The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

SOVEREIGN STATES AS TRADING CORPORATIONS.

Some questions in government, life and religion are eternal. Knowledge may increase and methods of life may widely alter, but the old problems will recur in newer form. The recurrent problem of America is the relationship between the States and the government, and no amount of legislation or experience will eliminate this problem entirely. We are led to refer to this question again by reason of the comments which the Lynchburg News and the Danville Register have made upon an article recently appearing in The Times-Dispatch. This article deplored the action of the Governor of South Carolina in ordering his subordinates to disobey the injunction issued by Judge Pritchard, of the Federal court. The Times-Dispatch said that such disobedience interfered with the orderly administration of justice, and added a further comment that we rejoiced that Governor Swanson had not been led into the same spectacular appeal to injudicious praise that characterized Governor Glenn's refusal to obey the Federal injunction in the rate cases.

To both the Lynchburg News and the Danville Register these opinions of The Times-Dispatch seemed unwarrantably Federalistic. The News especially pours out her flowing periods on the sovereignty of States and the horrors of Federal interference. With all this The Times-Dispatch is in hearty accord as an academic problem. No paper believes more earnestly and has taught more consistently the need of protecting States' rights than The Times-Dispatch, and, so far as the theory is concerned, this paper is in full sympathy with its Danville and Lynchburg critics; but those estimable contemporaries are baying along a trail that has lain cold these seventy years.

When the Constitution was adopted the States were in their own opinion sovereign entities, but when Chief Justice Marshall finished his construction of that incomparable instrument, the States found themselves subordinate parts of a unified whole. We may bemoan this fact; we may prefer the earlier days—look back with longing eyes to a sovereignty that has gone; but neither our lamentations nor our retrospections will restore the vanished past.

The best hope which this country has to prevent further extension of Federal power is to elect to the White House and to the Capitol a President and Congress who believe in Democratic principles of local self-government; for when once this country falls under the domination of a political party that believes in centralization, the spasmodic objections of the individual States become of no avail. So far as the South Carolina case is concerned, there appears to be good sense as well as an unbroken series of decisions in support of the position which the Federal courts have taken. Briefly, the law is this: that when a State goes into trade, it abandons its rights and prerogatives as a sovereign government, and puts itself voluntarily under the same rules and regulations as those which control the conduct of individual citizens.

A notable case in point is the Bank of the United States vs. the Planters' Bank of Georgia, which was decided by Chief Justice Marshall in 1824. The facts of the case were that a suit was brought on some of the notes issued by the Planters' Bank of the State of Georgia in a United States Circuit Court, to which the Georgia bank plead that, as the State of Georgia was an incorporator, it was a party defendant, and as such was free from suit in a United States court under the eleventh amendment of the Constitution, to which Chief Justice Marshall replied:

"It is, we think, a sound principle that when a government becomes a partner in any trading company, it divests itself, so far as concerns the transactions of that company, of its sovereign character, and takes that of a private citizen. Instead of communicating to the company its privileges and its prerogatives, it descends to a level with those with whom it associates itself, and takes the character which belongs to its associates and to the business which is to be transacted."

A case of very much the same character came to the United States Supreme Court in 1853, resulting from the failure of the Bank of Arkansas, which had been chartered by the State of Arkansas, and of which the State was the sole incorporator and stockholder. In delivering the opinion of the court, Justice Curtis said:

"That a State, by becoming interested with others in a banking corporation, or by owning all the capital stock, does not impart to that corporation any of its privileges or prerogatives, that it lays down its sovereignty, so far as respects the transactions of the corporation, and exercises no power or privilege in respect to these transactions not derived from the charter, has been repeatedly affirmed by this court, in the Bank of the United States vs. the Planters' Bank, 9 Wheat. 904 etc. And our opinion is that the fact that the capital stock of this corporation came from the State which was solely interested in the profits of the business does not affect the complainant's right, as a creditor, to be paid out of its property, a right which, as we have seen, follows the fund into the hands of every person, save a bona fide creditor or purchaser, and which a court of equity is bound to enforce by its decree against any party except such a creditor or purchaser capable by law of being brought within its jurisdiction."

