M'LAURIN SPEAKS.

[Continued from page 1.]

predecessor, lived but a few short weeks. Governor Ellerbe tendered me the nomination. I realized the radical nature of some of my utterances and votes, and while I could not foresee what has happened, I knew my nature well enough to feel certain that having once enlisted in the fight I would never turn back while life lasted. I, therefore, refused to accept the appointment at the hands of Governor Ellerbe unless he would guarantee that the Executive Committee would order a primary and permit the people to pass upon the issues which I had raised.

CAMPAIGN OF 1897.

It is unnecessary for me to refer to that bitter fight. You all remember the meeting in Greenville, where I was insulted, bullied and baited like some wild beast, it was a sample of some of the rest. For myself I am willing to "Let the dead past bury its dead." I have no ill feeling towards any one on account of it. I spoke, I believe, in every county in the State outside of my Congressional District except three. I advocated my views not only on the tariff but on what I considered the real line of policy to be pursued by Southern Representatives. I carried about eighty per cent. of the vote cast and every county except three, which were lost from local considerations by small margins. I wish I had time to recount to the people what the rice schedule, which I got into that bill, has done for the rice planters on the coasts of South Carolina, the waste places it has redeemed, the thousands of dollars it has brought into this State. What the duty on pine has done for the lumber interests, which were being sacrificed to the white pine imported free of duty from Canada. The North, which is almost bare of timber, instead of going to Canada, has been forced to go South, and that has put thousands of dollars into this State. There is no telling what an arrangement of the schedule on cotton goods so as to prevent discrimination against coarse fabrics, has meant to the cotton mills of the South.

COTTON PLANTERS SACRIFICED TO A SENTIMENT.

This is not the place to explain what the retention of the home market means when a manufacturer seeks a foreign outlet. I will refer, however, to the duty on raw cotton, which I advocated at the time. Cotton and wheat are our great exports. Now I want to ask any man of reason, why it is that a duty of twenty-five cents per bushel is put on wheat, and fifteen cents per bushel on corn, while nothing is put upon cotton? The three stand exactly upon the same basis. It is this, Northern Representatives protect corn and wheat against importations from Canada andelsewhere, while cotton has been sacrificed to a mere sentiment. I think that I am the first Representative in Congress to point out the danger to the cotton planters arising from the importation of Egyptian cotton. Ten years ago there were no importations to speak of. The year I made this speech there was in round numbers fifty-six millions of pounds and last year there was almost seventy millions, an increase of nearly twenty per cent. Since then two mills have been built in South Carolina (in one of which I am interested) using nothing but Egyptian cotton. Now I contend, if the cotton farmers were protected like the wheat and corn planters, we could produce any kind of cotton that is needed. South Carolina is the home of the cotton plant. No cotton comes into competition with our Sea Island cotton, and common sense tells me that we can develop any grade needed between that and the short staple. Ten years ago the "Allen long staple" was planted all over upper South Carolina, and I know of some men who bought gins especially adapted to this cotton, but they had to throw them away. Egyptian cotton has driven them out of the business. The red hills of this up country are the very place where this cotton should be grown, but how can we develop it in competition with the cheap labor of Egypt? What are we doing [illegible] resolutions to re- [illegible] age while English engineers are constructing dams in the valley of the Nile, which within two years will add one million and one-half bales or one eighth to the cotton crop; while we are reducing the acreage here our competitors are increasing it, and we are to furnish the market for the increase. I say, away with the impractical statesmanship which will sacrifice the cotton planters of South Carolina to these of Egypt. After I was elected to the Senate I attempted to pursue the same line in everything, but I was very ill for a long time after my campaign, confined to my bed at one time for seven weeks. These terrible campaigns of ours in the heat of summer, making speeches day after day, sitting for four or five hours, your clothes wet with perspiration, in the sun, and one-half the time without dinner, there are but few men who have gone through with it and not had their health impaired. I have no doubt but that it shortened the days of the gallant Earle and even rugged John Irby.

THE TREATY WITH SPAIN.

