



The fifty-fourth session of the International Typographical Union at Boston selected St. Joseph, Mo., as the place of meeting in 1909.

The machinists in the employ of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad have voted to strike if necessary to enforce a demand for the continuation of the piecework system.

The Oklahoma republican convention denounced as "undignified" the position of the democratic candidate for president in his "request to the public for campaign funds."

William Hayward, chairman of the Nebraska republican state committee, has been made secretary of the republican national committee, succeeding Elmer Dover.

The American fleet reached Auckland, New Zealand, last week, and was given a rousing welcome by the New Zealanders.

Senator Robert LaFollette spoke before the Epworth Assembly at Lincoln on "notification day." He was greeted by an immense audience.

The republicans of Tennessee have two state tickets in the field. George N. Tillman is the gubernatorial candidate of the Evans faction, and T. Asbury Wright of the "home rule" faction.

The Colorado Federation of Labor in session at Denver endorsed the political plan of the American Federation of Labor, which virtually carries with it the endorsement of the democratic national platform and ticket.

A Springfield, Ill., dispatch under date of August 15, says: "Springfield is in the hands of a mob of enraged citizens who began last night to wreck vengeance on negro residents for an assault committed yesterday

by George Richardson, a negro, on Mrs. Hallam, a white woman. At 1 o'clock this morning the whole east end of town burst into flames, the torch having been applied to several negro houses by some of the more desperate members of the mob. Two men are already dead and probably two score others are injured, mostly negroes. The rabble is sweeping through the streets, attacking every negro met. All the local militia are on duty and half a dozen companies from other cities are arriving here on special trains. Still other companies are ordered to hold themselves in reserve."

The Trades and Labor Council of the District of Columbia endorsed the American Federation of Labor's political plan of campaign, thus endorsing the democratic platform and ticket.

The republicans of Texas have nominated a full state ticket, headed by Colonel J. L. Simpson for governor.

A special dispatch from New York to the Louisville Courier-Journal says that the management of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Association has passed into the hands of a syndicate of Kentuckians headed by Arthur G. Langham.

On August 11 King Edward arrived in Cronberg and was met by Emperor William and his suite.

The democrats of the First congressional district of Indiana have nominated John W. Boehne, the reform mayor of Evansville.

Destructive forest fires have been raging in Idaho. The villages of Kootenai and Sand Point have been destroyed.

Escaping gas caused a fire and explosion in a Wheeling, W. Va., millinery store, resulting in the death of three young women.

## A Ninety-Five Year Old Democrat in 1908

The New York World prints this interesting story:

"Lincoln, August 8.—Since Mr. Bryan was nominated no such honors have been paid by him to any one as were paid to a visitor today. In the throng of callers were included many of the most distinguished men in the nation, but to none of them did Mr. Bryan show the high respect and elaborate courtesy that he did to the unpretentious visitor who came out to Fairview this afternoon.

His clothes were those of a working man, though he is not one. He was a heavily built, stocky, square-shouldered man with a ruddy face, a white beard, an old felt hat, and a blue shirt open at the neck. His name is Pitcairn Simon Morrison; he is ninety-five years old, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, and he cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson.

No more remarkable character has been seen in Lincoln for years. As he talked to the democratic nominee about things so far past that to

most of this generation, Mr. Bryan included, they were as if they belonged to the era of the Crusades, it seemed as if he were a page from history instead of a man.

The old man, who lives in the Big Horn Basin, in Wyoming, took a car up to Fairview, got off, and walked the half mile from the station to Bryan's home in a broiling sun. When he got there the family were at luncheon, and it happened that there was no one to receive him. He came back feeling disappointed, and asked the newspaper men in the tent at the gate if he could sit with them and cool off before making his return journey. Later he went back to the house and was immediately greeted by Mr. Bryan.

Describes Andrew Jackson to Bryan "Did you ever see Jackson?" was almost the first question from the master of Fairview, who is a great admirer of the seventh president.

"Yes," said Mr. Morrison, "and I have talked with him. I voted for him in Ohio in 1832, before I was of

age. They weren't very particular about such things in those days in the western reserve."

Mr. Bryan's eyes gleamed. He hitched up his chair nearer to his visitor. "Tell me," he said eagerly, "what sort of a looking man was Jackson? I have seen one or two men who voted for him, but never one who had seen him, and I have always wanted to know at first hand what he looked like."

"He was a tall man, over six feet high," responded Mr. Morrison. "He was not thin, but angular. He had a shock of hair thrown back from his head and a magnificent forehead. His whole face expressed determination; he was an iron-willed man, and in the set of his mouth you could see 'by the eternal' as well as hear it."

"That was his favorite oath, wasn't it?" said Mr. Bryan. "Did he use it in ordinary conversation?"

"No, only when he was angry or desired to be emphatic," replied Mr. Morrison. "I have heard him use the expression several times, though."

"Did you see him in Ohio or Washington?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"In Washington," was the reply. "I went there several times during his administration and saw him nearly every time."

"How did you go, by stage coach or on horseback?"

"Horseback," said Mr. Morrison. The interest shown by Mr. Bryan in this extraordinary visitor was extreme. Some callers were shown in who wanted to talk politics with the candidate, but he asked them to wait for him and went on cross-questioning the old man from Wyoming.

"They didn't have matches in your day, did they?" he asked.

"The first match I ever saw," said Morrison, "was in 1844."

"How about cook stoves?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"I don't remember in what year I first saw a cook stove," said Morrison, "but I remember that when my father brought one into the house my mother cried."

"Was she afraid it would blow up?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"No," said Morrison, "but she regarded it as an innovation, a new and radical idea. She had been accustomed all her life to the cranes and the chains that you shoved forward to get your kettle at the right heat, and it seemed to her that the foundations of the earth were being shaken when she had to abandon the good old-fashioned ways and get one of the new-fangled abominations called stoves. Yes, sir, she cried and cried."

"Well, you've seen a great century," said Mr. Bryan thoughtfully.

"You've seen the invention of the telegraph and the telephone; you've seen the real beginning of the railroad, of steam in navigation."

Romance in His Birth

"Steam in navigation?" broke in Mr. Morrison. "Why, do you know that I was born on a sailing ship two days off the coast of Scotland, and when I arrived in America I was two months old? Think of that in these days of quick travel."

About this time some of the political visitors who wanted to see Mr. Bryan about the campaign tried to shove forward and attract the nominee's attention, but failed dismally.

"Wait a minute," he said to Morrison, "I've got something here that will interest you." He darted into one of the other rooms and came back in a minute carrying a handsomely carved cane. "That cane came from Andrew Jackson's home, the Hermitage," he said. "As you knew Jackson you'll be interested in

that. I got it there when I visited the Hermitage in 1895." Mr. Morrison examined it with interest.

"You take that home," said Mr. Bryan. "You will value it even more than I do." Tears came in the veteran's eyes. "I shall treasure it all my life," he said, "and shall never forget the donor."

"Were you at Chapultepec?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"No; it was Scott's army that fought that battle," said Mr. Morrison. "I was with Taylor. The first time I smelt hostile gunpowder was at Palo Alto, in May, 1846, and I smelt it again at Resaca De La Palma a few days later. That was the last battle I was in on American soil. After that we went into

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