

NOT "DADDY" OF BLEASEISM.

Senator Tillman Sets Noble Task for John L. McLaurin.

Washington, Nov. 2.—That John L. McLaurin, as a pennance due the people of South Carolina, undertake to destroy Bleasism, is suggested by Senator Tillman in a statement which he has issued in reply to charges made by Mr. McLaurin in his recent speech before a gathering of Blease followers in Columbia. Mr. Tillman says that if McLaurin will, he can destroy Bleasism better than any other man in the State, and that he (Senator Tillman) will help him. Mr. Tillman's statement is as follows:

I read in the South Carolina papers John L. McLaurin's farewell address, or statement, withdrawing from the Governor's race and bidding adieu to politics forever. It is a pathetic utterance—pathetic because it is the swan song of a very brilliant man, who failed to be a very great man because he lacked the moral fibre to always be true to himself and his convictions of right rather than allow ambition and selfishness to warp him. His life, in a way, is a sermon, which young men everywhere ought to take to heart. Nothing in the State's history is more lamentable. If he had only been true to true Tillmanism, to which he says he was converted in 1910, he would be in the United States Senate now and would be an ornament to it.

Believed Him a Traitor.

McLaurin says: "It is the irony of fate that I, who suffered most injustice from Tillman personally, should be the sole defender of Tillmanism."

There are two things about this statement upon which I desire to comment. I never did have any personal ill-will towards John L. McLaurin and have none now. I denounced him in the Senate because I believed he was a traitor to the people of the State who had sent him there. The people were convinced that my charge was true and have sustained it whenever they had an opportunity.

When he says he is "the sole defender of Tillmanism," he means among those Bleasites to whom he was speaking. He, of course, knows there are tens of thousands of Tillmanites, some of whom voted for and some against Governor Blease last year, who have never wavered in their adherence to Tillmanism as they understand it, and as he now understands it.

Charles Carroll Simms outheroded Herod in his Bleasism, proclaiming that it is higher than Tillmanism. He illustrates Byron's couplet: "He stood a foe with all the zeal Which young and fiery converts feel."

Ends An Anarchist.

He is, no doubt, as sincere in his Bleasism now as he was in his Haskellism in 1890. He never understood Tillmanism at all. Inheriting a grand name he thought he was an aristocrat and has ended by becoming an anarchist, and wants to run into the Governor's office on demagogery. Truly "politics does make strange bed fellows," and if the Tillmanites who deserted me last year on account of Blease vote for Simms for Governor, it will be a remarkable transformation. It will only show how wild men can become when their political passions are aroused, and how little wisdom, or reason, governs their actions.

Wise to Withdraw.

There are some things about McLaurin's statement that are very admirable, and I say now that I, for the first time since I denounced him on the floor of the Senate, believe he has at last become a patriot and wants to do the State all the service he can during the balance of his life. Of course, he has played politics so long and used diplomacy so much that even now he cannot drop the role all at once. I have felt heretofore that he was trying to "come back" into politics under the spur of ambition, and I still believe that was his motive. I have been hoping that Governor Blease would endorse him as a successor in the Governor's office, feeling that that would be enough to damn both of them in the eyes of the people. But Blease had too much political sense to make such a blunder as that, and McLaurin is wise in withdrawing once for all into private life.

Disowns the Paternity.

Tillmanism is charged with being the father of Bleasism. Tillman disowns the paternity, except as a bastard. Bleasism is the incestuous child of unscrupulous ambition on the body of Tillmanism. Blease has "stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in"—that is all, and has done it very adroitly. He has stolen most of his thunder from my speeches. I was the originator of the phrase, "To hell with the constitution." I used it in Chicago, and have always, in season and out of season, whenever I have spoken on the subject, proclaimed that lynching

ought to follow rape. Yet this has been Blease's stock in trade. He has used it whenever opportunity offered, and the people have such short memories they have forgotten that the idea is mine. Blease is a past master at demagoguery. That is how he has deceived the people so.