While I was in this physical and mental condition, the war with Spain came on and I had to grapple with these new questions. I was sick, heart, body and soul. All that I wanted was peace and to be let alone. The cruel taunts and sneers of "Republican and traitor hurt me then, while I can laugh at them now. I made up my mind not to create any further issues, but tamely fall in and follow the lead of Jones, Tillman, Pettigrew & Co., and then to quietly retire at the end of my term. My intimate friends know that this was my intention. When they concluded to defeat the treaty, I could not see what great harm could come to the country from forcing the Republicans to call an extra session. It would only postpone matters by one month. At the request of some of the Democratic leaders, I made a speech, not against the treaty but against Imperialism, which speech was at the time, and with the lights before me, my opinion. I had not drawn the distinction between Expansion and Imperialism, and I fully intended to vote against the ratification of the treaty. I was so tired of being abused and accused of disloyalty to my party. At that time, however, I contended in private that the rejection of the treaty was unwise even from a party standpoint. I had then, as I have now, very little confidence in the political sagacity of Senator James K. Jones, and I believed that Senator Gorman was at heart an Expansionist, because he voted for the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands, and I suspected him of an ambition after Mr. Bryan advised the ratification of the treaty, to defeat it and thus supplant him in the leadership. Not that I objected to this, for Gorman is a conservative man, and might have been elected President the last time, could he have commanded the nomination. However, on Sunday afternoon, the day before the treaty was to be voted upon, the news was flashed over the wires that our troops had been fired upon by the very people whom we had freed from the tyranny of Spanish oppression. This presented an entirely new situation and before I had finished reading the "extra" the correspondents of the New York Sun and I think of the World, called at my house before I had consulted with any human being, and I expressed this opinion, as the files of the newspapers will show. One month of delay might mean serious consequences to the people of the United States. It must be remembered that Spain had the sympathy of entire Europe, and after the battle of Manilla nothing but the tact of Dewey and the attitude of England prevented us from being forced into a war for which we were totally unprepared. To defeat the treaty meant that we were still at war with Spain, and that our soldiers were intruders in the Philippine Island. To ratify the treaty meant not a state of war, but a mere insurrection and deprived other nations of an excuse for interference. It seems to me any way, that no matter what the situation or causes may be, that the only position for a man to take when we are engaged in a foreign war is to stand by his own country, right or wrong. Let me review the situation a moment. In the first place, I had not, as long as it could be avoided, been in favor of the war, and had but little sympathy with the inflammatory addresses made in Congress, which embarrassed the President in his humane efforts to avert the war, I could not but look with distrust upon those men who forced the war on by frantic appeals and then, the very moment that hostilities were begun, criticised every movement made to bring war to a speedy and successful end. It was a small and pretty part for senators to play. Aguinaldo had many warm sympathizers in Congress, who compared him to "George Washington" and his half naked followers to the heroes of King's Mountain and Bunker Hill. Some of them now cannot conceal the chagrin which they feel at the capture of Aguinaldo and the cessation of hostilities. It is charged that my vote ratified the treaty and stopped the war. If so, I am proud of the fact, and I am thankful that I had the strength to do my duty and cast that vote. I fear that I would not have had the courage to do it, had I not felt that my vote was absolutely necessary; but realizing the farreaching effect and the fearful responsibility, I cast my vote accordingly. I have never seen the day when I regretted it, and my children will remember it after I am dead, with pleasure and pride, as the most glorious act of my life.

EXPANSION.

I will not undertake to demonstrate the wisdom of expansion, but will content myself by simply saying that we are a nation of expansionists. We have expanded during the last one hundred years on this continent from eight hundred thousand to four million square miles. Expansion is the bed-rock of Democracy. Thomas Jefferson, the first expansion President, added 1,122,000 square miles to our area. The annexation of Texas, California, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada were by Democratic Administrations. Andrew Jackson would today be denounced as an Imperialist by the very same people who eat "Jackson day dinners" and worship at his shrine. Old Hickory said on this subject, "I have thought with the ancient Roman, that it is right never to cede any territory within the boundary of the Republic, but always to add to it by honorable treaty, thus extending the area of freedom." All this talk about imperialism is bosh. The people understand it as the cry of "wolf," when there is no wolf. When Mr. Bryan abandoned the money question and attempted to substitute "Imperialism," he stood about as much chance of being elected as a split-foot bull-frog did of kicking all the water out of Lake Michigan. At least, that is the opinion of a friend of mine. The price paid for these islands has been given as an objection. This is absurd. England, France, Germany, Russia or Japan would pay ten times as much to occupy our position in the Philippine Islands. Lying as they do along the Asiatic coast, they are the gateway to the Orient.

