

WHY THE CAMPAIGN OPENED WITH A FROST

Or a Reading by Pevely Sadders From the "Short Works of Roosevelt."

J. N. FOOTE, IN ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

"What's the matter with us sashayin' over to Kahoka, too?" suggested Pevely Sadders, as we sat dangling our legs from the end of the depot platform like fishermen on a wharf. "That's where he's makin' fer," Pevely added, indicating an individual who was negotiating with the station agent about two large trunks near by. "That's Charley Jones, and he's goin' over to Kahoka to the openin' of the Republican campaign. If you get time to stay over, we might go too, I reckon. They'll be more spaddoodle, highfalutin doin's than ever you saw. I wonder what Charley Jones is got in them trunks. Seems like that's a terrible lot o' baggage for such a short trip."

"We had not more than seated ourselves in the smoking car when Charley Jones came and offered a hand to Pevely and then to me.

"But what do you aim to do over at Kahoka to-morrow?" Pevely pursued.

He fumbled around in his coat and drew forth a volume with showy blue cloth covers. "I'm going to sell 'em some of these," he declared proudly.

The book was entitled "Brief Works of Roosevelt," and I examined it with interest. It contained extracts from a number of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, addresses and writings.

"This is how it is," explained Charley Jones. "You know this summer I didn't have nothin' to do but manage my three thrashing crews and look after movin' the machines, and I figured that I'd have a good deal of spare time on my hands to travel around and mingle with the people. So I just had this book made, and I sell it for a dollar. I just slapped together a lot of Mr. Roosevelt's things and had 'em bound up with this pretty bindin' and they go like hot cakes wherever there are any Republicans. I think that's a pretty nice little book, don't you? You can have that one with my compliments, Mr. Foote."

"Indeed it is a nice book. I'm much obliged," I said.

"An' is them trunks full of 'em?" asked Pevely.

"Full of 'em," answered Charley Jones, "and I aim to bring 'em back empty from Kahoka to-morrow. The meetin' don't commence till afternoon, and I'll have all morning to dispose of 'em."

At Kahoka we repaired to a hotel, where, after supper, I betook myself to my room with Charley Jones's book for company. Pevely and Jones were keeping company downstairs with some noisy, garrulous persons.

I calmly perused several of the President's dissertations and eventually came to one upon the cowboys of the West. Suddenly my eyes burned with interest, as I reached a descriptive passage therein. What? Could it be possible that Mr. Roosevelt uttered such things? I read the passage again and again, growing more excited each time. Yes; these were Mr. Roosevelt's own words, written for a famous magazine.

When Pevely came up to bed and I read them to him he exclaimed: "Well, I'll swow!" and grasped for breath. "Gimme eyes."

Late at night, as I was falling to sleep, Pevely was still sitting near the light, deciphering and redeciphering the passage.

In the morning the Honorable Charley Jones assumed a busy aspect. He was among the earliest of the early, and had moved his trunks to the entrance of a feed barn over on the back street, which seemed to be a rendezvous for the indviding farming population. He was energetically trying horses, helping farmers' families to alight, shaking hands and making himself known; not only about the feed barn, but everywhere about town. By 10 o'clock I am positive that Charley Jones had met every incoiner and the greater proportion of townpeople besides, and knew the politics of every man Jack of them. It was at about this hour that he opened up business, a good number of men having gathered about the barn's entrance. Before Charley Jones,

mounted on a bale of hay, had talked ten minutes the small street was a tight-packed mass of humanity. And Jones was as good a free show as heart could desire. He soon had them cheering him. He first warmed them into his confidence by discharging his quid from his capacious mouth with a grimace of dislike, and asking in a tone audible everywhere: "Have any of you fellows got any good old-fashioned home-grown tobacco about you—I'm terrible tired of this store tobacco!" A man near him produced a twist from which Jones broke a considerable fraction, and having thrust the same into his pouch-like jaw, began reciting off some decidedly humorous anecdotes. Meanwhile Pevely was standing close by observing him with a curious expression of mischief and delight which seemed almost unable to contain itself.