These principles are not Federalistic—they are common sense and established law. The example of South Carolina's dismal failure in the dispensary and the consequent legislation over the funds is a modern instance of the fact that the State trading as a private citizen "lays aside its sovereignty," voluntarily if you will, but effectually.

EMERGENCY ACTS OF LEGISLATURE.

Of the large number of laws enacted by the Legislature at the present session, very few are fully known to the general public, or even to the legal profession. In fact, it is admitted that only a small proportion of the members of the General Assembly have any accurate and comprehensive notion of the laws which they have passed, and will not have until the acts are published in book form and distributed. This will not occur, in all probability, for several months. In the meantime advance sheets of the acts are being sent by the Superintendent of Public Printing to the State officers, judges, clerks and attorneys for the Commonwealth, as well as to the members of the General Assembly.

It is estimated that at least one-fourth of these measures were declared to be emergency acts, and go into effect as soon as they receive the Governor's signature. They therefore become effective, and affect large classes of citizens, as well as important interests, before they even come into the hands of the Superintendent of Public Printing, and some time before that official, by the utmost diligence, could distribute them in printed form. The result is that, in many cases, days elapse before even the officials entitled to receive advance sheets can possibly know what the law is. The other people of the State cannot know for months the essential changes which have been made in the laws by which they must regulate their conduct and their business.

The Constitutional Convention sought to avoid this hardship by providing that no law should become operative until ninety days after the adjournment of the Legislature which enacted it, but that, in case of an emergency, to be stated in the act, the law should become operative from its passage, which means when it receives the signature of the Governor or takes effect without his signature, either by lapse of time or by its passage over his veto. It was supposed for a while that the emergency must be real, and that the facts which constituted it must be set forth in the act. The courts, however, decided that the Legislature was the judge of whether an emergency existed or not, and its statement to that effect was conclusive. The result has been that these emergency acts have multiplied session by session, until a large proportion of the laws now go into effect upon their passage. The inconvenience, misunderstanding and confusion which must result from this state of affairs are deplorable.

The Times-Dispatch feels that it can render the State no greater service than by giving them, from day to day, a synopsis or analysis of the laws passed by the present session of the General Assembly. To-morrow we shall begin this work, and push it along as rapidly as practicable, giving preference, as far as possible, to emergency acts.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS ADVISER OF THE COURTS.

The Lynchburg News is conservative in characterizing as a "remarkable usurpation" the President's open and reckless intrusion into the case of Dr. Robert N. Harper. Dr. Harper is president of the Washington Chamber of Commerce, a manufacturer of long standing, and a citizen of excellent repute. He was found guilty the other day of violating one of the provisions of the pure food law. While sentence was pending, Mr. Roosevelt sent for the public prosecutor who had conducted the case for the government, urged him to "make an example of" Dr. Harper, and especially commanded him to strive for a jail sentence.

"What did Mr. Roosevelt have to do with it?" says the Lynchburg News, with point:

"This action having received the widest publicity, represents the deliberate obtrusion of the powerful influence of the President into the very presence and proceedings of a court of justice. The judge is thus made acquainted with the Executive's wishes. He holds title by virtue of that Executive's appointment. He sits within the very shadow of the President's home. Can anything more scandalously contrary to the spirit of the Constitution be conceived of?"

To District Attorney Baker President Roosevelt ascribed his unseemly anxiety to jail Dr. Harper to the fact that this was the first conviction under the pure food law. He thundered out his wish to "show the people of the country" that this law was going to protect them. The interest which great statesmen feel in the people of the country ever grew more intense as the hour for the trying-out at the polls drew near. There was a time, it seemed, when the President placed something else above this noble rage to assure the people, at all costs, that their laws protected them. When the rebate investigations were under way, at a time when presidential year was still remote, one of the first persons whom the probe struck, and pinned, was Hon. Paul Morton, the President's friend and member of his Cabinet. No person not blinded by partisanship has forgotten how swiftly the investigation was deflected and the special attorneys ordered off the trail. But circumstances, as every fool knows, alter cases. Basic principles of government are nothing when the people need to be shown and the victim is without the helpful pull that comes from personal predilection.

