

Times-Republican

Published Daily By The TIMES-REPUBLICAN PRINTING CO.

TERMS: Evening edition by mail.....\$5.00 By the month by mail..... 45 Delivered by carrier by the month. .50 Later edition for morning circulation..... 4.00 Rural route edition per year..... 4.00 Twice-a-Week edition, per year..... 1.00

Entered at the postoffice at Marshalltown as second class mail matter.

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

The Duckshooters' Rubaiyat. Does or does not the unpracticed eye See a bright vision on the distant sky? Is't it to it peradventure—ah!

I sometimes think that nothing constitutes True bliss like standing in one's rubber boots

Seeking to know if some dim-pencilled line Against the sky is ducks, blackbirds or coots.

Each to his own concept of what is bliss: A born duckshooter asks no more than this—

Only to scrutinize the distant speck, See and subject it to analysis.

Blackbird or blackjack, or a band of crows Searching the planet for its host of foes?

Or is it the wild goose coming down the wind? Give him a moment—ah! he knows, he knows.

Yea, nor begrudges any king his crown— One with the water and the forest brown.

The wind soft singing in the yonk-plains, And the murmur of—ah! what! Get down! Get down!

Mallards, by all that's white and black! Now will the tame decoy arise and quack.

Curse such a lot of wooden ducks— 'Sh! and still 'sh! They're coming back!

'Sh! and have patience! They are coming in! Now will the tame decoys address their kin!

Call them their cousins, and aver that blood Calls unto—

Missed 'em! What a mortal sin! —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE VOICES OF WOLVES. Senator Dolliver was sitting in a large Morris chair. The physician began his examination, and asked the senator how he felt.

But the wolf note is in our own ears. We are prone to mistake the voice of watch dogs and imagine savage howlings from the challenges of defense.

Whoever has held power and is conscious of approaching weakness hears the wolves.

But wolves are not wrangling over the succession. Men are calmly discussing a necessity. It is hard for us who die to realize that life will go on and duties remain to be performed after we are still. No public man has ever passed in Iowa more sincerely regretted than is Dolliver; but the day rises and work presses and life moves on a complicated machine that must be diligently watched and tended.

The mantles which fall from the dead upon living shoulders are not wolf skins.

Let us be charitable. It is easy to cry "wolf, wolf," and in the night to magnify and mistake the voices of necessity and of order into sounds of terror and wrangling. If there be wolves few of us who have fallen from weakness and the exhaustion of labor felt their teeth, for when all is said this is a world of tenderness to the strong who have faltered and whose strength has departed.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MOTH. The moths were flying at the arc light, fluttering, circling dazed and delighted. The light flickered as they dashed into its incandescence and fell scorched and dying into the dust of the street corner.

And it went on night after night while the current was on and the lamps shone. Every night the circle of dying moths ringed the lamps and crawled about in the dust until they died. Next day the traffic blotted out their bodies and left no trace of them.

And so it goes on. There is never lack of moths while the lamps burn. But suppose we knew each moth by name, had watched it as its wings grew and the colors were painted on its fluffy coat. Suppose they were our moths, that we had watched and tended them and they were ours. Could we

watch the slaughter and pass the circle of maimed and suffering carelessly and without heed? Would it be bearable?

After 10 the other night on another corner moths were fluttering about a flame, fluffy little moths as heedless as those had been which were crawling in agony under the arc light.

Two of them were talking with three or four young men, silly, foolish talk loud enough for every passer to note. They smiled and laughed and chattered and made eyes at the boys with sly glances to the side to observe whether or not passing people were sufficiently impressed with their liveliness and the fact that they had succeeded in attracting attention.

When they took the last car they mourned that they had not thought of the show car. They giggled and talked loud in the car. Left to themselves it was a "he said—she said" party. Just gilly mindless little moths as innocent and heedless as the ones in the air about the lamps.

But suppose you knew these moths? Suppose you had watched them, as you went down town of mornings, slim legged and bright of face nodding their hair ribbons as they danced to their places in the third grade? Suppose you knew their first and last names and knew that one of them at least had been among the best in her class at graduation? Could you go on home undisturbed and careless without wondering what the moth mothers meant by the forgetfulness which left their children to flutter about a destroying flame unwatched and unattended?

It was dark on another corner of a residence street on the car line. Two girls 16 or 17 years old stood under the shade of the trees as the 10:04 car stopped. Two rounders about town got off the car and walked straight to the girls who were evidently expecting them.

It was the second act in the Tragedy of the Moth. Suppose you knew the girls; suppose you had seen them and called "hello" of mornings as you came home of evenings after the day's work as they played with dolls on the lawns.

