

# Governor Wilson and Wall Street

A writer in the Columbia (S. C.) State, says: Monopoly was never so much astounded as when it found the man the American people chose for president in 1912 talking the same tongue and advancing the same thoughts after the election that he had before the election. That Wall street set that has put shackles on credit supposed the Baltimore platform a thing "to get in on," and expected it to be smashed as soon as the Baltimore ticket was triumphant; but the other day Woodrow Wilson made a speech to some billions of money in Chicago and gave utterance to this horrible warning:

"We must put the credit of this country at the disposal of everybody on equal terms. \* \* \* And on top of all this we must see to it that the business of the United States is set absolutely free of every feature of monopoly."

That is what the Baltimore platform demands; that is what Wilson and Marshall both said in their speeches of acceptance; that is what both advocated in their every public utterance during the campaign; that is what the country demands; that is what the country voted for and that is what the country is going to have.

But Wall street has gone behind the door to pout. Wall street complains that it is "an assault on business." And, so it is a blow at rascally business and notice served on it that the jig is up and it must surrender its usurped privileges and release its covetous grip on honest business. The aluminum trust has put \$1,250,000 in its business and in a period of a quarter of a century it has reaped dividends of over \$26,000,000, and here it was before Chairman Underwood's committee the other day demanding a continuance of its "protection" in our tariff laws! Now, that is not an obsession of the mind—it is impossible for anybody to be that big a fool—but it is an obsession of the conscience and unfortunately it is not only possible, but common, for folk to be that grasping.

Now, the aluminum trust is a monopoly that absolutely controls the output and fixes the prices of its wares. It is equivalent to an exercise of the power of taxation, one of the highest attributes of sovereignty. And when Mr. Wilson makes an assault on such an iniquity as that Wall street flies into a rage, threatens a panic, and proclaims Woodrow Wilson as an enemy of the business interests of the country.

Very well. This is a conflict irrepressible and desperate to the bitter end between Wall street and the American people. Watch your senators and representatives in congress.

A Mr. Baker was before the Pujo committee the other day. He is a Wall street magnate, president of the First National bank of New York city that, since 1872, has "earned" \$80,000,000 on an investment of \$500,000. Though he enjoys the privilege, granted him by the national banking law, to issue paper currency, he told the committee that his management of his bank was no concern of the government, that his operations are purely personal and private transactions.

But Mr. Baker admitted that the thing had gone far enough, and that if Wall street was in "bad hands" it could play the dickens with the country. Now, a time may come when covetous men will not be rare in those precincts—men whose cupidity would impel them to put some rascality into their operations—and Mr. Baker says the present business conventions would enable them to visit great harm on the public.

Here is a story of Wall street that illustrates how the philanthropists of that vicinity—good men—turn the trick. Our transcontinental railroads are a transportation trust, a monopoly that levies extortionate tribute on traffic. Some men of large means out west, in the grasp of that anaconda, concluded to build a competing line, starting from Kansas City, perhaps, and reaching to the Pacific coast. Without borrowing a dollar, they constructed 800 miles of railroad, and were operating it in a small way.

But they needed money to complete the thing, and like reasonable men, they went to New York, where there is a heap of money, to borrow it on first mortgage bonds on 800 miles of completed and unencumbered railroad. They could not get a cent, though there were hundreds of millions in New York eager to invest. Why? These "good men" Mr. Baker speaks of, let it be known that their heavy hands would fall on any banker or capitalist that dared invest a dollar in an enterprise designed to compete with their railroad trust in the trans-Mississippi.

Today that 800 miles of railroad is in the hands of a receiver.

It was just such capers and shames on the part of Wall street that nominated and elected Woodrow Wilson president of the United States. His mission is to smash such monopolies. If he shall succeed he will be one of the greatest men of all political history. If he fail the people will choose another to do it. One thing plainer than all other things is the resolute and inexorable determination of the American people to cleanse big business of all its rascality and some of its cupidity.

Credit ought to be free. It is impounded in Wall street; it is a slave. There are 20 men in New York who can destroy the credit of any business man or corporation in the country if they see fit to do so. And it was knowledge of that fact that prompted Mr. Wilson to say to those billions of dollars he addressed in Chicago January 11, "You must put the credit of this country at the disposal of everybody on equal terms." How does that assail any business but rascally business? The New York World asks if Wall street is an ass. At present it is—also a rascal.

The Arabs say, "The world is sustained by four things—the learning of the wise, the justice of the great, the prayers of the good and the valor of the brave."

Woodrow Wilson will have all these forces to support him and they will be irresistible.

Wall street can fix the thing in the twinkling of an eye. Let it come to the support of Wilson; but to do that it must transform itself and become sensible, moderate, honest.

Washington, Feb. 3.

## THE LAST OF THE DUELS

A writer in Leslie's Illustrated Weekly gives this interesting story of the last of the duels:

William L. Royall, a prominent attorney of Richmond, and one of the most picturesque characters in the south, who died recently at the summer home of his daughter in Trenton, N. J., was the last participant in and witness of the McCarty-Mordecai affair to pass away. He was Mordecai's second in the duel. Shortly before his death Mr. Royall concluded that it was proper to break the silence he had consistently maintained and to make public the facts in the case. His is the only authentic story of the famous encounter and he told it substantially as follows:

"Mary Triplett, one of the most beautiful women ever created by the Almighty, was at that time a reigning belle in Richmond. Page McCarty, an attractive, devil-may-care sort of fellow, fell desperately in love with her. It was generally understood that they had become engaged. All at once Miss Triplett broke off with him and went to Europe. When she returned she would not speak to McCarty and would never afterward have anything to do with him.

