

5th of May, 1862, the rear of Johnson and the advance of McClellan's army had a hot engagement. The cavalry brigade got its first baptism in that battle.

When Johnston turned at bay, he was close to the outskirts of Richmond.

McClellan, ever cautious after Williamsburg, felt no occasion to rush the Confederate army. Then the Federal captain began the investment of the Confederate capital.

When the spring rains had flooded the murky Chickahominy and lifted some of its bridges, Johnston conceived the "psychological," as the term now is, moment had arrived, planned an attack on McClellan's left, but was unsupported by his flanking column, and a bloody and indecisive battle is inscribed on the tablets of history, Johnston himself being one of the victims.

Mosby, then a scout, later the most active and famous partisan commander under the *Starry Cross*, passed through and around McClellan's right flank, entirely along his rear, and safely regained the Confederate line through the Federal left.

His observation justified him in reporting to Stuart the possibility of an expedition of picked men along the lines he had traveled.

THE CHICAHOMINY RAID.

In obedience to written instructions from Gen. R. E. Lee Gen. Stuart rendezvoused detachments from the First Virginia Cavalry under Col. Fitz Lee, the Ninth Virginia under Col. W. H. F. Lee, and that part of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry was divided between the commands of Col. Fitz and Col. W. H. F. Lee, and the Jeff Davis Legion under Lieut.-Col. Martin, the artillery under Lieut. James Breathed. These commands assembled at the Brook turnpike and lent shade to a rumor the troops were enroute to join Jackson in the Valley. The command aggregated about 1,100 troopers and, according to the writer's recollection, there were three guns, one with the advance, one near the center, and one with the rear.

On the afternoon of the 12th June the expedition proceeded leisurely out by the Brook pike, and at dusk went into a fireless bivouac near Taylorsville.

Industrious scouts had well inspected the country, and reported the road to Old Church unobstructed.

With the first faint tints of dawn the troopers were quietly in the saddle, and the foray made famous as "The Chickahominy Raid" began; and the head of the column turned eastward toward Hanover Court House, which was found in possession of a body of the enemy. This command vacated and retired unmolested toward Mechanicsville.

Stuart now moved via Talliferro's Mill to Hawes' Shop, where he encountered the pickets of the Fifth Regular Cavalry. These, with their supports, two squadrons, retired after some skirmishing to the banks of Totopotomoy creek, whose swampy banks gave the Federals a great advantage of position, and the regulars for awhile made a successful stand.

Industrious flankers soon found crossings above and below, and the Regulars were manoeuvred out of their strong position and pushed back to the junction of the road which leads to Bethesda Church. Here Capt. W. B. Royall assumed command and deployed his troops to receive our attack.

Heading Stuart's column was Rooney Lee's Ninth Virginia Cavalry, its advance squadron, Companies E and F, commanded by the gallant Latane.

With the sabre, and in column of fours, the gray troopers rode for the regulars. In the clash Latane and Royall met and Royall sent a fatal bullet into the Virginian, but not before the gray soldier had drawn blood with his sabre.

The Federal squadron was driven from the field. But the excellent discipline of the regulars was maintained, and again they wheeled into line only again to be broken.

The Fifth Regulars had been formerly the Second Cavalry, of which command Fitz Lee had been an officer. Fitz's regiment, the First Virginia, now came to the front, and Fitz asked permission to follow the retiring regulars to their camp. This was at Old Church. The command drew up there for a final test, but soon broke, and their camp was in Fitz's hands and speedily given to the flames.

In the order of march, when the column formed in the gray dawn, the Ninth Virginia, under Col. Rooney Lee, was assigned the advance, Fitz Lee with the First and a portion of the Fourth Virginia, the center, and the Jeff Davis Legion the rear.

The writer's recollection is there were three pieces of artillery with the command.

When we first forced the Federals out of position near Hanover Court House, we discovered quite a cloud of dust approaching from our rear. Col. Martin wheeled the Legion and unlimbered his gun in the road to meet the approaching foe. There proved to be no need of cannon, sabre or pistol. The command raising the dust had been cut off while scouting, and in attempting to regain their command had been told by the people of the countryside the whole of Lee's army was between them and their friends.

Discreetly, therefore, they rode up to us and surrendered. I do not recall the strength of the force, but it was somewhere between twenty and forty men.

The excited country folks had either intentionally or by accident magnified less than 1,200 troopers into the whole Army of Northern Virginia. But all things are fair in love—and war.

Stuart now changed direction southward, and soon struck the York River Railroad at Tunstall's Station. His command was not prepared like Sherman's, later in the war, to demolish the roadway. So sudden was Stuart's swoop upon the station it and its guard were captured without firing a gun. The noise of an approaching train advised the advance guard to get busy. As quickly as possible such obstructions as were handy, old ties and logs, were thrown upon the rail. A plucky engineer was at the throttle and, smelling danger, he jerked the valve wide open and dashed at the obstructions. These proved of no avail, and the engine hurled them from the track and the train proceeded at full speed in the direction of the White House. After Stuart proceeded as far as Tunstall's he knew he was well in rear of the right wing of McClellan's army. He knew also the escaping regulars had warned the nearest troops he had broken through their cordon, and therefore his danger was intensified. He had now penetrated so far in rear of the enemy's right he felt satisfied to attempt to return by the route he had entered must be done with great hazard and danger.

Tunstall's Station was less than four miles from the White House, the great supply depot for McClellan's army, on the Pamunkey river. Stuart had, before reaching Tunstall's, dispatched a squadron each of the First and Ninth Virginia to Putney's Ferry, on the Pamunkey. This command captured two large schooners, considerable stores, and the wagon train of the Seventeenth and Forty-fourth New York Infantry. The stores, schooners and wagons were destroyed, and the prisoners and live stock marched in the direction of the moving column and added to the captures of men and beasts.

Stuart was anxious for a dash at the main supply station at the White House, but the escaping train, as well as a scouting party from near Tunstall's had apprised the garrison and guards of the proximity of the raiders. The troops at the White House were supported by several gunboats. Admonished by Gen. Lee's order: "Be content to accomplish all the good you can, without feeling it necessary to obtain all that might be desired," also by the knowledge that McClellan's camps were but five or six miles from him, and the York River Railroad to quickly transport a large force to attack him in the rear, he gave up the plan of attack upon the depot of immense supplies.

Upon the alarm spread by the routed regulars, a large force was thrown across the route by which Stuart had penetrated the Federal line. He must have anticipated this very movement of the enemy, and instead of attempting a return to the Confederate line by that route he concluded to try a dangerous alternative and pass around the entire rear of the Potomac Army and seek safety through that army's left flank. Stuart halted the head of his column at Talleysville that the whole column might close up to compact form. My command being in the rear came up just in time for the head of the column to resume the march. This was about midnight. Just about that time (midnight) Gen. J. F. Reynolds' brigade of Federal infantry reached Tunstall's, just one hour after Stuart's rear guard had left. Stuart's column was but four miles away, with the Pamunkey on his left flank, the swollen Chickahominy and beyond that the James and McClellan's whole army between him and Richmond. The situation was one of acute peril.

Stuart first tried a private ford of the Chickahominy on the plantation of Lieut. Jones Christian. The swollen river was outside its banks and the ford, generally in a condition to be used, was now so flooded as to be beyond the possibility of service. Indeed, Col. Rooney Lee made the effort, and both horse and rider came near losing life in the rushing stream.

The next alternative was the dismantled bridge—Forge bridge. Here the command had to rebuild the bridge, for the water was fifteen feet deep.

A large tobacco barn furnished the material. Willing hands, with poles and puncheons, soon demolished the structure. Handspikes in the hands of ready workers soon transported the sills, then the weather-boards, and without pioneer tools the ready troopers quickly spanned the interval between the two abutments with the sills (they lapped each abutment just nine inches) and laying the weather-boarding as flooring, the river was no longer a menace.

Most of the horses had been swum the river. Baron Heros Von Bocke, the Prussian dragoon, who had joined Stuart less than two weeks before, swam sixty-five of the horses across that black torrent.

While the bridge was being constructed Col. Fitz Lee, with about four hundred of the force and the artillery, moved some distance in our rear and prepared to resist any force that should demonstrate against us.

Once or twice detachments of the enemy appeared, but on Fitz Lee's demonstrating against them they promptly retired without awaiting the attack. Before two o'clock the

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Some Heroic and Strenuous Rides With Zeb Stuart

429

bridge was completed, and the whole command across the Chickahominy. Fitz Lee was the last man to cross the bridge. Then it was promptly destroyed and the raiders en route for the banks of the James. The main body of the Chickahominy swamp was yet to be passed. It was so flooded twice the writer's horse lost his footing and had to swim. How the artillery made the successful transit of that swamp, the deponent knoweth not.

While the raiders had passed many dangers, we were not yet beyond them. As we emerged from the swamp we found ourselves thirty-five miles below Richmond and on the banks of the James. The James, from Drewry's Bluff east, was in possession of and patrolled by the enemy's gunboats, and the River Road upon which we moved was for twenty-five miles within cannon shot of these gunboats. The writer recalls the statement somewhere made, we passed twenty-four Federal vessels, gunboats and transports, but were never molested until we neared the Confederate right. This was just about dawn. A few large shells were thrown in our direction, but in no instance did any harm.

Before sunup we were again within the Confederate lines, and with us came 165 unwilling guests, who as unwillingly joined us along the route, and 265 horses and mules, which were turned into the quartermaster's department.

M. Quad, a Federal historian, says we destroyed property "well up into *seven figures* (that is, beyond the million-dollar mark).

Having securely located McClellan's right, and having circled his army, Gen. Lee promptly profited by Stuart's marvelous exploit, and at once planned the details that eventuated in bringing Stonewall from the Valley and directing his movements practically upon the line blazed out by Stuart in this marvelous and audacious foray.

Baring his right and center, and massing heavily upon his left, on the 26th June Gen. Lee launched the Army of Northern Virginia upon

McClellan's right and in succession Mechanicsville, Ellison's Mills, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill were wrenched from McClellan's grasp, and after seven days of continuous battle the beaten Army of the Potomac cowered under Gainsborough's guns in the James.

History does not reveal a foray that combined rarer and strictly greater danger and more complete success. The Chickahominy Raid, it is claimed, is the *world's standard* for this particular feature in war. It burnishes Stuart's fame and that of his troopers with a luster that brightens and broadens as the years come and go. The Southern boy was a born trooper. His early familiarity with horse and gun naturally qualified him for this arm of the military service. Small wonder, therefore, that he far excelled the blue horseman and gave such efficiency to the Confederate cavalry.

In this famous ride we captured men who had never been astride of a horse. To Stuart's troopers, who from childhood had been accustomed to horseback exercise, this seemed marvelous and unbelievable.

Speed was an important factor, once the column was behind McClellan's big army, and the prisoners captured must move with celerity. This could not be done dismounted. They were ordered to mount the captured horses and mules. The writer recalls one or more of these unfortunate and *enforced guests* avowing they had never in their lives been astride of a horse and begging not to be compelled to mount.

This situation forbid either argument or delay, therefore they were required against will and inclination to "get aboard of the horses," as an English sailor in the writer's troop quaintly termed it, and thus move with the rapid column. These prisoners were a sore and weary crowd when we at last released them in Richmond from their enforced ride.



BIBLE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

By MRS. C. E. KERR, Decatur, Ga.



WE believe that with the following commission of our Lord, given by inspiration through three of His sacred writers, no Christian will deny that it is the duty of Christians to give the gospel to all nations, which means in present day expression, "Home and foreign missions."

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Matt. 28: 19, 20.

"Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark, 16: 15, 16.

"Thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Luke 24: 46, 47.

Many, however, just now are concerned about "how" this work should be done. As in all other matters of Christian duty, the Bible should be our "only rule of faith and practice" in carrying out our Lord's last great commission. So let us go "back to the Book" for

BIBLE MISSION METHODS.

1st. Christ's churches are commanded to preach the gospel to all nations. This truth we gather from Matt. 28: 19, 20, as above quoted. This commission was given to "the eleven," but in the capacity of His church, for He promises to be with those who preach the gospel to the "end of the world," showing the perpetuity of the commission. The fact also that baptism and the "all things which I have commanded you," which includes the observance of the church ordinance of the Lord's Supper, was committed to them, proving conclusively that they accepted the commission as in the capacity of the Church of God. Having received this commission from a higher power, they have no right to delegate it to another body, such as Conventions, Conferences, Societies or Boards, any more than they have to delegate the administration of the church ordinances to other bodies.

2d. The churches set apart those whom God calls to mission fields. "Then tidings of these things came to the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem; and they sent forth Barnabas that he should go as far as Antioch."

Acts 11: 22. Also the church at Antioch sent out Barnabas and Paul. Acts 13: 1 to 4. There is not an atom of scripture authority for any other body than a church of God to appoint or send out a missionary.

3d. The churches and individual contribute directly to the missionaries. "Now ye Philipians know also that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving but ye only." Phil. 4: 15. "I robbed other churches taking wages of them to do you service, and when I was present with you and wanted I was chargeable to no man; for that which was lacking to me the brethren which came from Macedonia supplied." 2 Cor. 11: 8, 9. We find that, as in Rev. 3, the message comes to the churches, "He that hath an ear let him hear *what the Spirit saith to the churches.*" Rev. 3: 22. But the promise is fulfilled to the individual who hears the message and opens the door, "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If *any* man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and be with him." Rev. 3: 20. So we find that the individual in the church who will hear and open to the Master, may acceptably make their offering to Him even if the whole church is not ready to receive His message. "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." 2 Tim. 1: 16, also Phil. 2: 25.

4th. The missionaries receipt and report direct to their churches. After Paul's first missionary tour he returns to the Antioch church, which sent him out, we read, "And thence sailed to Antioch from when they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled. And when they were come, and had gathered the church together they rehearsed all that God had done with, and how He had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." Acts 14: 26, 27.

5th. The Holy Spirit guides and locates the missionaries on the field, "Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia, and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Spirit to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not." Acts 16: 6, 7, also Acts 10.

There is no Scripture authority for any Board or body of men locating a missionary, or having him to sign a contract to them, binding himself not to move from one field to another without said Board's permission, as

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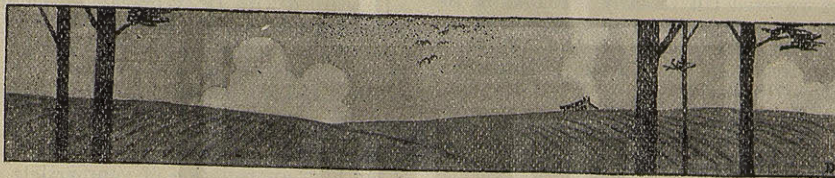
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do the Boards of modern missions. Suppose in Acts 16: 6, 7, Paul and Silas had been directed by such Board to go into Phrygia or Bithenia, and had paid themselves by contract under such Board, and the Holy Spirit directed them not to go—what then? Thus it will be seen that for Board or other body to undertake to "elicit, combine and direct" the work which Jesus committed to His churches, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is not only to assume the rights of the churches, but the prerogatives of the Holy Spirit, who alone is director and to whom all authority belongs.

6th. The missionaries trust God to supply all their needs. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4: 19, also Matt. 28: 20, "Lo, I am with you even to the end of the world."

7th. The missionaries go forth to carry out the command of Christ as given in the commission. Matt. 28: 19, 20.

This method of direct mission work has for sixteen years been followed by a Baptist mission in the interior of China. The missionaries witness to the fact that God is faithful to supply all their needs through the liberality of His children in the home land. They also testify that God has prepared Himself a people among that nation who are drawn unto Him when Christ is lifted up by the missionaries, without any inducements, such as free schools, hospitals, etc. Who are interested in this direct gospel, or Bible, mission work may find further particulars of it in Our Missionary Helper, published in Decatur, Ga., which is the medium of communication between the field and home workers.



"I Know That With the Thoughts of Love"

Homer Mitchell Noble

*I know that with the thought of love for friend,
A thousand lights blaze up within the mind,
As dying embers live before the wind,
And make the night aglow with flame. They lend
To darkness what belongs to day, and send
The fiery knights far to the wilds to find
Where are the fountains of the night. Resigned
To dwell in fitful gloom, I find the end
Of servile darkness comes with thought of love
For friend. I find the heart grown strangely bright,
And all the shades and shadows gone. Divine
Such new-born day. And thus my heart would prove
That when God's love of man was new, then light
Broke forth; a thousand stars began to shine,*



Communications



THOMAS E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.



IT IS DOING GOOD.

DEAR SIR:—I have just completed reproducing your article, "Some Additional Facts About Foreign Missions," which I had to print on the "installment plan" owing to its great length. Before God, I feel that it has done good already in the way of opening the eyes of our people to the wants of our own flesh and blood; for there has lain a sick lady just outside the town limits for ever so many weeks who has not, I must say, lacked for the necessities of life, but for some one to call and cheer her with kind and tender words; these she never received till recently. Thanks be to somebody, the good ladies of this town are constantly by the dying woman's bedside.

May you live long, Mr. Watson, to battle for the rights of humanity.

Faithfully,

A SUPPORTER.

[It fills me with the deepest satisfaction to learn such things as these. After awhile the preachers will quit abusing me. T. E. W.]

FROM AN OLD TEACHER.

DEAR SIR:—Owing to my deafness in one ear due to an attack of erysipelas I find myself "shelved" so far as teaching is concerned, but have too much energy to remain idle. So I want something to employ myself with, besides looking after my chickens and vegetable garden.

As to using my reminiscences, I believe we could handle what I have to our mutual advantage through the WATSON MAGAZINE. I have a number of stories, "close calls", and thrilling personal experiences in the "late unpleasantness", that hold the attention of old and young when I give them orally. In fact, I have head notes of fifteen or twenty chapters of "my book", that I have never had time nor money to publish—a sort of autobiography. I would be delighted to know that there was a good prospect through your help of giving it shape in some permanent form.

But, my brother, you owe me nothing for what I did for you when you were starting out in the world. Your examination for a teacher's place was satisfactory, and I thought, too, at the time, that you had a good share of practical sense, so notwithstanding you misspelled a word or two, *symmetry* and *prejudice*, I think, I was sure you would succeed as a teacher and so gave you the school, with "salary to be paid at the end of the three months' term". I probably told Mr. Hamlen, also, that he would run no risk in boarding you, on credit. You came to me about the close of our term, in May or June, and I didn't have the chance even of "lecturing you in Normal class". I

claim you, however, as one of my colaborers in Bibb's public schools in their incipency, and I have always been proud to mention you as one of my teachers and a good friend.

I will be glad to have you keep me in mind as one wanting (and needing) congenial work in my old age, though I confess it is hard to realize I am an old man. I have a cottage, here in Kirkwood.

Your friend,

B. M. ZETTLER.

I remember, now, you boarded with Dr. Worsham, and made a fast friend of him, too. He admired you very much. B. M. Z.

[I boarded with Dr. Worsham. The name of the school was Hamlin Academy. T. E. W.]

APPRECIATED TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR STEED.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to say a word expressive of my high appreciation of your article on and tribute to Prof. E. A. Steed, and for his picture in the February number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I recognized the face as soon as my eyes fell upon it, even before reading a single word of your article. Prof Steed was a grand man. He occupied the chair of Latin and Greek in Mississippi College from the fall of 1856 to 1861 or '62. I was a student and sat in his classes during that time, and learned to love him as few men are loved. In fact, he was loved and honored by the entire student body of Mississippi College. In an address made by him to the College Rifles, a military company, formed principally of college boys, on the eve of their departure for Virginia, where they served from Bull Run to Appomattox, he told the boys, in his characteristic style, that they had been reading and studying history, but now they were going out to make history.

I saw Prof. Steed once during the war, as General Longstreet's corps, to which our company belonged, was on its way from Virginia in 1863 to re-enforce General Bragg at Chickamauga. Prof. Steed met the boys at Macon, Ga., as the train made a short stop. The boys gathered around him with hearts burning with love; and you may be sure there was a general jollification, as he entertained them during their short stop in his characteristic way. And then a final parting. I never saw his face again. I have had framed the picture you gave us and the memorial, as I prize it very highly. I have in frames his picture and yours, side by side, to look upon, and from which to draw inspiration.

Sincerely your friend and admirer,

McRouen, Miss. S. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

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AN EXPERIENCE WHICH TAUGHT MANY LESSONS.

DEAR SIR:—I am an ignorant plough boy who tired of being a hired hand, and got a fool notion that I would see the world; I left home and went to New York City and thought I would strike a ship and sail for Europe, but got sick, went broke and fell in with the tramps, beggars and hoboes, and had to look to charity for help. Help was very slim, not because they were hardhearted and did not want to help me, but because of the low wages and the high cost of living in the North, the charitable institutions were helping more than they were able to help.

While I was begging, praying and crying in New York City, I was told there were over ten thousand people crying for help in that city. Because of the small donations these charitable institutions were getting, they were unable to do much for those needing aid.

Then it was I began thinking of what I had been reading in your paper of the people of America going wild over the Foreign Missionary fad, and leaving things undone at home.

When I first read that I thought you were overestimating the conditions, but now I know you have not made it plain enough, nor can you, for it is beyond language to explain.

This country is in an awful condition, and it seems to me it is going to grow worse. You are telling the truth, and I know whereof I speak. I was in worse condition than the Prodigal Son.

I went to the Salvation Army headquarters and asked for a place to stay until I could get money from home, but all they could do for me was to give me one meal and a place to stay that night; they have a nine-story hotel, and it was filled with homeless and helpless men and women, and there were hundreds of cold and hungry on the streets.

The awful sights I saw—the profanity and the immorality of some of the men and women I met while I was there—how can our people close their eyes to this? How can they go to the elaborate churches and give so lavishly to the FOREIGN Mission cause?

After sharing the hospitality of the Salvation Army for one night I was broken-hearted, sick and ashamed; and I determined to make tracks for the South; I caught a freight out of Jersey City, and landed in Philadelphia, where I found things as bad as in New York; there was a strike on, and it looked like they were going to have trouble, and I thought how bad everything was looking at home and our missionary people can't see it.