A Shrewd Politician.

"What McLaurin says about 'factionalism making South Carolina a little Mexico' is all too true; and I agree fully with what he says about the necessity for the good and true men of both factions getting together, and electing a Governor who will be Governor of all the people and not the Governor of 'his friends' only.

McLaurin has always been a shrewd politician, and he realizes fully, as all thoughtful men must realize, that the loud-mouthed shouters at the Blease banquet are 'office-seekers' and nothing more.

The statement, "I don't suit them; they don't suit me, so I had just as well be a man; that is better than being Governor," is very, very admirable. But I would have liked it better in this form: "I do not suit them; they do not suit me, so I will be a man hereafter, and my own master—not a slave to ambition. That is better than being Governor."

Should Work for the People.

McLaurin has such great ability that it is a pity his brains can be of no service to the people in a public career now that he has come to his senses. I agree with him that his political career is ended, but he is still a citizen of South Carolina, and there are many avenues open to him for doing the people service. He should seek out the one which he likes best and work for the betterment of the State and its citizens. He has no equal in the State as a stump speaker. I know because I trained him, as he himself will acknowledge.

If McLaurin will run for the United States Senate in order to be permitted to speak at the meetings—the rules of the party would bar him if he were not a candidate—he can analyze and thus destroy Bleasism far better than any other man I know of. He can do what my health will no longer permit me to do, and make amends for his past sins and blunders.

Suggests Pennance.

If I had been able to make even three speeches in South Carolina last year I do not believe Blease would ever have been elected Governor, and if I were able now or dared to make speeches he could not be elected to the Senate. Because I have faith in my own honesty of purpose and patriotism and think I could show beyond possibility of doubt that he is unfit to come to Washington as a Senator from South Carolina and is no more to be trusted than was McLaurin. I would undertake to do this anyway had not the physicians, all of them, warned me that it would result in my death while speaking. I am willing to die for the State if necessary, but I realize only too sadly that my strength now is not equal to the task, and I can no longer play the role of the gladiator on the hustings. It may be that the good God will restore my strength so that I will be able to take the risk. But if McLaurin, as a pennance, will undertake the work, there will be no need whatever for me to speak a word. All the moral force I possess—and I realize I have a great deal of it among my fellow citizens—will be exerted in this fight for decency in State politics.

Cause of Insomnia.

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach and constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers. adv.

The world would be a much pleasanter place if it cost \$5,000,000 to take out a poetic license.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Cleanses Tender Little Stomach, Liver, Bowels Without Injury.

Every mother realizes that this is the children's ideal laxative and physic, because they love its pleasant taste and it never fails to effect a thorough "inside cleansing" without griping.

When your child is cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember a good liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on each bottle. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other fig syrup with contempt. adv.

MR. LEVER'S VISIT TO CANAL ZONE.

Interesting Letter from Former Walhalla Boy Now at Cristobal—He Accompanied Congressman Lever and Party on River Chagres and on Land—Chairman of Agricultural Committee a Big Man—Great is the Corozo Palm—Facts that Point to the Great Possibilities of the Canal Zone in the Future.

(By S. P. Verner.)

CRISTOBAL, Canal Zone, Oct. 27.

—Editor Keewee Courier: Last year I sent The Courier a letter about our senior Senator. In this letter I wish to write of the visit of our senior member of the House of Representatives to the Canal. Accompanied by Mrs. Lever and by Mrs. and Judge O'Hair, of Illinois, who defeated Ex-Speaker Cannon at the last election, Mr. Lever gave me the pleasure of taking him for a motor boat trip on the Chagres. Mrs. Lever is an exceedingly lovely and attractive lady, of a pronounced blonde type, while Mrs. O'Hair is a beautiful brunette. I evidently pay to be a successful statesman in more ways than one, but I will venture that it was more the man than the statesman which won out in both these cases, for these gentlemen impressed me with their simple manliness before I found out that they also richly deserve the title of "statesman."