Take care of your moths, mothers and fathers; in the name of the purity of motherhood and the plain duty of paternity take care of your moths. The lamps blaze of nights. Often the lamp discovers its destroying power only by destruction. The lamp is less to blame than the carelessness which casts innocence a wing to irresistible attraction and the Tragedy of the Moth.

TRY PORK. The French government has decided to admit American potatoes to that country. Heretofore the American potato has been an outlaw in France accused of disease and contamination to French tubers. Now it is free of France as are other Americans.

But really what's the difference? The American potato is not a great traveler like the American hog and steer. It is more fitted to home keeping. Travel deteriorates, not improves it. Once in France the American potato would get along all right for the potato speaks a universal language, but a potato, raised in Iowa at 35 cents a bushel rarely undertakes a sea voyage. Piled about a stove in a freight car it may travel thru a half dozen states but it is most likely to travel in a wagon with top box accommodations to the nearest town and find refuge in a cellar.

The potato farmer is not particularly interested in French approval of his product. If the foreigner desires to see a smile spread over the entire Mississippi valley let him open his markets to American beef and pork.

Topic of the Times. There was something of retributive justice in it when Wellman's craft was blown away by the wind. Wellman has long employed wind to make his point.

Wellman's fool friends seem to have lots of money to squander.

The apples shipped from one small town in Missouri this year will profit the growers \$140,000. That gives Greenwood, Iowa, a basis upon which to calculate its loss by that late frost last spring.

We should think that loyal democrats soon would be demanding either that Porter get on the platform or that he get off the ticket.

Mr. Cleveland, who is running for congress in the Ninth Iowa district as the democratic nominee, has been trying to make an issue out of the cost of living. It would be worth going some distance to bear Mr. Cleveland tell the farmers what a blessing it would be to have cheap bacon, cheap wheat, cheap corn, cheap potatoes, etc.

John D. Rockefeller has just given the Institute of Medical Research further aid to the amount of \$3,000,000. With that amount they ought to be able to find a number of new excuses for cutting us open.

The change in the weather has a chilling effect on that hot notion that it would be worth the price of an overcoat to see one of those ball games.

The man who talks blackguard politics is as rare nowadays as he used to be plentiful.

The saloon will be put out of politics when it is put out of business.

From the fact that Congressman Longworth of Ohio is sending out cook books as campaign literature, it might

be supposed that they have women's suffrage in that state.

They have arrested a woman in connection with the Los Angeles Times explosion. It must be that she couldn't keep a secret.

Down at Panama it won't be so much a question of what tolls the traffic will bear as what tolls will bear traffic.

Wellman and his crew are in a position to tell us something about the cost of high living.

And is your seed corn where it ought to be—in the attic?

IOWA OPINIONS AND NOTES.

The action of the republican county central committee in indorsing voting machines all over the county puts that body in a ridiculous light, asserts the Mt. Vernon Record. "There are in the neighborhood of sixty or seventy precincts in the county. To put a voting machine in each precinct would cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000. At six per cent the interest on this amount would figure \$2,400 a year which is probably enough to pay the expenses of an election. The county may need the machines, but it would seem that the residents could get much more benefit from the money if it were put in permanent roads. At any rate it will be well to investigate a proposition that demands such an amount of money carefully, and make haste slowly."

The Ireton Ledger concludes that "chickens are more valuable than human beings" because "a man by the name of LeRoy Billings, at Mason City, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for stealing chickens. Zeelen, at LeMars, received but eight years for murdering a man."

"Why criticize Colonel Roosevelt for improving a chance to take a ride in an airship?" says the Burlington Hawkeye. "He is full of animal spirits and enjoys adventure. The St. Louis event, lasting only a few minutes, was far less perilous than the months spent in the Jungles of Africa. There is enough about which to criticize the colonel without jabbing him for enjoying his recreations."

The Cedar Rapids Republican says that Judge Prouty did not predict a 900 majority for Governor Carroll because he believed it. "We can not believe it," the Republican continues. "We figure Mr. Carroll's majority at much below that and we think we will be nearer right."

"Who can begin to imagine what might happen if every business and professional man in the state would print a half dozen statements of fact upon the back of each letterhead sent out from his office or place of business, containing clean-cut, inclusive bits of information regarding Iowa, Iowa crops, Iowa business opportunities and Iowa as a commonwealth of attractive home surroundings, and continue to do so for an entire year?" asks the Des Moines Capital. "One year of even this kind of advertising would yield a return in tangible benefits far in excess of the wildest dreams."