Finally Jones came to the point: "Friends, I'm not going to be backward about coming forward. My object is to have you look at this little book which I am selling for a dollar—you don't have to buy it if you don't want it, but I believe that every good, honest Republican among you will want one when I tell you that every word in it is the word of your peerless President, that great patriot and lover of mankind, Theodore Roosevelt. Friends, the name of this little book is 'Brief Works of Roosevelt.' Look at it. It is not a large, heavy and expensive volume. It is like Mr. Roosevelt himself, brief and to the point. But, big or little, costly or cheap, it has got more truth in it, more genuine wisdom, more good sound, practical, ordinary, everyday, plain horse sense in it than any book you ever owned in your lives or ever will own."

"Friends, I'm a farmer like you are—most of us—and I've thrashed more grain this year than any dozen of you put together. And while I've been thrashin' I've been circulatin' this little book around among my friends; and I want to say to you that this book, above everything else, is the book for the farmer—for the man who has made this great nation: This book is for you and especially if you are a Republican farmer here in Missouri, where you do not find in political conditions that sympathy which you crave. You will find it in this little book, friends—the sympathy of your President. He is a man of mind; but you must know, you must feel, that above all other things, he is a man of large heart. In this book you will get intimately acquainted with him, and he will get closer to you. You will come into contact with that large enveloping sympathy which it is your right and your satisfaction to receive from this great man of the plain people, upon whom the mantle of Abraham Lincoln has fallen so fittingly and well. Take Theodore Roosevelt and let him be your friend, your neighbor, your sympathizer and adviser. Receive his wisdom and his friendship for yourselves, gentlemen, for yourselves." The cheering which arose came direct from the heart. Jones had touched his hearers—and was prepared to touch them farther. They crowded eagerly about his open trunks, and the supply of little blue volumes melted rapidly while a stream of dollars poured its way into the vender's pocket. Charley Jones the while kept up a rapid fire of good-natured exhortation, and it was not long until the very last one of the "Brief Works of Roosevelt"—in all several hundred—had been sold.

Suddenly, with the sale of the last one, Pevely Sadders was seen to rise above the level of the crowd, mounting a horse block next the gutter and his voice with its peculiarly seductive and plaintive quality, due to the nasal twang, attracted the instant attention of the crowd.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I wouldn't of stopped my friend Charley Jones's business fer anythin' in the world' and I jest nat'ally grieves me to the very soul to th'ow any cold water on this here love feast o' your'n and his'n, but you all look like tol'able sensible men to me, and you look like you got some

pride about you, too. I notice that most of you has bought these here 'Short Works of Roosevelt,' and I jest want to git every one of you that's got one to hold it up in his hand so I kin see him, because I want to give all of you that's got 'em a little p'inter."

Over the heads of the crowd the little blue volumes showed everywhere. "What in thunder are you up to?" demanded Charley Jones, somewhat alarmed and half-angered at Pevely.

"I ain't meanin' no harm," Pevely replied in tones of ineffable innocence. All I want is to show 'em how their great candidate of the people loves and respects 'em. It's in the book and they kin see fer theirsel' how much he thinks of 'em."

"Now, you all that's got these here books, I want to ask how many of you is mechanics and workmen here in the city of Kahoka? Will you kin'ly raise yere han's?"

Forty or fifty of the hands went up. "And how many of you," Pevely continued, "is farmers that tills the soil and as my friend says, has made this nation great? Will all the farmers raise their hands?"

Not less than 300 hands shot upward.