The people of the South are vitally interested in the trade of China; so far, we have only touched one of the provinces. Minister Wu, the other night in Charlotte, told of the teeming millions in South China, and said the great problem was to clothe the people. They are forced to use silk to make their clothes, but that this was expensive and almost an impossibility. I am told that, for fear of wearing them out, the Chinese very rarely wash their clothes. I have heard it wittily said that the chief difference between the Chinese and Japanese is, that the former never wash their clothes and the latter never wash their body. I believe it was Mr. Wu who said the other night, to teach the Chinese to wear cotton shirts and then get the emperor to issue an edict to make the tails only one inch longer, and the cotton crop of the South would be exhausted by that one inch, and none left for Europe. If any argument was needed to show the importance of these markets, the effect of recent troubles in China is sufficient. Cotton goods are stacked up in the warehouses unsalable, and when the best judges thought last fall that cotton would be twelve and one-half to fifteen cents per pound it has declined more than three cents. I am an expansionist—I favor the political, commercial and religious expansion of our country. This is along the line of progress. We cannot attain a certain growth and then stand still. As in the individual, so in the nation. We either move forward towards perfection, or backwards towards decay. There are certain crises in the life of every man which seized leads to success, let them pass and the chance is lost forever. The capacity to take advantage of the opportunity constitutes the difference between the man who succeeds and the one who fails, and so it is with nations. We have grandly seized our opportunities, and I for one am in favor of pushing it to the limit. During the past century we have been absorbed in testing the great question of constitutional representative government and the development of America. The time has now come when we must have foreign trade, and not merely subsidiary to our industrial development at home but as necessary to our continued prosperity. Our resources and population demand world-wide avenues of trade, and we cannot separate the commercial and political elements involved. What are we to do with our surplus products? This is the question engaging the attention of all the civilized nations of the earth. The only field unoccupied is in the Orient. I believe that the time is near at hand when the cotton trade of the South will be with the Orient. When our commerce on the Atlantic will be insignificant compared with that of the Pacific. Minister Wu gave us some valuable information at Charlotte. Our manufacturers are reaching out for this trade, and what better can I do as you Senator than help them. No State will reap a richer reward than South Carolina, with all the water power and manufacturing development in the Piedmont region, and with three such harbors as Charleston, Georgetown and Port Royal. How can I better serve the farmers of this State? They will share in the benefits of this trade. Here is the United States midway between Europe and Asia. Almost an island when the canal is cut—with the Gulf of Mexico on the South and the Great Lakes on the North; the Atlantic on one side and the Pacific on the other, and with the people of two continents bidding for our products, the possibilities dazzel the imagination. It is no idle dream. I believe that most of the people within the sound of my voice will live to see it realized. We have become a pacific power with 5,000 miles of coast on that ocean; with the Hawaiian Islands and Aleutian Islands as resting places, and the Philippines as a key to the "Open Door," we are the only nation strong enough to compel Russia, with her trans-Siberian Rail road, to respect the integrity of the Chinese Empire. As long as the United States and Japan say "No," the Chinese Empire must remain intact and the door be left open to our products. When I think of how strangely it has all come about I can not but believe that the hand of God is guiding this government, and that he has watched over and directed us along the path where lie greatness, peace and prosperity. I cannot undertake to discuss the question of a government for these outlying possessions; we have settled other problems of a more complex nature, and I cannot but believe that a solution will be found just; humane and satisfactory to all concerned. My vote on the Army Bill has been attacked.

NOT THE FIRST TIME SOUTH CAROLINA HAS RISEN ABOVE PARTY.

It was a long the line of supporting the foreign policy of this government. Let me say right here, that I am not the first Congressman from South Carolina who has voted against his party and supported the President when it came to a question of a foreign war. Three of the greatest men that South Carolina has ever produced, Calhoun, Lowndes and Cheves, supported the government against their party during the war of 1812. Cheves used these words, which I repeat from the bottom of my heart: "Irrespective of party, for the great interest of the nation."

In connection with the fight now in progress against me, the first protective tariff bill ever introduced was by a South Carolina Representative, Lowndes, and advocated by Mr. Calhoun in one of the greatest speeches of his life. This is not the first time that our gallant little State has risen above section and acted for the interest of the nation.

The Army Bill provided for a maximum of one hundred thousand men and a minimum of sixty five thousand, and between these amounts the discretion was left to the President. At that time the insurrection was in progress, and my common sense told me there was but one of two things to do. Either put enough men in the field to crush the rebellion; or quit and come home. I believed in the former plan, and so voted.

Fellow-citizens, there is a great deal of clap-trap talked even in the United States Senate. About one-half of those mournful speeches on the great danger of "imperialism" and "Militarism" were for home consumption and the most of them were made after comfortable beefsteak and a bottle of "Mumm's Extra Dry." I see that since the rebellion is over, the President says that he will take the minimum amount. Surely, fellow citizens, I could afford to trust a man on a question of that kind whom the people the United States had elected to the Presidency. Why not exercise a little common sense—it is a simple application of the rule of three. If an army of thirty thousand men is required for a population of 35,000,000 people, is an army of 65,000 men too much for a nation of 76,000,000? Congress has for years been spending money along the coasts and buying expensive guns, and absolutely many of them are lying out and rusting for want of men.

THE SUBSIDY BILL.

Now, fellow-citizens, this brings me to the much-discussed Subsidy Bill. In the first place, it is astonishing to me what a misconception there is as to this matter. There has never been a vote on the Subsidy Bill, and yet, even my good friend, General Butler, whom I love like a father, speaks of "McLaurin's vote on the Subsidy Bill." There never was a vote on the Subsidy Bill, and it was well understood a the time that I made my speech that there would not be a vote at that session. If I desired to deceive the people and play an unworthy part, I might just as well have kept silent and not had that issue in this campaign; but I felt that the people should be educated on this important measure. My vote was of no practical value under any circumstances, because, if it could have been brought to a vote, there was a majority of eighteen to twenty in favor the bill. I did not intend just at that time to make a set speech on the bill. I arose in my seat to present the resolution of the Cotton Spinners' Association, and before I knew it I had drifted into a speech on the general principles of the bill. What is known as the Hanna-Payne Bil has already been changed so much that the authors of the bill would not know it if they met it in the road. There was at the time a great many amendments pending, and nobody ever knows what a bill of that sort will be until it passes the Conference Committee between the two Houses; this bill never went so far as to get a vote, let alone a conference. So far as I am concerned, I do not profess to be a master of the subject. When you enter the realm of ocean freights, with the relative cost of high knot and low knot speed, tonnage and wages it takes an expert to understand, &c. Senator Frye is a very able man, and I do not believe there is a more honest one in the American Congress. He has devoted twenty-five years to the study of these questions, and yet I have no doubt that you could find some members of the South Carolina Legislature who never saw a bigger ship than a canoe on a mill pond, who know more than Senator Frye, or anybody else, on the subject of shipping and ocean freights.