As the correspondent of a Washington paper, whose letter the News quotes in full, somewhat grimly observes: "Dr. Harper happens to be a Virginia Democrat, and no kin to Paul Morton."

THE LONDON TIMES.

For a century and a quarter the London Times has been the greatest paper in the world, not because it printed the most scandal and had the largest circulation, or made the most money, but by always striving to give the people of England accurate information and impartial judgments. This practice made the Times more than a newspaper in a narrow sense and developed it into an institution. Through a long process of evolution, and perhaps unconsciously, the Times has taken to itself a judicial position which is not equaled and but in slight measure attempted by any of its contemporaries.

The importance of judicial journalism is apparent, but no important place is filled by the partisan journals, which, like advocates, see only one side of the case, which they urge by every means at their disposal. Such journals are often yellow, and are frequently and justly charged with being unfair to any side but their own. From the winnowing process, however, and from searching investigation made by opposing partisan papers, there is nearly always secured some fact of definite truth. It has been the function of the London Times to rescue these facts and to point them out to the English public. There is no lack to-day of papers with wide circulation in England or America. There is great lack of unbiased fairness and judicial integrity in summing up the evidence and arguments produced by opposing factions. England and the world could ill spare the loss of position and change of character which must have come to the Times had it fallen under the sway of Mr. Arthur Pearson, whose extraordinary success as a publisher of light, readable journals has never marked him as the presiding justice in the court of last resort in newspaper matters in England.

MODERN FARMING.

Modern Farming comes out with a striking and attractive initial number. The cover, which is lithographed in color, gives an excellent picture of General Miles, the celebrated Kentucky saddle stallion. For that matter, the whole number is given to the interests of horses and horsemen. As The Times-Dispatch has repeatedly declared, Virginia has an inexhaustible source of wealth in its horses. The hunters bred in this State are the best in America, and Modern Farming is to be congratulated on securing an article from Charles G. Herring, of Harrisonburg, on the work and aims of the Virginia Hunter's Improvement Society.

Not only for those who follow the the hounds does Modern Farming have interest. The percheron, the farm horse, the mule and general live stock all come in for full consideration.

The staff of this magazine will include competent and accomplished writers on all topics touching farming, tobacco and breeding interests. The business management will be directed by John C. Hagan, president; J. M. Bell, editor, and C. M. Bowers, business manager. Modern Farming is a credit to Virginia, and will play an important part in the upbuilding and development of the agricultural resources of the South.

It appears that correspondents of the Columbia State are quarreling over the rival merits of "differ from" and "differ with." When they reach an understanding there, they might go on and make a few passes at our old friend "different than."

Taft and Hughes were both guests at the Friendly Sons' banquet in New York on St. Patrick's night. The two gentlemen shook cordially, and kept their booms sheathed throughout.

It is interesting to reflect that the whole course of recent history might have been different had not Fate thought it wise to endow Mr. Roosevelt with a larynx of rare muscularity.

Four hundred and ninety-one delegates for him will give a man the nomination at the Chicago convention. Things will begin to look hopeful for Mr. Knox the minute he has added that number to what he now has.

An Irish correspondent who was just beginning to recover late last night informs us that shamrock-and-rye is the greatest cure for grip iver. Interested readers are cautioned not to forget the sham.

Time alone can show. The Duke of Abruzzi is going to marry Miss Katherine Elkins, or he is not going to, or both. That was the score when we went to press this morning.

The next great national date on the calendar is the First of All Fools' Day. Congress appears to be getting ready to celebrate it with a little joker in the currency bill.

The House vote on restoring the coin-motto was 259 to 5. Thus does one of My Policies calmly receive the quietus.

Is the annual special-by-telegraph story of the slaughter of the Georgia peach crop still another of those near-delights which prohibition has cost us?

Some maintain that the Aldrich bill is going to be all right when the Senate gets through cutting out the Aldrich part of it.

Virginians whose business happens to call them to Kentucky are always careful to see that they have not placed their armor-belt too low.

One thing, certainly, is to be said for the Mothers' Congress. They never ask leave to extend their remarks in the Record.

As far as that goes, what is the masculine of Hello de Sagan?

What would you say to a Mother-in-Law's Congress, Mr. President?

Rhymes for To-Day

THE CRAZE.

