if on the European plan the article with the price is attached. Bacon and cabbage, 25 cents. You pay 25 cents, procure a meal ticket from the proprietor and walk into the dining room to eat bacon and cabbage—you say dinner but when you get into the dining room you change your order from a bacon and cabbage dinner to a dinner of sirloin steak, 75 cents, an omelet, 25 cents, French fried potatoes, 25 cents, celery, 25 cents, coffee, 10 cents; a 50-cent of imported claret, \$1, and conclude the dinner with a saucer of ice cream 25 cents with 15 cents for cigars, making a first class dinner costing \$3 and when the proprietor presents his bill you refuse to pay on the ground that bacon and cabbage meant dinner, and that you had to pay for that before you got into the dining room. You were treated to a dinner in the dining room on a meal ticket that called for bacon and cabbage and when you got in you changed the bacon and cabbage order to \$3, and refused to pay because it all meant the same thing—"dinner."

Now, just look at yourself as others see you. Do you think you appear in the eyes of the observing public as an honest man? Why, the proprietor of the hotel would go right out to a justice of the peace and get a warrant for you and have you on the chain gang, before sundown, for obtaining goods under false pretense. Now, trace the a simile of your fraud to the fraud perpetrated upon the Republican convention at Greensboro in the matter of the local self-government plank, as construed by Morehead, Butler, Settle, and excuse me, my friends, but you—force me to say it—by yourself, and you will see a similarity shockingly true. You went in the State convention declaring that you only wanted local self-government (bacon and cabbage), and when you got in (I mean got your platform adopted) you then declare that it means local option, the fraudulent \$3 dinner instead of the bacon and cabbage that you contracted for. Why didn't you so declare before hand? You say, now it means local option. Why didn't you say so in the convention? You say now it means whiskey. If it means whiskey now it means whiskey in the convention, and you, Mr. Butler, Mr. Settle and Mr. Morehead, knew it and concealed the purpose in order to deceive yours and their political associates. You and they betrayed your and their political friends, who trusted you. You stood by while I demanded of a member of the platform committee to know if local option was included in the platform, the typewritten document placed in my hands, and heard the declaration coming from a member of the committee that all traces of local option had been eliminated from the platform, and knew that I, your political friend, and 100,000 Republicans in the State were deceived by the fraud and falsehood without once opening your mouth to warn me of the deception. You suffered me, your lifelong friend and supporter, to be stabbed in the house of my supposed friends. Wherefore? You knew, as did the other conspirators, that if you suffered the truth to come to the light, that "the time honored principle of local self-government" would wear a different garb from the one of shame with which it is now draped by the hands of Butler, Settle, Morehead and others—a whiskey barrel, bound round with fraud and deception. I believe in the principle of local self-government, but I do not believe in debauching the sacred right with the immoral principles of local option with all its demoralizing and sinful tendencies. "Time honored local self-government"—what a parody on the word, when contorted into meaning local option. Time honored, when associated with a stillhouse and a barroom.

Time honored no more, when be-surcharged with local option and still slop. There was a time when local self-government might have stood against the powers of evil in North Carolina, when it meant liberty to the rich and the poor alike; now under the leadership of Butler, Settle and Morehead it stands for a stillhouse, barroom, whiskey and fraud. Poor, old local self-government, thou hast fallen upon evil times!

I want to say to the Republicans of North Carolina, no matter what your sentiment may be on the question of prohibition, you cannot lend your aid and influence in support of any such political juggling with our sacred political principles. We have always been honorable and honest in our political dealings with each other. We sometimes have differences in our views on questions of policy, but this is the first time in the history of the party that we have been called upon to support a measure so brazenly conceived in fraud and born of iniquity. You owe it to your individual honor, to the honor of our party, to your self respect and manhood to rebuke this attempt to dishonor the party by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. You may be in favor of local option, but you don't want it through dishonest methods. You don't want it to come clothed in the garb of fraud and falsehood. No party has ever succeeded that took the wrong side of a great moral question. To yourselves be true and then to others you cannot be false.

V. S. LUSK.

A FARMER'S VIEWS ON THE TARIFF.

A Lincoln County Farmer Writes an Article From the Farmer's Standpoint and Shows That the Tariff Does Not Help the Farmer, but Rather is Burdensome to Him—He Buys and Raises the Stuff and Ought to Know.