I went to the Salvation Army there and the boss there happened to be a woman, and the mothely talk she gave me on top of all the experience I had already had was enough to drive me mad; she told me that it was bad for a young man like me to be in such a condition, and I said it certainly was but I couldn't help it, and she said if I were you I would be ashamed of it, and I said I am and that this was the first time I was ever in such a fix and that if I ever got home I would never be such

a fool again. Then she gave me a ticket to the hotel and I found as many poor unfortunate beings as I had found in the New York place.

In my wretchedness I would think, whose hands will the blood of these people be laid to? and the answer seemed to come: "those that have neglected the small duties at home and have gone crazy over the dear little Doras of Africa and the Chinks in China."

I left Philadelphia for Baltimore and the trip was a hard one; I was unable to get much to eat or a place to sleep.

All this made me think of what my father told me he suffered when he was fighting the Yankees.

You young boys who read this, take warning; stay at home and act like men. I was making fair wages on the farm, but I wanted to see the world, and all I saw was wretchedness; I learned many things I did not know before.

These few lines I have written are facts and I hope you will publish it for the good it may do the saint and the sinner, from one who has learned a lesson at a great cost.

Statesboro, Georgia.

J. S. F.

THE AUTHOR OF THE R. F. D. SYSTEM.

DEAR SIR:—In your next issue of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE will you please kindly publish a laconic statement as to authorship of, (and by whom introduced,) the bill for Rural Free Delivery? I know that you are the author of this bill, but I would like to have some data on same to furnish some sapheads out in this neck of the woods.

Sincerely yours,
Kreb, Oklahoma.

O. O. STOVALL.

ANSWER.

In answer to the above, beg to state that, on the 17th day of February, 1893, I secured the passage, (through the Committee of the Whole, in the National House of Representatives,) of the first resolution appropriating money to the R. F. D. system as we now have it.

Prior to that time, there had been some experimental free delivery of mail in small towns, and this free delivery was given the misnomer of "rural free delivery".

My resolution made it *compulsory* that the Postmaster-General should extend the free delivery system of mail beyond the limits of cities, towns and villages into rural communities. This was the first *mandatory resolution* to that effect that Congress ever passed, and the Chairman who was presiding over the Committee of the Whole, (Mr. Henderson, of North Carolina,) so notified the Committee before the final vote was taken. Therefore, the Committee voted for the resolution, knowing that it was a new departure from the existing systems in towns, cities and villages.

The proof is *The Congressional Record* for February 17, 1893, page 1759.

T. E. W.

QUESTIONS WHICH SUGGEST THE CORRECT ANSWERS.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:—I have just read your article, caption, "A Gross Insult to the South". I call it the flaying of Carnegie. I am glad that you pricked the bubble—surely some of the gas of conceit will get out. Men are vain to a greater or less degree, and the wealthy are apt to get inflated, because mankind, as a mass, flatters those who have power—money.

Mr. Carnegie, like the pitcher plant, grew strong and great; he had the power to accumulate, to fatten and grow from the bodies of his victims. His followers have made him believe that he has a great store of knowledge—wisdom—and he sees from his standpoint, which is necessarily narrow, and he believes, or appears to, that his information is *very great*.

Poor old man! I hope you sent him a copy, so that he can see how foolish he made himself appear.

I want to ask you some questions.

Did not Luke Burke (England's foremost ethnologist and anthropologist), in 1840, challenge the world's great men to give one single instance where the negro race had ever battled for freedom and self-government?

Was not the negro race under the full light of civilization at the time Hannibal and his legions were at Carthage?

Has the negro race ever, in any country at any time, reached as high a point in civilization as the race attained in the United States in 1860?

Were the negroes not better educated as a race in 1860 than they were before or since in all their history?

In 1860, as servants, laborers and mechanics of the kind needed for their work, they were far and away superior to what they are today.

Up to 1860 they had been educated for two centuries properly; that is, they learned how to do that which was useful, that they could do—their labor compared favorably with other labor that was directed by superior intelligence, and as servants they were more valuable than they are today. Since 1865, they have been taught many things that can not be of value to them or to others, and, like Cain, the hand of man is against them, hence educated in the wrong direction.

Was not their religious, moral and social ideas in 1860 far superior to their ideas today—fifty years later?

Physically, I know they have degenerated—how few of the younger ones that have not either tuberculosis, scrofula or venereal diseases can not be ascertained; but every physician that practices in the South knows it is alarming, and that they, as a race, are getting to be an actual menace to the health of the white race.

Have they not degenerated morally as a race more rapidly even than they have physically?

For more than two hundred years in the United States the negro was developed along one line—that of making a trustworthy, competent laborer, a high grade servant, and what-

ever mental ability the race possessed was concentrated along that one line.

When the war came on in 1861 the part of the South that seceded had 7,750,000 whites (West Virginia cut off in 1862) and 3,400,000 blacks. There were not 2,000,000 voters in the part of the South that seceded. Nearly all the available force in the South from fifteen to sixty years of age saw service in the war, and yet environment, breeding and proper education was so powerful in its influence that not one negro was ever known to offer, directly or indirectly, an insult to any white lady in the South. The men were encouraged to rise up in arms against their masters and fight for freedom. This was the aim of John Brown's raid. This, to me, is proof positive that the negro race has retrograded, for I assert without fear of successful contradiction that if the negroes had been in 1861 as they are today, not one State in the Union would have dared to pass a secession ordinance.

No Southern gentleman, however rabid he might have been politically, would have thought of leaving his mother, wife, sister or daughter in the care of the barbarous brute the negro has degenerated to.

The worship of lust and the *green snake* is rapidly increasing. My field of labor has placed me in direct contact with the negro, and in every Southern State; and it has been my experience that the best laborers among the negroes are the black ones who are in some degree following the old traditions.

In the near future, and I believe it will occur when the next industrial depression comes, the negroes of the North will meet their Waterloo.

Mobs of hungry, desperate men out of employment, led by the Socialists and Anarchists, will hound the negro to death.

PHILADELPHIAN.

VERY DUBIOUS, EH? STILL, WE MIGHT WINK, AND LET IT PASS.

DEAR SIR:—I saw a piece in your paper where one of our Socialist brothers said something like this: "There never has been an upward and forward movement on earth that has not had that 'free love' accusation thrust upon it, from Jesus Christ down to Robert G. Ingersoll."

Now, my brethren, I don't know what to say about that brother putting Jesus Christ down in that class with Ingersoll. I don't wonder that the Socialists are never going to be up in the highest class of people—what I mean is to be up with us Christians. He is putting Ingersoll as the father of their party. The poor fellow doesn't know what he is doing or saying. He doesn't know any better and has to say something to try to make some one else go to that torment with them and Ingersoll. Ingersoll caused more people to go to Hell than any one man. If Mr. Knolle is going to Hell, it is no sign he is going to get some of us to go with him. That is what he is hinting at.

Yours truly,

Petal, Miss., Box 33.

S. A. WRIGHT.

LETTER

DEAR SIR:—
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the November
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LETTER FROM A BIRD LOVER.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read and thoroughly enjoyed your fine editorial on the Buzzard in the November issue of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

To use an oft repeated phrase of our lamented Bill Arp, I always feel "calm and serene" while viewing the graceful, floating flights of this inoffensive brother in black.

I take great interest in birds, and have written extensively of them, but some how have never taken the Buzzard for my subject.

When you write again of Buzzards, let me know.

With cordial greetings to you and yours, I am
Yours sincerely,

(MRS.) HARRIET PARKS MILLER.

Adams, Tenn., Rt. 1.

(Will let you know when I preach on that text again.

T. E. W.)

ITALY'S PLAN FOR PROTECTING WORKING PEOPLE.

Mr. Henry W. Bullock, Attorney at Law, Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your communication asking this department for information in regard to accidents to the working class in Italy, this department communicates as follows:

1. The number of accidents to the working people entitled to indemnity, according to the existing laws approved January 31, 1904, No. 51, was as follows:

Year.	No. Accidents.	Followed by death.
1905-- -- -- --	161,980	712
1906-- -- -- --	195,747	696
1907-- -- -- --	228,823	762
1908-- -- -- --	227,768	759

2. The amounts of indemnity paid out for the above case was as follows:

Year.	Lira (francs)	Equivalent to
1905-- -- -- --	13,438,795	\$2,687,759
1906-- -- -- --	16,160,490	3,232,098
1907-- -- -- --	18,366,671	3,373,334
1908-- -- -- --	20,312,551	4,062,510

3. From the evident increase of the number of accidents, we may infer the cause is the application of the laws; as previous to that there being no right to an indemnity, the working people often times failed to report accidents, especially those of a light nature, which at present are more numerous, and in order to lessen the possibility of accidents employers are required to abide by special preventative rules issued by this government.

4. The number of controversies for litigation of indemnity is pretty high, and was especially so in the first years after the laws went into effect, as it can be seen in the official report of this department, some of which is herewith inclosed, but many claims are settled peaceably between the parties.

5. Our laws permit the employers, who are required to have insurance policies against accidents, to stipulate with societies, or private insurance companies who are legally author-

ized; unite with other corporations, thus forming syndicates of mutual aid; or to provide the same by establishing private concerns of their own.

Now then, as stated, as the employees are allowed several ways to provide for the required insurance fund, and considering also the circumstance that the insuring societies or private companies that accept such obligations (policies) are allowed to exercise their right to do business in other lines, and as it is difficult to establish exactly what is to be known as administrative expenses, it is not possible to answer precisely your question as to the cost of the administration.

But it can be assumed that, as a whole, about 80 per cent. of the premiums paid by the employers are applied to the liquidation of indemnities.

6. The present Italian legislation on the accidents to the working classes is accepted with satisfaction both by employers and the working people.

V. MAGOLDI,

Minister of Agriculture, Industries and Commerce.

Rome, Jan. 2, 1910.

A LETTER FULL OF GOOD WISHES.

DEAR SIR:—Earnestly and sincerely we wish to thank you for your kindness in snatching a few moments from your busy life to pen us a few lines, the receipt of which we feel has done us more good, more soul-satisfying good, than any other letter we have ever before received. We feel, too, that the receipt of a personal letter from you is quite an honor; for frankly, Mr. Watson, we must say that we love you—love you as William Cowper Brann once wrote that Mrs. Tilton loved Henry Ward Beecher, "simply worshipping at the shrine of his genius."

Since receiving your letter, I have again reread your "Life of Jefferson", and also that grand editorial on "The New Year". And really, I feel ashamed to think I asked you, even in the round-about way that I did, the personal question which you so frankly answer and which I should and did know before asking.

The last article on Foreign Missions in the March number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE is the best, best, BEST one yet. It clearly shows the connection in our country between the two old "Twins" which have been pulling together all down through the centuries, and are now pulling together so well and smoothly in the government about which George Washington once affirmed "was not in any sense founded on the Christian religion".

Would to God that the brain that conceived the thoughts of that article could live to see the world-wide yoke broken, and the "Twins" separated so far that they would never get together again while "woods grow and waters run".

You have my most respectful well wishes.

Yours truly,

C. L. HAUGHT.

Shinnston, West Virginia.

LIKES THE MAGAZINE BECAUSE IT'S DIFFERENT.

DEAR SIR:—I have been following with great interest and pleasure your articles on Socialism and the Foreign Missions, and to say that they have been found enlightening is putting it, indeed, mildly.

