

Red Rose Wins at Last in Tennessee



SENATOR BOB TAYLOR



GOV. ALF. TAYLOR

AL FRED ALEXANDER TAYLOR was inaugurated governor of Tennessee the other day at Nashville. He's a Republican—maybe you'll remember that the Republicans broke the Solid South at the November election. However, that's another story. This one is about the War of the Roses—at last the Red Rose wins in Tennessee.

Tennessee's War of the Roses began a century ago. Its beginning brings back a dramatic scene away back in 1886. Picture a four-poster mahogany bed with a colonial console table on either side. On one table is a vase of blood-red roses; on the other a vase of roses of snowy white. In the bed is a stately old lady. On either side is a kneeling man, each in the prime of life. The lady takes a red rose from its vase and pins it on the lapel of one of the kneeling men. On the other kneeling man she pins a white rose, and then she makes the two men on their knees swear to her that there shall be no strife between them.

The woman was Mrs. Nathaniel G. Taylor, wife of a Republican congressman from Tennessee during the Civil war. The red rose man was Alfred Alexander Taylor, her son. The white rose man was Robert Love Taylor, her son.

Really, you know, the campaign which thereupon became known as the War of the Roses had been on for some little time. Rob and Alf were running against each other for governor, the former on the Democratic ticket and the latter on the Republican. Tennessee in those days was dyed-in-the-wool Democratic. There was little chance for Alf. His mother advised him not to accept the nomination against his brother, fearing bad blood between the two. When he disregarded her advice she took to her bed. The brothers, hearing of her "illness" dropped their electioneering and hastened to her bedside. After she had pledged them to "no strife" she got up.

Alfred and Bob went back to their campaigning—and kept their promises to their mother. The brothers made the most stinging partisan speeches on the platform, and attacked each other with every sort of jibe and ridicule, both being ready at repartee, but out of the public eye they were always affectionate, devoted comrades, laughing at the wordy tilts in which they had just indulged.

The War of the Roses was one of the unique political battles of the nation. Way back in 1886 there was not even a thought of woman suffrage in Tennessee, for the women were as bitterly partisan as the men. The women at social gatherings and sewing circles sat making cloth and paper roses, white and red ones, arguing with vehemence about the comparative merits of the two candidates. Tall white candles were set in Democratic windows and red tissue paper shades were made for Republican candles, while nightly torch parades and rallies were held in the streets. If the parades passed an illumined house

they would go in and demand that the politics be declared by the candles.

Alf's mother was right. Alf didn't have a chance as a Republican in Tennessee. The White Rose triumphed. Bob was elected. What's more, Bob was elected three times governor of his state (1887-91 and 1897-99). Later he was elected to the United States senate (1907-13); he died in office in 1912. Bob married young. His first wife was Miss Sarah L. Baird, niece of Senator Zeb Vance of North Carolina, and to them were born five children. His second wife was his cousin, Miss Mamie Love St. John, who survives him and is now living in Washington, D. C.

The Red Rose, however, did not always go down to defeat. Alf Taylor represented his district twice in congress—the Fifty-first and the Fifty-third congresses. It is related of him that when he went to Washington he took along two or three fine cows and a lot of corn meal; he wasn't going to be deprived of his favorite evening dish—cornmeal mush and cream.

Alf also married young. At twenty he married Miss Jennie Anderson, daughter of a neighboring farmer, and to her was born seven sturdy sons. After his second term in congress Governor Taylor went back to his Happy Valley farm on the banks of the Watauga, where he raised watermelons, wrote poetry and studied philosophy. He's now seventy-two, keen-brained and vigorous.

Mrs. Taylor, mother of Alf and Bob was the worthy mother of two such sons. She was Emma Haynes, sister of Landon Carter Haynes, a member of Jefferson Davis' cabinet, and an orator of note. She was a tall woman of striking appearance, and in her latter years made one think of Sara Bernhardt. After the Civil war it became necessary to secure from the federal government a pardon for Haynes, who had been active in the affairs of the Confederacy. Mrs. Taylor undertook the task of getting her brother pardoned, going all the way from east Tennessee to Washington by stage with six of her small children. Many times during her declining years she would rehearse this scene for the delectation of her adoring grandchildren and greatnieces.

"Before I went to the White House I dressed myself in a tight-fitting black velvet gown with a long train," she would say. "I wore pendent cameo earrings and a big cameo brooch. The best hairdresser in Washington had done my hair. All dressed up in their frilled white cambric waists and little black velvet trousers, trooping at my heels, came Jim, Nat, Bob and Alf, and following them my twin girls—Rhoda, as fair and blue-eyed as a Saxon princess, and Eva, with raven hair and eyes as flashing and black as Pocahontas." President Johnson arose to receive me and drew a magnificent chair for me to sit beside him, but instead of that I fell on my knees and implored my brother's pardon, and as I knelt great tears splashed from my eyes on the White House floor."

When Mrs. Taylor would tell this part of her story she would always laugh deliciously and would continue:

"Knowing full well that I would not

weep alone, I soon heard Bob and Alf sniffing behind me, then Jim and Nat, a little older, swelled the chorus, and my two little girls, mere infants, seeing their mother weeping in this strange, big house, broke into an audible wail."

