

# MR. BLEASE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

BY O. L. WARR

WHEN a senatorial filibusterer is in need of assistance, he has only to lift a finger and wink at the Hon. Coleman Livingston Blease, LL.B., his eminent colleague from the sovereign State of South Carolina. Immediately he is afforded an opportunity to shift his weight from his legs to his haunches, and to suck loudly a cough drop or swig surreptitiously from his flask, while the Senator from South Carolina horns in.

The purpose of the filibuster or the personnel of its conductors makes no difference to Coley. He leaps to the assistance of a hoarse and wobbling enemy as quickly as he aids an exhausted friend. When the Hon. David A. Reed, LL.D., of Pennsylvania, set out to talk to death the Vire investigating committee of his cousin from Missouri, Coley performed the duties of a loyal second with all the heartiness of an ally. Indeed, so zealous was his defense of the invaded rights of the great State of Pennsylvania that he refused to heed the stop signal when a compromise was effected between the quarreling relatives. He reminded his fidgeting associates that he held four aces, and he swung to that unbeatable hand until the clock struck the hour that ended the session.

Any mention of a change in the Senate rules, looking to the throttling of filibusters, causes Coley to pound the desk with his fist, and flames his face to a double red. His anger in this direction reached its peak when an unholy combination of Wilson-worshipping Democrats from the South and League-hating Republicans from the North spun reels of parliamentary tape over the mouths of the minority which

opposed entrance to the World Court. In his heated warning to his Southern brethren on that occasion is to be found his reason for his friendliness to the ancient senatorial weapon of hindrance.

Coley, it appears, foresees the day when some wicked Yankee will introduce another anti-lynching bill, and he realizes that in that dire hour the filibuster alone can protect the South from its appalling consequences. Hence his tenacious defense of the only bludgeon with which the threatening hydra can be put to rest whenever it raises its hellish heads.

Since Coley first appeared in the public eye some four decades ago, he has been the most ardent known defender of the divine right of the Caucasian race to dispose of the offending blackamoor without benefit of jury. His numerous disquisitions upon the philosophy of lynching, which he refers to as "a ceremony," have brought him high public office in his native State and periodical publicity in other portions of the nation.

During his four years as Governor of South Carolina, the local mobs of Nordic avengers were not interrupted in the performance of their sacred duties. When a group of them in one small town strung up a trio of Negroes on a single limb, they received a compliment from their chief executive: "You did like men and defended your neighbors and put their black bodies under the ground." A daily newspaper which criticized this attitude was denounced as

an upholder and defender of the Negroes as having rights on an equality with white men, which has on every occasion condemned white men, by

calling them murderers and outlaws and hoodlums, who have dared to stand in the open in the defense of the virtue of the white womanhood of our State—our mothers and sisters.

The Senator is no less of an idealist in his attitude toward the non-criminal Negro. Soon after his arrival in Washington, he introduced a bill prohibiting the intermarriage of whites and blacks, and another requiring separate accommodations for white and colored passengers on all street cars in the District of Columbia. These efforts in behalf of the imperilled whites have thus far been thwarted by antagonistic Senate committees.

That a black man may ride in a Pullman coach—"in the very berth beneath, or above, or next to, the berth occupied by a white lady"—causes Coley to shudder with righteous horror, as does the painful knowledge that there are "Negroes in the mail coaches and Negroes in towns and cities delivering mail to the white ladies at their doors."

When the Hon. Herbert Hoover won the applause of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People with his order prohibiting race segregation in the Department of Commerce, he brought down upon his head impassioned verbal attacks from South Carolina's hero. In a lengthy fulmination, widely circulated in doubtful portions of the Bible Belt, Coley contemptuously referred to Dr. Hoover as "a man who is in favor of making young white girls use the same water-closets as Negro men." The effects of this were shown on November 6, when South Carolina, despite the parsons, rolled up a huge majority for Al.

In a notable explanation of the antipathy of the true Southerner to his dark-skinned brother, Coley made a valuable and hitherto uncredited contribution to the olfactory sciences. He said:

If there was nothing else, a Negro would be offensive because of his natural human smell. You can take a Negro and take a tub of the hottest water you can get him into, and use all the soap you can use, then take him out and cover him with cologne, and in five minutes he will smell just as offensive as he did before you washed him.