ONLY A "STEAL" WHEN NOT COMING THEIR WAY.

One of the great objections to the subsidy is they call it a "steal." Well, fellow-citizens, that is a very poor argument—opponents of the river and harbor, postoffice, or any other bill can make the same charge. I was a little amused to see the head-lines of the News and Courier, "The Ship Subsidy Steal," when in the same week the Mayor of Charleston and the editor of that paper were in Washington wanting nine million dollars spent on a naval station, and a subsidy of a quarter of a million for the Exposition. It seems that a subsidy is only a "steal" when it is not coming their way. By such foolish denunciations of the subsidy principle it has been difficult to get a fair consideration. Talk about lobbies. There never was a more powerful lobby in Washington than that opposed to the subsidy formed by the great trans continental railroads and the foreign steamship owners. I may say something later on this subject which will embarass some people, but will refrain at this time. There is nothing in the principle of the bill itself which involves stealing, defrauding the government of sectional advantages. There may have been some abuses in granting subsidies when it was in the experimental stage, but there is no reason now why there should be abuses. In the administration of any law there is a chance of abuse, and yet the law may be a good one; the abuses being merely incident to its execution.

This is what the friends of prohibition and the dispensary each claim. Subsidies are no new theory in the South. Conventions were held during the twenty years preceding the war to encourage the building up of the commerce and industries of the South. Hayne, Calhoun and McDuffie were leading spirits in these enterprises. The establishment of railroad and steamship lines by government aid was advocated. South Carolina subsidized railroads before the war. Two million dollars were given to construct the Blue Ridge Road, which has never been completed. I think I can say that nearly every line of road constructed in this State before the war was subsidized, either directly or indirectly. The Legislature of Louisiana granted a subsidy of $5.00 per ton for every vessel of more than 100 tons built in the State. Alabama gave $4.00 a ton, and exempted from taxation all goods imported into the State from foreign countries. The National Government connected the Atlantic and the Pacific by subsidizing railroads and in this policy we have unequaled railroad facilities, and have developed our interstate traffic to such an extent that we are now forced to seek an outlet for our surplus products. All that is proposed, is to follow in developing our foreign trade the same principles that have succeeded in our internal development. Is there anything new or strange in this? It is good common business sense. What difference in principle is there between the state Government subsidizing railroads, and the Federal Government steamship lines?

WHAT DOES BRYAN THINK OF HIS POLITICAL PARTNER OF 1896?

I have in my hand an article advocating subsidies by Mr. Sewall, who was on the Bryan ticket in 1896. I would like to know what Mr. Bryan thinks of the "Democracy of his recent political partner, since he has attacked mine." Twenty years ago, when we wished to develop manufacturing in South Carolina, did we not subsidize every cotton mill by exempting it from taxation? What progressive town or county has not subsidized railroads or other enterprises essential to its development? I never saw an individual, who ever amounted to anything, who was afraid to spend money on himself and so it is with towns, counties States and governments.

VOTING SUBSIDIES TO RAILROADS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Why should the Southern people, in the face of these facts, repudiate the spirit of sixty years ago? What a gross inconsistency for Senators and Representatives to denounce the subsidy principle and endeavor to arouse the prejudices of the people, when nearly every one of them from the South each year votes a subsidy to the Southern Railroad for carrying the fast mail to New Orleans.

Why, fellow citizens, they voted for a Postoffice Appropriation Bill at the last session with a subsidy of thirty five million dollars for carrying the mails. It is really a subsidy to the magazines and newspapers of the country, for the receipts are that much less than the expenditures for that class of mail. A subsidy of nine millions per year is much more defensible, in my judgment in the development of our foreign trade. We spend millions of dollars building naval vessels, useful only in times of war, why not build vessels useful both in war and peace? Every vessel accepting the subsidy is a part of the navy in time of war. The question is not as to the principle of the subsidy bill, that is a part of our established policy, both State an National, but it is whether this particular subsidy is for the general welfare. Is it expedient? Is it wise? I shall devote a few moments to this aspect of the case. There was a time when by government aid and encouragement, we had a merchant marine, and carried ninety per cent of our products abroad. Last year only nine per cent. was carried in American bottoms. Why is this?

EUROPE VS. UNITED STATES.