Needless to say that Landon C. Haynes was pardoned with alacrity. Alf and Bob were initiated into the mysteries of politics and statecraft early in life. When they were small boys, during the Civil war, they lived for a time with their maternal grandfather, David Haynes, known as King David from his vast acres and imperious manner. King David was also a politician and saved his kingdom in Happy Valley, Carter county, Tennessee, from the ravages of foraging bands of soldiers by his diplomatic measures.

"Many a time," Bob Taylor used to say, "I have seen my grandfather stand as straight and stately as a tall pine between the pillars of his colonial mansion on the banks of the beautiful Watauga river and scan, with his eagle eye, the river road up and down like a sentry. If he saw a band of Confederate cavalry dashing up the road he would rush out, overwhelm them with his hospitality, saying: 'Boys, my son, Landon C. Haynes, is working with Jeff Davis to try to save the country from the d—Yankees.' And so the hungry Johnny Rebs took what he gave them and left his smokehouse and granary un-molested."

"If he would spy out a troop of federal men coming down the road he would meet them with the utmost cordiality and invite them in to dine as he told them:

"My son-in-law, Nathaniel G. Taylor, who married my favorite daughter, Emmy, is now in Washington, working side by side with Abe Lincoln to foil secession and uphold the unity of the nation, and the Yanks fell for it and his flocks and herds were untouched."

"But if he saw a nondescript company of soldiers straggling up, whose uniforms were so tattered and travel-stained he could not determine to which army they belonged, he would dash out with even more impetuous hospitality and exclaim:

"Brothers, welcome! welcome to my home! I'm for free salvation, free navigation, and, by Moses, I'm a h—l shunner!" And he would tell them so many funny stories they would forget to steal his sheep."

Alf's victory in the election for governor was clean cut. He got a vote of 229,143 against 185,890 for his Democratic opponent, Gov. A. H. Roberts. In the same election Harding's plurality over Cox was 13,271. So, as the election experts say, Alf ran about 30,000 ahead of his ticket.

Mental Depression Common.
Comparatively few persons, if the feeble minded and a large number of the insane are excepted, are entirely free from the tendency to bouts of more or less mental depression. The more intellectual portion of mankind is indeed more prone to this kind of mental malaise, or spiritual equivalent of sea sickness, than the less "brainy" majority.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Knitters, Let's Have Wool in Balls.

How much time do the women knitters of the fashionable hand-made wool stocking spend winding yarn into balls?

English women are instigating a campaign designed to compel yarn manufacturers to wind wool into balls instead of skeins. The women figure the heel or toe of a stocking could be turned in the time it takes to hand-wind the yarn which is now universally sold in skeins.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Rents for \$10,000,000.

Ten million dollars in rent from one building will be received by Capt. John Jacob Astor during the next 20 years, under the terms of a lease signed up last week in New York city. The property is the Hotel Astor and site, Broadway between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets. The block is part of the old Eden estate, which originally sold for \$34,000.

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea, quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York.—Adv.

War Made World Smaller.

The idea of how ex-service men have scattered since the war is obtained from three Christmas cards a former Kansas ex-service man received from three army friends. One came from Japan, another from the Belgian Congo and a third from Johannesburg, South Africa.—Capper's Weekly.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Notice a la Dutch.

The Pennsylvania Dutch have their own way of saying things and generally they manage to make their meaning clear, although sometimes in unconventional language.

Over the bell on the front door of a house in a little town near Gettysburg was affixed a card reading: "Button doesn't bell. Bump."—American Legion Weekly.

Garfield Tea, the incomparable laxative, pleasant to take, pure, mild in action and wonderfully health-giving.—Adv.

Airplane Evident.

"We should keep up our airship department," thinks a punning correspondent, "because our masculine aviation stars will prove men-aces to unfriendly governments."—Boston Transcript.



Baker's Cocoa is for Robust Men

and all who must have a great deal of tissue building material to repair the waste caused by physical and mental labor. It is delicious, pure and wholesome, and is made by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals, so preserving the exquisite flavor, aroma and color of the high grade cocoa beans.



BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. ESTABLISHED 1700—DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



HORSE OWNERS

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or swenny, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

At all dealers. Price 35 cents.

The large 35 cent bottle of Yager's Liniment contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment.

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Acid Stomach for 10 Years

NOW A DIFFERENT WOMAN

Earnestly Praises Eaton's

"My wife was a great sufferer from acid stomach for 10 years," writes H. D. Crippen, "but is a different woman since taking Eaton's."

Sufferers from acid stomach—let Eaton's help you also. It quickly takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases and makes the stomach cool and comfortable. You digest easily, get the full strength from your food, feel well and strong, free from bloating, belching, food-repeating, etc. Big box costs costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

New Books—Instructive, Entertaining. Egyptian magic fortune teller, 10c; 125 card tricks, 25c. Free catalog, books, games. Send now. Engine Supply & Pub. Co., Augusta, Me.

Kill That Cold With

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous

Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.

Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache

Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT