

EVENING STAR

C. L. BITTINGER & CO. C. L. Bittinger and R. R. Carroll Proprietors and Publishers. C. L. BITTINGER, Editor and General Manager R. R. CARROLL, City Editor and Business Manager

"A FLORIDA PARADISE"

This is the title of a splendidly worded article by Charles T. Hopkins, in Uncle Remus Magazine, published in Atlanta, in the September number, dealing with fishing and hunting at the almost inaccessible region of the Chesahowitzka river.

JOHN CHITTY

Mr. John Chitty of Ottawa, Canada, died at 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the residence of his nephew, Mr. C. M. Barton, No. 318 Jefferson street, this city.

The older residents of the Brick City remember the deceased, who twenty years ago, when he was the owner of a magnificent orange grove near Grahamville, was a frequent visitor on our streets.

Dr. S. H. Blitch returned last night from a tour of inspection through South Florida. He said what he had seen of that country and it extended down the west coast to the extreme end of Manatee county, led him to believe stronger than ever that Marion was the banner county of the state.

We see by the Orlando Reporter-Star that the phenomenal city raised \$4,000 to exploit its attractions. It has been doing the publicity stunt for a number of years and the result is it is full to overflowing with winter residents, many of whom have taken so kindly to the city and its good people that they have invested in it and become a part of it.

Without good fuel the 20th Century Limited would travel little faster than a common yard engine. It takes good fuel to develop power, endurance and speed.

STOCK TAKEN UP

Taken up at Cornell, Fla., on the 19th inst., one large brown horse and one small black mare mule.

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WRIGHT'S NEW RECORD

American Aeronaut in France Kept His Machine Aloft One Hour and Thirty-One Minutes

Lemans, France, Sept. 22.—In the presence of officials of the French Aero Club of Sarthe, the American ambassador, Henry White, General Bazine-Hayter, commander of the Fourth Army Corps, a large number of French and foreign officers and aeroplane experts, and a wildly cheering crowd, numbering 10,000, Wilbur Wright, the American aeronaut, yesterday afternoon captured the world's record from his brother, Orville Wright, with a flight in his powerful machine of one hour, 31 minutes and 51 seconds, covering in that time an actual distance of 98 kilometers, or nearly 61 miles.

Owing to the recent accident at Fort Myer, yesterday's trial for the Michelin cup, for the greatest distance covered by an aeroplane in 1908, and the Aero Club prize of \$1,000 for the longest flight over an enclosed ground, attracted intense interest.

The wind was too high in the morning to permit of a flight, and when it fell at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Wright made three false starts.

Finally at 5:15 the aviator got away nicely, sailing majestically up the field and after rounding the upper turn, Wright swept back and began describing ellipses.

On the thirteenth round Wright rose to sixty feet after almost skimming the earth.

Would Hear it Swish By In the gathering darkness the aeroplane could no longer be seen at the farther end of the field, and it appeared and disappeared in the gathering gloom like a white phantom.

With a mad cheer the crowd rushed forward, only being prevented from hoisting the American in triumph on their shoulders by charging cavalry.

Among the first to reach Mr. Wright was Henry White, the American ambassador, who took the smiling aeronaut in his arms and congratulated him on his achievement.

Should Honor the Wrights "If Germany honors Zeppelin," he asked, "why should not America honor the men who have opened a new page in the history of the world?"

Mr. Wright told the Associated Press that he had descended because of darkness; he still had sufficient essence in the tank to last an hour.

GORGED WITH SOUR GRAPES

Ex-Senator Call, After Leaving the Democratic Party for the Independents, is Now Supporting Taft.

(Jacksonville Metropolis, 21st.) It may be a surprise to some democrats of Florida to learn that ex-United States Senator Wilkinson Call, of this state, has declared himself for Taft, the republican nominee, for president.

When in Jacksonville several weeks ago, he actively espoused the Hearst Independence League cause, and took part in the meeting held in the state in the interest of the new party.

Winkinson Call is a native of Kentucky, but has resided in Florida for over half a century, and though a lawyer by profession, he has been active in politics for over forty years, and at one time was the most popular democrat in the state, having defeated the Hearst Independent League in the United States senate in his several contests.

He is about 75 years of age, and spends most of his time in New York, though claiming Jacksonville as his home.

The New York Tribune of Friday contained the following about the ex-senator:

"Ex-Senator Wilkinson Call, of Florida, a life-long democrat and a Confederate veteran, yesterday repudiated Bryan, and advocated the election of Taft and Sherman. In 1872 and again in 1876 Senator Call was a presidential elector at large on the democratic ticket, and in 1876 he was a member of the national democratic executive committee. From 1879 to 1887 he was in the United States senate. He was first elected to that body in 1865, but a seat was denied him during the reconstruction period.

