MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION---NAME PLACE AND DATE FOR NEXT CONVENTION

HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION.

The above photograph shows the Republican National Committee at its recent session in Washington. At this meeting it was decided to hold the next republican convention at Chicago on June 18. Hurrying to trains to bear them home, the national party managers, with few exceptions, wore smiles of satisfaction and predicted that Mr. Taft would be the next nominee of his party and would be elected.

An Interesting Article From The Pen of the Late Rev. C. T. Phillips

In looking over some old papers filed away in a desk, the editor of the Times found the manuscript of an article written by the late Rev. C. T. Phillips, who wrote under the pseudonym of Thaddeus. It may have been published some years ago, but it is worth reprinting as an excellent illustration of his fascinating style of writing, his profound sympathy with those to whom life was a struggle, and his fine scorn of the thoughtlessness of those who complacently ignore conditions in setting out a course of conduct for their neighbors. This is the article:—

Impractical enthusiasts have done incalculable harm by insisting that Sunday schools should everywhere be evergreen. They might, with equal consistency, insist that the country shall grow apples and strawberries in winter.

True, there are country districts where the Sunday school will flourish in winter, but it is in sections where the farmers are in comfortable circumstances, do not engage in lumbering, and have neat churches, with comfortable sheds beside them for the horses. It is where "Our Lady of the Snows,' 'is a winsome, comely maid, clad in warm furs, and whose coming is associated with jingling sleigh bells, flashing plates and swift toboggan

But go with me to places I know, where "Our Lady of the Snows" is a stormy virago, who blockades the roads, and says to the sturdy mail-driver (who is not easily turned back):—"No farther." Then, if you are not a city-bred visionary, but country-born and reared, you will say the Sunday school should close in winter.

In Northern Aroostook, Maine, and in Northern New Brunswick, Canada; and in other places where winter reigns from November till May, there are settlements where the conditions are such that it is scarcely possible to keep a Sunday school open in winter. And to keep a school open when it is scarcely possible is to injure it, and eventually to kill it.

The real reason why the Sunday school in some localities should close in winter has seldom been stated, for there is a laudable pride and self-respect that prevent poor people from publishing their poverty to the world. Let one to the manor born give the reason, known only to those who have been behind the scenes, why it is imperative that the "way-back" country Sunday school should close in winter; and it will not take many words to tell the pathetic story.

The farmers are poor. Their farms are new, and their capital consists chiefly in a strong arm, a brave heart and a hopeful spirit. They go to the lumber woods in November, and stay until the last of March. Then, after a few days at home, they drive the logs down the streams and rivers until it is time to put in the crop. When they left home in November the family finances were at the lowest ebb. Some had to ask for an advance from their employers to get needed winter supplies for the family. It is needless to say that these supplies did not include clothing. The wife and little ones must get along as best they can with their old, patched clothes, until spring brings the husband and father home with his winter's wages. Poor people cannot dress their children comfortably—at least, not well enough for attendance at church and Sunday school. Some families are so poor that they cannot send their children to the day-school in winter. They have neither overcoats, overshoes, nor warm cloaks. Some do not even have a change of outer clothing, and they cannot go to Sunday school in winter in their old, faded, patched clothes without a loss of self-respect, and, I may add, a loss of reverence; for to many a sensitive mother, and child it would be irreverent to go to church or Sunday school in their everyday clothes. Many a child has grown to manhood or womanhood and has never forgotten the humiliation that came to them, through being compelled to go to Sunday school in clothes of which they were ashamed, and which were jeered at by thoughtless, cruel children (for children are often thoughtlessly cruel), who were perhaps but little better dressed than themselves.

But in the spring the father comes home with his hard-earned wages. It is not much, but there is enough to buy the cheap print dress, and hat and shoes; and very neat they look. And in the eyes of those who wear them how rich and beautiful they are. The thought of the children's joy and pride had warmed the father's loving heart and nerved his arm through the long, lonely winter.

Let Sunday school be associated in the minds of these children of the poor with the home coming of father and big brother; the spring and the mayflowers, and the songs of birds, and you have pictures to hang on memory's walls that will go with them to old age.

I have heard good men, but impractical, and other men who never knew the straits to which the poor often come; or, knowing poverty had only the peasant strain in their blood,—I have heard such men ask, and think that the question settled the matter for ever—"Do they close the day-school in winter?" And when they had made the statement they thought it could not be successfully contradicted—that if a day-school could be conducted in winter so could a Sunday school.

