

# SMALL PARTY PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEES

## PERSONALITY OF FIVE MEN WHO ARE CONTESTING WITH TAFT AND BRYAN FOR THE GREAT PRIZE

BY JOHN ELFRITH WATKINS.

The small party Presidential candidates of this campaign present some strange contrasts. Besides Taft and Bryan, five other men have so far been nominated for the Chief Magistracy.

Probably the strangest nomination ever made within the scope of our entire political history is that of Martin R. Preston, just named for President by the Socialist Labor party, in spite of the fact that he is ten years below the constitutional age limit for that office and is now in the penitentiary commencing a 25-year term for second-degree murder. Preston was born 25 years ago in Memphis, Tenn., and, after receiving a common-school education, became an electrician. He was at Goldfield, Nev., during the great strike there, three years ago, and, being a union man, acted as a strike picket. While so engaged he shot and killed Anton Silva, a saloonkeeper, and after being tried and convicted of murder in the second degree was received at the Nevada state prison, Carson City, on May 29, 1907, to begin a 25-year term. The Socialist Labor leader placed his name in nomination at the recent convention of that party said that it made no difference whether Preston was below the constitutional age limit or not; that "if he is elected he will be seated," and that "constitutions are for the people, and not the people for constitutions."

**Can't Receive Because a Felon.**

But the convention by nominating him overlooked another deterrent—that Preston, being, in the eyes of the law, a felon, has not the rights of a citizen and could not be voted for legally even if his time in the penitentiary were served. The Socialist Laborites accept Preston in the same category of martyrdom to which Haywood, recently tried for complicity in the murder of Governor Steunenburg, was elevated by their near-brethren, the Socialists proper. They claim that the strike ticket, while acting as the protector of defenseless girls, enraged the restaurantkeeper, who was about to kill Preston, when the latter shot in self-defense. However this may be, the jury thought otherwise.

"His conduct here has been exemplary. He is industrious and intelligent and has a good countenance," the warden of the penitentiary informs me in answer to my inquiry concerning this unusual candidate's life in prison. Perhaps "Morrie" Preston will make of himself another Jean Valjean. Let us hope so. If he makes good after surviving such a sentence he will perform a greater miracle than winning a Presidential race.

**Another One With Prison Record.**

Another nominee with a prison record—of which he is proud—is Eugene Victor Debs, again named for the Presidency by the Socialists proper, as he was four years ago by the same party, and eight years ago by the "Social Democrats." Debs, who is now 53, was born in Terre Haute, Ind., where he still lives. After receiving a common school education he became locomotive fireman on the Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad when only 15, and continued to stoke the engines of that road until 19, when he entered a window glass business, and there worked until 24, when, having interested himself in politics, he was elected City Clerk of Terre Haute, serving four years, and when 29 married and went to the Legislature. Having entered the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen while working on the road, he had remained active with this union and when 32 had been elected grand secretary and treasurer, which position he held until 1883, the year of the World's Fair in Chicago, when he was elected Federal agent to protect the Fairway Union. The year following the fair came the great railway strike in Chicago, when President Cleveland ordered out the Federal troops to protect the States mail. It was during this latter controversy and its incidental riots that Debs came into the



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light as manager of the strike. While it was in progress he was arrested, first for conspiracy, but acquitted, and a second time for contempt of court for violating an injunction. On the latter charge he served the term in prison, six months, which has since held him a martyr in the eyes of a certain element of the population. He is a fiery orator, an agitator of the firebrand type, and is already being heard on the stump.

**Populist Candidate Self-Made Man.**

The Populist Presidential nominee, Thomas E. Watson, is a man of big caliber, and is known far more widely than in his party. He is of Quaker stock, and while one of Theodore Roosevelt's ancestors was revolutionary Governor of Georgia, Mr. Watson's ancestors at the same time sat in the revolutionary legislature of the state. He is a native of Georgia, and his parents, and what little property they saved after that struggle was lost in the great panic of '73, when they were driven from the land. He has had plantations, between the Savannah and the Ogeechee. Tom, a red-haired, freckle-faced lad, had been receiving free tuition from a Baptist school, under the name of the firebrand type, and his parents were too poor to longer pay his board he went out in the fields to work. Next he taught a country school, one of whose rules, which he has preserved and shown to me, was as follows:

"The said teacher shall not be allowed to correct no student in any way only by a switch, but can not be cut, nor not be abused otherwise." Other of the rules written by the trustees of this "Central Warrior District Academy" were:

"All abusive language such as cursing and swearing is actually forbidden."