A good many years ago I heard Mr. Lever, in Columbia, commence a speech with the statement that he "made no pretenses of being a statesman." This was so refreshingly in contrast with a good many utterances I had heard that I sat up and paid attention; and when he finished I commented to myself that "there is more of the statesman in him than he or most of us know." He has grown since those days. Now chairman of the Committee on Agriculture—custodian of the expenditures of hundreds of millions of dollars per year—(easily one of the three or four most important positions in Congress,) this unassuming little man is really the "Little Giant" of the Palmetto State. His size reminds me of the story of Alexander Stephens and Bob Tombs. You all know how Tombs told the people that he could swallow the little fellow Stephens whole, when the latter replied, "Yes, and you would have more brains in your belly than you've got in your head." Well, Mr. Lever has brains—real, live, active grey matter, too. He showed it on this trip. His interest took in everything. He wanted to know about the rain-fall on the Chagres. I told him that the rain on the watershed in a year would fill a ditch as big as Gatun locks (110 by 50 feet), which would extend from the North to the South Pole, (over 300 billion cubic feet). He asked about the relative size of the river. I told him it was the smallest river of equal fame in the world—the Jordan is just a little larger. At the entrance to Culebra Cut it is about the size of the Tiber at Rome. Among American rivers it approximates the Merrimac. He asked about the vegetation on its banks, and I showed him a giant wild fig tree, bigger than live oaks; the guayacan, whose timber is the hardest and heaviest in the world; the espave, which is of the mahogany family, worth \$80 a thousand; the corozo palm, which bears 60 pounds of oil per annum, richer than oleomargarine; the Panama hat palm, which produces a fiber stronger than cotton; and orchids whose beauty millionaires buy at high prices at home. There was para grass, rich food for cattle, covering the bottom of the Canal like a carpet; guinea and bermuda grass swarming over the hills; rubber and cocoa trees in the woods and all sorts of tropical fruits around the villages in the valley.

The ladies seemed to have eyes open for everything. Mrs. O'Hair photographed a big fig tree growing out of an old abandoned French dump car. Mrs. Lever took the wheel and became the first lady from South Carolina to navigate with her own hands the waters of the Canal. Mrs. O'Hair also taking her turn and showing that ladies from Illinois can do other things beside vote and look pretty.

Mr. Lever gave interesting comments on matters political as we went along. He showed how tariff reform alone was not all we needed; that a crying necessity was a better means of the distribution of products. He commented on Mr. Calhoun's lack of humor—that possibly this was the one aspect which made so much of a tragedy of the great statesman's career. He linked President Wilson with our old teacher, Dr. Woodrow, as an instance of a family tendency to combine intellect

with practical business sagacity. Three qualities struck me as pre-eminence in Mr. Lever's character—common sense, industry and loyalty. His head is so level. He avoids the rant and the cant of the demagogue, while proving the sincerity of his patriotism by years of persevering fighting for the welfare of the public. He seems to have few or no angular prejudices; he can sympathize with the misfortunes of an ancient aristocracy while recognizing the meritable progress of a broader democracy. He does not go into conceptions over the negro question; he spends more time on the graver white question. He is not afraid of the Japs because he has confidence in the Americans. His industry has been prodigious, and his reward that of the man of whom the wise king said: "See'st thou a man diligent in business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

His loyalty is magnificent. Some "reformers" ride howling to Congress on the wave of popular unrest, and subside under the waters of insidious influence. No Bailey is our little man from Lexington. He stands to-day where he stood in 1892; on a high hill perhaps, but the blaze of the sunlight shows no spot on his career. His name well typifies him—he may be the lever by which we may overturn many a ranking injustice; a lever may be only a small steel bar, but it can turn over many tons.

It is a happy omen for us that two native sons of the Carolinas should now be running the agricultural interests of the United States—one as secretary of the department, the other as chairman of the House Committee. Dave House and Asbury Lever are both men of whom the State and the country may well be proud, and of whom we expect great things.