I have given one reason why it cannot. It is a question of clothes. The second reason is that the Sunday school must be held in the school-house, for there are few settlements such as I have described, where they are churches or meeting houses and there are few where there are not school houses. If there is a meeting house, it has no shed for horses, and it is rarely opened in winter. For every able-bodied man and every horse is in the lumber woods, and the evangelist times his occasional visits when the men are at home. There are also some taxpayers who object to a Protestant Sunday school being held in the school house, and their objection is not always a factious one; for boys must build the fires, and boys are proverbially careless, and they might burn the schoolhouse. If they do not, they do burn the wood, which belongs as much to those who get no benefit as to those who do.

And then the zealot who insists on having his orchids and strawberries in winter asks why they cannot gather into some parents' home, or hold the school from house to house. Will such zealots kindly accept the statement without asking for the reasons, that there are insuperable objections to such a proposition?

If you think that a day school is regularly kept open, look over the teacher's register and see how irregular is the attendance. Those blanks tell of storms so severe that the teacher and scholars could not possibly go through the drifts. The small and irregular attendance tells to the initiated that only the oldest and strongest can get to the school house.

The following incident from life will tell better than any labored argument what burdens are put upon the poor, by well-meaning but mistaken methods.

In such a settlement as I have described, there lived a boy half through his teens, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." God had touched his heart, and with his mother's help he had organized a Sabbath school. It opened the first Sabbath in May and closed the last Sabbath in November, when all the men of the place had gone to the woods.. For two summers the school had been running, and in the third one his mother heard of a Sabbath school convention to be held at a village fifteen miles from the settlement. Thinking what an inspiration and help the convention would be to her boy, she planned to have him go. They were poor, and how to get clothes for him cost her many an anxious thought. His boots were full of holes, and rather than that her boy should feel ashamed before the well dressed people at the convention she took the money she had laid aside for a much needed dress, and, making some excuse, walked two miles to the little country store and bought him a pair of shoes. And then, after much talk, she persuaded him to go. They could not afford the time, he thought; and then—he had no boots. But all excuses were swept aside when she brought out the new shoes, and wondering how his mother had got them he felt that now, for her sake, he must go.

Long before day they had finished their breakfast; for he must go on his long walk in the cool of the morning. With a carefully prepared, though frugal, lunch, to eat on the way, he kissed his mother good-bye and she watched him until the woods hid him from her view. She heard him whistling cheerily, and with a prayer that her boy might have a helpful day, she turned to the tasks before her.

At length the long June day was over, and she knew that by nine o'clock she might expect him. He would not stay to attend the evening session, but after the afternoon service would start for home. The little clock struck nine, and then, thinking she would go to the edge of the wood and meet him, she went down the road. She had waited until the shadows had lengthened and the darkness came, but there was still no cheery whistle. By and by she heard the sound of footsteps, but not the springing footsteps of her boy. These were the steps of a heavy-footed man. Half frightened she stepped back into the shadows, that she might not be seen. As he neared her, however, she saw that it was her boy, though not the boy of the morning. He was tired and footsore from wearing the new shoes.

"I will wait," thought the mother, "till he has rested and had something to eat, and then he will tell me all."

But the boy did not seem to be hungry, and he was not eager to talk.

"You had a pleasant day? You are glad you went?" she asked.

And then it all came out with a gust of tears (he was only a boy)—the story of the day of disillusion.

"Yes, the meetings were good and the speaking and singing must have been good, but it was all above me; and I felt as if I did not know enough to attend Sunday school—much less to teach or (with a bitter laugh not good to her) superintend a school. But that did not matter much. I knew it was true. But one of the speakers said that he would give them a conundrum. It was an easy one, he said, and they all could answer it—Why is a Sunday school closed half the year like a bear? Of course some one said because it goes to sleep in the winter, and then they all laughed but me. And I—I felt as a mother would if someone had laughed and made fun of her baby. And then they spoke of the importance of looking after the shut-ins'. I came away before the service closed, but, as I walked along, I wondered if our little Sunday school were not a 'shut-in.' We are shut in by our poverty and the cold and the snow. And mother, (with a sob), we must just close the school, for we can't teach and whatever good is done in summer is lost by the school closing in winter. One of the speakers said so."