After reading into the *Congressional Record* an account of a speech by Dr. Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University, upon the subject of racial amalgamation, Coley gave the doctor a hint of the fate in store for him should he venture upon Southern soil:

If that Negro ever comes into South Carolina and makes a speech like that, he will come out—oh, yes, he will come out, and he will never bother us any more after he gets out.

The education of the Negroes is another phase of the race question that brings fire from this super-Vardaman. The address he delivered upon the occasion of his first inauguration as Governor of the Palmetto State, almost two decades ago, contained the following:

I am opposed to white people's taxes being used to educate Negroes . . . In my opinion, when the people of this country began to try to educate the Negro they made a serious and grave mistake.

The appalling fact that white persons are teaching in Negro schools and colleges in his own, his native State, has caused Coley to pass many a sleepless night. Upon advocating the passage of a legislative act outlawing this pernicious practice, he held up for the lawmakers' inspection a picture of a mixed faculty in a Negro college, and reminded them that the assembled traitors to the white race were teaching their pupils "that they are as good as white people, instilling into their heads ideas of social equality."

During his gubernatorial reign, the last of the few black officeholders in the State were sent to Davy Jones's locker. When amateur detectives ferretted out a Negro school trustee in a remote corner of the Commonwealth, an extra session of the State Board of Education was immediately called, and out he went. Negro notaries, who could have been counted on the fingers of a one-armed man, were also on the proscribed list. To rid the State of these afflictions, Coley revoked the commission of every notary public within his jurisdiction, and a niveous skin was the one requisite of reappointment.

## II

There are those who mistakenly assume that this apostle of white supremacy is interested only in matters of color. But thirty autobiographical lines in the *Congressional Directory*—and only seven men in Congress have longer chapters in that book of horn-tooting—reveal him to be also the Senate's champion joiner.

Therein he is heralded as the grand master, grand patriarch, and grand representative from South Carolina to the grand encampment and grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Palmetto braves of the Improved Order of Red Men claim him not only as their blood brother, but as their great sachem and great representative. Fellow stags in the Loyal Order of Moose once made him their dictator and representative to the supreme lodge. By the Knights of Pythias he was awarded the shield of chancellor commander. From the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks he has received equal honors, and the Woodmen of the World count him as one of their magnificoes. Membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, insures his future bliss.

Unrecorded in the register is the fact that Coley's boyhood days were spent around a small town livery stable, and that at fourteen his ability as a rider won for him a silver cup at the county fair. Horseback riding remains his only interest in the field of sports. Hunting and fishing have never occupied a single moment of his time, and it is only with compunction that he swats a fly. To imagine him wearing plus-fours is simply beyond the powers of the human mind. If he ever reads a book, the fact is carefully concealed from his friends.

As an orator, Coley early won both fame and notoriety. During his junior year at the home town college, a bare majority of the judges declared him the loser of the annual speaking contest, the major event at all Southern institutions before the introduction of the pigskin. Citizens made indignant by the decision raised a fund by

public subscription and presented him a gold watch chain, which remains until today his most highly prized dingus. Thus encouraged, he entered the State University and engaged the spellbinders there. Alas, the results were disastrous! Some snooping student discovered that his oration was sadly lacking in originality. As a result, his name immediately disappeared from the roll, and he concluded his education at the Georgetown University Law School. There he became *Legum baccalaureus*.

Many a visitor to the Senate galleries, confidently expecting to see a ruffian at Coley's desk, is surprised to behold instead a man sprucely and scrupulously, almost dudishly, attired. His carefully selected suits, made in the studios of the best tailors in Charleston, the London of America, never fail to harmonize with his black bow tie. When he goes outside the lobby a broad-brimmed black hat, covering a bristly and frequently brushed pompadour, completes the not displeasing ensemble.