A system of local mills, of a kind to extract this oil economically and to obtain a full percentage of the fat, would probably add these palms to the great oil-producing fields of the world. The corozo nut is harder than the African Elais, and the palms are not so close to transport as most cocoanuts—facts which bear on the question of the lack of development—but as roads increase and the mechanical means of oil extraction are improved, it will probably not be long before the value of this palm is appreciated.

If the Canal Zone were allowed to grow up in this palm, or if one could conceive it planted as thickly as it might be, the Zone alone could produce an annual output of oil worth, at present prices, \$25,000,000 gross.

Nervous and Sick Headaches.
Torpid liver, constipated bowels and disordered stomach are the causes of these headaches. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills. You will be surprised how quickly you will get relief. They stimulate the different organs to do their work properly. No better regulator for liver and bowels. Take 25c. and invest in a box to-day. At all druggists or by mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis. adv.

SCHOONER'S HOLD FULL OF FISH
Not a Soul on Board—Baffling Mystery of the Sea.
New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 6.—The faded, yellow pages of the logbooks of the New Bedford whaling fleet fail to record a mystery of the sea more baffling than that presented to-day when the revenue cutter Gresham towed into port the Gloucester fishing schooner, Annie M. Parker, which was picked up Monday with all sails set, her hold filled with fish and without a soul on board, 60 miles east of the Nantucket lightship. There is no trace of any of the nineteen men composing the schooner's crew.

In its details the mystery recalls the case of the Boston brig Marie Celeste, which was found abandoned at sea some forty years ago. The fate of her crew never was known to the world.

The British steamer Astrakhan, bound from New York for France, sighted the Parker Monday drifting with all sails set. Boarding the schooner, officers of the steamer found four of the dories missing. A few burned pieces of bread was all the food in the galley, indicating that before leaving the crew had hastily gathered together a supply of provisions.

The schooner was not leaking and was in perfect condition, except for the loss of one jib. Salt fish, valued at about \$8,000, filled the hold.

A prize crew from the Astrakhan took charge of the Parker and turned her over to the Gresham.

The Parker's owners said she sailed from Sydney, N. S., for her home port October 26, after a fishing trip to the New Foundland Grand Banks. She was in command of Capt. Vincent Nelson, a veteran Gloucester skipper, and was manned by a crew of eighteen. The owners could offer no explanation of the abandonment of the vessel. There is a possibility that the Parker's crew was picked up by some sailing vessel. Had they been taken on board a steamer the rescue probably would have been reported by wireless.

Birmingham, Ala.—F. L. Willis suffered greatly from asthma and bronchitis. He writes: "I got no relief until I took Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It entirely removed those choking sensations, and never failed to produce an easy and comfortable condition of the throat and lungs." Bell's drug store. adv.

The new United States law which protects all migratory birds went into effect November 1st, and the new measure will be a great thing for the agricultural sections, as it will prevent the slaughter of birds which destroy insects. Federal authorities will co-operate with State officials in enforcing the law.

SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE.
Many Walhalla People Have Been Called as Witnesses.

Week after week has been published the testimony of Walhalla people—kidney sufferers—backache victims—people who have endured many forms of kidney, bladder or urinary disorders. These witnesses have used Doan's Kidney Pills. All have given their enthusiastic approval. It's the same everywhere. Thirty thousand American men and women are publicly recommending Doan's—always in the home papers. Isn't it a wonderful, convincing mass of proof? If you are a sufferer your verdict must be "Try Doan's first." Here's one more Walhalla case: Mrs. Ida Hellams, Factory Hill, Walhalla, S. C., says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family with fine results. I know that they live up to the claims made for them. They were obtained from Dr. Bell's drug store and used for pains in the back and sides and trouble with the kidney secretions. Complete and lasting relief was had." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. adv.