It is because in this contest of Europe against the United States, foreign ship-owners get a subsidy from their Governments of twenty million dollars besides the advantage of lower wages, and have thus driven the American flag from the high seas. We pay this subsidy to the foreign ships in increased freight rates over and over again. We are drained of two hundred millions a year which we pay foreign vessels in freights. No other country could stand such a drain. After all, then, we are paying a subsidy, and hence it is a question of whether we will subsidize American or foreign vessels. It is useless for me to discuss before this intelligent audience the importance of our foreign trade. If Europe and the United States are to be competitors in the markets of the world, can we afford to put ourselves entirely in their hands? The power to fix freight rates gives them the power to fix the price of our cotton, wheat and manufactured products.

Suppose there should be a general European war, and the merchant marine of England, Germany and Norway was pressed in for transport service. What would be the effect on cotton and cotton goods? I tell you that you would see cotton hauled into the streets of Greenville and not sold at three cents, but simply hauled back home. There would be no buyers, because there would be no ships to carry cotton or cotton goods abroad, business of all kinds would languish, and there would be failures on every hand. Conditions have changed—before the war we were buyers abroad, now we are sellers. We are asking foreigners not to exchange products, but to come here to buy. Nothing would suffer in case of a European war like cotton. They would have to come here to buy wheat, corn, bacon, mules and horses, as England did in the Boer War, but they could do without cotton for a year or so. All the ships would be needed for war uses. Foodstuffs high and no sale for cotton, what could hurt the South worse? What, then, is more dependent on American ships than the cotton crop?

Does any man of common sense suppose in this great contest for the trade of the Orient that the ships of Germany and England are going to give us the same advantages that they do their own merchants? As Mr. Thurber, of New York, recently said, "Every ship is a missionary of trade, and steam lines work for their own countries just as railway lines work for their terminal points. It is as absurd for the United States to rely upon foreign ships to distribute her goods, as it would be for one business house to rely upon the wagons of a competing house to make its deliveries." There is no section so vitally interested in ships as the South. Why, Charleston, Mobile and New Orleans should rival New York, so far as harbors are concerned. We have already felt the benefits of our Asiatic trade, and in it lies the possibilities of our future, but we must have cheap freight, rapid transportation, and the prestige of the American flag over our own ships. Our Southern ports are discriminated against by the same great railroad lines that are fighting the opportunity for an American merchant marine. We must have a Southern commerce, not a Southern trade. That same influence has prevented the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, and I predict that there will be no canal, until its friends and the advocates of a merchant marine join forces and work in harmony. The two are inseparable. They will either fail together or succeed together. When that time comes, freights will move North and South, instead of East and West. Our ports will be the gateways, and the South will develop with unequalled rapidity. Cannot any man of sense see that the money power headed by C. P. Huntington and Hill, with great railway systems running East and West, do not want freights deflected South? With this change, the Seaboard, Coast Line and Southern would rival in greatness the three transcontinental lines. The producer of raw material will prosper, just in proportion to the demand for his product. All that our Southern people have to do now is to be wise and conservative, and favor the great public measures looking to the promotion of the material and industrial interests of the country and the honor and glory of the nation.

DO YOUR OWN THINKING.

Fellow-citizens, with so many things to talk about, it has not been possible for me to do more than skim the surface, but I hope I have been so fortunate as to excite a desire on your part to investigate for yourself and not let some old moss-back, who does not know that the war has ended, do your thinking. These are practical vital issues. As your Senator, I have frankly stated my position. There are two sides to these questions. I respect an honest difference of opinion, but no man can impugn my motives successfully.

NOT AN AUTOMATON.

I never could answer the ends of an automaton in politics or business. I yield to the dictation of no man. It is characteristic of a Scotchman to think and act for himself. I have asserted and will always assert my personal and political individuality. I have blazed out my own path more than once in County, State and National politics, and followed it without regard to popular applause. I made "Peace and unity" very popular once in this State—too popular, in fact—for some of those who once denounced the "Leader of the Movement," now grovel in the dust at the feet of their old-time foe, humbly content with the crumbs that fall from his lips, for the sake of the few crumbs that drop from the table.

REFUSES TO PREACH THE GOSPEL OF DESPAIR.

If re-elected, as far as in me lies, my voice and vote will be used in behalf of those measures which make for human progress and human happiness in the present world; measures which will unite and knit men into a wider recognition of the brotherhood of man. My voice will go, not to invoke party prejudice and party passion, not to preach a gospel of despair, not to help to create bitterness, but to assist in its elimination.

The rancor of party prejudice, the foment of party spirit, the agitation for public spoils and selfish ends, these are the fetters that clog, the manacles that impede our national development, and threaten our national life.

A COMMISSION TO STUDY CHINA IMPORTANT TO THE SOUTH.