I think lots of your publication, for the reason that it is of the South and always ready to defend her fair name, in any event which may arise to need that defending. But not this only; the fights you make for the common good, the style of literature, and little sketches, are, indeed, inspiring, and the only regret I have is that I didn't begin reading it sooner.

However, I am glad that times are improving, and that hundreds of magazines and literary periodicals are coming into existence in the South, and in a very few years I hope to see a decided change in the existing conditions of the present.

That is why I have written to you thus, because your Magazine is "different", and we seem more at home when writing to it. We may read the others, and know that we are a *good deal* the cause of their existence, but that is about as far as we can go. Not so—yours—I don't know why, but something about it makes it seem good to the South. Perhaps it is because of your loyalty to the ideals of our fair land.

Respectfully,

Fort Worth, Texas.

JACK DUNAWAY.

A MISSIONARY FIRED FOR TELLING THE TRUTH.

The bitter necessity under which the mission boards of the various denominations labor of hiding the truth from the churches is forcibly illustrated by the experience of a missionary, who gives us the following story:

"I came to Alaska six and one-half years ago as a Presbyterian missionary. My attention was called to the slack management of the Government schools. Whites and Indians were both suffering. For example, there was not in the town of Wrangell (and the town was then as large as now) a boy or girl who knew as much as the multiplication table. I published a criticism in a local paper charging mismanagement of the public schools. I received a letter from the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions directing me not to publish any more criticisms of Doctor Jackson or any of their workers. I have been informed by several fellow missionaries that it is not good policy to criticize Doctor Jackson's work. I did criticise him, and have been dropped out of the Presbyterian church. You can easily imagine the effect that such a condition would have on the schools."

Some time ago the Presbyterian church found it necessary to expel from its communion scholars like Briggs and Smith. It dismissed them for publishing what they believed to be true in literary matters. The same denomination seems to have extended its creed

to include something more than intangible points of doctrine, and finds it expedient to fire a missionary for demanding efficiency in the administration of funds furnished by the Government. To those on the outside the church appears to be vitally concerned in maintaining its organization and retaining its hold on revenues. The spread of the truth is a matter of secondary importance. But to the extent that the Presbyterian Church, or any other church, believes its prerogatives imperiled by criticism of either its doctrine or its missionary policy, to that extent it is a menace to free institutions.

Getting down to bed-rock in this matter, we find that there are two sides to missions. Actual conditions on the fields are carefully concealed by the multitude of secretaries and special agents busily engaged in soliciting contributions. Instead of dealing in facts, they are handing out subjective and fanciful representations.

JOHN J. LONG.

TRUE BLUE FROM THE DAYS OF PETER COOPER.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—For some time I have thought I would write to you and let you know how much I appreciate, love and admire you for what you have done, and are doing, for humanity.

I had the honor of meeting you once in Kansas City, in company with Messrs. Burris and P. J. Dixon, and how it did thrill my heart to hear you talk and have the pleasure of talking personally with you. I was, also, chosen as one of the delegates on the reception committee to meet you when you spoke in Chillicothe, Mo., some years ago, and I was looking forward to that as one of the happiest moments of my life, but the sudden death of my brother prevented my being present, which I greatly regretted.

I have not voted a Democrat or Republican ticket since the days of good old Peter Cooper, have attended every National Convention that the Peoples Party has ever had, and have been an enthusiastic supporter and admirer of you ever since I learned to love you when I took your People's Party paper. I have always been a great reader and thinker, and I agree with you on everything about which you have ever expressed yourself.

I was a Confederate soldier, and was in Atlanta soon after Sherman burnt the city, and I do hope you will be spared to write a *TRUE* history of this country, for, as you say, we haven't any such a history now.

Find enclosed a bank draft for \$3.00, for which kindly send the *JEFFERSONIAN* as indicated below. I don't want any commission on these.

With very best wishes in your noble efforts, I am,
Your friend and brother,

Hale, Mo., Dec. 13, 1909. A. M. BALLEW.

A TRUE

DEAR MR. W. being guilty of casion to com classic, "The S one of the Ab the reign of t excesses of the ancing accounts suffering, and appear who wo people's cause. "Thou art the truth, breath and is an inspi realms of liter than your chap France is mar Guizot is uncor torts history Burke and Mac constitutional p you have given monument to y search. I have again.

419 11th St.,

HOW TWO BO

DEAR SIR:—I JEFFERSONIAN a and read three and the MAGAZ studying "Forei the day may so to publish a da how to live on and to know ho to die.

I was much in Boyhood Diary", while teaching Worsham's.

I grew up a Georgia, had th money was lacki E. L. Martin, wh Alabama Busine of the institutio dress, sending s College. With by the fireside, in and myself, with to Macon and en keeping and ste procured board Worsham, who v con. The old D to us of the boy you boarded wit they admired y intellect.

In this effort that of country c strated itself to proved successfu

A TRUE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—I think I may, without being guilty of fulsome flattery, take this occasion to commend you on your historical classic, "The Story of France". I think it was one of the Abbot brothers, who, in describing the reign of terror, stated that, horrible as the excesses of the mob were, they were but balancing accounts for centuries of oppression and suffering, and that some day the man would appear who would tell the *true* story of the people's cause. Well, he has appeared, and "Thou art the man." The book fearlessly tells the truth, breathes a noble spirit of democracy, and is an inspiration to the reader. In all the realms of literature, there is nothing nobler than your chapters on Joan d'Arc. Michelet's France is marred by a partisan sympathy, Guizot is unconsciously royalistic, Carlyle distorts history with imaginative flights, and Burke and Macaulay bring to the subject the constitutional prejudices of Englishmen; but you have given us France. It is a precious monument to your ability and industrious research. I have read it twice, and will read it again.

Respectfully,

(MISS) MARY BRAHLER.

419 11th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

HOW TWO BOYS WERE AIDED THROUGH COLLEGE.

DEAR SIR:—I am a new subscriber to your JEFFERSONIAN and MAGAZINE. Have received and read three copies of THE JEFFERSONIAN and the MAGAZINE for March, and am now studying "Foreign Missions Exposed". I hope the day may soon arrive when you will see fit to publish a daily paper. You teach people how to live on earth, in this life righteously, and to know how to live right is to know how to die.

I was much impressed with "Pages From My Boyhood Diary". There I find where you had, while teaching school, procured board at Dr. Worsham's.

I grew up a poor boy, in Monroe County, Georgia, had the ambition to do well, but money was lacking. By some means Professor E. L. Martin, who was conducting the Georgia-Alabama Business College, and was President of the institution, secured my name and address, sending some inducement to enter the College. With only a little knowledge gotten by the fireside, in May, 1903, a younger brother and myself, with a little borrowed money, came to Macon and enrolled for the courses of book-keeping and stenography. Professor Martin procured board for us at the home of Dr. Worsham, who was at this time living in Macon. The old Doctor and his wife spoke often to us of the boy Thos. E. Watson, and the time you boarded with them. They talked of how they admired your honesty, bravery and intellect.

In this effort to better our conditions, from that of country or farm life, which had demonstrated itself to be without profit or effect, we proved successful, promptly paying back the

money borrowed, and holding nice positions since the first secured for us by Professor Martin.

It is apparent to my mind that you are fully capable of sympathizing with the struggling poor who are desirous of their betterment in life, and I am frank to say we all should appreciate you as being a Georgian, and one who loves his country and its people.

Again, in reference to Dr. Worsham, will say both the old people have now passed away. Queer, as it seems to me, since the time I first knew them, I met, loved and married Miss Agnes Murchison, of Macon, Georgia, a niece of Mrs. Worsham. It was quite a while after we became sweethearts that I learned I had boarded with her relatives.

Mr. Watson, I appreciate fully your views on the subject of Foreign Missions, and, as far as I am able to understand, you are not in the least short of being correct.

Wishing you much success, I remain

Your friend, T. R. THIGPEN.

Macon, Georgia.

A MUCH APPRECIATED LETTER AND ORDER.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am going to do something for you that I have never heard of any one doing yet. I am ordering one each of all your books in one lump sum; so find enclosed check for same. My reasons for doing this are:

(1) I get more information from your writings than anything else I ever read, and I read a great deal. (2) You will remember in the hottest of the Hoke and Little Joe campaign that infamous Louis N. Foster circular made its appearance. I happened to get one and read it, I am sorry to say. In that contemptible thing the said Foster advised people not to let their children read your books. Then and there I made up my mind that if I ever got able my children should read your books. Now I feel that I can spare the money, the order goes.

I will say I have taken all of your papers since the birth of the People's Party paper to the present time, and can say I have never read a thing from your pen that I did not learn something. Wishing you good health and abundant success in your great work, I beg to remain,

Your friend and admirer,

J. E. BRADBURY, JR.

Athens, Ga., R. F. D. 4.

FROM A GREAT SOUTHERN WRITER.

DEAR SIR:—Congratulations on that *annihilation* you handed out to Carnegie! It was the best thing of the kind ever written. I have read and re-read it, and the other night took it to bed with me and *read it again*. Isn't it strange that some white folks who seem to understand fairly well the other problems of race life are such fools on the nigger question? With all good wishes,

Yours, JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

Nashville, Tennessee.

AN APPRECIATION OF WATSON'S
MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—I note with pleasure the receipt of your Magazine.

My work being in the field with our catalogue ("Bennett's"), I naturally desire to know what will sell and please the public, and I must say that from the sparkling, pointed and general clean-cut thought expressed throughout its pages, yours deserves a wide circulation.

True, Americanism of today leads us into the churning depths of realism and not fancy, and, I think, where truth may hurt sometimes, the higher development can only be attained by such a splendid course as indicated in your work.

For success,
Chicago, Ill. BEN. F. HALLOWELL.

IS INTERESTED IN SOCIALIST ARTICLES.

DEAR SIR:—Some one has kindly sent me the October issue of your Magazine, the first I had seen. The editorial on Socialism I read with profound interest, both for its trenchant arraignment of an economic heresy that is making serious inroads in social and civic American life, and the indisputable historical facts therein adduced. What an array of evidence you submit in this remarkable production from your pen. Much of it, however, I can corroborate by my personal knowledge and experience during the days that preceded the Civil War. No sane man may deny that perilous problems are fast engulfing the nation, and when the crisis comes, as it surely will, the South, as I often tell my Northern friends, will then be the chief bulwark of American liberty, as it is now the repository of American ideals. As I am interested in what you may further say on Socialism, will you kindly send me the issues of your Magazine containing articles on this subject?

It may be "like a voice crying in the wilderness" for one to attempt in this sordid age to reincarnate the spirit of Democracy in the people, nevertheless I bid you "God speed". As for the "race problem", ignorance and fanaticism have so obscured the issues that a feasible solution has no opportunity to be heard. "The higher life" found on the inside page of your Magazine, is a declaration of wisdom and sanity. I have framed it and keep it before me.

Kindly permit me to express my sincere appreciation of the kind words you have spoken in my behalf, and believe me to be

Very truly yours,
Everett, Mass. WM. HANNIBAL THOMAS.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

DEAR SIR:—I don't suppose a man of your pluck and resources needs the approval and commendation of your admirers to keep you in

the front in the glorious work of bringing to life the dead sons of revolutionary sires; but every time I read such articles as "Fight That Central Bank and Let the Greenbacks Alone" I just can't help yelling bully for Tom Watson, and, of course, I want to tell you so.