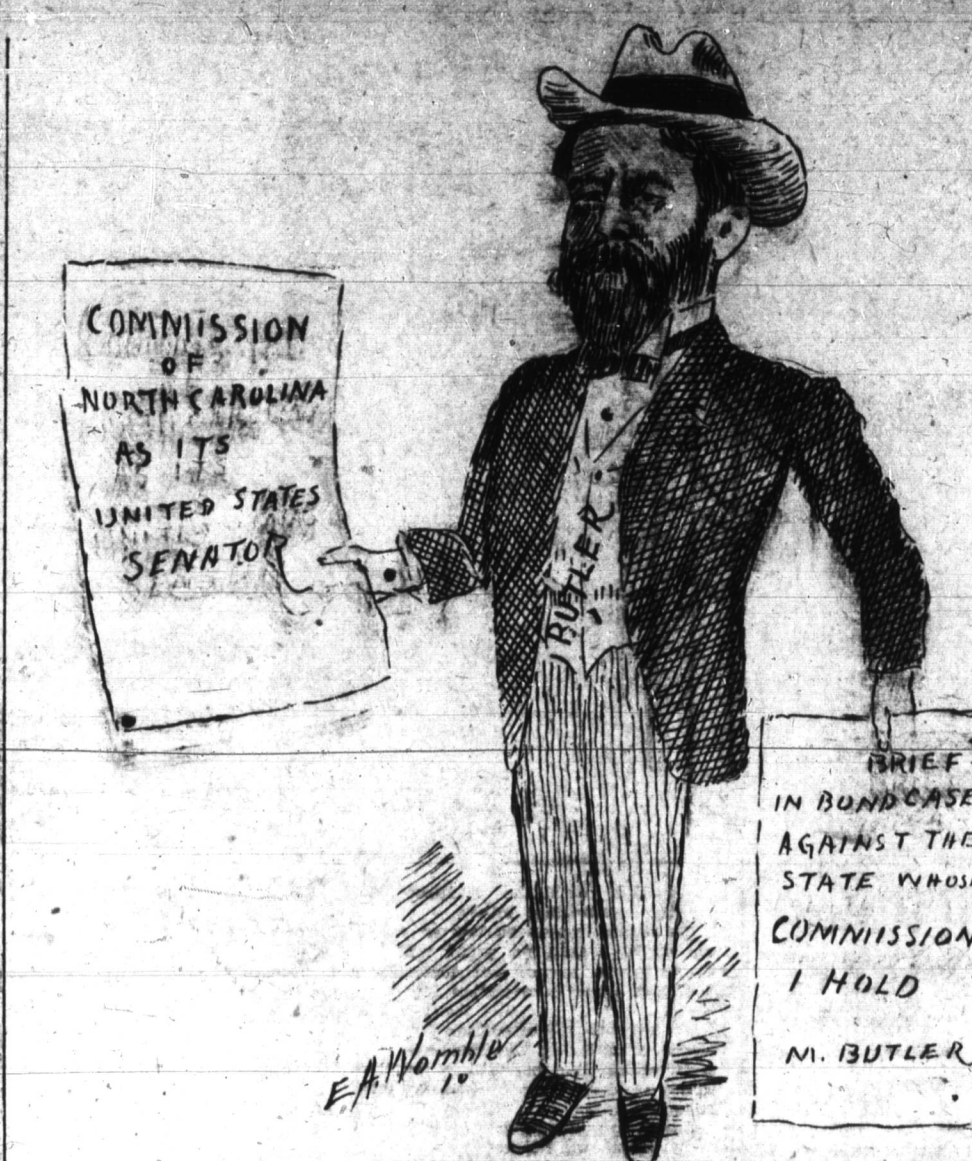
Editor News:—I have before me some campaign literature, among which is a speech made by Hon. Wm. B. McKinley, of Illinois, in the house of representatives, February 24th, 1910. The title of it is "Tariff and Prices." Our protective friends want to impress it on the farmer that the Payne Aldrich tariff law was for the protection of the farmer and Mr. McKinley in his speech gives a long list of agricultural products showing what was reduced and what was unchanged. Among those reduced he quotes: "Beef 25 percent, veal 25 percent, pork 25 percent, bacon and hams 20 percent, lard 25 percent, cabbage 33 1-3 percent, corn meal 5 percent, flour, tariff, unchanged; potatoes, unchanged; beans, unchanged; eggs, unchanged; butter and milk, unchanged; all dairy products, unchanged." Now, what is puzzling the old farmer is what good does it do our government to have a tariff on any of the above named products? How much revenue does our government collect on imports of the above named articles? What in the thunder would anybody want to import corn or corn meal to this country for when the country is the corn producing country of the world? I would like to know where there is a country that produces more beef, veal, pork, bacon, hams and lard than this country? I would like to see a list of the revenue that is collected on the above named products? Then there is a tariff on flour, when everybody knows that the world is looking to this country for bread. Then there is a tariff on potatoes. Please tell me where there is a country that is capable of growing more potatoes than this? Then why should there be a tariff on eggs, when from the gulf to the lakes, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific every home in this broad land has egg producers and there are now a few millions in cold storage, some of them five years old, waiting for a market. Where is there a country that would think of importing eggs and paying a tariff on them, in this already glutted market?