with practical business sagacity. Three qualities struck me as pre-eminence in Mr. Lever's character—common sense, industry and loyalty. His head is so level. He avoids the rant and the cant of the demagogue, while proving the sincerity of his patriotism by years of persevering fighting for the welfare of the public. He seems to have few or no angular prejudices; he can sympathize with the misfortunes of an ancient aristocracy while recognizing the meritable progress of a broader democracy. He does not go into conceptions over the negro question; he spends more time on the graver white question. He is not afraid of the Japs because he has confidence in the Americans. His industry has been prodigious, and his reward that of the man of whom the wise king said: "See'st thou a man diligent in business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

His loyalty is magnificent. Some "reformers" ride howling to Congress on the wave of popular unrest, and subside under the waters of insidious influence. No Bailey is our little man from Lexington. He stands to-day where he stood in 1892; on a high hill perhaps, but the blaze of the sunlight shows no spot on his career. His name well typifies him—he may be the lever by which we may overturn many a ranking injustice; a lever may be only a small steel bar, but it can turn over many tons.

It is a happy omen for us that two native sons of the Carolinas should now be running the agricultural interests of the United States—one as secretary of the department, the other as chairman of the House Committee. Dave House and Asbury Lever are both men of whom the State and the country may well be proud, and of whom we expect great things.

The ladies seemed to have eyes open for everything. Mrs. O'Hair photographed a big fig tree growing out of an old abandoned French dump car. Mrs. Lever took the wheel and became the first lady from South Carolina to navigate with her own hands the waters of the Canal. Mrs. O'Hair also taking her turn and showing that ladies from Illinois can do other things beside vote and look pretty.

Mr. Lever gave interesting comments on matters political as we went along. He showed how tariff reform alone was not all we needed; that a crying necessity was a better means of the distribution of products. He commented on Mr. Calhoun's lack of humor—that possibly this was the one aspect which made so much of a tragedy of the great statesman's career. He linked President Wilson with our old teacher, Dr. Woodrow, as an instance of a family tendency to combine intellect

with practical business sagacity. Three qualities struck me as pre-eminence in Mr. Lever's character—common sense, industry and loyalty. His head is so level. He avoids the rant and the cant of the demagogue, while proving the sincerity of his patriotism by years of persevering fighting for the welfare of the public. He seems to have few or no angular prejudices; he can sympathize with the misfortunes of an ancient aristocracy while recognizing the meritable progress of a broader democracy. He does not go into conceptions over the negro question; he spends more time on the graver white question. He is not afraid of the Japs because he has confidence in the Americans. His industry has been prodigious, and his reward that of the man of whom the wise king said: "See'st thou a man diligent in business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

His loyalty is magnificent. Some "reformers" ride howling to Congress on the wave of popular unrest, and subside under the waters of insidious influence. No Bailey is our little man from Lexington. He stands to-day where he stood in 1892; on a high hill perhaps, but the blaze of the sunlight shows no spot on his career. His name well typifies him—he may be the lever by which we may overturn many a ranking injustice; a lever may be only a small steel bar, but it can turn over many tons.

It is a happy omen for us that two native sons of the Carolinas should now be running the agricultural interests of the United States—one as secretary of the department, the other as chairman of the House Committee. Dave House and Asbury Lever are both men of whom the State and the country may well be proud, and of whom we expect great things.

The ladies seemed to have eyes open for everything. Mrs. O'Hair photographed a big fig tree growing out of an old abandoned French dump car. Mrs. Lever took the wheel and became the first lady from South Carolina to navigate with her own hands the waters of the Canal. Mrs. O'Hair also taking her turn and showing that ladies from Illinois can do other things beside vote and look pretty.

Mr. Lever gave interesting comments on matters political as we went along. He showed how tariff reform alone was not all we needed; that a crying necessity was a better means of the distribution of products. He commented on Mr. Calhoun's lack of humor—that possibly this was the one aspect which made so much of a tragedy of the great statesman's career. He linked President Wilson with our old teacher, Dr. Woodrow, as an instance of a family tendency to combine intellect

McLAURIN COMES BACK AT BEN.