She rollerskated greatly—'twas
the chief of her delights:
She rollerskated mornings and she
rollerskated nights.
She always rollerskated when the sky
was fair, you bet,
And, too, she rollerskated when the
day was damp and wet.

She rollerskated up the street, she
rollerskated down:
In fact she rollerskated all around
the blooming town.
Where'er the patent pavement led,
she'd rollerskate, and then,
She'd rollerskate herself around and
skate it o'er again.

She rollerskated on her calls, she
ditioed to the shops,
She even rollerskated past the bristling,
angry cops.
She rollerskated friends away, she
rollerskated me,
She rollerskated till her ma has got
insanitee.

And I've no doubt that on a day, the
marriage contract signed,
She'll rollerskate adown the aisle, her
bride's-veil pinned behind;
And later on, when it's her time to see
the pearly gates,
I'll bet she'll whisk up to them on a
pair of rollerskates.

H. S. H.

STABS FROM THE PARAGRAPHERS.

"It would be interesting to hear what he would say to a congress of bachelors and spinsters," says the Pittsburg Press. He would have to say it by 'phone. No such congress would dare bunch up in his neighborhood.—Washington Herald.

"Enter the peek-a-boo waist," says the Montgomery Advertiser. Oh, tell that to the mosquitoes.—New York Mail.

* * *

When you write to a friend whom you have neglected for several months, it is a good idea to begin: "I am getting tired of waiting for you to answer my last letter, and now I am going to write to you."—Boston Globe.

* * *

"My policies!" My candidate!" "My people!" "My fleet!" My gracious!—New York World.

* * *

An English poet has written an epic with Chicago as his inspiration. Naturally the epic is pretty bum.—Atlanta Georgian.

* * *

"Who hastes to a good bargain seal?" queries the Baltimore American's industrious poet, who is pushing the Washington Herald for first place in the Infinitive Splitters' Union.—New York Mail.

Voice of the People.

The Times-Dispatch will print signed letters on all questions which relate to the public welfare. Such articles should not exceed in length 150 words, except under exceptional circumstances, should be signed with the full name of the writer, and should bear his or her address. The name of the writer will be withheld if desired.

Lynchburg's Denial.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your issue of the 16th of March, page 8, column 7, headed "Much Feeling in Rate Fight," there appeared an article which in fact and by inference places this board and the mercantile community of Lynchburg in a wrong light before the public, and as the whole story is built upon a false premise, we assume you will most cheerfully publish this letter as a refutation.

The story as you published it tells of countermands of orders placed in Virginia by North Carolina merchants and resolutions of condemnation passed by North Carolina commercial organizations in retaliation for the action taken by certain Virginia cities in opposing their efforts to secure lower freight rates, and then states that "following this evidence of disapproval, the Lynchburg Board of Trade has formally announced that it will take no further part in the suit, etc." Then follows: "The original protest was due to the fact that Lynchburg and Roanoke enjoyed a cheaper rate than Winston-Salem and Durham. Other Virginia cities, through their commercial bodies, asked leave of the Interstate Commerce Commission to submit briefs setting forth the Virginia end of the controversy, the idea being to give moral support to Lynchburg and Roanoke."

The effect of the foregoing is to put Lynchburg in the position of having sought assistance from the "other Virginia cities" and of leaving them with the bag to hold as soon as the shoe pinched.

In point of fact the Board of Trade of the city of Lynchburg has not affiliated with any movement of the Virginia cities to contest the contention of the North Carolina cities for a lower rate of freight, and our neutrality has been recognized by the other Virginia cities from the start. Lynchburg has had nothing whatever to do with the matter from its inception; has attended none of the meetings that put the oppositon on foot, and this being the case, susceptible of substantiation by proof which we can produce, any utterance printed or spoken, having for its object or producing the effect of placing us in the role of withdrawing from a controversy of our own making and to which he had induced "the other Virginia cities" to become parties to help us out of a difficulty, or, in other words, turning traitor on our friends, who in response to our call for help hnd come to our assistance, is manifestly unwarranted, unfair and unjust.