Coley's fastidiousness extends into fields other than dress, for he has often been accused of being over-finicky at barbecues and fish stews, essential features of all public orgies and ceremonials in his diocese. This meticulous neatness also has its effect on the appearance of his desk, upon which no letter lies overnight. The care with which the most insignificant papers are locked up is a result of the snooping of private detectives during his gubernatorial terms, and of Secret Service agents during the late war. For the same reason, the doors of his old law office were triply locked and bolted, and even today his memory of the days when dictographs were freely used causes him to lock every door during all conversations, however trivial the subject.

The dictograph was used against Coley by Detectives Burns and Felder, during the days when he was Governor. They hoped to catch him in the act of selling pardons and commutations, of which 1,743

were delivered during his four years in office. Until this record of amnesty was eclipsed by the Hon. Ma Ferguson in Texas, Coley was accustomed to point to it with pride, and his friends explained it as a natural fruit of the impulsively sympathetic nature which sometimes causes him to hand out unrequested five-dollar bills to old darkies of his acquaintance, and impelled him to grant freedom to chain-gang convicts who were wise enough to greet him on the streets with a worshipful "Good mohnin', suh. You is sho like de Lawd Jesus Chris' to us po' niggus, suh."

By opposition newspapers—and during his first successful campaign for the governorship he was subjected to the barrage of every sheet in the State except two small weeklies—this opening of the penitentiary gates was attributed to a desire for revenge upon the social snubbers of the State capital, as well as to a hankering for additional backers on primary day. Many an editorial "We told you so" was uttered when, shortly before the expiration of his last term, he issued a blanket pardon restoring citizenship to about a thousand convicts to whom paroles had previously been given. Upon his retirement the *Insurance Herald* breathed ink relief, for it had already printed the warning that the insurance companies might stop the writing of policies in South Carolina because of the wholesale loosing of firebrands and felons.

### III

If Coley has ever told a joke in public speech or private conversation the occasion has been forgotten. But an unverified story is repeated that a jubilant anti-Bleasite who wired him immediately after one of his defeats, asking "How do you feel this morning?" grinned dryly upon receiving the reply: "Like Lazarus; licked by the dogs."

Coley's similitudes, however, especially those which compare persons with objects, usually bear a racy flavor of the stableyard.

On the day after Frank R. Kent had panned him in an article in the *Baltimore Sunpaper*, Coley informed his assembled colleagues that, although parliamentary rules prevented him from describing Mr. Kent, the nature of the man could be ascertained by a glance at the initials on the keys to rooms in the Senate Office Building, all of which are stamped with the three letters, S. O. B.

The Hon. Charles G. Dawes heard himself compared by Coley to "a June bug on a potato vine, ready to jump on the first potato bug that comes up," and he once informed his hearers that a certain State judge knew "no more about law than a bo'-shoat knows about a psalm-book." During the discussion of the Vare case in the Senate Coley's opinion of one of the actors was delicately illustrated as follows:

So far as Mr. Vare's certificate is concerned, I do not know anything about Mr. Pinchot, but I was told by my daddy when I was a little boy that it was a mighty dirty bird that would befoul its own nest.

This refined allusion is a reminder of the fact that Coley has himself been compared with a bird of prey upon at least three occasions. Shortly before his first election to the Governorship, the *Columbia State* carried a front page cartoon portraying the Commonwealth threatened by a vulture whose head and face were unmistakably similar to his own. Two years later, and upon the eve of another election day, Lawyer Felder tickled an investigating committee from the antagonistic Legislature with a promise to "show by the records that Blease is not fit to sit in a convention of buzzards. . . . If there is any crime that he has not committed, I think that it can be attributed to lack of opportunity or inadvertence on his part." More recently, after a joint attack upon the stricken Woodrow and the World Court, he was reminded by a brother Democrat that "when Prometheus was bound to the rock, it was a vulture and not an eagle that clawed at his vitals."

The odor of the barnyard also pervades

Coley's occasional witticisms and quaint expressions of opinion. "I hope that when some people eat crow in the morning they will puke until they have to be sent to Dr. Kendall's establishment," was his euphemistic announcement to the press upon the night of his first election to major office. Concerning the wicked theory nullified by law in Tennessee, Coley gave utterance to the following illuminating paragraph:

I have no sympathy with the theory of evolution, although in some respects I have pretty nearly changed my mind since I came to Washington. When I see a man sitting in a restaurant smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke in the face of a perfectly respectable woman, I have my doubts whether God created him in His image or not—serious doubts.