But the mother comforted her boy as only a wise, good mother can, though I think she cried herself when she went to her room.

The little school did not close until November, and it is an evergreen today. The mother has gone to her reward and her boy is a city pastor; but he never hears the word evergreen, or sees an evergreen tree, without a pang. For he thinks how he walked fifteen miles and fifteen back, to attend his first Sunday school convention; and how good but not wise men "offended one of these little ones,"—one of God's little Sunday schools that slept as the flowers sleep in winter that it might bloom when the summer came.

THADDEUS.

SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MINIONS

BANK PRESIDENT TAKEN IN CUSTODY

Boy and Janitor of Building Permitted to Borrow on Note

New York, Dec. 15— A sensation has been caused here by the arrest of H. T. Jennings, president of the Mount Vernon National Bank, for speculations in real estate that have startled the business community.

Jennings is stated to have loaned large sums of the bank's money without security of dummies, one has office boy and the janitor of the building in which he has his office. The Mount Vernon bank is now in the hands of a receiver, who has found it necessary to make a call on the stockholders to protect the depositors.

It is charged that Mr. Jennings used the funds of his bank to finance the Broadway and Forty-third street Building Company and the Hub Building Company. On January 8, Mr. Jennings made a loan of $2,360 to Kileen, office boy for his lawyer, and on November 19, Behan, the janitor, was permitted to borrow on his note of hand $6,750. The total amount of the loans to which exception is taken by the indictment of Mr. Jennings is $154,908.

The Mount Vernon National Bank was founded in 1907, and has a capital of $200,000. Public confidence was unshaken up to the last moment, and it is said that deposits were made five minutes before the state department took action. Only a few of the stockholders, it is said, have paid the assessment levied by the receiver, and he has taken action in the U. S. Circuit Court to enforce the liability of the stockholders, in some cases up to 100 per cent.

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Turkey dinner and supper at Bond's today

THE CHOOSING OF BONAR LAW FOR LEADER

Unicnists Did Not Look on Chamberlain as Safe Man

SOME CHARACTERISTICS

Notable for His Ability in Debate on Business Matters — He Plays Golf a Bit and is a Great Smoker

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London, Dec. 7—Andrew Bonar Law's election to succeed Arthur James Balfour as leader of the Conservative party in the British parliament, with the reversion of the premiership when the party comes back to power, marks the public acceptance, by the party, of the aristocracy of the passing of the aristocrat in British politics. It is also an indication that the day of the lawyer is coming to an end and that the business man is coming into his own in England.

Bonar Law has attained the leadership of the Tory party without the advantages of aristocratic birth. His predecessor, it is true, did not bear a title, but he was a member of the great house of Cecil, of which his uncle, the late Marquis of Salisbury, was the head, and of which his cousin, the present marquis, is head today. The Liberal party, of course, has been led by commoners for many years, but then it calls itself the party of progress. Its leader, however, is a lawyer, and the man who is most likely to succeed him, David Lloyd-George, also belongs to the legal profession.

Man of Affairs

Bonar Law has none of the advantages of birth. He has had no legal training. Most of his life was spent in a merchant's office and his strength lies in the fact that he is able to bring to bear on political problems the cold common sense of the man of affairs, and not the mental gymnastics of the legal expert, or the prejudices of the Tory land-owner. It is fitting he should be the first leader of either of the great parties to be elected by popular vote. It has been usual in English politics for a retiring leader to nominate his successor. Balfour, either from aristocratic disgust at the intrigues which forced him to retire or from real statesmanship, left the matter to be decided by the members of parliament belonging to his party.

The election of Bonar Law to the leadership was a surprise to the great mass of newspaper-reading Englishmen, but it was foreseen by those who had been following the course of events for the last three or four years with intelligent interest When Balfour's retirement was announced the names of two candidates for the position were mentioned. They were Austen Chamberlain, son of Joseph Chamberlain, and Walter Long, a great Tory squire. There has been a Walter Long in every parliament since the Commonwealth, and the Walter Long of today is one of the most popular men in his party, but it was evident from the first that a man of his hereditary conservatism could not lead a party that is committed to the most far-reaching economic change that England has seen since the introduction of free trade sixty years ago.

