

NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

Divine Sat at Lincoln's Feet

Dr. John P. Gulliver, Hearing Him Speak, Was Tremendously Impressed and Believed Him Divinely Selected to Lead.

After Abraham Lincoln had delivered his now traditional speech at Cooper's Union, in New York, in February, 1860, he was urged to speak in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. At that time these three New England states held their elections in the early spring; and as the spring elections of 1860 were thought likely to reveal what popular feeling was on the question then uppermost in the minds of the people, there was a special eagerness on the part of the young Republican party, then about to enter upon its second presidential campaign, to carry these three states. Mr. Lincoln was willing to speak three times in Connecticut, once in Rhode Island, and, if possible, once in New Hampshire. One of the towns selected in Connecticut for a speech was Norwich, the home of the Republican candidate for governor, William A. Buckingham.

One of the men who sat upon the platform the night that Lincoln delivered his Norwich speech was Rev. Dr. John Gulliver. At that time he was one of the most distinguished clergymen in his denomination—the Congregational. He afterwards was president of Knox college, in Lincoln's own state, and later a distinguished professor in Andover seminary, holding that position until his death in 1894.

"I had been much impressed by the scanty reports of the speeches made by Mr. Lincoln in his debates with Douglas," said Dr. Gulliver, "and I was especially impressed by the report which appeared in the New York Tribune of the Cooper Union address. But I must say that I was not prepared for what I saw and heard at the meeting in our own Bred hall. Mr. Lincoln had not spoken five minutes before he had me completely under his sway. I sat, amazed at the profound logic, irresistible and complete, with which he presented his subject. And I caught myself wondering—as doubtless many another wondered that night—how it had happened that this lawyer of the prairies, unschooled and untutored, had obtained such mastery of the English language and of argument—mastery that rose to heights which appeared to me to be sublime.

Incident of McKinley's Death

Mortally Wounded, the Chief Executive Smilingly Welcomed a Buffalo Physician Who Previous Day Had Paid Him High Compliment.

I believe it was practically the unanimous opinion of those who were near President McKinley at the time of his visit to Buffalo in September, 1901, that at no time during his term as president did he seem so thoroughly happy. He was buoyant, his spirits were high, he was looking forward to an important departure in our economic policy, he had been showered with evidences of the profound esteem and the real affection that the people generally entertained for him. He felt he had obtained the full confidence of his fellow countrymen—that they believed absolutely in his sincerity and integrity of purpose, and his desire to serve the whole people impartially and with fairness. Especially did the president seem to realize all this the day before he was shot down, and he did not hesitate to express his sense of gratitude over the discovery. He had a grateful word for everybody who was presented to him that day and sometimes several words.

In the course of the afternoon a prominent physician of Buffalo was presented to the president. There was the usual interchange of formalities, and then the physician presumed upon the good nature of the president to take a little more of his time. "Mr. President," he said, "I want to take this opportunity to say to you that there is no member of your party who more sincerely admires your courage as president, or who has higher personal respect for you, than I. I am not in any sense a politician, and so I can say this to you without an imputation or suspicion that I have some favor to ask. I have no favor to ask of you except the one that I believe is in the hearts of all sincere Americans, and that is, that you shall continue through the remainder of your term as president to bring to your great office the dignity and high achievement which have so far characterized your administration."

Probably nothing that was said to the president that day touched him more deeply than the words of this physician, and before he would permit the latter to give way to the guests behind him, the president spoke with feeling and with cordial appreciation of what the physician had said to him.

The following day the president,

"I was so greatly affected by the speech that when I returned home and went to bed I found it impossible to go to sleep. I lay awake for hours thinking of the speaker and his speech. And finally I was possessed by the thought that I must see him again—must talk with him. Then it occurred to me that he was going to take the six o'clock train in the morning for Providence, where he was to speak in the evening, and I determined to meet him at the station.

"I got up at once and gressed, hitched up my old gray horse, and in the early morning drove down to the railroad station. It was a dark, gloomy morning, with a mist rising from the river. Alone, I paced the station platform for about half an hour, and then, through the gloom and the mist, I saw him come around the corner into the alley which led to the station. His tall, gaunt form loomed up grotesquely in the mist. He was unattended, and he swung a carpet bag in his hand as he took giant strides towards the station.

"I introduced myself to Mr. Lincoln,

Best Editorial of G. W. Curtis

Spurred on by Horace Greeley, He Produced a Masterpiece When Depressed in Mind and Suffering From a Severe Cold.

"Literary workmanship is a peculiar thing," said George William Curtis, one day, when he was in a reminiscent mood. "I have sometimes labored over a paragraph, or even a phrase, in the hope that I could get the perfect verbal expression that I wanted, only to find that the more severe my labor, the greater my care, the more certainly I missed the mark I was striving for.