The plight of the buck private during the war led him to compare that unfortunate boy to "a toothless preacher at a chicken dinner," and the Heflinian ravings brought forth this explanation of theological position:

I do not believe in this political fight on religion. . . . All I want to know is if a man is on my side of the house, if he believes in his Creator, and if he endeavors to carry out with some modification the Ten Commandments. I expect him to modify some of them, because I think we all do.

While giving utterance to the above, Coley probably forgot that his seat in the Senate was won for him by a small group of Carolina Catholics who, shortly before the election, publicly promised their support to his opponent. Thrilling to the heart of every loyal Legionnaire and Daughter of the American Revolution was his patriotic declaration that "we can whip any country in the world. . . . I know we can do it, and if we can not, then let us get an army and navy that can."

Coley's county-to-county campaigning in South Carolina is the despair of the "better element," limited chiefly to Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and a few white-collared evangelicals, and the delight of the howling mobs of Holy Rollers and their closely allied sects, the Wesleyan Methodists and the wash-foot Baptists. By the former group he is periodically de-

nounced as a feather-legged demagogue; members of the latter, including thousands of sallow-faced mill workers and half-starved farmers, as regularly hail him as a demigod.

During one of his passionate reassertions of his undying love for the man without wealth, a blue-shirted clodhopper, gazing worshipfully at his idol on the stand, promised in a solemn tone: "Coley, I'd vote fer you even if you was to steal my mule tonight." And an open-mouthed spinner gravely added the declaration that "I'd put my vote in fer Coley if I was a-standin' knee-deep in Hell." No other South Carolinian since the Populist days of Pitchfork Ben Tillman has aroused in his supporters the spirit of song. In the heyday of the fight between the Bleasites and the antis, itinerant beggars with accordions, autoharps and mouth organs built up numerous verses suitable for street-corner singing around the following charming refrain:

Roll up yer sleeves and say whatcha please,  
The man fer the office is Cole L. Blease.

Another evidence of the enthusiasm of the South Carolina hero-worshippers is to be found in the result of a pre-convention straw vote for the presidential nomination conducted by the Greenville *Piedmont*, an afternoon paper in a textile town. Coley received twice as many ballots as all the other Democrats combined. In a similar plebiscite conducted by the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, he came fifth upon the list, outranking Walsh, George, Baker, Donahay, and even Heflin.

His unbreakable hold upon about a third of the voters in his principality passes the understanding of his opponents, who repeatedly fail to profit by the explanation of an Aiken groomer of polo ponies that "even though Coley don't ever do a durn thing for us poor fellows, he does at least promise us somethin', and that's more'n any of the others do." A vote for him has come to be the dissatisfied Carolinian's method of protest against the powers that be, and when, as in 1924, the



disgruntled protestants are sufficiently numerous, then is accomplished the miracle of his perennial political resurrection.

Only one of his numerous competitors has possessed the knack of turning the laughter of the Carolina robots upon Coley. When shouting supporters once carried their hero from the speakers' platform on their shoulders, this shaker of the political Attic salt held up his hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he cried, during a lull in the yelling, "I have attended many a funeral in my life, but this is the first at which I have ever seen the pallbearers a-whoopin' and a-hollerin'. And this is truly a political funeral, for I am going to bury Cole Blease so damned deep that when he does dig out, he'll scratch out in Hell face foremost." Ten years, in fact, passed before Coley scratched into the United States Senate.

Upon another occasion this same bant-er, after jeering at Coley's thoughtfulness in appointing for his protection a personal bodyguard, aroused loud and good-natured cheers with this reference to the early livery stable associations of the hero:

Cole Blease romped over the State two years ago bridleless and riderless. But I'm the man who's taken the "ease" out of Blease. I've put a bridle on him. I've got a curb bit in his teeth and I'm popping the spurs into his side, driving him back to the livery stable in Newberry, where he belongs.