Chamberlain Lacked Safeness

Chamberlain was barred because it was feared he lacked that quality which Englishmen look for most in their leaders and which they describe as "safeness." It is true there is nothing in his record to justify the fear that he might not be "safe," but he had an "unsafe" heredity. His father nearly wrecked the Liberal party by deserting Gladstone when that statesman espoused the cause of Irish home rule, and he nearly wrecked the Unionist party a few years later when he introduced his scheme for a protective tariff. The protective tariff is now the chief plank in the Unionist platform, and Bonar Law is a thick and thin protectionist, but Chamberlain must suffer for the sins of his father.

There was a third man, who, if the rank and file of the party voters had their choice, might have been chosen leader. He is F. E. Smith, a young lawyer, and by far the most brilliant man in the party. Next to Balfour he is the most skilful debater it possesses, and he is responsible for engrafting on the Chamberlain protective tariff policy a great scheme of conservative social reform to be financed by the money to be raised by the tariff. But F. E. Smith is a mere baby as politicians go, and the big wigs of the party felt he was not "safe," so his name was not even mentioned for the leadership.

This left the field clear for Bonar Law. He was thoroughly weighed up and was not found wanting. He posseses the quality of "safeness" in a superlative degree, and although he is one of the most extreme protectionists in the country, he can be trusted to consider all its business interests in framing his policy.

There really could not be a better man for the leadership of a party which is committed to a great change in the fiscal arrangements of the country, and one which will affect nearly every business man in it, for Bonar Law is above all the business man in politics He made his own fortune in the iron and steel trade in Glasgow, but he isn't a Scotsman—at least not by birth, though he probably is by descent.

He was born in Canada fifty-three years ago, and like many another man who has made his mark in British public life, he is a son of the manse. His father was a Presbyterian minister and the son has all the shrewdness and pawkiness and clear headedness that so often are found among the adherents of that logical creed. He never does anything by halves. When he was in business he confined himself strictly to business; when he entered parliament in 1900 he made up his mind to devote himself to politics and he retired from all active participation in business, but he brought to politics all the habits of precision and orderly thought which had made him the leading merchant in his adopted city of Glasgow.

As might have been expected from his birth and training, he is not emotional. Many of the younger men in the Conservative party adorn their arguments for the protective tariff with fervid periods about the necessities of the workers. With Bonar Law it is all cold business. He believes that "tariff reform," as the protective movement is called in Great Britain, would be good business for the country, and he urges it as a business policy on business men.

He has no patience with sloppiness. He has been described as the bloodless surgeon of debate, for the reason that he never, metaphorically speaking, spills his adversary's blood. Instead, he strangles him with quiet argument backed up by facts. He is a walking encyclopaedia of economic knowledge. No one ever has been known to tangle him up in figures and no one ever has found a flaw in his calculations. He would make an ideal chancellor of the exchequer, but just for that reason he has been placed in a position to succeed to the higher post of prime minister and master of the chancellor of the exchequer. I should not be surprised if he were to imitate Gladstone by becoming his own chancellor.

Eleven Years in House

Bonar Law came into the House of Commons eleven years ago without any flourish of trumpets. Hardly half a dozen members had heard of him before, and those who had regarded him only as another of those solid British business men who like to round off a successful career in commerce by helping to make their country's laws for a few years. Their help usually is confined to walking through the division lobbies at the command of the whip of the party to which they have given their allegiance.

Law didn't do anything for a good while to alter this opinion. He sat quietly on a back bench and listened to the debates, but took no part in them. Then one night there was a discussion on a dry economic subject. It was the sugar duties and there were not twenty members in the house who really understood what it was all about. It was important enough to command a fairly full house, however, and the members sat and yawned and prayed for a division while the experts wandered in what seemed to be an interminable maze of figures and statistics about imports and exports and duties and bounties.

Then the new member on the Tory back bench got up and began to explain. In a few minutes he had the house interested, for he has the gift of beautifully clear exposition of a complicated subject. The Tories were delighted and in half an hour Bonar Law had made a parliamentary reputation.

His reward came quickly, for in 1902 he was offered and accepted the office of parliamentary secretary to the board of trade. It was not much of an office so far as pay and influence went, but it was just the office he wanted to enhance his reputation as a clear-headed political economist. His duty was to answer questions in parliament for the board of trade, and he continued to make intricate subjects simple for the puzzled members. He probably was the first instance of a real business man occupying a high office at the board of trade, which has charge of England's business interests.