"On the other hand, I have sometimes written off-hand, so to say, with no especial definite purpose in mind, only to find that I had written at my best—that there was an ease and spontaneity in what I had written and something of my personality or individuality in it. As a result of experiences of this sort I have sometimes wondered whether, for prose writing, the swift, spontaneous manner of expressing thought is not best after

all—although, of course, such a method would not serve poetry. "You may recall that for a time I did editorial work upon the New York Tribune. It was at a time when Horace Greeley had an ambition to gather around him in the Tribune office almost everyone who had gained with the public some reputation above the ordinary as a writer. My arrangements with him permitted me to make occasional lecture trips. Some of these trips, especially those undertaken in winter, made great drafts upon my strength, so that it often happened I returned home completely worn out, although really a rest of a day or two put me in fighting shape again.

"Well, from the particular trip I have in mind I returned to New York depressed in mind and body and bringing a severe cold with me, contracted in the inclement weather that had been my portion the entire two weeks out. I was very glad to be so near my own fireside once more, but as the Tribune office lay on my pathway thither I stopped in there for a minute, not expecting to do any work, but to get my mail and notify Mr. Greeley of my return.

"As soon as Mr. Greeley saw me he cried out to me in his piping voice: 'George, I am glad you have got here. I want you to write a leader for tomorrow morning's paper'—and he proceeded to outline the subject, which dealt with a delicate foreign situation.

"But, Mr. Greeley," I remonstrated, "I am in no condition to write anything. I am used up; I am half sick with a bad cold. And, furthermore, I know very little, or almost nothing, about the subject."

"Greeley waved my protests aside. 'Never mind, George, never mind,' he piped, 'you can do it. Turn it over in your mind for a few minutes, then get started, and the editorial will come all right. When you have finished it send it up, and then you can go home.' 'Well, tired as I was, half sick as I was, little as I knew about the subject, I decided I would do the best I could, for I saw that Greeley really wanted me to write the editorial. So I spent perhaps half an hour in the library looking up data, and then I 'started in,' as Greeley called it. It was a little hard at first, but at last I forgot all about my cold, all about my poor aching body, all about everything except the editorial, and my pen traveled rapidly back and forth across the paper. I had not worked so fast—so spontaneously—in months. In a little over an hour I finished the editorial, read it over once, marked it, sent it up to the composing room, and then went home.

"The next morning I hardly dared to look at the Tribune for fear that I should be ashamed of my editorial. But instead of that, on reading it in cold type, when I had got my courage screwed up to that point, I found that it was the best editorial I had ever written. It was clear, concise, spontaneous, effective. And a day or two later, when Greeley saw me again, he cried enthusiastically: 'George, I told you you could do it if you got started. You never wrote a better editorial, and never will.' 'I wish,' concluded Mr. Curtis, 'that some one would explain to me how it was that I, in that condition, without taking much thought, and no especial pains, nevertheless was able to write as I like to write, and as Greeley, who was a very competent judge, liked to have his editors write.' (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Honor for American Woman.

Mrs. Grubb, wife of General Grubb, who was formerly United States minister to Spain, is the only woman in the United States who has been honored with the Spanish order of the Order of Noble Ladies of Maria Luisa. She received it recently from the Queen of Spain. Mrs. Grubb now resides at Edgewater, N. J.

Sarcasm.

The age of universal peace had dawned. "Git yer afnoon extry!" bawled the newsboy, yawning. "All 'bout ther' bein' nothin' dein'!"

CAROLINA COLUMN OF CURRENT NEWS

HAPPENINGS AND INCIDENTS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO TAR HEEL CITIZENS.

Raleigh.—Mrs. W. W. Kitchin entertained a few friends complimentary to the wives and daughters of members of the general assembly visiting in Raleigh, all of whom were invited.

Richmond.—O. A. Starbuck, former division deputy collector of the United States internal revenue department stationed at Greensboro, has been made general deputy collector on duty with Colonel W. H. Chapman, United States revenue agent for the Fourth North Carolina and Second Virginia collection districts, with headquarters in Richmond.

Washington.—James J. Britt of North Carolina was nominated by President Taft to be third assistant postmaster general. Mr. Britt has served for a number of years as a special assistant attorney general for the postoffice department. He will succeed A. L. Lawshe, who resigned because of ill health.

Durham.—The Durham and South Carolina railroad case will not be investigated as was expected, the postponement of the hearing being until some date not now determined. Illness of Superintendent R. A. Huneycutt and Agent J. M. Reams made a continuation necessary. Unjust freight distribution is the charge lodged against the road.

Raleigh.—Phillip Mills, the colored wife murderer, of Transylvania county, died in the electric chair in the state prison. The prisoner made no statement. He and his wife quarreled about the possession of their children. She ran with the baby in her arms. He struck her over the head with a gun, killing her and causing fatal injuries to the child.