You know we old Peter Cooper Greenbackers believe the money question is the big thing, and the root of all our ills. Talk about trusts! Could the Standard Oil ever have reached its present power of oppression but for the hell-born national bank foundation under it?

Without the national banks could J. P. Morgan ever have organized the Steel (steal) Trust? Is there not a big national bank at the bottom (and top, too,) of every great trust robber in the land?

"Banks (of issue) are more dangerous to the liberties of the people than standing armies."—Jefferson.

If we can get the money and transportation questions settled in the interest of the whole people, and knock the tariff inequalities sky-west we will soon see these big robbers take to the jungles, and every man, that wants to, sit under his own vine and fig tree with no one to molest him.

Sincerely your friend,

Prescott, Ark. OLIVER S. JONES.

THE CALL OF THE CLAN IS ALWAYS
ANSWERED BY THE LOYAL.

DEAR SIR:—I happened on a copy of your excellent Magazine on the train today, and am writing forthwith to express my keen appreciation of the same. I may say that it is one of the most interesting it has ever been my good fortune to examine in this country, first, because, unlike the majority, its contents are not confined solely to articles on the pursuit of the eternal dollar, or the life of a "star" actress, and second because its pages are not crowded with catch-penny advertisements, which no intelligent man reads. Coming as I do from one of the best governed countries in the world, viz., Great Britain, you can hardly expect me to share your American prejudice against a monarchical form of government, but your fearlessness, combined with an excellent literary style, can not help but win you admiration from men of all political shades. More especially must I congratulate you on your article, "A Gross Insult to the South"; a scathing philippic which I, as a Scotchman, heartily endorse. Should he read it, this should certainly shame the ignorant and purse-proud parvenue against whom it is directed, who, by the way, has the unblushing impudence to designate himself as a "Laird"! Wishing you every success, I am

Yours very truly,
Birmingham, Ala. J. W. S. CAMERON.

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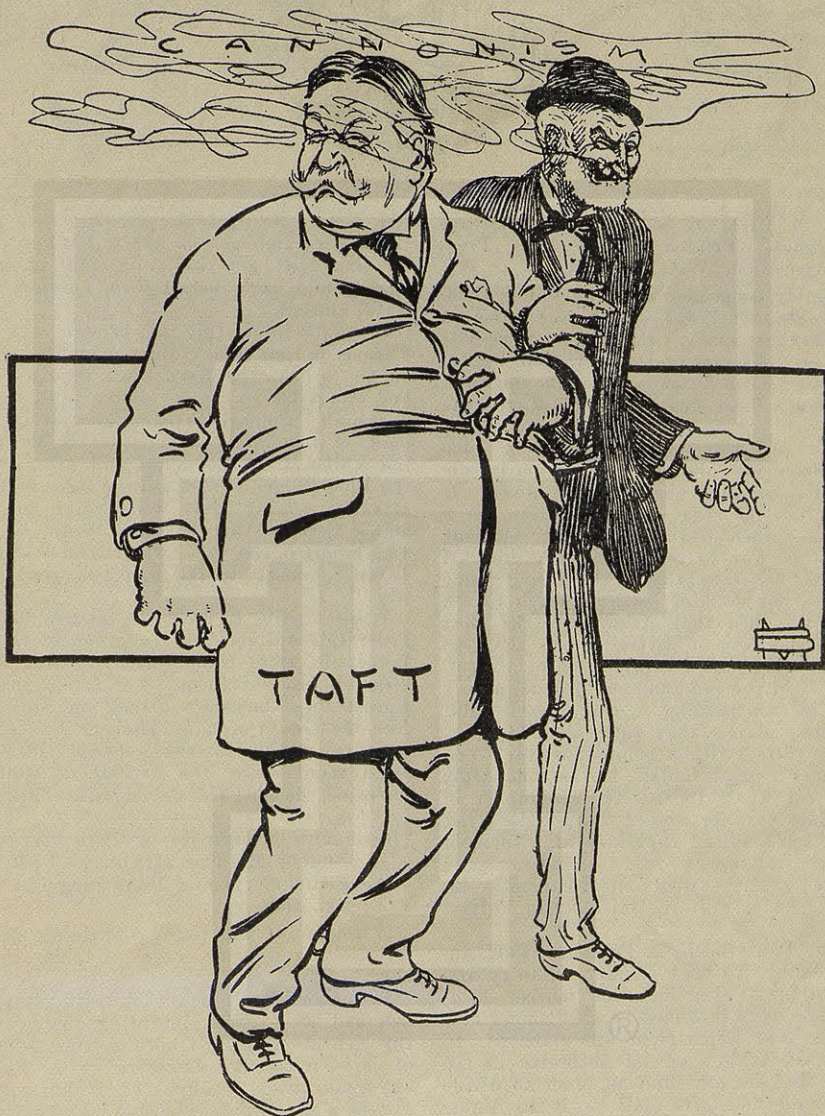
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The Facts According to Joe

CANNON—Why me an' him's pals!

—Baltimore Sun

BOOK REVIEWS

"ASHBY: A MILITARY SKETCH." By Clarence Thomas. Printed by the Eddy Press Corporation, Winchester, Va.

Inseparably connected with the Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson, is the name of General Turner Ashby. His rise to fame was so swift, and his career so brief, that he lingers in the memory as one of the meteors, rather than a fixed star, of the Southern Confederacy.

Those of us who read the books of John Esten Cooke—his "Jackson", particularly—remember the cavalier of the white horse who dashes across the stage, is in full view for a moment, and then disappears, forever—leaving the storm of war to roll on without him. I confess that my conception of the daring young soldier did not do him justice. From Cooke, one gets the idea that Ashby was the most vigilant and active of partisans, was the keen eye of the army, was the perfection of a scout, was superb in the headlong charge, and a very bull-dog in commanding a rear guard. But Mr. Thomas claims that General Ashby was by nature gifted with a genius for war; and that he was a great soldier, in the same sense that Forrest was. Indeed, the biographer of the Virginia cavalier argues that Ashby's rise from the self-assumed captaincy of a force of independent volunteers to that of the command of all the cavalry—twenty-one companies—indicates a greater military talent than Forrest had.

The War Department, in February, 1862, authorized Ashby "to raise cavalry, infantry and heavy artillery." The fact that neither Jackson nor Lee were informed of this, shows how loosely the War Department was managed. In ignorance of Ashby's official authority in the premises, Jackson sent him an order to divide his command and give half of it to Major Funston. Ashby,—the gentlest of men, but full of manly pride—was extremely indignant. He tendered his resignation, declaring that were he Jackson's equal in rank, he would challenge him to fight. Friends intervened; and the two great soldiers had a meeting, at which Jackson urged his lieutenant to withdraw his resignation. But Ashby was unbending; and he told Jackson to his face that, if it were not for the fact that he realized Jackson's value to the South, he would hold him to a personal account. "Stonewall" simply had to give way; and Ashby retained the command of his en-

tire force. As Jackson himself wrote to Lee, the officers and men of Ashby were so devoted to him, that any indignity put upon their chief would have turned them against "Stonewall" himself.

One most interesting fact brought out by Mr. Thomas is that Ashby did not mislead Jackson on the eve of the Kernstown repulse. Cooke and others lay to the cavalier a fault that was Jackson's. Colonel Tavenor, an elderly gentleman, of Loudoun county, was on his way to the Valley from Loudoun, and after crossing the Blue Ridge, he saw a large force of Federal infantry coming from Winchester to Castleman's Ferry. Tavenor made haste to Ashby and reported the fact, whereupon Ashby sent Tavenor himself to tell Jackson what he had seen.

While waiting to cross the Shenandoah, those Federal troops received an order to return to Berryville, from which place General Shields' dispatch brought them, by a forced march to Kernstown. Jackson's attack on Shields, before the troops seen by Tavenor had gone beyond supporting distance, caused the Confederate repulse—for the arrival of that reinforcement decided the day against Jackson.

"BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF PRIMITIVE OR OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST MINISTERS." By R. H. Pittman. Herald Publishing Co., Anderson, Ind.

A volume of 400 pages containing much interesting, and some very valuable, information.

I wonder how much the word "Hardshell" has had to do with retarding the growth of this denomination. If once a name suggestive of derision becomes associated with a sect, or an organization of any sort, it hurts. There are so many people who can't brave the jeer, and who haven't the moral courage to connect themselves with a hopeless minority!

There is no credit in being a Catholic in Portugal, Spain or France. That is, no moral courage is required. There was a time when it was heroic to fly the flag of Rome in this country—especially in New England—but that day will never come again. It will soon be the fashionable thing to be one of Pappy's pets. And the time may arrive when the American who takes a bold stand for an uncorrupted, unpaganized form of Christian worship, will stake his life when he does it.

If such an I venture to would find its Primitive Bapt the seasoned courage and to a creed which and abuse. prove their va

The Method age to honor t period of Met come a membe it is good po doubt that ma motive. The M situated. No rided for prof the members o no opportunity which thrives

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If such an era should dawn on our country, I venture to say, that *the Protestant faith would find its most stalwart defenders in the Primitive Baptists*. Why? Because they are the seasoned veterans who have tested their courage and their strength by remaining true to a creed which has subjected them to ridicule and abuse. *They are the soldiers who can prove their valor by their honorable scars.*

The Methodist no longer has the moral courage to honor the name of Wesley. In the early period of Methodism, it was *bad policy* to become a member of that faith. Now, however, it is *good policy* to do it—and we can not doubt that many a man is influenced by that motive. The Missionary Baptists are similarly situated. No one runs any risk of being derided for professing that creed. Consequently, the members of these two denominations have no opportunity to develop that peculiar virtue which thrives under religious persecution.

Members of an outlawed sect always love one another.

It is deplorably notorious that members of the big churches have no fervent affection for brethren of the same faith and order. While there is some fraternal feeling, it does not compare in strength with that which Quakers, Disciples of Christ, and primitive Baptists have for one another.

There are 121,347 of these Old School Baptists; and Mr. Pittman points out that this proportion of his brethren to our population is practically the same as that which the 7,000, *who would not bend the knee to Baal*, bore to the 3,500,000 Jews of Elijah's time.

Preachers among the Baptists are called "Elders"—not "Reverend".

The sect opposes the use of fiddles, horns, pianos, organs, etc., in the churches.

They are equally sound in their contention that "tithing" passed away with the old dispensation.

By the way, nothing is stronger evidence of the encroachment of ecclesiasticism in the Methodist Church, than the submission of the laity to "assessments" and "tithing".

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

This popular monthly has an unusually interesting table of contents for May.

Fiction, history and industrial articles are most capably handled, and a very large number of illustrations add to the beauty of the number.