"I am a democrat," said the senator yesterday. "I believe, however, that Judge Taft is a good man, as well as Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hisgen. Bryan voter. As to Senator Call, the best interests of the South would be promoted by voters in that section casting their ballots at this time for Judge Taft for president.

"I say this because the election of any of the other candidates is very improbable, and there is no reason, in my judgment, why Mr. Taft, with his experience in public affairs, and his sound judgment and hostility toward extreme opinions and hostility toward the Southern people and Southern interests, should suffer from any prejudice against him."

A CHANGE OF HEART

John R. Mizell, a well known Florida republican and ex-United States marshal, has announced himself a Bryan voter. He now resides at Pompano, Fla. Let others do likewise.—Metropolis.

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JOSEPH B. FORAKER HAS RECEIVED A JOLT

Hearst's Standard Oil Thrust Evidently Went Home Cincinnati, O., Sept. 22.—United States Senator Joseph B. Foraker has cancelled all of his speaking engagements in the campaign. As to Senator Foraker's senatorial candidacy, the Associated Press is authorized to state the Senator's position as follows:

"Senator Foraker will leave the selection of his successor to the Legislature, but will do all in his power to see that a Republican Legislature is elected."

Taft is Very Considerate

After Senators Crane, Foraker and Dick had conferred Saturday morning the letter which Senator Foraker made public last night eliminating himself from the meeting of Republican clubs was taken to the Taft residence by Senator Crane.

Throughout the negotiations Mr. Taft refused absolutely to comment for publication on the affair. He has since developed on the affair, and once taken the position that the joint engagement must be cancelled. It has also developed that the candidate received insistent advice to take the initiative in the cancelling of the arrangements and that his reply, it is said, was emphatic in this language: "If it would win me every vote in the United States I cannot hit a man when he is down."

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Automobile drivers and motorcycle riders, take notice. Must come down to the time limit on speed or arrested. The limit is not to exceed ten miles an hour and in approaching street crossings or corners to slow down to a speed that will make it perfectly safe for pedestrians and vehicles to avoid collisions or accidents. W. C. Bull, City Marshal.

For prompt relief in cases of weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, urinary disorders, kidney troubles and rheumatic pains, there is nothing as good as De-Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. The effect of these pills is shown in a very little while. In fact, you will feel better the next morning, as they act promptly. They are antiseptic. Be sure you get De-Witt's. We sell and recommend them Sold by Anti-Monopoly Drugstore.

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THE VARIETY STORE

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES An Entirely Natural Description of the Independent Candidate for the Vice Presidency (Saturday Evening Post.)

Where the silvery moonbeams caress the sweet magnolia blooms—where the mocking-bird swoons in ecstasy as he thrills and thrills his evening lay—where the Southern Cross hangs low in the summer sky and sheds its golden radiance on fair women and brave men—where the cotton-opens its snow-white bosoms and showers its largesse on peaceful people—where the happy negroes sit beside their cabin doors singing their quaint songs to the tinkling of the banjo—where hospitality is the one endeavor of the generous residents, and where the weary wayfarer is welcomed with outstretched hands to groaning boards—where the mint patch flourishes and the liquor glows in ruby red—where civility still retains its beauteous sway—where the days are dreams of delight and the soft and odorous nights make romance live again—where the lovebirds coo and caress in the fragrant branches of the embosomed trees—where all Nature is brightest, sweetest, loveliest—That's the Sunny South. And the speaker? Ah, who could the speaker be but that distinguished son of that Sunny South, that silver-tongued orator from Dixie, that Ajax of Atlanta, that Demosthenes of Demopolis, Colonel John Temple Graves? Favorite son of a favored section, none so well as he can phrase the delights of the land of his nativity.

There are other orators in the South, Dixie tremors with them. It goes with the blood, the birth. In the North, when a man cannot do anything else, he thinks he can write. In the South, when he can do nothing else, he knows he can talk. Oratory is a lost art? If it ever was lost the South has found it. But, even so, there are orators and orators, and at the apex, the peak, standing in sublime and solitary splendor on a pedestal of golden, glittering, glittering language, is Colonel John Temple Graves, who distills common speech into the quintessence of poetry, who pronounces a "Good-morning" with such measured cadence that the trite and trivial words fall like liquid music on enraptured ears, for whom the garden of rhetoric holds its fairest flowers, whose feet wander on the primrose paths of poesy and whose head is ever far amid the stars—John Temple Graves, the hottest little tangle when it comes to handing out the spoken word we have in our vast and somewhat conversational midst.

We have come to associate bulk with oratory, in a way. There was Daniel Webster, whose dome of thought was so spacious he probably would be letting out the advertising privileges if he were living now; and Ollie James, "Kentucky's" most magnificent orator, who, on that bountiful occasion when he was seconding the nomination of William Jennings Bryan at Denver, hurled this one at that wonderful, but somewhat word-weary audience, in detailing the triumphal march of Mr. Bryan around the world:

"I saw him in Buckingham Palace, where that mighty monarch, King Edward, took off his pearly diadem and cast it at his peerless feet" (meaning Bryan's feet)—or words to that general effect.