At the closing meeting of the same campaign a more seriously disposed opponent, blowing off steam before his own home town folks, shoved his jaw close to Coley's and twice called him "a dirty, contemptible liar." But instead of replying with the traditional biff on the nose, Coley hitched his thumbs beneath his suspenders, stalked to the opposite side of the stage, forced a chuckle, and with befitting dignity asked: "Isn't it funny how big a cock can crow on his own dung-hill?"

In olden days Coley seldom passed a campaign day without also passing the lie, and once a pointed reference to "your nigger sweetheart" was flung into the teeth of an interrupter. After four consecu-

tive defeats, however, he saw the error of his ways, and in his victorious campaign for the Senate he ran upon a platform stressing "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," and occasionally even acted as peacemaker between his snarling opponents. He continued the rôle at the Houston convention, where he was instrumental in saving Bishop James Cannon, Jr., the Prohibition Pope, from a drubbing at the hands of the fiery Senator Tydings of Maryland.

Accustomed to the antagonistic rattle of the press, and with only seven victories to his credit out of seventeen campaigns, Coley can philosophically inform his more fortunate colleagues that "I do not worry about being defeated. I have been beaten a whole lot more than I have been elected."

#### IV

"I am not running on Mr. Woodrow Wilson's coat-tails," was one of his campaign statements in 1914, prompted by a snub that he had received from the immortal protector of democracy, and by the fact that no Bleasite had been appointed to any Federal office. Thus begun, the enmity between the two grew like Mr. Finney's turnip, and when the Prince of Peace declared himself in favor of war, Coley's line of duty automatically became clear. Even after the Marines were on their way, he gave his followers the low-down on the situation, advising them that "if it hadn't been for money interests in England, we wouldn't be in the war." His prediction of the lighting of fresh fires in Hell as a result of the conflict ran thus:

I believe religiously, as firmly as I believe there is a God in Heaven, that on the final Judgment Day every American citizen who is killed in this war off American soil will be charged against the President of the United States, and the members of Congress who voted for it, as an unwarranted sacrifice, in the sight of Almighty God, of fresh young American manhood. . . . In my opinion, the only way to receive relief is to wipe out of political existence the present powers that be.

When the passage of the Sedition Act and the rising tide of patriotism made the

deliverance of such speeches perilous, Coley became mute. But he was already on the list of suspects, and Secret Service sleuths regularly sought for hints of treason and conspiracy in his incoming and outgoing mail. The bond buyers and sock knitters howled for his blood, and he was sent for a long ride down the political chute in 1918, when Dr. Wilson tersely requested his defeat in the race for a place in the Senate.

His days as a winner within the Democratic party appeared to be over, and in the following year he announced himself as an independent candidate for Congress. The better judgment of his friends caused him to withdraw, but the President and the Cabinet remained the targets of his tongue, and the Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo was derisively described as the man who "came down to our State with two or three holes in the seat of his breeches and walked up Main street at the head of a crowd begging people to buy Liberty bonds." His position was further clarified by a letter to Tieless Joe Tolbert, in which he informed the State boss of the black-and-tans that "I am a Democrat, not a so-called Wilsonian Democrat, but a Jeffersonian Democrat, who rejoiced at Harding's election and the downfall of idealism." During the World Court debate, his colleagues in Washington were afforded a fuller explanation of his attitude. Said he:

I did not vote for Mr. Harding, but I supported him. . . . I told my people on the stump, man to man, that I was for Harding against Cox, because when Cox came to Washington and knelt down at the shrine, and then went to New York and declared for the League of Nations, right then and there he severed me from him politically. I would not vote for any man in the world, Democrat or no Democrat, who would tell me that he was in favor of the League of Nations or the League Court.

When accused of infidelity, however, Coley angrily replied that "any one who says I have done one act of disloyalty to my party is a damned liar." But his arrival at the capital was mysteriously overlooked by the generally genial Joe Robinson, and when he did receive a belated invitation to

the party caucus he returned an uncomplimentary reply.