When a measure is before Congress proposing the creation of a non-partisan commission of trained business men to visit China, to investigate and report how wider markets for American products may be obtained among the eight hundred million of people who live in that portion of the globe, a measure which would be of more benefit to the cotton spinners of the South than almost any single economic measure ever introduced into Congress, shall I blindly follow the lead of the modern apostles of Democracy and vote against it because the measure originates upon the Republican side, and because a Republican President would have the naming of such commission? For one, I have a higher conception, not alone of my privilege, but my duty, to stand by and advance by every honorable effort the interests of those people through whose favors I have a place in the halls of legislation. When to be a successful politician one must cater alone to prejudice and follow blind passion in its leadership, I shall, even if taunted by the latter-day saints of Democracy, prefer to believe that my conduct is in strict accord with the policies of those grand old Democratic heroes of the past who in their day and age, gifted with patriotism and wisdom, made the Democratic party known throughout the nation as party of progress as well as the party of power.

IS PROSPERITY SO FRIGHTFUL A PHANTOM?

Whenever prosperity is so frightful a phantom that I must either get scared at that phantom or stand by the issues that promote prosperity, you need not fear that I shall dodge. Whenever certain "latter-day saints attempt to force me to the acceptance of the doctrine that a dead issue of the past is a vital force in the living present, I shall make my personal protest. Whenever, to be an acceptable Democrat, according to the definition of a party led by Allen, Pettigrew and Teller, I must attack and oppose every man and every measure that is not marching backward, I shall reserve to myself the right to state that South Carolina turns her face with hope and with courage towards the future.

Whenever, in the face of a pending political contest, one must have a cold chill each time cotton goes from five to twelve cents or wheat to a dollar a bushel; each time cattle or hogs go up a cent a pound; each time he reads an advance of ten per cent. in wages; each time he sees a notice in the paper of "Men Wanted" in our great industrial army; each time that an old, lingering mortgage is cancelled; each time that he sees a new roof put upon the house and a few more comforts for the old mother at the fireside; each time he sees the burdens of domestic toil lightened for the weary wife, to be compelled to have a chill for fear Mr. Bryan's chances would be hindered by each and all of these varied circumstances during the last three or four years, would have kept me in a perpetual shiver. For myself, rather than be a sufferer from an imaginary ague, I shall prefer to glory in these evidences of prosperity and happiness, rather than conjure them up as specters even if some politician's chances are thereby lessened.

When to be approved by "the latter-day saints of Democracy" as a consistent party man, one must turn his back to the rising sun and watch alone its setting, and when, instead of viewing the glories of the morning, he must conjure up the phantoms of night, I shall rest content to place my faith in those immortal principles, which the fathers of Democracy promulgated, at the formation of our government and which have been sealed by the devotion of patriotic men and consecrated by the blood of heroes.

When marching from a condition of misery, when fleeing from a land of Sodom, must one needs look back with yearning?

When, like the chosen of God, escaping from the task-masters of Egypt, and marching towards the land of promise flowing with milk and honey, with wealth of corn, vine and olives, abounding in fatness, must we still attempt to satisfy the morbid cravings of that appetite which yet yearns for the fleshpots of Egypt?

GIVE THE YOUNG MEN OF THE SOUTH A CHANCE.

When pig iron was stacked up in the yards at Chattanooga and Birmingham, unsalable at six dollars per ton, furnaces cold, men idle, and I now find furnaces blazing, yards empty, men working, and customers knocking at the door to buy that iron at prices which have ranged from sixteen to twenty dollars per ton; when, instead of four cents, I sold my cotton this year at eleven, shall I, as a loyal citizen of this glorious Southland, with the visions of the greatness that lie before her, standing as she does at the open door of opportunity, shall I follow the leadership of a Pettigrew, Altgelt, or Tillman; or shall I exert every honorable effort in my power to make the present measure of prosperity but as a faint glimpse of the coming morn, compared with the splendor of the sun at its meridian?

Am I to be turned from my course, conscious of the absolute unselfishness of my purpose, to do all that may lie in my power for the welfare and happiness of the people whom I love; am I to be deterred from my course, because some political wolves are heard howling upon my track?

I see before me a mother, who over and again has with bowed head and infinite yearning asked herself, "How may I see rear my son that he may go out into the world and achieve success?" This has been a sterner problem in the South than in the North. The diversity of manufacturing industries has left the avenues of success wide open for the young men of the North, while to the young men of the South there have been but few avenues open for those rightful ambitions which fire the heart of every youth. I would, if in my power, before I am called home from my labors, promote a condition where I might see these boys—one, perhaps, the president of a great factory, the other perhaps the treasurer or secretary, another the manager, and another perhaps as the sales agent—establishing markets for South Carolina products throughout the world. All men cannot be lawyers, clergymen or bankers, but every boy with the training of a good mother, and the education afforded by our public schools, has a reasonable right to aspire to the proudest positions of eminence in the world, financial, industrial and commercial. I would if in my power, promote the condition where your sons might go out into the broad avenues of life with every impending barrier torn down, where the boy upon the poorest farm in South Carolina, or the son of the least paid operative at the mill, could march out with hope and courage, and, having been taught those lessons at the mother's knee which must ever be his guiding star, find that opportunity for success and eminence which his qualities command.