Not Sure Whether to Curse or Pray, Shouts "Bless the Lord."

Bennettsville, Nov. 4.—Senator Tillman's letter is so "Tillmanesque" that, when I read it yesterday, I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, curse or pray. I expect a little of all is in order.

He hits Blease with a meat axe, pitchforks me, ignores Smith and spits in Simms's face.

I am not going to let myself loose (if I can help it). The situation is too serious, for, from the way I feel and he feels, we'd be fighting in a pair of minutes and let South Carolina go to the devil, as we did before. I will honestly acknowledge that I have never been able to get entirely over an early affection for Senator Tillman. I have said hard things myself, but I don't like to hear other people say one word against him. If I had conquered and had him down, I would never have rubbed sand in his eyes. His letter is distinctly offensive: "Johnny is smart, but he is a bad little boy; he sassed papa. Papa is sorry, but come here, Johnny, and hand me the brush. Now get across my knee; papa is going to spank you. But if Johnny is good the balance of the week he can go to the 'movies' Saturday." I feel like saying "damn," but I'll say "Bless the Lord."

That letter discloses why I could not get on with Tillman, why Latimer couldn't, and why he and Smith can't agree—an imperious will that brooks no opposition. I could get on with him now; I'd laugh at him. I used to take him and myself too seriously. I will say, however, that God never made a man big enough to talk down to me. My record in the Senate needs no defense. I have done the "pennance" of the "very nearly great man," who was too far ahead of his time; I have suffered the bitter fate that comes to all advanced thinkers. After "pitchforks" are forgotten and "dung heaps" plowed under, the State warehouse idea, with agricultural products as a bankable asset, will give me a place in history, where foul standers and my own weaknesses are forgotten. God has been good. I do not need an office for my name to live. When Cole L. Blease stood up before 8,000 people and said, "He is a good man; he would make a good Governor; he has been badly wounded by the scurrilous politicians of South Carolina," he made a personal friend that will last him after the miserable bootlicks and sycophants have turned on him, like those who used to lick Tillman's hand and at his bidding drove the steel into my heart, and are now ready to drive it into Tillman's, for the favor of another. Senator Tillman has served a great purpose; he does not need an office to perpetuate his fame, but he is a man—poor, weak clay, the same as I. In us both is that unperishable spark which, after death has washed the dross away, will shine clear and bright. Why should he still seek to dim the lustre of my star? I envy him not the faintest ray of his own. I rejoice in all true greatness, and sorrow in what is little, for are we not all MEN?

God must judge between us, and the balance he strikes shall be for all eternity. I long ago forgave him; his letter shows he has never been able to do that.

God does not expect repentance except from the "near" great; life is a pose to 99 per cent. The world is a stage; my sense of humor saves me. It made me laugh to see how utterly the public misconstrues the true character of both myself and Tillman. It is the joke of the century.

Tillman's pose from the beginning has been bluff, brutal honesty—"Pitchfork Ben"—"Give 'em hell and rub it in!" He overplayed his hand a little. Down underneath lives the most astute player of the political game that ever dealt a card—the only man without college training that I ever knew with a classical education. Under that roughness there are exquisite literary tastes, a giant mind that has read, digested and assimilated the wisdom of all the ages, and applied it to practical politics. Beneath bluster is the subtle genius of a Tallyrand. He has made every man in South Carolina vote for him one time or another. I laughed with him when the Gonzales solemnly voted for him last summer.

I am no politician; I haven't fooled anybody, and Tillman has fooled everybody except himself. I was the seeker for abstract truth, careless of personal fortunes. Tillman was the adroit political acrobat that could change from a Radical to a Conservative. I tried to reason it out, and was crucified for the reasons, not the result. Woodrow Wilson and Underwood are just where I stood 15 years ago.

His letter is so full of Tillmanism—his arrogance and dominant power over men—that I almost love him

(Continued on Third Page.)