It has been the policy of this board to refrain from publication of our action in dealing with this matter from time to time for the sole and only purpose of avoiding the appearance of trying to capitalize our position as a non-participant to the prejudice of those "other Virginia cities." This policy would have been maintained but for the publication of the article above referred to in The Times-Dispatch of the 16th inst. The only construction to which the words printed therein is susceptible is so patently unfair and unjust, in view of our true position, that we are absolved from further silence, and a decent amount of self-respect impels us to state the case fairly, that the public may be truly advised as to the facts.

Respectfully submitted,

BOARD OF TRADE OF THE CITY OF LYNCHBURG.

By John A. Faulkner, Secretary.

Lynchburg, Va., March 18, 1908.

From Bill Skillit—A Forgery?

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have been absent from home for several weeks and have not been able to get your paper every day. My attention has just been called to an inquiry published in The Times-Dispatch by a gentleman in a Western State asking for 100,000 skunk skins, and suggesting that I might go out some night and catch the required number. I thank you for your reply in my behalf, but you overlooked the interesting fact that according to the census of 1900 there were only five skunks in Virginia, and one of these was in a private park and the other four in the Dismal Swamp.

It is a known fact that one of these has since died, and all of them may be dead, as this animal has never thrived in Virginia. To fill this order I would have to go to the cities of Chicago, New York, or Washington, or the States of South Carolina, Georgia, or Texas, and it is a known fact that I cannot be induced to go out of Virginia.

I am very busy buying hogs for my farms that I may fill the orders for sausage which come to me from the Southern States. I have bought and shipped home 19,000 hogs and need 6,000 more.

BILL SKILLETT, SR.

Lynchburg, March 16, 1908.

Arlington Monument Association.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—As director of the Arlington Monument Association for the State of Virginia, I find it necessary, in so extensive a field of work, to make plain the proposed plan for those who are interested and will work for it. I have a committee of five efficient, intelligent women, well versed in the history of our cause, with warm hearts and ready hands, only too glad to help mark the sacred spot, far from home, where our heroes and veterans lie buried.

We hope the many chapters will gladden the members of our committee by their efficient work. Each member of the committee will have twenty-two chapters in which to work. I have sent to 110 active chapters in the State a special letter, with an appeal to them, as Confederate Daughters of Virginia, to be as they have always been, patriotic, brave and faithful.

The names of the committee of Arlington Monument Association appointed from the State of Virginia are: Norfolk, Mrs. James Y. Leigh; Lynchburg, Mrs. Lizzie Christian; Bedford City, Mrs. Samuel Griffin; Amelia Courthouse, Thomas R. Hardaway; Manchester, Mrs. J. M. Gregory; Mrs. Thos. S. Bocock, director.

MRS. THOS. S. BOCOCK,
Union Theological Seminary.

Springitis.

When the sun is on the mountain,
An' the greens are in the pot;
When the frisky herrin's fryin',
An' the co'npone's smokin' hot;
An' the chickens are a-layin'
Every day along 'bout noon,
An' the frogs along 'bout sundown
Are a-startin' up a tune;
An' the birds are all a-hoppin'
An' a-hummin' of a song,
An' the streams are all a-leapin'
An' a-laffin' right along;
An' the bees are all a-buzzin'
In the clover fields afar,
An' the pines are all a-sobbin'
Out their music on the air;
O, but that's the time a feller
Ain't a-feelin' at his best
When awakened in the mornin'
From a night of restless rest;
Has a ling'rin' kind o' notion
He is maybe 'bout half dead,
An' he knows quite well he'd rather
Not get up, but lay in bed;
An' he can't tell what's his ailin',
Feelin' like he'd struck a snag,
An' his eyes a-runnin' water
Like you's wringin' out a rag;
An' the bones keep up an achin',
An' the body feels like lead,
Fearin' every blessed minit
There's a warrant for your head;
An' you're sure you is backslidin',
An' your wife has got a beau
She's a-lovin' little better
Than she ever loved you;
An' to think the pesky poet
Is a-grinnin' out a rhyme,
Jes' when every other feller
Is a-grumblin' at springtime.

D. H. KENNEY.

Richmond, Va.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

For that tired feeling so characteristics of the approach of Spring, there is nothing so good as a few doses of the Bitters. It also cures Colds, Grippe, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Thomas B. Reed Couldn't Understand It.