"Now, gentlemen," pursued Pevely, opening the blue volume which he held in his hands, and which I had left him perusing the night before. "I'll jest ask you to turn over to page 153 and find out how you all stand with yore candidate. You that is mechanics and workmen in the city kin find out just how much he prizes you. You will see on page 153 that he takes and compares you all and compares the cow punchers with each other. Now I set up about half the night readin' this over and over, and I ain't much on reading, but if you'll bear with me, as the preacher says, fer a minute, I'll try an' read it to you the best I know how. Now here's what he says about them there cow punchers—he says:—and Pevely read slowly and in the most labored way as follows:

"When drunk off the villainous whisky of the frontier towns, they cut mad antics ridin' their horses into the saloons, firin' their pistols right and left, from boisterous light-heartedness rather than from any viciousness, and indulgin' too often in deadly shootin' affrays, brought on either by the accidental contact of the moment on account of some long standing grudge, or perhaps because of bad blood between two localities; but except while on these spree they air quiet, rather self contained men, perfectly frank and simple, and on their own ground treat a stranger with the most wholesome hospitality, doing all in their power fer him and scornin' to take any reward in return. Although prompt to resent an injury, they are not at all apt to be rude to outsiders, treatin' them with what kin almost be called a grave courtesy." Pevely paused for a moment and remarked: "Now that their is about Mister Roosevelt says a word them cow punchers, and I would take it that they's a tollable tough crowd, wouldn't you? I don't reckon any of you all want to sociate with fellers that ride into town emptyin' both revolvers into the bodies of peaceable, law-abidin' citizens, an' committin' murders jest fer fun and ridin' into barrooms and soakin' full o' villainous whisky to go out and shed more blood—would you think them good enough sociates fer you?"

"Well," said Pevely, bending over the blue book once more, "I'll go right on where I left off and read you what he says comparin' them wild, ragin', shootin' ruffians with peaceable mechanics and workmen of the cities and farmers of the country. He seems to think a whole lot more o' them fellers than he does of you all. Here's what he says: He says: "They air much better fellers and pleasanter companions than small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor air the mechanics and workmen of a great city to be mentioned in the same breath."

Pevely looked at the crowd expectantly. "What do you all think o' that?" he demanded. "They air much better fellers and pleasanter companions than small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor air the mechanics and workmen of a great city to be mentioned in the same breath. Well, well, I reckon he ain't got much use fer you all!"

"Look to yore right towards the broad sweepin' praries of Illinois," tilted by you all that has made this great land; look to the great fiel's of Ioway above you and see how you all have made the prosperity of that their land; look to the West th'ough Kansas and see how you have labored and sweat out their to make it great, and yes, by thunder, you farmers has made every State in the ol' Union an' made the Republican and Democratic parties th'owed in. And you mechanics and workmen of the city, of this great city of Kahoka, the county seat o' Clark County, and New York, and Chicago and ol' St. Louis and K. C. and everywhere—look and see what you have done—you have made the cities great while the farmer was buildin' up the country—and what does Mr. Roosevelt have to say of you all. He says he thinks you all ain't fit fer his society; that you ain't as good as them murderin', shootin' rough riders that he takes to his bosom. Them cow punchers is enough fer him, but you ain't as good as them. You ain't good company. You ain't good fellers like they air. Yore hospitality ain't worth nothin', by the side of their rootin' tootin' wild hurrays and yore candidate says so. You know it ain't so, but that's what he says. He looks down on you all, but he says them cow punchers is the finest people in the world. Read the Short Works of Roosevelt ag'in. "They air much better fellers and pleasanter companions than small farmers."

But Pevely Sadders got no further. A wild yell broke from his audience. A dozen of the little blue volumes were thrown high in the air. The concentrated gloomy anger which had gradually accumulated during his speech vented itself now in fury. Somebody yelled, "Where's that fellow Jones that sold 'em to us?" and an excited rash made over to the spot where Jones had stood. But the wily Honorable Charley Jones had disappeared long ago. "Let's burn 'em!" cried a voice, and immediately the cry was taken up. "Burn 'em! Burn 'em!" In less time than it takes to tell it the hundreds of blue volumes were piled high in the street and a man ran into a near store, returning with a can of kerosene, which he emptied upon the pile. Another patriot supplied the match, and soon the crowd fell back, leaving a wide space about a fire which shot upwards in bright red and a volume of blackest smudge—and, I may add, the most insufferable stench, due doubtless to the chemicals in that gaudy blue covering.