In opposition he had been just as useful to his party as he was when it was in power. His keenly analytical mind is always on the alert to find the flaws and weaknesses in the position of his political adversaries. He never forgets what an opponent has said, and always is ready to confront a politician with his self-contradictions and inconsistencies. Apparently without note or reference he can remember the date and place at which any given statement was made, and a reference to the records seldom finds him wrong.

Of coure, his set speeches are prepared carefully in advance, although he always speaks without notes, for he believes in the superior impressiveness of the "extempore sermon"—an inheritance, no doubt, from his Presbyterian father. But what is more than that, I am told by one of his friends, he carefully prepares his debates. This seems almost impossible, but Bonar Law's method is to get inside his opponent's skin as far as possible. He studies the man and tries to get his point of view. Then he thinks of all the arguments that would occur to such a man, and he prepares the answers to them. I have heard that in one or two instances he has been able to reproduce in advance almost his opponent's language.

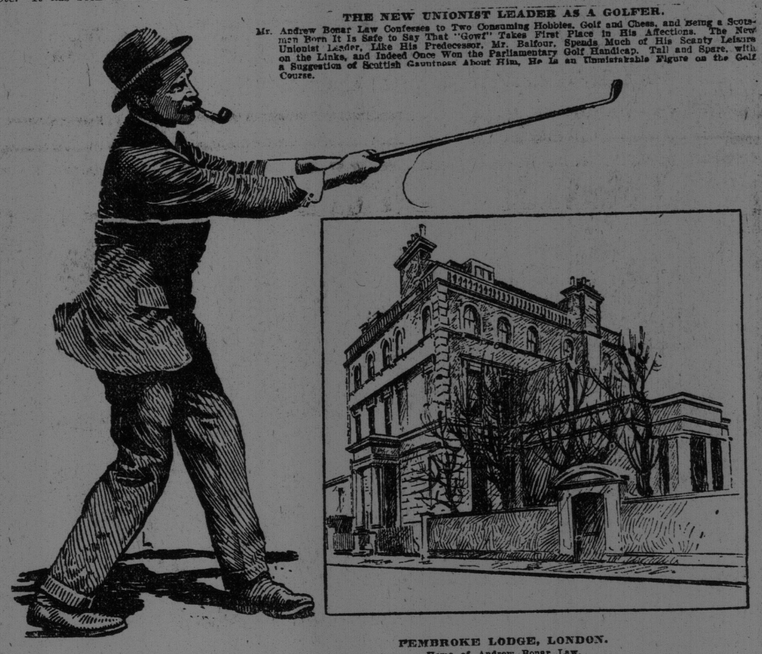
The biggest problems to be settled by English statesmen in the next couple of decades are connected with the relationship of the great semi-independent colonies to the mother country. Bonar Law is better equipped to deal with these problems than any other man in the Conservative party. He knows Canada as well as he knows England, and he knows South Africa almost as well. He understands the psychology of the colonial politicians and business men as no home-trained man with aristocratic family connections can understand it. And he is an enthusiastic believer in the future of the British Empire as a free federation of sister nations under one crown, but each governing itself and each trading freely with all the others, but protecting itself and the empire against the rest of the world. His ideal is to bring this about, and he believes that it cannot be done unless Great Britain has a tariff to match against the tariffs of outside nations, while lowering its barrier in favor of her sister nations.

Bonar Law is not a sportsman in the English sense of the word. He spends his time attending strictly to politics. He plays golf in moderation, but he doesn't rush off to the links in every spare moment as Balfour does, and there are no pictures of him making his favorite stroke to be bought in the London photograph shops. He plays chess and is rather proud of the fact that he plays a good game, but he is moderate in his enjoyment of chess as he is in most other things except tobacco. He is a steady smoker, and is seldom seen in public without a cigar in his mouth.

SCOTT BOWEN.

THE NEW UNIONIST LEADER AS A GOLFER.

Mr. Andrew Bonar Law Confesses to Two Consuming Hobbies, Golf and Chess, and Being a Scotsman Born It Is Safe to Say That "Golf" Takes First Place in His Affections. The New Unionist Leader, Like His Predecessor, Mr. Balfour, Spends Much of His Scanty Leisure on the Links, and Indeed Once Won the Parliamentary Golf Handicap. Tall and Spare, with a Suggestion of Scottish Gauntness About Him, He Is an Unmistakable Figure on the Golf Course.



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