In 1902 he wrote, "How" it "can be the subject of discussion and debate in this country at this time passes all understanding." Perhaps he meant *his* understanding. It passes some people's understanding why it hasn't been discussed *more*. It forms the leading article in this week's issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and is called "The Undiscussed Issue."

Are you reading Senator William M. Stewart's reminiscences? He tells, in this week's issue, of some conversations he had with President Grant regarding the Fifteenth Amendment. He also discloses a trick he played on the road-agents in Nevada. Says he, "After that they gave it up, and while we were loading five of the silver cannon-balls on an immense freight wagon they sat around disconsolate and solemn."

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Born forty-eight years ago to-day, when the politics of the country had reached that high and excited stage which culminated in the greatest war of the ages, little wonder is it that William Jennings Bryan has taken to politics as a duck takes to water. The times undoubtedly left their imprint upon the child. Whether he ever reaches the goal to which his ambition leads him or not, Mr. Bryan stands before the country as one of its really remarkable men. Twice he has gone down to defeat on a battleground of his own choosing, the second time worse than the first, and yet he commands the loyal support of the rank and file of his party in a way that is comparable only to the loyalty which the triumphant Roosevelt commands from his followers.

Nothing holds men in political bonds so well as the "cohesive power of public patronage," and usually men leave a defeated leader. But in spite of his lack of those things which are usually necessary to a leader for holding men together, Mr. Bryan has as firm a hold on his followers as he ever had. the secret of it all is his personality. As Roosevelt is the ideal leader of the masses of his own party, so Mr. Bryan is the "Peerless One" to the great body of the Democracy. It is perhaps not telling tales out of school to say that both of them are disliked to-day by the politicians of their respective parties.

A single speech lifted Mr. Bryan into the limelight of country-wide fame. It gave him the presidential nomination and laid the foundation for one of the most remarkable political careers the country has ever seen. Never but once before has a single speech landed a presidential nomination. That one, however, won more. It won the presidency itself. It was when the Republican convention was deadlocked between James G. Blaine and John Sherman. Ballot after ballot had been cast without a choice. Then a teacher-preacher-lawyer made a speech. It was an old-fashioned call to arms, and the man who made it—James A. Garfield—was in short order the nominee of his party. The speech of Mr. Bryan was not argumentative. Even his partisans concede that. David B. Hill had made a speech for the gold standard, and it was bristling with arguments. But Mr. Bryan ignored them all. Instead he delivered a speech of assertions rather than of supported arguments. It had the ring of oratory about it, and was just suited to the mood of the convention. And the man whose presidential boom had only a day before been laughed at had talked himself into the nomination. David B. Hill said of that convention that it was the most emotional political body he had ever seen.

Some one recently told Mr. Bryan that he was the only man in this country who could make money honestly out of politics. The statement is about true. Before he was nominated the first time he had but a modest income. To-day he makes enough to make him a man of independent means. His "First Battle," which, by the way, is the most marked-up book in the Library of Congress at Washington, made him a good deal of money. Estimates vary as to what he makes out of his Commoner, but conservative men place it at at least $50,000 a year. He is the greatest drawing card on the lecture platform to-day, and that nets him perhaps as much. Then he has printed several other books, among them a summed-up and boiled-down work which he calls "The Commoner Condensed." These probably bring him in a good living in themselves.

His Commoner has been a political asset to him. A constantly published appeal to precinct workers to send him data about the individual voters at each precinct has brought results, and he now has a card index system which puts him in touch with a large percentage of the voters of his own party. He maintains a press bureau in Washington, another in New York, and heads one himself in Lincoln.

Mr. Bryan is a man of intense religious convictions. He is the son of Silas Lillard Bryan, who prayed three times a day, no matter what was on hand to engross his attention. It is said that as judge he was known to adjourn court until he could have his noontide prayer. Silas Bryan was born in Culpeper county, Va., and as might be expected from that fact, he was a Baptist. How William came to be a Presbyterian, does not seem to have been told by any of his biographers. It is said that the father, who was something of a politician, and was once a Democratic candidate for Congress, upon one occasion placed William on a table at the age of twelve to make a speech before a political convention. At first the audience laughed, but later applauded, when they saw that he had in him the real germ of an orator.