"There shall no student be allowed to carry concealed weapons. There shall be no climbing of fences, no setting or throwing of rocks at each other allowed."

"No student is allowed to fight in school or on any way to or from school, nor to make to be carried to or from school."

**Was a Farm Laborer.**

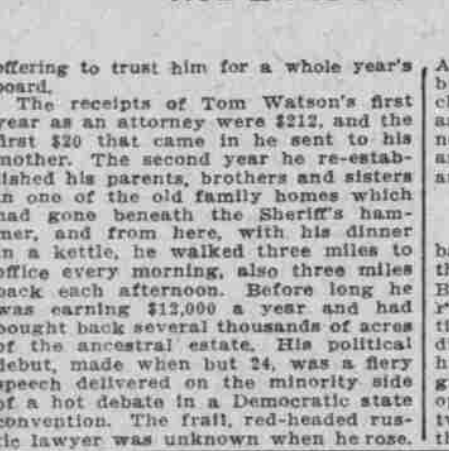
Between terms at this "Central Academy" Tom Watson worked as a farm laborer, and during sessions boarded with a farmer who lent him the money to buy a horse and buggy, which he used in the glare of this friend's pine-knot fire. In spite of these handicaps he was admitted to the bar at 19 and at 20 returned home and opened an office. He now has not a decent change of clothing to his back, but one of his former schoolmates, R. H. Pearce, gave him his first lift by



EUGENE V. DEBS.



THOS. E. WATSON.



THOS. L. HISGEN

offering to trust him for a whole year's board.

The receipts of Tom Watson's first year as an attorney were \$12, and the first \$20 that came in he sent to his mother. The second year he re-established his parents, brothers and sisters in one of the old family homes which had gone beneath the Sheriff's hammer, and from here, with his dinner in a kettie, he walked three miles to office every morning, also three miles back each afternoon. Before long he was earning \$12,000 a year and had bought back several thousands of acres of the ancestral estate. His political debut, made when but 24, was a fiery speech delivered at the latest election with the majority side on a Democratic state convention. The frail, red-headed rustic lawyer was unknown when he rose

At first he was greeted with groans, but before he had finished his audience cheered with delight, and every one asked his name. Two years later his neighbors sent him to the Legislature, and in 1888 he stumped for Cleveland and was a Democratic Elector-at-large.

**Fought the Bag Trust.**

Next he led a fight against the jute bagging trust, and in reward for this the farmers elected him to Congress. But after his election he came out as a Populist. This disgusted his Democratic friends, who, when he was a candidate again in 1892 and 1894 counted him out, he claims, and deliberately gave the certificate of election to his opponent. Steadfastly claiming these two elections, he carried his contest to the House of Representatives, but there



MARTIN R. PRESTON - IN PRISON GARB

lost. During his term in the House he secured the first appropriation for rural mail delivery ever passed by Congress, and in 1896, two years after his final contest for a seat in the House, he was nominated for Vice-President on the Populist ticket with Bryan. After that strenuous campaign he again accused the Democrats of unfair treatment. Four years ago the Populists nominated him for President, and he started an active campaign to revive the party. He will do again this Autumn, following his second nomination for the highest office.

**Life Work as Historian.**

Mr. Watson's real life work, not commenced until after the campaign of 1896, has been the writing of history. In two years he produced his "Story of France," and two years later his "Life of Jefferson," while in two years more he had produced his "Napoleon," which has been followed by another book on Jefferson, besides a novel, "Bethany, a Story of the Old



South." He has published four magazines—has two on the stalls now. He has written poems and still plays the fiddle. Wallace Putnam Reed once said that his slight figure and flashing eyes suggested "a soul of flame in a body of gauze." He is still a lean and hungry Casius, and already is upon the hustings bitterly attacking his former running mate and present rival for the Presidency, Mr. Bryan. He will have celebrated his 52 birthday on the eve of the publication of this article.