Butter and milk has a tariff on it, and what is that for, and how much duty does the government collect on imported butter and milk?

Maybe a few Lincoln county radical politicians would like to import a few ship loads of buttermilk and pay the tariff on it, especially if it is to be hauled in one of McKinley's (dread) ship subsidy boats.

What is all this talk about the tariff being reduced on agricultural products, when the farmer is always an exporter? Where is there a country in this world that can spare its farm products to ship to this country? It seems to me that all this talk about the tariff on farm products protecting the farmer is all tomfoolery. What the farmer wants is a market for his produce. He already has the world for a market for his corn, wheat or flour, beef, pork and cotton. He produces three-fourths of the cotton of the world and the world is his market and two-thirds of it has to go to foreign countries to find a market. And if the American manufacturers had shown the business ability that the English manufacturer did, they could have been selling two-thirds of their goods to other countries and owned their ownships to ship their goods in. Then there would be no need of them being such rampant protectionists.

Mr. McKinley also said in his speech, "That the tariff on shoes had been reduced 60 percent and hides were admitted free," but shoes were higher than they were before the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was passed. Now the framers of that tariff bill



know that the leather and shoe trust of America was one of the biggest things of the kind in the world and they knew very well that they could control prices on shoes, and that hides admitted free would help no one but the leather and shoe trust, but it would.

"Put down the price of every calf's hide that the American would have to sell." Is there a Republican "wind-jammer" in Lincoln county that wants to buy a ship load of bull calf hides? Free duty, gentlemen, stop libeling. Your party fixed it so you could buy them cheap!

As this scribe now sees it, the American farmer is not in it when it comes to his being benefitted by a protective tariff. But as a consumer of protective goods, he is in it from the cradle to the grave. He is taxed for the swaddling clothes in which he is wrapped when a baby born into this world, then all through life he pays a protective tariff tax on all he wears, from the hat on his head to the shoes on his feet. Then at last when he has to be laid in his grave, there is a protective tariff tax on the shroud that he is wrapped in—and also on the nails that fasten down the lid of his coffin. Now everybody knows that we need a tariff to collect revenue to pay the expenses of running the government, but when it comes to the point that our laws are so arranged to tax the consumer to make millionaires and billionaires out of the profits of the great American steel trust, leather and shoe trust, and hundreds of other combines that are making the consumers pay all the taxes while they wallow in luxury and laugh at the poor laborer and farmer for being such fools, it is high time there was a change.

A FARMER.

The Sad Story of Mary and Her Little Bond With a Modern Application. MARY had a little BOND, As black as printer's ink, And everywhere that MARY went That BOND was sure to stink!

To SOUTH DAKOTA MARY went To sell that BOND she tried; And though she boasted fair descent, The bastard showed she lied!

Then in a pet did MARY get— Her BOND no interest drew; 'Twas in this pet that MARY let Her scheme to Pettigrew.

Now Pettigrew the Bosses knew, He licked his chops and smiled, From MARY, true, old Pettigrew Adopts the bastard child!

The price she laid, or how 'twas paid To surface never rose; But MARY grew, with Pettigrew, To wearing silken HOSE!

As MARY returned, her bonnet burned For other BONDS to sell; Nor did she think that BOND would stink So far and yet so well.

She tried in vain new BONDS to gain, Like Joseph they repelled her, Though near she drew, and lecherous grew, They faintly when they smelled her!

'Tis sad to think how BONDS will stink, And fondest schemes disserve; For MARY knows, where'er she goes, That scent will go forever.

A TAXPAYER.

REPUBLICAN GIVE BUTLER A JOLT

In An Open Letter to the Asheville Gazette-News He Tells the Arch Traitor the Black Things He Has Been Guilty of.