With the great race problem, which has for so many years confronted us, happily settled, as I said at Charlotte, "why should we be miserable slaves of one party and a foot-ball for the other?" Let it be understood that the industrial and commercial interest of the South come before the interest of any politician. I cannot believe that narrowness, bigotry, prejudice or the arts of the wily politician, should be permitted to swerve us from a course which leads to the attainment of these objects, which bring in their train blessings to every farm and fireside, to every hearth and home, in our grand old commonwealth.

Why should the achievement of some narrow political ambition stop the young men of the South from the opportunity of winning the same success which is open to the young men of the North? Some twelve years ago, a boy of German parentage just out of a little school near Pittsburg, went to work in an iron mill. Quick, active, willing, obliging, he was soon promoted to a position in the draughting office. A short time afterwards he was promoted as assistant foreman, then as foreman, then as superintendent, then as manager, then as president, and to-day he stands as president of the largest corporation that the world has ever known, and by common report draws a salary of one million dollars per year. This is an extreme case, but merely an example of thousands and tens of thousands of similar cases in the North. I cannot believe that there are higher intelligence, greater capacity or truer worth, to be found anywhere than among the youth of our State. The difference arises alone from conditions and environment.

What father or mother, what good patriotic citizen, what Christian man, then, would censure me, realizing as I do the marvelous advantages that South Carolina possesses for manufacturing, and recognizing the infinite possibilities of development, if I hope that that development shall come speedily as a blessing to you and yours.

Can there be a commercial triumph, an industrial success, that will not bring pleasure to my heart? I believe that the intelligence and the Christian patriotism of the people of this State will arise to a conception of our grand possibilities. If my life shall be preserved to witness this marvelous triumph, do you think the attacks made upon me by selfish, ignorant men, with their own purposes to serve, will not be forgotten, or, at least, the wounds they may leave will have healed, and even those who condemn today will join with me in a shout of thanksgiving that will stir every heart capable of lofty sentiment.

A Village Swept Away.

A dispatch from Charlotte, N. C., says reports from remote counties in the mountain districts show great destruction by the storm. In Bakersville sixteen residences and the Baptist church were washed away. Quinter Moore and his son were drowned. Every house in Magnetic City, a village in Mitchell county, was destroyed. At Roan Mountain station, 20 residences were swept away. Six large stores on Big Rock creek were carried away and one man, John McKinney, drowned, while an unknown man was killed by a landslide.

Heavy Losses.

The damage to the Asheville division of the Southern railway by the recent flood is estimated at a half million dollars. For several days Ashville was completely cut off from the outside world.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

A Sensational Affair in a Philadelphia Hotel.

WERE TO DIE TOGETHER,

But the Man Changed His Mind and Tried to Kill the Woman. Sin and Insanity.

A sensational attempt at murder and suicide took place at a hotel in Philadelphia, Pa., Friday night, when John A. Jenkins of Brooklyn, N. Y., attempted to kill a young woman named Mae Barber of that city and then blew his brains out while in the grasp of a police man.

The couple registered at the hotel Friday evening as man and wife. Two letters were found in the room, one written by the young woman and the other by Jenkins. The young woman says she was forced to write her letter at the point of a pistol. It was addressed to her landlady on North Thirteenth street, and read as follows:

"Kindly look after my body and pay the insurance. They have failed to call for it. The money is in the bureau drawer. You may keep some of my things and give the remainder to Hannah A. Neber, 1700 south Second street. Give me a good burial. God bless you. Jack and I die in love and in the triumph of love's death. Lovingly,

"Mae,

"219 North Thirteenth St."

The address given is where the girl boarded. The letter left by Jenkins, who is said to live at 236 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, was prefaced by a verse of poetry. This was followed by the words, "Kindly notify my brother-in-law, John I Murphy, of this happy event, No. 265 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. This is the ultimate result of gambling and a dissipated life and is a warning to young men.

Signed John A. Jenkins."

This is followed by more poetry and then came the following:

"God help my mother. This creature has ruined my life and I am putting her out of the business to save other men."

It was just about midnight when screams were heard coming from the fourth floor of the hotel. A woman was seen to be hanging by her dress out of the window. A policeman ran up the stairs and met a man rushing down. He grabbed him and was returning with him up the stairs when the man suddenly drew a revolver from his hip pocket and blew out his own brains. Leaving the prostrate man on the stairs, the officer and several hotel servants went to the room from the window of which the woman was hanging and drew her in. As soon as she saw she was saved she fainted. Jenkins' body was sent to the morgue and Miss Barber was sent to the central station.

Miss Barber made a statement saying Jenkins threatened to either shoot her or throw her out of the window.

"He said he could not live without me and that I would be dead before 12 o'clock. I pleaded with him to spare my life. But he was obdurate. Placing the pistol at my head he forced me to write at his dictation the letter to my landlady. Then I thought I might save my life by resorting to strategy. I asked him for one drink before I died and he ordered beer. When the waiter appeared with the bottle I sprang to the window and attempted to jump out into the street. My dress caught and held me and then I knew no more."