**Began as Clothing Store Clerk.**

Another Presidential nominee who came into local fame by chasing the octopus is "Honest Tom" Hisgen, known in his family Bible as Thomas L. He is three years older than Mr. Debs and two years younger than Mr. Watson. He was born in 1856, a few weeks before election day. This leader of Mr. Hearst's independence ticket is the son of William Hisgen, a German immigrant who settled in Hannu, N. Y., and later ran a country store in

Washington, D. C. He has published four magazines—has two on the stalls now. He has written poems and still plays the fiddle. Wallace Putnam Reed once said that his slight figure and flashing eyes suggested "a soul of flame in a body of gauze." He is still a lean and hungry Casius, and already is upon the hustings bitterly attacking his former running mate and present rival for the Presidency, Mr. Bryan. He will have celebrated his 52 birthday on the eve of the publication of this article.

Petersburg, Ind., where "Honest Tom" was born. Some genius hath lately said that "Indiana is a great state to come from," and young Hisgen evidently shared this view for at the age of 15 he left Hoosierland and returned to Albany, his father's original stopping place. Being the fifth of 11 children, his father did not buy him a Pullman ticket. Reaching the capital of the Empire state, he went to work in a clothing store. Next he drifted to Massachusetts and entered politics, waging a bitter 20-year war for the temperance cause. He was elected naturally endeared him to Mr. Hearst, on whose Independence League ticket he ran for Governor a year ago, polling more votes than the regular Democratic candidate.

### Temperance Candidate From Beer Land.

The oldest Presidential candidate of all those in the running this year is Eugene W. Chafin, the Prohibition nominee. Two days before election he will celebrate his 56th birthday. This reformer's career gives support to the theory that hobby is a reason against environment, for Wisconsin, in addition to being the great beer state, is also now famous for having given the temperance candidate to the Union. His first work was in the town of East Troy, and after finishing at the public schools was graduated from the law department of the State University in 1880. In 1892, after he had practiced law there for 12 years, all the while speaking at temperance meetings, pleading with the German element to turn down their steins and organize temperance societies among the citizens in general throughout the beer belt and elsewhere. He was also an active spirit in the Good Templars, a temperance brotherhood, and his state society made him its grand chief 22 years ago. Four years before that the Prohibitionists of his district nominated him for Congress, again for Attorney-General in 1886, and for Governor in 1892. After his removal to Chicago to become superintendent of the Washington Home, he received another Congressional nomination from the Prohibitionists of his new district there, and in the year of the Roosevelt-Parker campaign he ran on the "dry" ticket for Attorney-General of Illinois, in which state he was elected. He has since held the office of chief of the Good Templars, the same office that he had held in Wisconsin. While nearly his entire life has been devoted to pounding away at the temperance cause, he has also given some time to able enterprises, as, for example, the publication of what he calls his "Presidential-Cabinet History Cards"; also a book, "Lives of the Presidents."

### Rescued to Become Recuser.

This nominee has had a strenuous time since he came into the National limelight this Summer. August 18, 1896, being the birthday of the late Mr. A. A. Pool at Mr. Bryan's home city, Lincoln, Neb., he narrowly escaped drowning, and was rescued by three young men. Five days later, while a certain editor of Springfield, Ill., was paying the way for Abraham Lincoln's centenary, by lynching a negro and shooting a few others within the shadow of the emancipator's tomb, Mr. Chafin happened to be addressing a prohibition meeting near the scene. A terrified negro, fleeing from his blood-thirsty pursuers, ran into the meeting place and took refuge in Mr. Chafin's arms, upon which the candidate, well along in his speech, was standing. The mob rushed in after their would-be victim, and Mr. Chafin, who was very calm and collected, was turned into a shambles.