The following scathing letter was published in the Asheville Gazette-News of July 22, 1910. It was written by Mr. R. G. White, a Republican of Greensboro:

"Greensboro, N. C., July 16.
"Hon. Marion Butler,
"Washington, D. C.
"Dear Sir:—Your letter without date has been received and its contents noted with interest. There is food for thought therein. The matters about which you write are worthy of considerate attention. I shall, therefore, do you the courtesy to make reply.

"Your declarations have refreshed my fading recollections and your suggestions have led me to an analysis of present conditions. In truth, your adroit and suggestive communication has put me in a reminiscent and reflective mood. As you are aware, I am not a politician. In my humble sphere as a business man I have made it a rule of my life to view and weigh any proposition made to me with such prudence, caution and care as its importance demands.

"I prefer always to know the man and the motive behind any proposition submitted for my acceptance. I cannot forget that I know you, Mr. Butler. I recall the year 1894, the forces the battle and the victory. With equal vividness I recall the scenes enacted in Raleigh during the session of the legislature of 1897—the agreement for your election to the long term in the senate and that of Mr. Fritchard for the short term. There was nothing in your party's platform or in your conscience which prevented your assent to this agreement and to the solemn compact that the republican who got the short term of 1895 should be re-elected in 1897 for the long term.

Two years later, in 1897, in flagrant violation of the terms of the compact, as fair and square as was ever made by men of blood and honor, you, forgetful of the terms of the terms of that agreement—unmindful of the claims of honor—ungrateful for the help which had given you name and place and bread and prestige, and oblivious to the protests of those who had stood by and for you in the hour of peril and need, betrayed those who had trusted you and deliberately schemed to compass the defeat of Judge Fritchard and to effectuate a deal by the terms of which you were to deliver your party to the democrats and you wear to become the leader of the combined forces of your party and the democratic party. This perfidy I would gladly forget, but your inordinate ambition prevents.

Again I cannot forget your connection with the South Dakota bond suit, and the fraudulent bonds still outstanding against North Carolina. Nor can I ever forget the unblushing and nefarious methods employed by you to defeat the constitution of Judge Ewart.

I am also reminded that in 1896, in the contest between Judge Adams and Representative Blackburn for the state chairmanship, you were as prolific in the dissemination of circular letters as you are in this year of grace, your faction of that hour, you were Murphy to Madison. And yet after all of your loud and strenuous appeals for your faction of that hour, you were not permitted to enter the convention hall for the obvious reason that your presence meant the defeat of your cause.

Let me be frank with you, Mr. Butler. The lesson of that hour for you was that the republicans of North

Carolina would never accept you as their leader.

Beginning your life as a democrat, you were weighed in the balance and found wanting by the democrats of North Carolina. The populists then accepted you, honored you, trusted you, and relied upon you as their chief champion of their creed until they found you had betrayed and deserted them.

The one obscure spot in your record is the date of your enlistment under the republican standard. After diligent search and research I have not been able to learn when or how you got into the republican party. Be that as it may, let me assure you, Mr. Butler, in all kindness, the republicans of North Carolina are as firm and determined today as they were in 1896 against your methods, your suggestions and your dictation in matters political.

Whether justly or unjustly I need not pause now to determine—the people of North Carolina have long ago registered a verdict or repudiation of your political record. The political party boom or faction which wears the brand of Butlerism cannot win so long as the truth of recent history shall remain fresh in the minds of living men.

I am writing bluntly but frankly, and with all kindness. I have long ago thought that if you had abandoned politics in North Carolina when you abandoned your home in this state, and stuck to your law practice in Washington, it would have been infinitely better for the party if not more profitable to you. This is the sentiment of those who wish to be fair and just to you. It is a source of regret to the friends of Mr. Morehead that you have attached yourself to his boom. It can be of little service to you, while it has crippled this young man and handicapped him with a burden he cannot carry to victory. As a politician you stand discredited and repudiated, not because of the convictions you profess, but because of the parties you have betrayed and the principles you have deserted in the past.

You have tried all parties and to none have you remained true. During your short career in the republican party we find you in one campaign lining up and fighting for those you are now pleased to term the "ring-brothers," and in the next campaign we find you assuming leadership in the ranks of the insurgents.