The May number contains: Frontispiece in color, Howard Pyle; "The Infidel City," Mary Heaton Vorse (illustrated with etchings in tint by B. J. O. Nordfeldt); "Readjustments," a story, Sarah Barnwell Elliott (illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton); "The Moon Dance," a poem, Richard Le Gallienne; "The Good Samaritan" (incorporated), Robert W. Bruere; "Holy Mr. Herbert," a story, Marjorie Bowen (painting in color by Howard Pyle); "Et Ego in Arcadia," Witter Bynner; "Ancient Crafts in Modern New York," Philip Verrill Mighels (illustrations by G. H. Shorey); "The Sympathetic Part," a story, Norman Duncan (illustrations by George Harding); "The Horses of Indra," a poem, Martha W. Austin; "The Wild

Olive," a novel (continued), by the author of "The Inner Shrine" (illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock); "The Aran Islands", Maude Radford Warren (illustrated with photographs); "A Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages," Olivia Howard Dunbar (illustrated from old prints and engravings); "The Housetop Room," a story, Jennette Lee (illustrations by H. G. Williamson); "The Silencer," a story, Keene Abbott (illustrations by George Harding); "A Painter of Childhood and Girlhood," Charles H. Caffin (illustrated with reproductions of paintings); "Somnambulists," a poem, Wanda Petrunkevitch; "The Gamblers," a story, Calvin Johnston; "A Poet in War-time," Laura Stedman (unpublished letters of E. C. Stedman, 1861-62); "The Lovers of Marohaid," a poem, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall; "The Summoning Knocker," a story, Florida Pier (illustrations by William L. Jacobs); "Editor's Easy Chair," W. D. Howells; "Editor's Study," The Editor; Editor's Drawer: "On the Trail," by Wilbur D. Nesbit; illustrations by Peter Newell). Other contributions by Blakeney Gray and E. S. M. Drawings by E. E. DeGraff, E. Warde Blaisdell, A. Machefert, Robert L. Dickey.

ADVERTISING A TOWN.

Municipalities are becoming more alive each year to the advantages of publicity.

To this end, the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association of Floyd county, Georgia, have issued a most attractive booklet, showing some of the many desirable features of Rome, Georgia. Photographs are the means used to convey graphically the beauty, development of industrial interests, and general up-to-dateness of this beautiful little town.

The manufacturing interests of the town are varied and prosperous. Good farming land is near by, the schools, churches and other public institutions are of a high order, and the little book will doubtless bring many new citizens to Rome.

Wilson M. Hardy, of Rome, Georgia, a prominent and brilliant young newspaper man, is also secretary of the association, and he will furnish copies of the booklet or further information.

"BY INHERITANCE." Octave Thanet. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

From an unusual new point, the old "race question" has been reviewed by this well-known author.

The story deals with two New England women who go South to live.

The usual complexities occur, and the futile effort of the New England mind to adapt itself to the proper focus to "understand the negro" is told in the sprightly way which has made the author enjoy so large a following.

"ROBERT EMMETT'S WOOING." By Edgar C. Blum. Cochrane Publishing Company, New York.

A very interesting story of the love affair of the great Irish patriot. The book is illustrated with many beautiful photographs.

A FEW SMILES

COUNCILMAN—I've come to see if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery.

OLD RESIDENT—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.—*London Telegraph.*

HIS WIFE—Oh, John. To think of you coming home with a policeman. That is terrible.

JAGGS—I know 'tis, Mary, but he's just drunk enough so he wouldn't let me alone till I showed him where I lived.—*Boston Courier.*

Two Irishmen were looking at an inscription plate on a building which read: "Founded A. D. MDCCCXLIX."

"Moike," inquired Pat, "phwat mean the wur-ruds up on the plate?"

With a wise air, Mike replied:

"Founded by A. D. McClicklix—a foine man he wor, Pat. I knew him meself."

A Scotsman was hired by a Cheshire farmer. At breakfast one of the famous cheeses of the country was set before him. His master left the Scot at table, and later, when he appeared for work, said to him:

"Sandy, you take a long time over breakfast."

"Troth, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' that size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think it."—*Tit-Bits.*

"How did the new parrot turn out?"

"Oh, he's a fine talker, but I'm awfully afraid I can't keep him."

"Why not?"

"He used to live in a medical college and the students taught him a whole lot of professional terms. I was so mortified the other night. That rich Miss Morris was calling on us, and somebody asked her to sing. You know what a voice she has. Well, she sang a long French ballad for us, and the instant she finished the last verse that dreadful bird screeched, 'Chloroform her!'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began questioning him a bit. Starting quite at random, he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

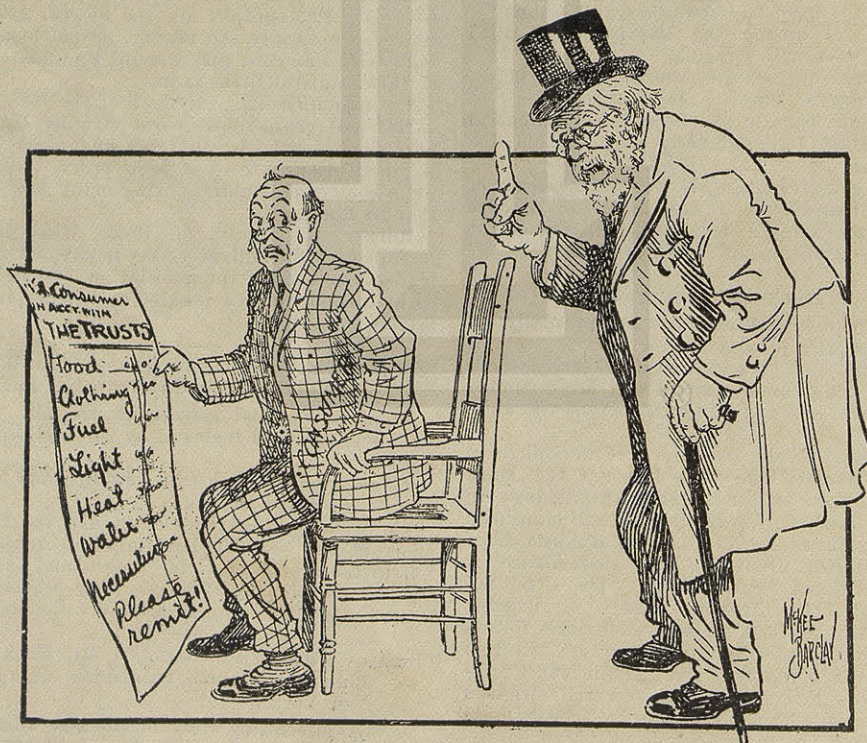
"Shure!"

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"



"Shame! Such Extravagance!"

—Baltimore Sun

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8561-8559—CHARMING MODE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

A simple blue and white dotted linen was used in the development of this attractive model. The blouse waist is laid in a deep tuck over the shoulder in Gibson style and is unusually chic and becoming. The low Dutch collar and turned back cuffs are finished by a narrow frill of sheer white lawn, headed by a band of insertion. The skirt is an excellent two-piece model, closing in either front or back. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14-16-18

years. The 16-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for the waist, and 3 yards for the skirt.

This pattern consists of a waist and skirt, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each, in stamps or silver.

8685—MISSES COAT IN TWO LENGTHS, AND WITH SHAWL OR NOTCHED COLLAR.

Blue broadcloth with facings on collar and cuffs of black satin, was used for this model.

The coat may be finished with shawl or notched collar. The fronts are semi-fitted, the back has a center seam, and side seams to the armseye. In linen or Rajah silk this design will also develop well. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14-16-18 years and requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for the 16-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8472—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.

This shows a simple and practical design, that may be trimmed with buttons and made of gingham, linen, lawn, chambray, challie or cashmere. A pretty development was shown in light blue albatross with pipings of dark blue pongee silk. The yoke band of pongee embroidered in white, also the cuff and collar. Tucked chiffon supplied the yoke. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2-4-6-8 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8661—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

A Simple Stylish Model.

For a blouse to be worn with a separate skirt, or as a waist for general serviceable wear, there is nothing to equal the simple tailored shirtwaist. The model here depicted was developed in green plaid taffetas, with pipings of green, and green ornamental buttons for decoration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches, bust measure, and requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8664—GIRLS' DRESS.

An Attractive Frock.

This model is one of the prettiest of the season's styles for girls. In reseda cashmere with pipings of green velvet and the chemisette covered with a new fancy mesh green net, this design will make a becoming Sunday dress; or in brown cheviot serge trimmed with black soutache it will make a nice school dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8-10-12 years, and requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

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8655—LADIES' SEVEN-GORE SKIRT.

A Smart Skirt.

The novelty of this design comes in the arrangement of the plaits at each side of the front panel. The model is cut with seven gores, and it lends itself readily to any of this season's dress materials. The back is finished with an inverted plait. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-28-30 inches, waist measure, and requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8658—AN ATTRACTIVE MATINEE OR DRESSING SACQUE.

A most attractive house jacket is shown in the illustration, in a pretty development of

soft figured challis. The garment is fitted into the figure in the back, the front hanging loose from the shoulders or the fulness may be held in place by a belt of the material or ribbon. The sleeves may be full length or finished just below the elbow with pretty turned back cuffs. China silk, the flowered lawns, dimities and crepe de Chine make the most delightfully dainty garments for warm weather, but cashmere, French flannel, and cotton crepe are also adaptable. For 36 inches, bust measure, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches, bust measure.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8670-8646—A FASHIONABLE GOWN.

An unusually attractive costume is here shown. It was most effectively developed in raisin-colored henrietta, with a braided design in lilac and green, and pipings of Dresden silk in the same colors. The skirt is cut in seven gores, and has a plaited insert at the side gores. The waist is made with a round yoke over bib or berth portions, and the sleeve is composed of a cap-shaped upper part, to which is joined a puff that is finished at the wrist with a band cuff. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches, bust measure, and requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for the 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-30 inches, waist measure, and requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8669—A GOOD HOUSEWORK APRON.

Ladies' One-Piece Apron, with Pocket. Arranged for High or V Neck Finish.

It is much easier to slip on an apron when busy at home than to take out spots on one's skirts and waists. A very practical, easily made and comfortable to wear apron is here shown. It is closed at the center back and seamed together at the shoulders. The work of sewing on this design does not require much skill or time and the result is pleasing and most satisfactory. The apron may be finished with high neck edge or low V opening as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium, large. Requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

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8657—GIRLS' YOKE DRESS, WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE BAND AND WITH SQUARE DUTCH OR HIGH NECK AND LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.

A Neat and Dainty Frock.