"But if any of the uninitiated think that a man must be any the less virile because of being a temperance reformer, let them look at Mr. Chafin upon this sensational occasion. With his hand in his hip pocket, where Prohibitionists are not supposed to have anything concealed, he stood upon the platform of the enraptured mob and cried: 'Stand back, gentlemen, or I'll shoot every one of you who touches this man.' The bluff worked. The crowd dispersed, and Mr. Chafin, after the nominee had been struck in the face with a brick.

A sample of this nominee's wit was given after an escape from drowning in the pool: "Wouldn't it have been awful had I come to my death by water? I wouldn't have minded for myself, but I should have minded for the Prohibition party to lose its head in that way!"

Washington, September 1.

## Gnagg Checks His Wife's Bills

Incidentally He Utters Some Remarks That Do Not Conduce to His Peace of Mind.

New York Sun.

M. GNAGG, going over the weekly accounts and finding therein the usual number of items calculated to arouse his wrath, regales Mrs. Gnagg with the following running comment:

Now, look here; we might just as well have an understanding about this business right now as any other. What is your idea about the amount of money that I earn, anyhow? When and where and how did you first pick up the notion that you were married to a millionaire?

It's up to me to find out. It's up to me to begin at the beginning and get at the bottom of this business. You want to know, this hideous, this wanton, colossal, reckless, merciless extravagance of yours. I'm naturally a patient man, but I intend to find out from you how you happened to gather this weird, whimsical idea that your husband was the president of a National bank or the manipulator of a corner in cotton or Scotty the Spender or Coal Oil Johnny.

How's that? I never tell you anything about my business affairs? Oh, that's it. You're getting hunk with me because I don't furnish you with a daily balance sheet of my affairs, eh?

Huh! You don't care to pry into my business, but you do wish that you had a regular household allowance, so that there wouldn't be the constant fussing there accounts? So it's an allowance you're clamoring for now, is it? And your idea of the best way to get such an allowance is to run up the weekly bills beyond all reason, all common sense, so that according to your view I'll be glad to make you a hefty weekly allowance—about three-quarters of what I earn would be about right, according to your idea. I dare say—in self-defense.

Well, you're not going to get away with that scheme, either. I can tell you that. I expect to hang on to the purse strings as long as I'm able to creep out of my earnings to get the money. If I were pinhead enough to pass that end of it over to you, I'd be listening all the time for the clatter of the porchhouse wagon to come to yank us out of a solid up house and home.

Now just take a peek at this item, for example—a dollar and forty cents for lamb chops!

Great Heaven is this a lumberjack camp? Or is the whole United States

purchase of your own that you don't want me to know anything about? Now see here, there's no use shuffling about in this matter. I want a plain answer, and if—

How's that? Oh, you used that sugar to put up peach preserves with? Well, why the dickens didn't you say so in the first place? You can open your mouth, can't you? You're not dumb, are you? You're not doing this for fun, are you? And if you can't help me by at least opening your face once in a while, how d'ye expect me to get through with your own tracks?

Say, look a-here, what's this one lobster a dollar and a half? Now begin to wriggle about that; why don't you? I s'pose you'll be telling me that I ate that whole lobster and a half lobster myself?

I recommend you to be explicit and prompt in informing me with reference to this dollar and a half lobster. You want to keep it in mind, too, that I don't eat lobster and that I've never seen a lobster on my table, because even if you do like the fool vulgar things I don't, and I guess I've got a right to have one or two little prejudices of that sort, much as you'll be disposed to deny that proposition.

Well, I'm waiting. Is this charge correct or did the man get it on our account by mistake?

Oh, you got the lobster to make salad with at that little luncheon party of women you had here the other day, eh? Huh-huh. All right. I haven't anything to say about that, of course. Wouldn't dare open my mouth with regard to it.

But it's a wonder to me that you wouldn't feed the women that come to these hen parties of yours—it's a wonder you wouldn't give 'em filliole birds' tongues and things like that. They'd cost more than lobster, you know, and that ought to help a lot, according to your way of looking at things.

And how often do you give these extravagant blowouts for these women, anyhow? I'll bet they've been here to lunch on eight or ten times this month already. I wonder if they think I'm running a free lobster plant here.