Thornton, Oct. 20.—This town will soon have as many store buildings as before the fire that nearly burned half of the business portion. The foundation walls and some of the sidewalks are nearly finished, and only lack of building material will prevent their occupancy by Jan. 1, 1911.

The case of the "burned out" towns the improved appearance of the town as a result of the fire is inevitable. A well defined report is that one of the big business firms of Mason City will open a big department store here. The best sugar harvest is now in full progress, but a scarcity of cars and the unfinished dump is delaying the shipments. It is generally admitted that the raising of sugar beets in this vicinity is a paying business for the farmer, but two factors may prevent extensive growing of beets this year. The first is the hard work, and the second is the help question. The shipping in of these families with so many children and having them on the farmer's place is not altogether pleasant. As they are now residents on school laws and are not working there is no particular complaint, the system is not a popular one. The new bank here starts off with fine prospects, as many of the business firms are stockholders. Altogether with the new and old business firms occupying the new street, it goes on southwest probably have the biggest trade in its history the coming year.

He was a travellng man from Charles City. Represented one of their big firms. Possibly was slightly impressed with the importance of his town, a la Waterloo for instance. No sir, we don't want mechanics in our town that have to have their beer. We won't hire them if we know it and won't keep them if they prove to be beer drinkers. Our water is 97 degrees pure and good enough for anybody. And we draw the water out of the city. Don't need such help. And if I was manager, not only would I prevent smoking in the works but it wouldn't be done in the business office. Yes sir, the railroad will be built and running this year from Charles City to Marble Rock. Whether it goes on southwest depends on circumstances. No sir, it isn't a Rock Island enterprise. Charles City capitalists build and own the road.

Isn't Blank College at Nextown getting "snippy" asked an Iowa business man of the writer. "I saw my son there and he graduated to our satisfaction so my daughter naturally was sent to the same college, but she thing it's getting 'snippy.'" For the reader's benefit this word "snippy" will be enlarged upon. It's a college where the boys and girls are beginning to have a realizing share of the number of dollars their parents can count up. It's a college where the boys and girls divide into "cliques," the almighty dollars of the parents being understood and implied in social matters, dress, boarding places, etc., where now a student "working his may thru college" is not such a good fellow as his brother was ten years ago, this at the same college. Wonder if any one else has noticed that Blank College in Nextown has become "snippy"?

Shiple & Co., general store and some other firms at Iowa Falls are

using aluminum money in their business transactions. It would seem to be a convenience and a time saver both in bookkeeping and employees' time. Forty dollars buys \$1,000 worth of aluminum nickles, dimes, quarters and 50 cent pieces. Every morning each clerk receives and is charged with \$10 of this money, and more work is needed. Farmers and others bring in produce to sell. The clerks buy such butter, eggs, vegetables, etc., of the sellers and pay spot cash—in aluminum money. Then the customer goes into the different departments of the store, buys what he needs and pays spot cash in aluminum currency. If the farmer's wife does not care to trade it all out, next time this money is just as good. Also if some other store has something such farmer's wife wants, she can "buy" her aluminum money with a neighbor who has some good at another store. This system seems to be an arrangement whereby the trading of beach side is virtually for cash, avoiding bookkeeping and also an obligation "to trade" it out all at one store. If there are bad feuds to this kind of a business transaction the writer did not hear of them.

Ret Clarkson's Story of Dolliver's Earliest Appearance in National Politics. Mr. R. E. Sears, of Marshalltown, an old time friend and neighbor, both of the farm and in the city, of Ret Clarkson recalls the story of Dolliver's advent into the arena of big politics as told to Mr. Sears by Clarkson himself.

Some fifteen years ago I spent half a day on the line between New York and Washington with J. S. Clarkson whom we all in those days called "Ret." said Mr. Sears. "He undoubtedly had the widest acquaintance with politicians and the inside of politics of any man of those days from Iowa. He was one of the most generous men I ever saw in helping those who were struggling to accomplish results whether in politics or business or in professional careers. Many an Iowa man who has since secured prominence politically, professionally and financially has "Ret" to thank for his start. He not only started them but frequently held them in their positions thru his great influence until they were able to do it alone. He was a genuine patron of a great heart delighting to boost others. He knew how to do things without fuss or feathers. Marshalltown has much to be thankful for to him in securing the location of the soldiers' home. As chairman of our lobby in that struggle I came to know his friendship for Marshalltown for he had been a struggling boy on the Melrose farm north of us, and his great influence and wonderful tact. On this afternoon on the train he gave me many reminiscences of men and happenings in Iowa and the nation, among others this of Dolliver. It was in the Blaine campaign of 1844 when Clarkson was the national committeeman from Iowa and a member of the executive committee. They were selecting campaign speakers for the east and Clarkson suggested Dolliver as one. "Who is Dolliver?" the other members asked. "He is a young lawyer of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

HOW DOLLIVER BROKE IN.