There, too, are Jonathan Prentiss Dooliver, of Iowa, and Bob Cousins, and others who might be named, all aspiring as to beef and reposing as to language, all silver-tongued to a far-you-well. A glorious galaxy.

The Harp of a Thousand Strings Not so with Colonel John Temple Graves—not so. One wonders, when the Colonel talks, where he conceals within him all the words that flow like a rain of stars, over that silver tongue. One wonders how so small a man can be the repository for so many gems of thought, phrased so pellucidly, radiating poetry from every angle, sharp and as crisp as a diamond, and for the Colonel is no Broodingnagian word-smith, depending on the hypnosis of brown or beef to impress his million hearers with what he has to say. Slight, natty, nobby and neat, the golden gorgeness of his garlands of speech entrances by its sheer and shining glory, with no adventitious aids such as a gross weight of an eighth of a ton to help it along.

No; Colonel Graves, save in the intellect that coins those magic phrases with which he is wont to incite the populace to rise and get aboard the uplift, is not large. In fact, the Colonel is small, but dynamic. One might call him a pony if one were seeking for a comparison for him when measured by the Percherons of oratory who infest our rostrums. But, large or small, the Colonel is there with the language, whether it be for use in a burning editorial article or a conflagratory speech. Every time he writes or talks he starts a combustion in a dozen places at once, compelling the reader or the hearer to turn in a general alarm before the Colonel has ignited half a dozen paragraphs.

He is always at the blazing point. "Fire! Fire!" shriek his agitated auditors when he gets to going good; but, hark! There is no danger.

Soon he glides into poesy, and he begins making rainbows, soon you can hear the wind rippling in the rill and the birds singing in the boughs, the soft voices of the wind sighing through the pines and the chirp of the cricket on the hearth.

Georgia is the place where the Colonel is from; Georgia, Ga. For years he lived there and strove for the South, writing daily panegyrics of her past and her people as editor of various and varied journals. But the South could not hold him. He had other fields to conquer. So, one day, when William Randolph Hearst sent down and asked the Colonel if he would not like to come North and be one of the immortals, the caravan of Hearst editors—only the one, of course—the Colonel saw a broadening horizon, and he came, but not until he had the Sunny South good-bye in a few tender paragraphs, covering a page or so of his paper, and the South had him good-bye, weeping profusely, but cheered up a bit, after the lacrimose ceremonies, by the thought that in this wider field Colonel John Temple Graves might labor with more effect for dear old Dixie.

The paper he had been editing spread across the first page on the day he left: "Good-bye, John Temple Graves!" and the town went down to the station to see him off, with him Goldspeak, and to ask, one another, if really was that true, that Colonel Graves would receive the enormous salary it was reported he had been offered and, whether, all things considered, he would be worth it, after the manner of bind and loving friends the world over.

The Party of T. Jefferson, B. Bryan and W. Hearst Colonel Graves' mission in New York as editor-in-chief of the Hearst newspapers was rather complicated by the fact that there were several other editors-in-chief, but he began valiantly to labor for the South through his new medium of expression, and everything he wrote was eloquent, enthusiastic and embroidered. Always a Democrat, he had long chafed under some of the bonds that bound him to the party of T. Jefferson and B. Bryan, and when Mr. Hearst constructed a new party, Colonel Graves was found for the forefront of the van. He was for the new party, heart, soul and vocabulary.

Having a new party, it became incumbent on Mr. Hearst to provide that party with Presidential candidates. A new party without candidates is like an airship the French Government is not trying to buy—nothing was for Mr. Hearst to be his own candidate of his own party; but Mr. Hearst is rarely obvious. He refused. Thus the field was open, and into it rode Colonel John Temple Graves, full panoplied and fully qualified. The balloting came on apace. It developed that Hisgen had the greater number of votes, and he was nominated for President, but the convention was conscious of the claim of the Colonel, conscious of his surpassing eloquence, conscious of his grip on the Sunny South, and they named him for Vice-President, which, although it is not all the Colonel deserves, is going some—from an editorial chair in Atlanta to be a candidate for Vice-President of a party that will emancipate us all, so soon as it gets enough votes to set the date for Emancipation Day.

And there he is, Colonel John Temple Graves, formerly of Georgia, now of the Indissoluble Union of States, rampant on every stump, pleading to the folk to strike off the shackles that bind them, come out into the open and be free men.

They may not come—the sad part of it is they may not come—but, if they do not, it will be because they have steered their hearts and shut their ears against an orator in whom Eloquence has a long lease on all Democrats, who wears the laurels of, and who wants the job.

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