"We had a German club in Richmond that met once in two weeks. The club was usually led by a reckless, bright, audacious fellow named Sprig Campbell. At one of the meetings Campbell contrived a figure that would throw McCarty and Miss Triplett together for a dance. It was a wanton act, intended for cleverness. They met and commenced to dance, but after a turn or two Miss Triplett disengaged herself and walked to her seat. Everybody knew she intended it as a slur on McCarty. It threw him into a violent rage.

"Among the young men in Richmond at that time was John B. Mordecai. He was six feet two, about thirty-three years of age. He had served gallantly through the war as a private soldier in the Richmond Howitzers. Handsome, gallant, chivalrous, affectionate and witty, I have never met his like. He, too, was desperately in love with Miss Triplett. The night of the german, and after it was over, McCarty went to the Enquirer newspaper and offered the following verses, which the paper published the next morning:

"When Mary's queenly form I press  
In Strauss' latest waltz,  
I would as well her lips caress  
Although those lips be false.

"For still with fire love tips his dart,  
And kindles up anew  
The flame which once consumed my heart  
When those dear lips were true.

"Of form so fair, of faith so faint,

If truth were only in her;  
Though she'd be then the sweetest saint,  
I'd still feel like a sinner."

"I was then a bachelor, and took my meals usually in Gerot's restaurant. The next morning after the german I was in Gerot's getting my breakfast, and had just read those verses in the Enquirer, when John Mordecai came in. He took up the paper, and his eye fell on the verses. I saw his face get as black as midnight. Laying down the paper he said, 'I shall kill that fellow.' I remonstrated with him, telling him that he had no right to interfere, that Miss Triplett had a grown brother who would do whatever was proper. He would not be quieted, however, and went off to our mutual friend, Willie Trigg, to consult with him. Trigg told him exactly what I had told him, and between us we got him to promise to let McCarty alone.

"The next night I met him at the Richmond club, a fashionable organization of which McCarty and Mordecai were both members, and, being seated together on a sofa, he proceeded to denounce McCarty in the most unmeasured terms. A relative of McCarty overheard him and reported the denunciation to McCarty. At that time dueling in Virginia was dying, but it was very far from dead. McCarty sent a friend to Mordecai, demanding a retraction and an apology, which Mordecai refused to make. McCarty had said he had not written the verses about Miss Triplett, but about another lady named Mary, and got the matter patched up upon that basis. Thereupon the matter was supposed to be closed. But there were gossips in Richmond, and one, a singularly beautiful and intelligent girl, made her tongue busy with insinuations that McCarty had backed out because he was afraid. These things came to McCarty's ears and put him in a terrible fury.

"A short time afterward Mordecai entered the barroom of the Richmond club, where McCarty was. Mordecai ordered a drink, and while it was being prepared, McCarty walked up and down the floor right by Mordecai, making references to the affair, and making threats of what he would do if he got the chance. Presently Mordecai walked up to him and said, 'Do you mean those remarks for me?' McCarty replied in a most insulting manner, 'And who are you, sir?' Mordecai answered, 'I am a gentleman, at least.' McCarty then said, as offensively as possible, 'Ah,' and Mordecai instantly struck him a powerful blow in the face that cut all the skin from over his left eye and felled him to the floor. Mordecai then jumped on him, seizing both his wrists, and had him pinned to the floor when I rushed in and separated them.

"McCarty at once sent Mordecai a peremptory challenge by Colonel William R. Tabb. It was agreed that the duel should come off at once, near Oakwood, McCarty to be represented by Colonel Tabb and John S. Meredith, Mordecai by myself and William Trigg. Dr. Hunter McGuire, the late celebrated Richmond physician, who had been chief medical director for the brigade commanded by Stonewall Jackson during the war, was surgeon for Mordecai. The late Dr. J. S. Dorsey Cullen, who had served as surgeon on the staff of General Longstreet, was present as a friend of McCarty.

"The men fired at ten paces with Colt's army revolvers. At the first fire both missed. Tabb said to McCarty, 'Are you satisfied?' McCarty replied, 'Oh, no, I demand another fire.' Again the word was given, both men fired and both fell. McCarty was badly wounded by a shot in the hip, Mordecai was struck in the abdomen, the ball penetrating the intestines. He died on the fourth day after the duel. McCarty lingered a long time, but finally recovered, and at a trial was fined \$500 and sentenced to jail for six months. The governor remitted the jail sentence on a doctor's certificate that imprisonment would endanger McCarty's life. In the meantime all of the seconds had been in prison. They spent six weeks in jail each. Each of them declined to testify. They were finally released upon a writ of habeas corpus.

"There were several duels after this, but none of them fatal, and dueling in Virginia is now as dead as Chatham's ghost. I think Mordecai was one of the knightliest gentlemen who ever lived on earth. When it was known that he would die, and he knew it, too, they urged him to send for a minister, but he said: 'No; I shall die as I have lived,' and he never uttered a whimper. An hour before his ending he sent for me. Putting his arm round my neck, he pulled my ear down to his mouth and whispered, 'Remember, Royall, what I told you!' I answered, 'I certainly shall, John.' It was a message to his sweetheart."

McCarty never again sought the society of