Now, for Heaven's sake, don't begin that old war that I'm trying to separate you from every friend you ever had. All I'm saying is that it's a wonder to me that these women wouldn't be able to get along on something else besides lobster every time they float around here to get something to eat. I'll bet you'd yell murder in 14 different languages if I tried to feed the fellows that drop in here once every year or so for a game of cards—if

I were to put lobster before them. I can hear you now. Oh, well, what's the use?"

Have they sent the telephone bill yet? Let's see it. Thunder and blazes! What's the meaning of this? Six dollars and ninety cents for a telephone bill?

Oh, by jinks, this is too much of a good thing! I won't stand this. I'm going to find out about this. I can stand hitched and tolerate a lot, but this is rubbing it in. Six ninety for a telephone bill! It's outrageous! It's scandalous! This is the straw that breaks the camel's back.

What do you do, sit down at the telephone the minute I turn my back to go to work, and spend all the rest of the day calling up your bunch of women friends and discuss the latest fiction with them and talk about shirtwaist embroidery and shadow work and the best remedy for a sunburn nose, and all that kind of thing? Or do you take the receiver down and forget to put it back and allow my telephone bill to pile up that way? Or do you have all of the women that you know in this building do their telephoning in here?

By cracky, I'm going to find out about this. If you sit there like a wooden image and refuse to open your mouth, there's another way of finding out. I'll just call up the company and ask them to give me an itemized list of calls, with the numbers and I'll trace this thing to the bottom, that's what I will. I'll stand imposition up to just a certain point, but then I'll be over. I'll just get that telephone manager on the wire and I'll—

Huh! The bill's so big this month because I talked for 30 minutes to that friend of mine in Boston, and—

Now, see here, is there any reason on earth why you could not have reminded me of that before I got all worked up over this telephone bill? Or do you enjoy seeing me perplexed and baffled and all that kind of thing in this kind of way? There you sit knowing all the time that the bill is so big on account of that long distance call of mine and you don't so much as slip one word and—

Oh, well, it's my own fault. I went to bed and now it's my job to lie upon it. I've got a swell right to beat, haven't I, after the blunder I made!

**No More Conservatories.**

In old-time novels of the heart. Conservatories played their part.

As well you know, said his love.

And to his troubles to the dove.

In accents low.

But novelists, ere very long.

Will end their troubles coming strong—

No doubt of that.

How will an author novels pen.

When everyone within his ken.

Lives in a flat?

## Battleships of Tomorrow

Early Construction of the 25,000-Ton Monster Among the Probabilities.

The coming of the Dreadnoughts, as all the world knows, has meant a complete revolution in naval construction. In the opinion of most Naval officers the future of these ships and the use of them will, writes H. W. Wilson in the London Daily Mail.

It will be of interest, then, in view of the pause which has been made during the present year in shipbuilding, to examine how the British navy stands in this latest type of ship and what are the designs likely to be adopted in the near future. The Admiralty is committed to the large battleship and it will scarcely go back. Nor would it be wise to do so in view of the fact that almost all foreign powers are faithfully copying British designs.

For the present year two monster ships—a battleship and a cruiser—have been voted. The battleship, contrary to the reports circulated, will be similar in all important respects to the St. Vincents. That is to say she will displace 23,000 tons or thereabouts, will carry 10 or 12 12-inch guns, and will be propelled by turbine engines actuated by steam. Thus she will make up the group of four St. Vincents, and when she is completed for sea the British navy will possess two groups, each four strong of all big gun battleships. The other vessel will resemble the Invincibles, with improvements, and will complete the group of four 25-knot cruiser battleships.

So much for the present. It will be seen that there is nothing sensational in the design of the ships for this year which are meant to fill gaps in the existing organization. But next year it is possible that there may be new and startling departures. From hints which Ministers and others have dropped, the Admiralty will be compelled to ask for not fewer than six monster battleships. More may be needed, but this must necessarily depend on the progress which foreign ships make in the next few months.