A good many of the farmers, after the conflagration had burned down to a black heap, returned forthwith to their homes in Clark county; but some of them stayed for the great Republican rally in the afternoon. They were a down-hearted lot. The atmosphere in the park where the meeting was held seemed to bear the temperature of the severe frost.

The disastrous business of the morning had disaffected and sickened the people's hearts and no amount of afternoon fireworks could warm them.

Subscribe to THE GAZETTE.

The Bank of Mount Airy was granted a charter Tuesday. The capital stock is \$25,000. M. J. Byerly is the principal incorporator.

A Wall.

Richmond News-Leader. Evidence that cotton manufacturing in New England is doomed, and that before long the South will have practically a monopoly of the cotton manufacturing industry, has been accumulating for a long time, but it has been left for Providence (R. I.) Board of Trade Journal to clinch the evidence.

In a late issue the Journal breaks forth in a most significant appeal to the banking interests, capitalists and people of New England to come to the relief of the situation down there, by advancing money enough to modernize the New England plants. A short while back, comparatively speaking, when the idea of the South's competing with New England in cotton goods was first broached, it provoked a derisive smile from the down East mill magnates. Now the Journal voices a wall of desperation from them. So earnest and so impressed with the seriousness of conditions is our contemporary that at times it falls little short of being frantic and hysterical. After berating those in its section interested in the industry for "sitting supinely down and bemoaning fate," the Journal says: "If our people, our bankers and every man interested in prosperity of New England will awaken to our danger, we can take on a new lease of life."

Then our contemporary says that every New England mill must be re-equipped with modern up-to-date machinery, that owners of plants must send to the scrap heap every boiler and loom that is not producing the highest results, and that, if necessary, stock holders must forego dividends for a while.

As the Journal sees it, that is the only way to stop the southward trend of cotton manufacturing capital and prevent the industry from following the course of the New England iron and other manufacturing enterprises which have deserted that part of the country.

The Journal's article is tantamount to a confession to that, if New England is to compete with the South in this matter, she will virtually have to upbuild her cotton manufacturing industry anew. And meantime, even if its appeal is responded to, what will the South be doing? Erecting new mills and supplementing her invasion of the world's markets for the coarser grades of goods with an invasion of them with the finer grades. What with the raw material right at her doors, longer hours of labor and more tractable labor it would appear that the South must continue to have lead which in no event New England will be able to overtake. The desperate hope of the Journal none the less, the clock has struck for the New England mills.

Her Instructions to the Dentist.

Topeka Capital. A Kansas woman wanted a set of false teeth, and wrote to a Topeka dentist thus: "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths thru the jaw. Some hummocky on the age, shaped somethin' like a boss shoe, toe forward. If you want me to be more particular, I'll have to come up thar."

Col. W. E. Holt was yesterday elected President of the Commercial National Bank at Charlotte to succeed the late Mr. J. S. Spencer.

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Royal Baking Powder helps the house wife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

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Principal with his family and two teachers will live in the splendid new building and board the girls who will have nice rooms in the same building.

There will be convenient boarding places for the boys in good families. Boys may club together and board very cheap. Board will run from five to seven dollars per month.

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830-10

J. J. PAYSEUR.

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COME ONE! COME ALL!

We have a nice lot of RUBBER TIRE BUGGIES on hand. Any one wishing to purchase one will do well to call and see what we have and get our prices and terms. We will be glad to show you what we have and will use our best efforts to satisfy you in quality and style. We have in stock new vehicles, prices ranging from \$25 to \$117.50. Come in and get A BRAND NEW BUGGY.

We are again ready to supply you with mules and horses, having only a few days ago received a car load of stock from Tennessee. These stock were selected by our old buyer Mr. Geo. A. Anderson and among them you will find some extra nice pairs of mules and a few good horses to suit almost any one wishing a good animal. Call and see our stock before buying elsewhere, and oblige.

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