Raleigh.—In custody of Chief of Police N. H. Dunlap, of Maxton, Sheriff Sharp of Wilson, and a posse of guards, Lewis West, the negro who killed Deputy Sheriff Munford and dangerously wounded Chief of Police Clover at Wilson, is locked in the penitentiary here. All doubt of the identity of the prisoner is dispelled by positive identification.

Spencer.—In keeping a state-wide movement inaugurated by the 22,600 members of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics in North Carolina, Spencer council No. 74, forwarded a petition to the general assembly at Raleigh asking that an act be passed requiring that the Bible be taught in the public schools of the state. It is demanded that the Bible be made a text book in the schools.

Asheville.—An effort will be made to allow Buncombe county to vote an issue of \$100,000 or more of bonds for the improvement of the roads in all parts of the county, according to the program outlined by the Buncombe County Good Roads association. If the county commissioners find they have not the power to call the election without authorization by the legislature, such an act will be asked to be presented.

Statesville.—C. L. Davis, a citizen of Davidson, has been placed under a \$100 bond by Justice Turner for his appearance at the next term of Iredell superior court to answer the charge of "biting off the nose of Will Allen."

Charlotte.—Rev. Dr. John L. Caldwell of Pinebluff, Ark., will fill the pulpit at the First Presbyterian church for the next two months. On the first of May, Mr. Caldwell will assume the presidency of the Presbyterian college.

Durham.—Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, has been invited to make the annual address before Trinity college and the public here February 22 and has accepted the invitation. Judge Pritchard comes under the auspices of the "9019" society, the scholarship organization of the college. The day itself is known as the civic celebration and is distinct among the large occasions at Trinity college.

Charlotte.—A total of \$1,080.56 was realized from the police court during January. Of this amount \$74.94 consisted of fines, \$562.55 was costs and a miscellaneous remittance of \$13.65 completed the total.

Shelby.—Charlotte people have bought the Patterson springs property here, embracing 100 acres of valuable land. The property was sold under a decree of court. The property is situated four miles from here, on the Southern railway, and has a hotel building on it.

Stanley.—At a very enthusiastic mass meeting a new county was launched. It will be comprised of part of Gaston and Lincoln counties.

Greensboro.—Greensboro has adopted the commission form of government, including the features of the initiative, referendum and recall by a two to one ballot.

Raleigh.—The supreme court granted licenses to practice law to thirty-five of the forty-five applicants who undertook examination when the court opened for the spring term.

Proctor's Peculiarities

By NED K. MORGAN

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"But, Nan, you love me!" Nan Hartwick shook her head obstinately. "I have a right to my career, Jimmie. Can't you wait?"

"Wait?" He looked at her yearningly. "I don't want to wait. I want to marry you and take care of you. And what career is there open to you?"

"Mr. Proctor will surely be elected mayor," she answered. "And I will go to the city hall with him. See the opportunities I will have to do good! There will be poor families to help, and hungry men to set to work, and wrongs that I can set right. This is a big city, Jimmie; I will be in a position to make life brighter for many people."

"I don't like this man Proctor," said Jimmie Marquis, frowning. "Mr. Proctor is a gentleman," returned the girl quietly, but with flashing eyes.

"Oh, he's all right—that way," Jimmie hastened to concede; "but sometimes I think the fellow's crazy. His father and two of his brothers, you know, were confined in asylums at different periods of their lives. He certainly looks queer, himself, when he gets to yelling about the 'rights of the people' and waving his arms, that long hair in his eyes—"

"If the professional politicians had given more attention to the rights of the people," interrupted Nan, tartly, "an obscure lawyer wouldn't now be on the verge of election as mayor of the biggest city of the state. They are all against him; every newspaper is hostile, even. He has no one but himself to fight his battles."

"Beg pardon, Nan; the Eagle isn't hostile to Proctor. We may poke a little fun at him, but I have my instructions to give 'the people's candidate' a square deal. And I'm doing it."

"But let Proctor take care of himself; won't you marry me, darling?" Nan answered him firmly: "Not as long as there are such opportunities before me. Can't you wait two or three years, Jimmie?"

Gloom could not long maintain an abiding place on the sunny face of Jimmie Marquis; even now, when he had never been more serious, he smiled. "Wait?" he cried. "Of course I'll wait, sweetheart! And I may not



"I Forgot the Most Important Part of My Errand."

have to; there will be no career for you unless Proctor becomes mayor. And he hasn't been elected yet."

Jimmie, political reporter on the Morning Eagle, went to Rudolph Proctor the next afternoon to get his views on the municipal ownership of certain utilities. Incidentally, he expected to pick up and embellish in his own clever fashion some of the man's peculiarities. These little stidlights were eagerly read, for the "people's candidate" was sweeping everything before him, and there was keen interest in his personality, hitherto unknown. And then, of course, he would see Nan, who was secretary and stenographer to the candidate.