If the Almighty hates a quitter, I tremble to contemplate his final judgment against you. You are a born quitter. You have quite every party and every faction and every friend you ever had, and now let me to beseech you to quit Mr. Morehead and the republican party of North Carolina.

It is due you that I should tell you further that the people, and particularly the republicans of North Carolina, look with suspicion upon any political movement with which you are identified. It is believed by the people that for years you have maintained luxurious offices in Washington, not for the legitimate practice of the law, but largely for the barter of political or party patronage. It is further believed, and the people so regard you, as an office broker, a patronage vendor, a trickster in politics, a wire puller, a political tramp without a job. This is the reputation you enjoy in this "neck of the woods," and I am honest enough to tell you the simple truth.

Surely it is not necessary to remind you again that the republicans of this country and this state will never submit to your leadership. You know this. And you know, too, and the people know that you have in mind some selfish design in exposing the name of Mr. Morehead, and that if you cannot use him you will seek to destroy him as you did Judge Adams. But I need not further pursue you along this line.

If there is anything certain and definitely fixed in the field of politics it is the self-evident fact that Butlerism can no longer dominate any political party in North Carolina. The

PRICES OF COTTON UNDER DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION

Cotton Averaged Nearly a Cent a Pound Higher During Cleveland's Entire Term Than Under McKinley's Entire Term—Don't the Farmers Remember Harvey Jordan's Fight in 1905?

Of all the humbug argument that republicans are trying to fool the people with, the claim that protection makes cotton high is the worst. They think the cotton farmers of the south have forgotten that in January, 1905, in the full blast of Roosevelt's artificial prosperity, the south rose on a massed, and, under the leadership of Harvey Jordan, held convention after convention in a desperate effort to lift the price of their cotton from 6 cents, to which it had fallen. Here are the figures of the cotton crop for 12 years, embracing one year before the Cleveland administration, all of that administration, and subsequent years. They are taken from the cotton firm of Latham, Alexander & Co., and represent New York prices, North Carolina prices being still cheaper:

Season	Acres Planted	Bales in Crop	Average Price Per Pound, Middling Up-lands in New York City
1891-92	20,714,937	9,035,379	7.60
1892-93	18,667,924	6,790,265	8.24
1893-94	18,684,000	7,549,817	7.67
1894-95	21,454,000	9,901,251	6.50
1895-96	18,882,000	7,157,346	8.18
1896-97	22,291,000	8,757,864	7.72
1897-98	24,071,000	11,199,994	6.23
1898-99	23,572,000	11,274,840	6.00
1899-1900	22,683,055	9,436,416	6.69
1901-02	25,558,000	10,583,422	8.96
1902-03	27,532,000	10,680,680	8.75
1903-04	27,450,000	10,727,559	10.27

*Lowest average price for one entire crop; McKinley, President; Republican Congress.

Cleveland was inaugurated March 4, 1893. The highest price reached by cotton during the year was 9 15-16 cents per pound; the lowest price was 7 1-4 cents per pound. In 1894 the highest price was 8 5-10, the lowest was 5 9-16. In 1895 the highest price was 9 3-8, the lowest was 5 9-16. In 1896 the highest price was 9 3-8, the lowest 7 1-16. McKinley was inaugurated March 4, 1897. The highest price reached by cotton for that year was 8 1-4 cents per pound, the lowest was 5 13-16. In 1898 the highest price was 6 9-16, the lowest was 5 1-16. In 1899 the highest price was 7 13-16, the lowest was 5 7-8. In 1900 the highest price was 11, the lowest was 7 8-16.

It will thus be seen that cotton reached its lowest price during the years 1898 and 1899 of McKinley's administration. Taking the average price during the administrations of Cleveland and McKinley, we find that for the year 1893, the first year of Cleveland's administration, cotton averaged 8 2-3 cents per pound. The first year of McKinley's administration cotton averaged 6 15-16 cents per pound.

In 1894, the second year of Cleveland's administration, cotton averaged 6 15-16 cents per pound. The second year of McKinley's administration cotton averaged 5 15-16 cents per pound.

The third year of Cleveland's administration cotton averaged 7 23-32 cents per pound. The third year of McKinley's administration cotton averaged 6 27-32 cents per pound.

The fourth year of Cleveland's administration cotton averaged 8 1-16 cents per pound. The last year of McKinley's administration cotton averaged 9 1-4 cents per pound.