Early in 1928, Coley suggested the ideal national ticket for the year: the Hon. Lee Slater Overman for President, and the Hon. William Edgar Borah for Vice-President. Apprehending the coldness with which this ticket might be received, he prophetically warned the Democrats that the nomination of Al would be but a waste of time and cash. In spite of this warning, however, his contribution to the party kitty in the campaign was among the largest from South Carolina, and in the holy city of Augusta, Ga., his speech in behalf of the cause brought down eggs from the gallery.

"If we have to buy capital by murdering women and children, for God's sake let it go, let it go!" was Coley's rousing reply to the prediction that a ten-hour law would ruin every cotton mill in South Carolina. Assuredly that statement must have been heartening to the lone dozen Socialists in Charleston. Queerly enough, though, when Coley reached the executive office, the gubernatorial toe separated the factory inspectors from their jobs, and even the regular appropriation for the State Board of Health was vetoed.

Upon all other questions which have confronted the buyers and sellers of ballots, Coley has been equally unhesitant and dignified in making known his opinions. Indeed, his majestic manner of presenting his views once evoked a gibe from the mighty *Wall Street Journal*: "Governor Cole Blease says he is standing on his dignity; he must have a hard time keeping his feet." There was, for instance, the matter of compulsory education. The champion of the poor and oppressed rolled up his sleeves, tightened his suspenders, and waded in:

Of course I am opposed to compulsory education. . . . I have never yet seen or heard a respectable or common sense argument in favor of it. It comes from those who expect to receive higher salaries by it . . . or else from some narrow-minded bigot who has made a failure in raising his own children . . . and now wants to attempt to raise somebody else's.

And there was another occasion upon

which he took time off to pay his respects, in no uncertain terms, to the Extension Service maintained by the Department of Agriculture:

There are now being sent around over the State people called "farm demonstrators" who are being paid large salaries out of the taxpayers' pockets, and who are giving absolutely no return for the money. The very idea of a man being paid a salary and his expenses to go around and tell farmers the necessity for them to plant grain, to raise hogs, to diversify crops!

Coley's attitude toward Prohibition shows him as a chameleon of many changing colors, and his present disposition of the question is both unique and adroit. None of his numerous and various beliefs, however, has acted to prevent his giving constant and careful attention to the advice of the Apostle Paul concerning the salutary effect of wine upon the stomach. One result is that he sometimes finds it necessary to wash down a calomel tablet for the sake of the same organ.

Thirty-six years ago his home county sent him to the Legislature for the second time, and simultaneously voted two to one in favor of bunging up all the cider casks and beer barrels. Eager to please, the young statesman threw into the hopper, upon the first day of the next session, a bill providing for absolute Prohibition, excepting only for the communion service. But he conveniently forgot this hastily conceived crusade after the establishment of the State dispensary system, and a decade and a half later he was being charged with combining his job as agent for a brewer with his duties as a member of the State Senate.

When running for Governor, he informed one audience that "I have never voted for Prohibition and I never expect to. . . . I take a nip when I want it;" and to another group he declared: "I come from a county that claims to be a Prohibition county, God save the mark!" When a heckler in a third crowd yelled, "What about beer?" he was requested by Coley to "bring me a glass of it up here, and I can talk about it better." That this *laissez faire* attitude did not extend to other and newer forms of sin,

however, is evidenced by the following from his inaugural address:

I beg leave to call your attention to the evil of the habitual drinking of Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola, and such like mixtures, as I fully believe they are injurious. It would be better for our people if they had nice, respectable places where they could go and buy a good, pure glass of cold beer than to drink such concoctions. I recommend that you pass an act prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes by boys under the age of sixteen years, and prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and cigarette papers in this State.

Having delivered himself of this preaching, Coley thereafter remained publicly silent upon the troublesome subject until he was comfortably seated in the Senate. Then he made a solemn pronouncement: "Any man who thinks this country has Prohibition is an ignorant fool. . . . Yes, we have it; we have it for the poor devil who has not the money to buy, and that is all." He went even further, and exposed a few of the iniquitous practices of the righteous enforcers of the Volstead Act. "They," he asserted,

seize a man's automobile, take the best parts of it off, and put them on their own automobile, take the old wornout car into town, and sell it; they seize his liquor, take it to their rooms, and sell it instead of turning it in as they ought to do.