The candidate had been working at a tremendous strain for several weeks, and against strong opposition. It was beginning to tell in his manner and appearance. Jimmie found the tall, angular young lawyer, with his wide, thin, orator's mouth, pacing back and forth across his private office. He was gesticulating freely and holding forth on his favorite topic, politics, to Nan. His black eyes were glistening with excitement; his hair tumbled about his forehead in confusion.

He received Marquis with a stiff dignity, but thawed when the reporter had explained his errand. With a weighty clearing of his throat, he began to expound his views, which were original, to say the least.

"Haden't you better dictate that, Mr. Proctor?" interrupted Nan. Jimmie started in astonishment. In the first place, such a suggestion was almost an aspersion on his good faith and ability as a reporter; and in the second place she spoke very different-

ly from the assured, cheerful Nan he was accustomed to see.

Jimmie looked at her curiously. Her face was almost as white as her shirt-waist, and her hands were trembling violently. There was something in her eyes that brought Jimmie half out of his chair with a question on his lips.

But the question was not asked. She shot him a look of warning and entreaty that sealed his lips. He sank back again, silent, but watchful and unsatisfied.

All this byplay had taken but a second or two. While it was being enacted Proctor glanced keenly, almost suspiciously, from one to the other. Then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he agreed.

"A very good idea, Miss Hartwick; no possibility of mistakes, then. And a good many mistakes have been made, this campaign."

The interview was soon given and transcribed. While Jimmie was still marveling at Nan's peculiar actions, Proctor read the typewritten sheets, nodding his head with satisfaction. But when he held them out to Jimmie, it was Nan who took them from his hand.

"Let me write on here what it is," she said, with a pitiful ghost of a smile.

She inserted the first sheet in the machine and clicked off a few words.

Jimmie, more mystified than ever, took the manuscript and bowed himself out; but in the general office, where three clerks were busy with campaign literature, he stopped. The last appealing look which Nan had given him impelled the reading of that sentence. And this is what it said: "P. wildly insane; revolver in pocket; says he is going to kill all of us. Please help me."

Jimmie, summoning a whistle to his stiff lips, turned back to the private office again. He longed to run, but did not dare to do so; precipitate action might result in a tragedy. He walked carelessly back, and thrust open the door without knocking. Proctor was striding up and down, talking about "the rights of the people," and those who would "crucify the people's leader." Nan, huddled in her chair, watched him fearfully.

The candidate swung on his heel sharply when Jimmie entered; but he was given no time for protest. "Oh, Mr. Proctor," he said, easily, "I forgot the most important part of my errand. The Eagle has decided to come out for you—strong. They want to 'play up' this interview, first page, and all that, and need three or four photographs of you in characteristic poses, to illustrate it. So put on your hat; there's a photograph gallery across the street."

Jimmie could see the outline of the heavy revolver in Proctor's coat pocket as he spoke. The madman made a half-motion toward the weapon; his eyes glittered dangerously. Jimmie's muscles contracted; he rose on his toes, ready to launch himself onto the other if the movement were completed.

But there was no necessity for a struggle, after all. The ruse won. Proctor smiled a smile of gratified vanity.

"Very well," he acquiesced, pompously. "I am glad the Eagle is at last to align itself fearlessly on the side of right. We can give them some very striking pictures."

He caught up his hat; Jimmie locked his arm within the madman's, steered him gently through the doorway, across the outer office and down the stairs. Proctor began a loud-voiced speech to his audience of one. Watching his chance, the reporter deftly removed the revolver from the madman's pocket.

When the patrol wagon had galloped away with its frothing, struggling prisoner, Jimmie, elbowed his way rudely through the crowd, that had collected, darted into the hallway and bounded upstairs, three steps at a time. He rushed through Proctor's outer office like a football player with a goal in sight and threw open the inner door.

Nan had slipped to the floor in a faint, but when he knelt beside her and gathered her in his arms, her eyes opened and she smiled. "He's gone?" she whispered, and reading confirmation in Jimmie's eyes, "I knew you could do it. How I prayed for you to come! All the afternoon he watched me. He wouldn't let me go near the door or the telephone. We were to be the human sacrifice to insure his election," he said. "She shuddered at the thought of the danger that had stopped so close.

Her glance wandered to the three clerks who clustered, big-eyed with astonishment, in the doorway. "Oh, Jimmie," she said, and clung to him, "take me away from here! I don't want a career. I want a home—with you!"

A Critical Period.

And it finally came to pass that the women got the suffrage.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked an innocent bystander.

"Well," explained the woman, "nothing of importance can be done without disturbing business, and of course we don't want to do that."

And thus was another crisis in the history of the world successfully averted.—Life.