This simple but effective dress may be worn for almost any occasion according to the material used for its development. Gingham, lawn or cashmere, mull, silk or lansdowne may be used, with edging or lace for decoration. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1-2-4 years, and requires for the 4-year size $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

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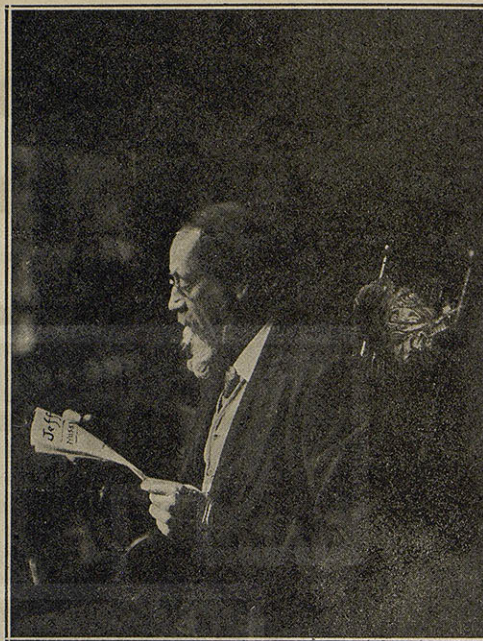
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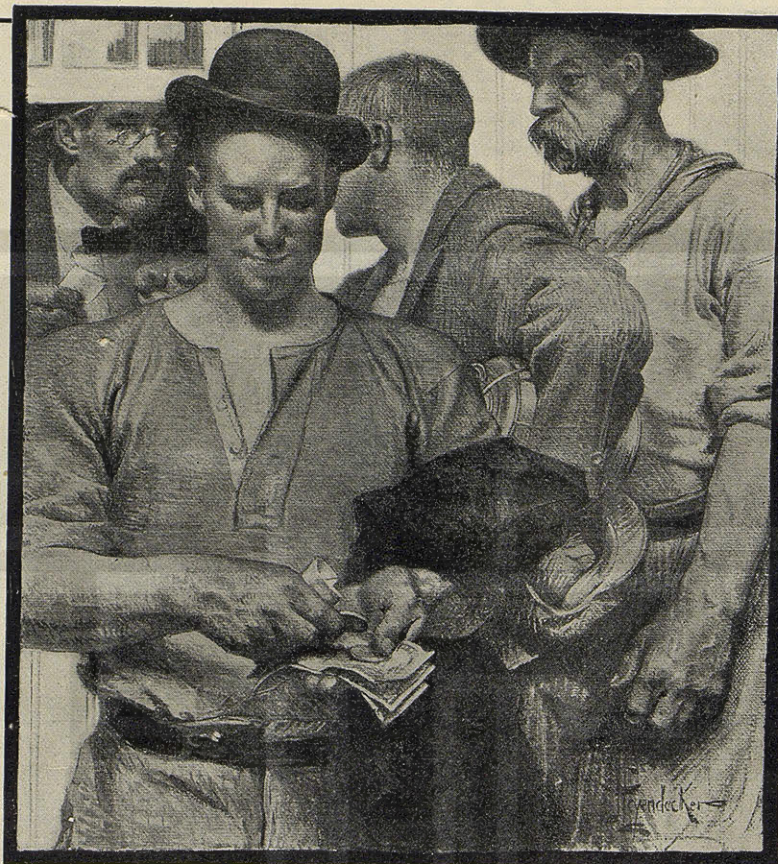
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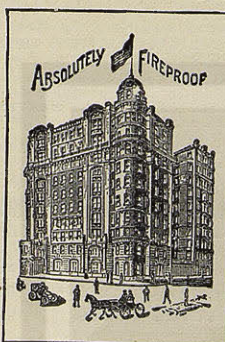
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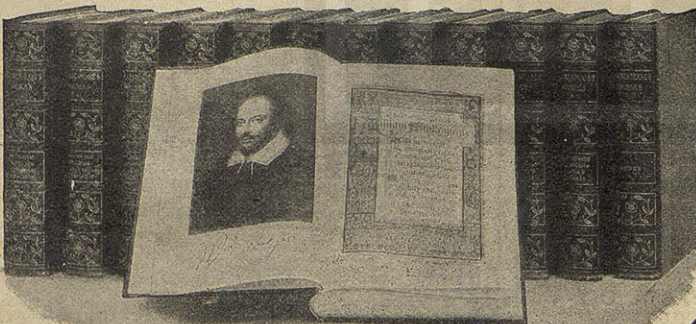
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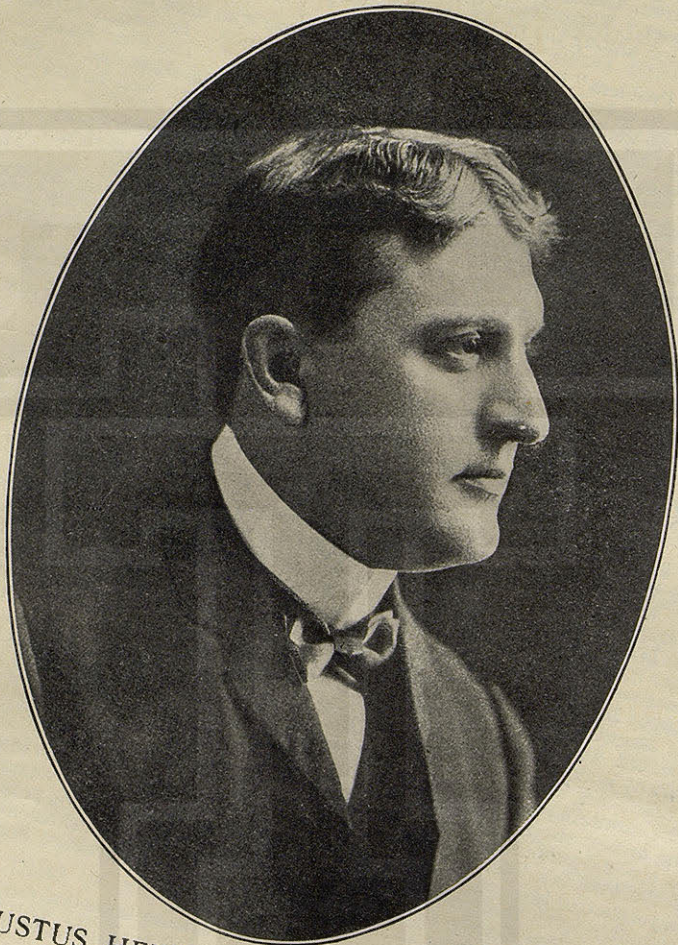
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TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 4

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

In the Mountains

ON this gray pinnacle of rock I sit enthroned; the clouds hang their curtains far below, for this is Mountain Top, in the Blue Ridge.

Down the valley, to the east, towers Jefferson's last great work, the University of Virginia; on the right the blue haze makes dim the outline of the giant peaks, which stand guard over the glories of the Rock-fish Valley; far away to the west stretches the Valley of Virginia, with the North Mountains losing themselves in the skies; and over yonder, to the northeast, are the eternal hills which saw Stonewall Jackson's march to fame.

Is there in the whole world a lovelier view than this? Does Nature anywhere gather together so many of her treasures within the range of human eye?

Here is the ever-changing play of light and shade as the clouds rest or move, anchor or sail, collect or scatter, smile or frown, fleck the heavens with gold or strew the beach of the horizon with broken waves of foam. Here is the limitless wealth of field and forest—fields forever green and forests whose infinite variety defies the winter to strip them bare and the summer to find them stale.

Here are the crystal waters, bursting from the blue-slate rock and dashing with reckless speed down a thousand hidden waterfalls to the rivers which pierce the plains. A nobleman's park, after a century of care and cost, is not

more grateful to the eye than these wonderful slopes of natural sward, cropped even by the flocks, trodden smooth by the herds. And if you will pluck one of each of all the flowers and ferns which Nature's garden tenders you here, the nobleman will envy you the richness and the fragrance of the fields.

This rock is my throne, and as I gaze upon the soul-lifting sublimity of landscape I feel like crying out as Goldsmith did when he looked down from the Alps, "*The world, the world is mine!*"

This farm may belong to Jones, *that* forest to Brown, *this* mountain to Smith, *that* orchard to Tompkins, *but the landscape is mine*, is yours, is anybody's!

He that has eyes to see, let him see. The sheep-bells tinkle drowsily in the distance; the note of the cow-bell is more sonorous and just as musical; the wild canary-bird, the wren and the robin are here with all their melody, and the brook that leaps the rocks sings to one as to another.

The sheep belong to Jones, the cows to Brown, but the *picture* which they make on the green hillside, with the evening shadows falling around them, is mine, is mine! And the music of the bells, and the music of the brook, and the music of the birds does *not* belong to Jones or Brown; it is *mine*, and *yours!*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Down yonder in front of me, looking

east, is Rock-fish Gap! It was the first passway for pioneers crossing the Blue Ridge to reach the Alleghany Mountains. For generations this was the road the emigrant took going West. See how deeply worn into the rocky earth is this ancient highway, even on the very summit of the Gap.

Are you much of a dreamer? Here is a place to dream dreams and see visions.

Fill that time-worn road with the pioneers who made it, call back the adventurers who once thronged it, and you will see the banners of civilization flying over the dauntless men in buckskin who pass upward and outward and onward from the valleys of the lower South to found empires in the West. People the Gap with those whose rifle and axe afterward made the "winning of the West," and you will see the militant cohorts of the white man's ambition and daring and ideals go marching by! Deep, deep is the hard soil worn by their tireless feet; and if the Old Road of Ohain marks one epoch in English heroism, it is as nothing in lasting importance, worldwide significance to the Old Road on Mountain Top, trenched out by the westward footbeat of those who aspired and ventured and endured—striving to make the nation the greatest on earth.

Out of Albemarle and up through this Gap passed George Rogers Clark on his marvelous march to the Wabash, a march whose surpassing heroism added four States to the Union and to civilization.

Through this Gap, and likewise from Albemarle, came Lewis and Clark on their way to plant our flag upon the Rockies, the Columbia and the Pacific.

Down yonder, on the green slope, by the scraggy trees and the group of springs, lie the ruins of the ancient Tavern, and among them you will mark a large pile of bricks. Sort these out curiously, and you will find a few which have upon them the hoofprints of deer and the footprints of the dogs which were chasing the deer.

It was in the olden time. The bricks, in the mud state, were lying spread out on the "yard," the chase went tearing by, the terror-maddened stag left his tracks in the bricks, and the hounds left theirs also.

Here they are, curious mementoes; and another Keats—gazing upon these footprints of the deer, which is now a shade; the pack which chased it, also a shade; and the hunter who followed the pack, likewise a shade, all gone save this tablet, which tells of the lust of pursuit and the agony of flight—might even match his almost matchless lines on the Grecian Urn.

Greatest of all who toiled up the mountain, passed the Gap and stopped at the old Tavern was Jefferson. The last great work of his great life was settled here. From Albemarle he had gone to write the first real defiance to King George, to break down feudalism in Virginia and foreign tyranny in the Confederation, to write the statute of religious toleration and the Declaration of Independence, to send forth Lewis and Clark to the unexplored West and to add a dozen great States to the Union in the Louisiana Purchase.

In his old age, in his decrepitude, he painfully made his way from Albemarle to this ruined Tavern on Mountain Top, met in conference Madison, Monroe and others of the Elders in Israel, his purpose being to convince them that his University—the Benjamin of his old age—should be located in Albemarle.

It was so decided at the conference; and when you go to Monticello they will show you the spot where the feeble Jefferson, too weak to ride any more, used to sit, glass in hand, and watch the upbuilding of the walls of his great school.

Yes, indeed, you can dream dreams at Mountain Top and see visions.

Washington, stately and grave, goes by to the Indian wars; the chiefs who used to stop at Peter Jefferson's for advice and whose pathetic pleas for justice young Thomas used to hear,

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passed along this trail to Albemarle; then the day came when the last Indian warrior stood here to gaze in despair over the land he had lost, as the Moorish king looked back upon lost Granada.

Here, on the ridge commanding the mouth of the pass to the north, are seven semicircles of earth and rock thrown up at wide intervals.

What's this?