Mrs. Bryan, in a sketch she wrote of him, says that the pockets of his first trousers were always filled with bread—that he was a child with a relentless appetite. She says that his only adventures were those of rabbit hunting, and that these are the only tales of boyhood exploits that he has to tell his children. Mrs. Bryan further says that his smile is not so expansive as it used to be; that the rounded cheeks keep it from spreading so far as it once did. She recalls hearing a man say during the 1896 campaign, that "that man could whisper in his own ear," but this she loyally put down as an exaggeration. When Mr. Bryan assumed the titular editorship of the World-Herald, a country editor predicted that he would not be much of a success, since he could not smile on paper.

Mr. Bryan is a lawyer. According to the Green Bag, Washington, William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Johnson were the only Presidents who were not lawyers, though it might be well to add Grant to that list. The first case which Mr. Bryan got was at Jacksonville, Ill. It was before a justice of the peace for the collection of an assumpsit debt of $44, with a ratio of cost and interest to his fee of about sixteen to one. His first case in Lincoln, Neb., was during the holidays in 1887. He was very successful in damage suits against railroads and other cases where sympathy was a factor. An early case at Lincoln was a divorce suit, which has become rather famous for the big alimony he secured for his client, Mrs. Mattie Herick. One of his favorite legal maxims has been that "law that shocks equity is reason's murder."

As Mr. Bryan is a leader in the movement to reform political campaigns, it is interesting to note what he considers the legitimate expenses of a political campaign. In discussing his defeat in 1896, he says that the Republicans were better off in funds for the legitimate expenses of the fight. These, he sums up as the expenses for the circulation of literature, the traveling expenses of speakers, the securing of preliminary polls, and the getting of the vote registered and polled.

Mr. Bryan can illustrate a point about as well as the next man. In describing a hide-bound partisan, he says he is the sort of man who, when asked if he would vote the Democratic ticket, replied: "No, a thousand times, no. Why, I would rather go to sea in a boat of stone, with sails of iron, oars of lead, the wrath of God for a gale, and hell for my port."

In Congress Mr. Bryan was rather a remarkable figure. He broke a long precedent by getting on the Ways and Means Committee during his first term in the House. He was watchful and careful of the interests of his constituents, and, it is said, that he got more pensions for the old soldiers of his district than all of his predecessors together.

In everything that pertained to the tariff and money, Mr. Bryan could be relied on to be in the midst of the fight. One of his strongest efforts, outside of the political fights he was in, was to provide a base for the monument to General William T. Sherman, which stands at the south front of the Treasury building in Washington. He was successful in this effort. His opponent when he ran for Congress the first time was a silver Republican. After Mr. Bryan's first term he was charged with lack of loyalty to silver, in that he had not apparently done anything in its behalf. He answered this by getting a statement from the Democratic members of the Coinage Committee that he had been assigned to tariff work, and that this occupied his whole attention. The plea won, and his second term was devoted to the interests of silver. It was Mr. Bryan who helped to carry William L. Wilson around on his shoulders when the House passed the Wilson bill.

Those who were with Mr. Bryan when he went a-soldiering, declare that he was the ideal regimental commander. He was deeply interested in his men, and "bringing complaints to him through the proper channels" had no sympathy from him. He did not like such red tape, and he wanted his soldiers to feel free to come direct to him when they had a real grievance, only asking them to make sure that their troubles were real before they came. As a result, he had the deepest affection of his men. When any of them were on the sick list he was always to be found, when opportunity permitted, visiting them and giving them words of hope and cheer. Upon one occasion, a Virginia soldier got into the water, and was caught by an undertow and carried out to sea. Several men tried to rescue him and were in danger of being drowned themselves. Mr. Bryan ran and got a rope and threw it out to them, thus saving their lives. He had bought the rope for just such an emergency. They afterwards joined in singing "Throw Out the Life-Line," and it was a song that went home.

Farming is the ideal vocation in the eyes of Mr. Bryan. He says that the wife can, without sacrifice of dignity, look after the milk, make the butter, and care for the chickens, and that the children can be given such light work as will be good for them, developing their bodies and at the same time teaching them valuable lessons of thrift and industry.