Ret Clarkson's Story of Dolliver's Earliest Appearance in National Politics.

Mr. R. E. Sears, of Marshalltown, an old time friend and neighbor, both of the farm and in the city, of Ret Clarkson recalls the story of Dolliver's advent into the arena of big politics as told to Mr. Sears by Clarkson himself.

Some fifteen years ago I spent half a day on the line between New York and Washington with J. S. Clarkson whom we all in those days called "Ret." said Mr. Sears. "He undoubtedly had the widest acquaintance with politicians and the inside of politics of any man of those days from Iowa. He was one of the most generous men I ever saw in helping those who were struggling to accomplish results whether in politics or business or in professional careers. Many an Iowa man who has since secured prominence politically, professionally and financially has "Ret" to thank for his start. He not only started them but frequently held them in their positions thru his great influence until they were able to do it alone. He was a genuine patron of a great heart delighting to boost others. He knew how to do things without fuss or feathers. Marshalltown has much to be thankful for to him in securing the location of the soldiers' home. As chairman of our lobby in that struggle I came to know his friendship for Marshalltown for he had been a struggling boy on the Melrose farm north of us, and his great influence and wonderful tact. On this afternoon on the train he gave me many reminiscences of men and happenings in Iowa and the nation, among others this of Dolliver. It was in the Blaine campaign of 1844 when Clarkson was the national committeeman from Iowa and a member of the executive committee. They were selecting campaign speakers for the east and Clarkson suggested Dolliver as one. "Who is Dolliver?" the other members asked. "He is a young lawyer of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.

"The next night had been selected to fire the first gun of the campaign in a great meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, Hobart's home. Several United States senators and judges of local fame were on the program and at the bottom of the long list was "J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa." The executive committee went over to Patterson to lend the prestige of their presence to the occasion. Mechanic's hall with its thousands of seats was jam full. Senator No. 1 in a dreary speech of an hour, emptied half the seats, and Senator No. 2 was emptying half of the remaining when Clarkson seeing how the meeting was flagging, went to the chairman and secured his promise to call Dolliver next. He then notified Dolliver that he was the next speaker. When Dolliver arose three-quarters of the seats were empty and probably not half a dozen persons in the audience had ever heard of him. In three minutes the crowd was his and shouts and hurrahs and hats to the ceiling were everywhere in the hall. In five minutes every seat was reoccupied and standing room was at a premium. He talked for fifteen minutes when he said as there were a number of other speakers he would close his remarks. All over the hall came the tumultuous cry of "Go on, go on, we want you, we want you." The other speakers rose one by one and said they would give their time to him. He then continued speaking for an hour, the enthusiasm growing wilder each minute. When he closed the audience still wanted "More, More." Mr. Clarkson remarked, "It was the proudest hour of my life, my unknown father at whose countryed appearance my co-members had smiled had saved us, the day, had turned failure into most brilliant success." Dolliver was then selected to accompany Blaine on his memorable campaign trip and was pronounced by him "the prince of epigrammatists." That was in 1844 and a wonderfully persuasive speaker," replied Clarkson. But the other members had never heard of him and doubted

the wisdom of bringing such an unknown east where they were accustomed to having the most famous and best. But Ret Clarkson as usual was persistent and as a courtesy to him the other members finally yielded and Dolliver was telegraphed to come at once. Clients and cases were not pressing him in Fort Dodge and "two days later," said Clarkson, "a card was sent into the executive committee room bearing J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Iowa."—He was shown in, a tall, unshaven youth, clothes covered with dust, gum overshoes on his feet and a hat of at least a year's vintage on his head and in his hand one of those wonderful old expansion and collapsible carpet bags, capable of carrying anything from a paper collar to a bushel of corn. "How are you Ret?" was followed by his introduction to Quay and Hobart and Fessenden and the other members of the committee. Clarkson noted the look and smile that passed between the other members of the committee as much as to say "Here is that wonderful orator of Clarkson's out of the west." But Dolliver noted nothing of this. He was at perfect ease. As this was his first visit to New York Clarkson soon took him out to a hotel and possibly made some suggestions as to personal attire, at least when Dolliver reappeared his countryed appearance had vanished.