Jenkins was about 33 years of age and Miss Barber 23. She was handsome and dressed well. She is said to be a waitress in the restaurant of a large department store in that city.

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

Examples Which Go to Show That Courtesy Pays.

Success says a young man went into a gentlemen's furnishing house in St. Louis, and asked to see a certain style of collars. The lordly clerk behind the counter looked at him indifferently, and drawled: "Haven't got any; they're out of style, anyhow." The would-be customer turned on his heel and sought another store, where he made known his wants in the same language, the alert clerk replied, courteously: "I'm afraid we are out of those, but I'll see." He came back a minute later to the young man, bringing with him several styles of collars, and said: "I'm sorry, but we are entirely out of those. Perhaps you could wear some of these." The young man decided that he could, and bought a dozen. Meanwhile the clerk called his attention to ties, handkerchiefs, and hose that were "just in," and, while it had not occurred to the purchaser that he needed these things, he bought several, also shirts and underwear which he had forgotten that he wanted till the shrewd and gentlemanly clerk called the fact to his mind. The firm was richer by $20 when the clerk bowed the young man out; and that store secured the steady patronage of a good customer, who, had the counter been in charge of a different man, would have gone to the first firm.

A man went out to take the census. He had never worked for the government before or worn a badge, and the weight of it, the importance of it, worried him, and he wanted everybody to know about it. He found, however, that "the masses" didn't care who he was or what he represented. When he threatened irate females with the penitentiary, told them impressively that he was a "government official," and requested them to look upon his insignia of office, they set the dog on him, attacked him with a broom, or requested him to "wait until the ould man gits home," which he declined to do. Now, any one is aware that refusing to answer the census man is a very sinister crime, but the federal officers looked over the report which the young man brought in from a tenement district containing a wonderfully mixed population, and quietly sent another man over the same route. This sweet-tempered genius usually appeared at the back door, being aware that its generally vexes a woman to be called away from her work to answer foolish questions, but he was also quick to recognize places where it would be an unpardonable sin to enter by the rear door.

This census-taker was sunshine itself. Usually he had asked half a dozen questions and got the answers recorded before the victim discovered who she was, as he had carefully concealed his badge and buried the fact that he was a "government official." He was tactful with all men and women. He recognized an educated person, watever the surroundings, and did not as in so many words if such a one could read and write. Neither did he find it advisable to inquire of a red-headed Irish woman whether she was white or colored. He made love to the little children, complimented the mothers, and patted the dogs. When the census was finished, not a man, woman or child had escaped him. An assess or went out to assess taxes. He worked hard all day, and brought in reports from forty families, which he had secured through much tribulation, and with the firm conviction that these people had hopelessly perjured themselves. There was another assessor who worked three hours, and secured honest reports from eighty eight families; and, when he lifted his hat and said "God morning," people were sorry he couldn't stay longer, and it was all because of the difference between the two men.

There was an express agent who called a lady's attention to the fact that he "understood his business," because she insisted there was an express office at a place of which the agent had never heard, and he hadn't the grace to apologize after finding that the lady was right. There was another man, in the same office, who received a wrap which a helpless woman brought in hanging over her arm because "she couldn't make a package to save her life," and folded it, tied it, and sealed it, smiling like an angel all the while, whatever he thought and—but why multiply instances. There is a rule that still holds good in public and private life. "The more exalted a man's position, the more courteous is his manner." His position is the result of courtesy.

Knights of Pythias.

The following officers were elected by the Knights of Pythias at their meeting in Spartanburg:

Grand Chancellor—M. L. Bonham, Anderson.

Grand Vice Chancellor—Geo. S. Mower, Newberry.

Grand Prelate—J. M. Knight, Sumter.

Grand Keeper of Records and Seal—Dr. J. H. Thornwell, Fort Mill.

Grand Master at Arms—Lionel K. Anderson, Spartanburg.

Grand Master of Exchequer—Wilson G. Harvey, Charleston.

Grand Inner Guard—J. H. D. Wigger, Charleston.

Grand Outer Guard—G. W. Reeves, Branchville.

Supreme Representative—D. C. Heyward, Walterboro.

A Ruse.

"What's them?" inquired Mrs. Corntossel as the farmer opened his carpet bag and let the contents drop on the floor.

"Them is two gold bricks."

"Swindled!"

"No, sirree. I paid 25 cents apiece fur 'em. I'm goin' to leave 'em around the house so that when folks come along with cash to pay fur country board they'll say we're sech simple, unwordly people it's a pity to take advantage of us."—Washington Star.

The Editor's Mistake.

Great Statesman—You were in rather a sad condition when you left the banquet the other night.

Reporter—Yes; I drank more than was good for me.

Great Statesman—So I noticed. And it showed in your report of my speech. It was terribly mixed up. Didn't the editor raise a row about it?

Reporter—No; he didn't blame me. He thought you were drunk.—N. Y. Weekly