Should Mr. Bryan reach the goal of his ambition, he will be the third grandchild of Virginia to reach it. With Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, the elder Harrison, Tyler and Taylor as native sons, Virginia added a grandson in Lincoln, another in Benjamin Harrison, and hopes to add another in Mr. Bryan, for Virginia is a Democratic State.

* * *

To-morrow—Milk and the Public Health.

A Beautiful Tribute to Woman

(By Request.)

BY A. SIDNEY LANIER.

Victor Hugo, in his matchless romance, "Les Miserables," says: "You look at a star from two motives, because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You have at your side a softer radiance and greater mystery—Woman."

I am not insensible to the honor accorded me in being requested to respond to such a noble theme, but being ignorant of all occult sciences, I am at a loss to understand why I was selected to respond to such a toast, and realize that after all I may say, I shall leave the subject still a mystery.

If, as Byron says, the stars are the poetry of heaven, and in their bright leaves reveal the destinies of men and empires, I hold that women is the poetry of earth, and that from her radiates the influences that inspire and control the destinies of men and empires.

We must turn from the metaphysical being of woman, as something sacred and insoluble, and deal with the phenomena of her nature, as revealed in her life and deeds, if we would understand her character.

For who can solve the mystery of a woman's heart? No surveyor's chain has ever marked the boundaries of her love, and no plummet has ever sounded the depth of her loyalty and devotion.

I see her the companion of the primal man. I see them together as they bid farewell to Paradise. I see her his support and strength amidst the shadows and sorrows of our dawning world.

Through the centuries her life has been one continuous prayer, as if to make atonement for her sin of disobedience. I read the records of her glorious life and deeds in the law of Moses and the annals of the prophets.

I stand upon the plains of Palestine and hear the voice of angels singing the advent hymn of peace on earth, good will towards men, for unto the world is born a glorious King. And following the lead of the radiant star, I find in Bethlehem a woman, the Virgin Mother of the Perfect Man, the King of heaven and earth, the Saviour of the world. I see her faithful to her Lord and Master amidst the scorn and contumely of the world. I see her with Him on the dolorous way to Calvary, and in the gloom of the early dawn standing alone at the tomb of the risen Christ.

I see her in heroic days tuning the lyre of the ancient muse, and inspiring the loftiest songs of modern poets.

I see her the slave of man in the world's dark ages, and yet his master. I see her seated upon the throne in regal splendor, the subject of the king, and yet the power behind the throne. I see her the queen regnant, wielding the rod of empire with a firm, yet gentle hand.

I see her in some lonely attic, with pinched and pallid cheek, stitching her life away, and with silent and heroic fortitude facing the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

I see her the subject of the law, without a voice in the councils of the nation, and yet shaping and molding the laws to her own greater liberty and advantage.

I see her in the divine attitude of mother, the priestess of the home, with a love that never fails and an unfaltering patience, rearing her children in the fear and admonition of her God.

Amidst the storms of adversity, I see her faithful to her marriage vow, "for better, or for worse," and clinging to the partner of her married life like the ivy to the oak.

I stand beside her upon the field of battle, unterrified by shot and shell, and watch her angelic ministrations to the wounded and the dying. I see her in the hospitals of the world, with a tenderness divine, soothing the fevered brow, and bringing sunshine and hope to the despairing soul.

I stand at her bedside and witness her calm courage as she approaches the portals of death in the dark hour of her maternity.

I see her the support and pillar of the Christian church, and I see, without her, a churchless and a Christless world.

And lastly, I see one who to me is the incarnation of all womanly virtues. One who went down to the portals of death that I might have life. One who guided my infant footsteps and taught me to lisp a prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God. One whose unfailing love and sympathy have followed me all the days of my life.

I see her growing more beautiful under the infirmities of age, with the snows of winter upon her head and eternal spring within her heart.

Her name will thrill your hearts, oh, men, because you know her. It is mother.

"Oh, woman, mother, woman, wife,
The sweetest names that language knows,
Thy breast, with holy motives rife,
With holiest affection glows,
Thou queen, thou angel of my life."

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Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

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