It will thus be seen that cotton averaged during Cleveland's administration 7 6-7 cents per pound, and during McKinley's administration 7 1-16 cents per pound.

sooner you accept this and act upon it, the better it will be for you and those you are misleading. The day has passed when self-respecting republicans of North Carolina will take orders from a repudiate boss of your class even when issued from the bond building, Washington, D. C. No, Mr. Butler, we cannot ride with Mr. Morehead if you are the chauffeur.

Frankly yours,
ROBERT G. WHITE.

TARIFF BARON WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, ONLY LET HIM CONTINUE HIS ROBBERY.

The truth is, the tariff baron will give you anything you want, provided, always, you leave him alone in the enjoyment of his monopoly. He will compromise with you and try to appease you on all other questions.

He will give you almost any kind of a financial policy you want. The one he has given us is a sham and a cause to us—the ridicule of the civilized world. It causes our secretary of the treasury in every adverse financial wind that blows to get down on his knees and beg Wall street for help, and continually in return for its help Wall street demands an issuance of bonds. The tariff baron will give money—out of your pocket—to try to navigate any dry creek in the land. He will give you—your money lavishly for public buildings. He will tickle your vanity, humor your whims, and gratify your pride and take advantage of your selfishness by the use of your money in your treasury.

All achievements of the past, due to your toil and sacrifice; all the progress of the future, due to the toil and sacrifice of the generations to come, he cunningly, with eloquent lips, claims for himself. The people only want the enforcement of their laws, the rule of justice, and the overthrow of special privilege. The tariff exactions extorted from the people of this country are simply an outrage. They constitute a violation of both sound moral and economic law. They are the basis of graft and corruption. They are the groundwork of far too large a superstructure of doubt, suspicion, lack of confidence, and loss of faith in our public men and institutions. This cursed edifice casts its ominous shadow across the pathway of our future. This tariff system must be destroyed.

It rejoices the heart of every patriotic citizen to know that the great agricultural states of the union in the middle west are rising in their power and demanding genuine reform. Government cannot help the farmer if he baron cannot help the farmer. We are exporting our immense surplus of wheat, corn, cotton, cattle, and meat products. Why should a wheat grower be decimated by a tariff of 25 cents a bushel on wheat? In the first place, he ought not to be so selfish as to demand such a tax upon the bread of the people. In the next place, he ought not to be so foolish as to believe that the tax raises the price of wheat when it can only serve as a wall, if it were intact, to throw the surplus wheat of Canada into the Liverpool market, exactly where our own surplus wheat must go to find the world's market that fixes the price of every bushel of wheat grown in the United States.

Again, this wheat tariff wall is not intact. It does not keep out foreign wheat. A breach is made in the wall by the drawback provisions of the law. Our millers can import all the wheat they want practically free, to be made up into flour for export. Our packers can import all the cattle and hogs they can get practically free if they export the meat products of these animals. Our tanners can import all the hides they want for export as leather. They do an immense business of this nature. In the face of these facts it is inconceivable to me that any intelligent farmer or cattle raiser should believe that he gets any benefit from the tariff on wheat, cattle, hogs, hides, and so forth. The tariff baron offers this poor principle to the farmer and cattle raiser for their support of his extortionate outrage upon the masses of our people. The future is full of hope also because the crowded inhabitants of our cities, including the vast numbers of our working people, at last are awake to the truth that the tariff baron is their worst enemy.—Congressman Gillespie, of Texas.

Trust Sells to European Farmer Cheaper Than to American Farmer.

Olaf Larson, a hardware dealer of Lynden, Kans., in a letter published in the Commoner, of Lincoln, Neb., states how agricultural machinery is sold cheaper abroad than here. He says:

The writer has spent several years in the employ of the International Harvester trust, the last four years of which I spent having charge of a large territory for them in northern Europe, quitting their employ about 17 months ago; am now engaged in the hardware and implement business here.

During my trips to Europe I sold to European dealers harvesting machines f. o. b. at Chicago, as follows:

Binders, \$33; mowers, 12; hay rakes, 5; and reapers for \$15 less than they are sold to American dealers, besides selling the European trade a special, stronger made, and more durable machine than domestic types, in order to handle the heavy crops raised over there and compete with the substantially built European machine. Here the trust is trying to impose a prohibitive duty on machinery, viz., \$85 on a self-blinder.

"Although little is being heard from him, it is supposed that Mr. Morehead is still State Chairman," says the Durham Herald. The Herald's "supposed to be" is good. Everybody knows that Butler is in it, and his speeches show that he thinks as much,