Germany it must be remembered has today building or sanctioned seven battleships of Dreadnought type (against the British eight) and two, or possibly three, cruisers of the Invincible type (against the British four). And under her fixed programme she will lay down three more monster battleships and one more monster cruiser next year, the battleship, it is believed, displacing 21,000 tons or even more. A British programme of five battleships and one monster armored cruiser would bring the British total of Dread-

noughts up to only 18, as against the German total of 23 or 24. The British margin of four or five ships, which it would give, would be far less than what the strict two-power standard demands.

If, then, we assume that the British programme consists of five battleships and one improved Invincible—and nothing less will satisfy the claims of National security—it is probable that the Admiralty will lay down one group of four improved St. Vincents—four battleships, that is to say, each carrying 12 12-inch guns. But the fifth battleship may quite possibly be a new type, a new type built rapidly and tested with the object of gaining experience for a new class which will figure in the programmes of 1910 and 1911. Here much will obviously depend on the action of foreign powers and whether the reports prove correct which credit the German Admiralty with the intention of building vessels far larger and more powerfully armed than any yet designed.

If such an experimental ship is to be built with great speed to obtain experience the orders for her guns, barbettes and machinery will be given well in advance, before she is even voted, and they may be placed in the Summer or Autumn of the present year. The same course was followed in the case of the Dreadnought.

The new ship will not improbably carry a new monster gun, the 12.5-inch, eight or ten of which may be mounted, and will thus carry out the policy of "out-Dreadnoughting the Dreadnought." One or two of these guns, according to reports, have been building for some months, and the employment of them in the St. Vincent class is known to have been considered and only reluctantly abandoned. All the details are confidential, but the German naval handbooks will supply the public with what is certainly an intelligent guess and possibly accurate information. According to them the new 12.5-inch gun will weigh 85 tons, or nearly 30 tons more than the existing 12-inch weapon; will be about 52 feet long, and will fire a shell weighing about 1800 pounds or 1600 pounds, as against the 12-inch shell's 850 pounds. Such huge projectiles would pierce five feet of iron and tear their way through the best modern armor at battle range.

To mount guns of the size and length of these is a matter of extreme difficulty so long as funnels remain. But there is some hope of getting rid of them and thus giving a clear field of fire. The Belleville company is said to be designing a boiler which needs no funnel above

water to discharge the waste products of combustion and there is the bare possibility that producer gas engines might be adopted. The firm of Vickers-Maxim has prepared designs for battleships driven by producer gas, and it is understood that it is ready to turn out a Dreadnought using gas forthwith if it finds any power adventurous enough to try such an experiment. The Admiralty, however, is not at all likely to install the gas engine in battleships until it has been thoroughly tried in merchantmen and smaller vessels, and that it will finally come may be taken as certain.

The British battleship of 1910 may thus be a vessel of 25,000 tons, mounting eight or ten 12.5-inch guns, which will be so arranged as to fire on either broadside. It will resemble the new Braulian ships in carrying 20 4.7-inch of 6-inch guns for defense against torpedo attack, and will thus be exempt from the most serious failing of the original Dreadnought—the entire absence of a medium battery.

**An Old Home Day Reverts.**

New York Sun.

How I'd like to be here, though (Five and three and two are ten) Wonder if it looks the same Nowadays as it did then.

I can see them, plain as day (Thirteen, eighteen, twenty-four) The old farm house, and the barn With the sunlight on the floor.

Just beyond the meadow green, And the woodland, dark and cool, With the river running through, And the sandy swimming pool.

Forty years since I left home! Don't seem possible to me It can be so long ago (Thirty-seven, eight, three).

Recollect the baking bees, And the dancing: "All hands round!" Night the district schoolhouse burned! Day Skip French was nearly drowned!

Wonder what's become of Jim, Jack and Kate and Lulu Fenn? (Strangest figures don't come right!) Guess she ever married Ben?

Berring on the Summer hills, Fishing when the day was bad, Skating those long Winter nights— Ah, the merry times we had!

How I'd like to be there now, Walking down the village street; (Seventeen, nineteen, twenty-five) Oh, confound this balance sheet!