These and similar remarks from a hero of the dry-voting and corn-guzzling South put new hope into the despondent members of the beer bloc. Alas, when voting time comes, the name of their supposed recruit appears upon the dry side of the legislative ledger. "I'm for Prohibition because my State wants it, but personally I'm against it," he once explained.

In this manner does he continue to walk, with one foot upon the Sahara and the other touching the brass rail. His words of wetness win the support of conscientious objectors to the Amendment, and the casting of his vote according to Anti-Saloon League prescription insures the votes of the professional abstainers. However numerous the other Congressional amphibians, Coley alone possesses the recipe for a successful blending of humid speeches and arid votes.



# AMERICANA

## ARKANSAS

LEADING editorial in the celebrated Fayetteville *Democrat*:

If you can see "The King of Kings" and remain unmoved, you already have lost your soul and there is no use endeavoring to save it.

If you can sit through the portrayal of the Greatest Story in the World and not leave the theatre without feeling at least a slight desire to live better, you already are too hard-boiled ever to be better.

For "The King of Kings" is the acme of excellence in the things of the cinema.

"Immortal, emotional, reverent drama of the Life of Christ," this picture, in the opinion of the writer, is preëminently the greatest production of all the great productions so far shown on the screen. To even imagine a greater seems impossible.

THE eminent *Pike County Tribune* offers its apologies to a solid citizen whom it has unwittingly hurt:

We wish to call the attention of our readers to an error that appeared in the September court docket as published in the *Tribune* two weeks ago. We reported "State of Arkansas vs. Will Smalling," selling liquor; when it should have read "State of Arkansas vs. Will Smalling," for making liquor. We are very sorry that the error occurred, as Mr. Smalling is regarded by all who know him as among one of the best law-abiding citizens in the Kirby community, and is always on the right side of all moral issues.

EDITOR BEN M. BOGARD, of the *Baptist & Commoner*, illuminates a difficult text:

What is the mark of the beast (Rev. xiii, 17)? The mark of the beast can best be determined if we first find for sure what the beast is. All Baptist commentators that I know of agree that Romanism is the beast and its mark would be the ONE THING that distinguishes it from all other organizations. That one thing is the Latin language. No matter what country they are in the LATIN language is used in their services. Everything else they have or do is had or done by some one else. But LATIN is the one thing that differentiates them from all other organizations.

## CALIFORNIA

THE dawn of a new science in ever-marvellous Los Angeles, as revealed by the business card of its first temple:

F. PHILOS COOKE, *Director*  
*Calls, Classes, Conferences*

THE NEW SCIENCE OF SHAPE  
SHOWS YOUR PLACE IN INDUSTRY  
*Taught by the*

SCHOOL OF LOVE, MARRIAGE,  
FAMILY CULTURE, and  
VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

"HOUSE OF HUMAN WELFARE"

Sundays (afts.) and Daily (ex. Sat.)

Meeting Sunday Evening 7:45

127 W. Adams St., near Main

F-O-M-E carlines, Los Angeles

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the eminent *Times* of the same great town:

REJUVENATION through use of tonsils, will give party same for an education. Am demonstrating in my physical makeup. Lectured before Stanford University. Box 85443. Exam.

THE Santa Barbara *Daily News* rises to protest:

Although the Elks convention took official cognizance of the fact that indecent circulars have been distributed among women and girls in this city and at least a gesture toward a cleanup was made, conditions in Santa Barbara last night were worse than on the previous night.

Life was made miserable for decent guests in the hotels by the action of groups of drunken men wearing Elks' badges. Some of the permanent guests in the hotels left their rooms to find peace and quiet in the homes of friends.

Because of the indecent behavior of countless men wearing regalia of the Elks, the streets were made unsafe for women. By reckless driving of scores of automobiles loaded with men in the regalia or uniforms of the Elks, the lives of those on the streets were endangered.

The convention of the Elks has come to an end. The *News* is glad that it is over. In the light of the experience of the past three days the *News* devoutly hopes that the lodge of Elks will never again ask to be entertained in Santa Barbara.