When pioneers passed through the Gap going out from Virginia no doubts confronted them; only the Indian, with his bow or rifle. Who were they that wanted to come back through the Gap and were met with guns in battery?

They were the children of those who had gone from the South to the winning of the West, and from the conquered West they came through the Gap which their fathers had worn deep in the soil—came to conquer the South.

For down there, on the plains at the foot of the mountain, lies Waynesboro, and at Waynesboro Sheridan and Early fought.

Let your eye range over that wondrous valley; in your fancy you can again fill it with warring armies, dead and dying men, riderless horses, burning towns, ruined homes. Into many of those valley cisterns and wells dead men were flung until the cistern was full. Many of those gardens over there have trenches full of soldiers' bones.

And through this famous Gap rode and marched the Blue and the Gray until that splendid gentleman and sol-

dier, Colonel C. C. Taliaferro, of Roanoke, carried the flag of peace from Lee to Grant and Appomattox rang the curtain down.

We were sitting on a huge boulder gazing toward the Massanutten Mountains, when he said to me, reflectively looking at the ruins of the old Tavern:

"The last time I was here was forty-odd years ago. I was going horseback, on staff duty for General Lee, to Charlottesville. I rode in at that lower gate yonder and stopped in front of the Tavern. I recollect that a number of gentlemen were sitting on the veranda drinking mint juleps. I asked if I could get something to feed my horse on, and I was told that I couldn't. I had to ride on down to Afton to get him fed."

After the war this officer went to school at Lexington, then settled in Georgia, became one of my lieutenants in the great battle for Populism, got a bellyful of *that* pretty soon, and is now, like "the Thane of Cawdor, a prosperous gentleman," who attends to his private business and doesn't care "a continental d—n" for politics.

Meanwhile I still dream dreams and see visions and look through and beyond these shadows of the valley to where the sunlight catches the far-off tops of the mountains; and, while I know that the distance is too great for me now and the climb too much for my strength, yet the course shall be laid toward it, even though I go alone and do not attain the heights.

Tolstoy and the Land

THE London *Times* publishes a lengthy article which Tolstoy has written on the land question, and this article is reprinted by Mr. Louis Post in his excellent paper, *The Public*.

The position taken by the Russian philosopher is that the land must be restored to the people, that every child born into the world has a natural right

to a portion of the soil, and that all political reforms will be vain until this fundamental reform is brought about.

I do not see that Tolstoy has added one cubit to the argument already built up by those who have gone before. He adds some homely and striking illustrations, he mixes the question of religion with it, but of substantial

reason or fact he makes no contribution whatever.

* * * * *

Is it true that the real grievance of the masses is that the land has been taken away from them? Will no reform bring them relief until the land has been given back to them? Will universal happiness be the result of putting an end to the private ownership of land?

These are grave questions, and they deserve the most serious consideration. As a guide to our footsteps the past must always be, to some extent, our light, our teacher. Human nature today is probably the same that it always was. There is nothing new under the sun, and the problems which vex the brains of Tolstoy doubtless puzzled the minds of Moses and Confucius.

Ours is not the only civilization the world ever saw. We may be sure that all the vital principles of government, all the problems of complex society, have had the best thought of the wisest men that ever lived in the ages that are gone.

If historical teaching is worth anything at all, the land question may be considered absolutely settled. No civilization was ever able to develop as long as the tribe owned everything in common. Not until it became a matter of *self-interest* for some *individual* to improve the land was it ever improved. As long as each individual felt that his parcel of land might go out of his possession at the next regular division there was no incentive to improvement and there was no improvement.

The waste remained a waste, the hovel remained a hovel. Not until the individual became assured that *the benefit of his labor* would accrue to himself did the waste become a farm and the hovel a house.

If the history of the world shows anything at all it shows *this*.

And the reason why this is so is that human nature is just human. If men were angels it would be different. As long as men are nothing more than

men each citizen is going to get what belongs to him, if he can.

Now, what is it that justly belongs to each citizen?

It is his labor and the products thereof.

How did private ownership in land begin?

Tolstoy speaks of those who have seized upon the land and who keep it from the masses of the people.

As a matter of fact, the right of each citizen to hold as his own a certain portion of the soil *began with the laborer who claimed the products of his labor*.

While a score of tribesmen were fishing or hunting or drinking and gambling, *one* tribesman cleared the trees off a piece of wild land, converted the rough soil into a seed bed, fenced it in to keep off the cattle and came to love that which his labor had created.

Having put his labor into the land, having changed it from a waste into a farm, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should claim it as his own. Why shouldn't he? *He* had made it a farm.

Was it just that the twenty idle tribesmen should take away from the one industrious tribesman that which his labor had created?

If it was *not* just for the idle to rob the industrious then we must leave the farm to the man *whose labor made it a farm*; and there you have private ownership of land.

The moment the industrious tribesman saw that the tribe would protect him in the enjoyment of the products of his labor he began to advance toward civilization. He built something better to live in than a mud hovel. As long as the regular division of the soil was in practice he had no home. How could he have?

The *home* is the sweetest flower of individual ownership. There can be no such thing as a home—a home to love and beautify and consecrate to the holiness of family life—where there is no private ownership.

* * * * *

Tolstoy and every other opponent

of private ownership makes the point that *nature* gives no support to the system. That is true. Nature does *not* teach the principle of private ownership, nor does nature teach the doctrine of monogamy—the one wife.

Nature does not recognize the marital relation at all. If nature teaches *anything* on the relation of the sexes it teaches polygamy. The marriage relation, as we know it, is not founded in *nature*, but is the product of convention and is a comparatively modern contrivance.

In other words, it is a *man-made institution*.

Does Tolstoy believe in it? If he does (as must be assumed) he admits the supreme power of society to fix the laws by which it shall be governed, whether those laws seem to be laws of nature or not.

The one wife one husband marital relation justifies itself by its results.

We judge the tree by the fruits.

It is far from being a radiant success, but we've got it, and we propose to keep it—lest worse things happen.

As to the land question, the situation is much the same. Society, as a matter of self-preservation, admitted the principle of private ownership of land. Had society never done so, the land would never have been more than nature's handiwork—the limitless range for cattle, the uncleared wilderness, the thirsty plains and deserts whose parched lips would never have tasted the life-giving waters of irrigation.

Labor made the land worth owning, and that which labor made labor was allowed to keep. That is all there is to it.

The civilizations that have died were not killed by private ownership of the soil.

No; a thousand times, *no!*

The civilizations with whose wrecks the shores of time are strewn owed their destruction to misgovernment. Vicious men made vicious laws, and vicious rulers enforced them. Excessive taxation imposed burdens which crushed the victims. Privileged orders

exploited non-privileged masses. The aristocratic few lived riotously at the expense of the democratic many. The money of the nation was concentrated in the hands of the dominant class. The many had to pay ungodly prices for the use of this money. *Usury* is a vulture which has gorged itself upon the vitals of nations since the dawn of time.

* * * * *

"Great estates were the ruin of Italy," says the historian; but what created the great estates? Before a few could buy up all the land there must have been some great cause at work, some advantage which the few held at the expense of the many. *What was that advantage?*

Dig down to *that* and you will then have the true cause of the ruin of Italy.

Consult the books, and you will find that the ruling class at Rome had concentrated in their own hands all the tremendous powers of State. They fixed the taxes, paid little and spent all. They controlled the *money*, and the noble Brutus was one of the patriots who loaned out his capital at 48 per cent. interest!

* * * * *

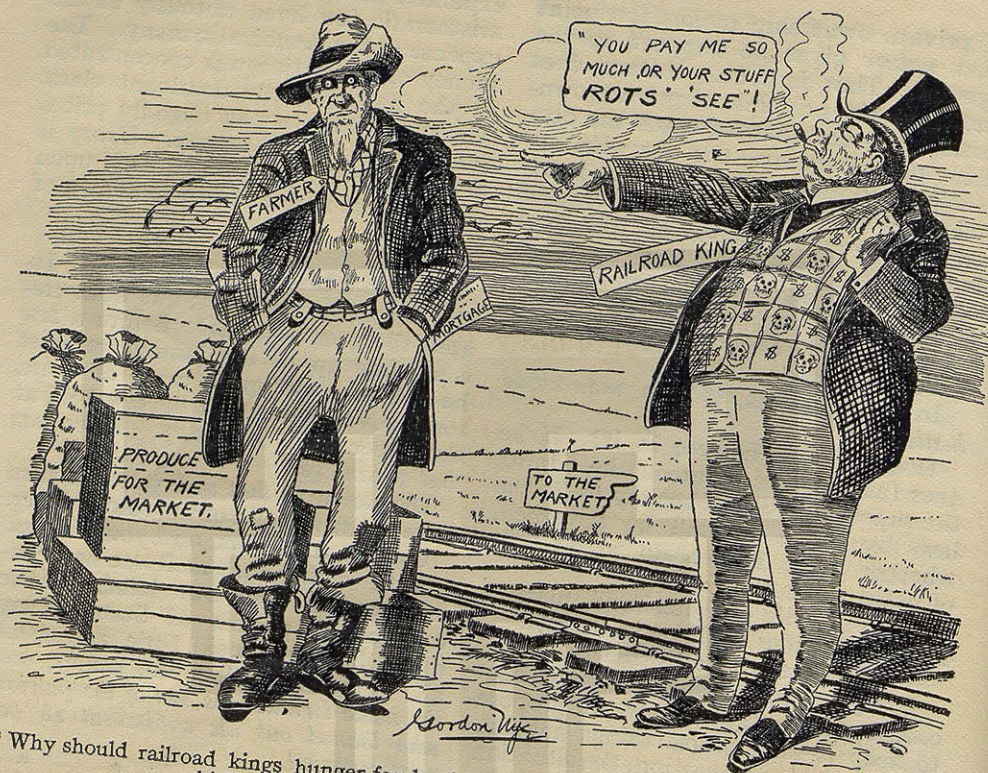
Give to any ruling class the power to levy and spend the taxes, give that class the legal right to enrich itself at the expense of the others, give that class the power to dictate the price at which the masses shall have the use of money, and it is good-bye—a long farewell—to the prosperity of that people.

It is infinitely easier to enslave a people through the misuse of the powers of government than through the laws of property.

The power to tax is the power to confiscate. Give that power to one class, and what more does it want? The only limit to the extent to which the victims can be robbed is the limit of their capacity to pay.

Add to this the control of the currency system, the life-blood of the nation, and you need nothing more.

You can absolutely prostrate any people on earth by the misuse of these two powers. No matter how much



"Why should railroad kings hunger for land, when they hold at their mercy the produce which toiling millions bring forth from that land?"

land you give the Russian peasant, or any other peasant, it will do him no permanent good as long as his rulers can so fix the laws of taxation and of money as to rob him of his produce as fast as he makes it.

So plain is this truth to me that I marvel at Tolstoy when he virtually prophesies that the millennium will set in when we shall have given everybody a piece of land.

* * * * *

Consider a moment. Who are the present masters of the world?

Those who control the money. The Rothschilds are typical of the class referred to; do they own any land?

Do the kings of high finance buy up vast domains in order that they may be served by a lot of tenants?

By no means. The Rothschilds own no land except their town and country homes.

Yet even the ruthless Bismarck feared them so much that not a penny-worth of damage was done to the Rothschild property in the havoc of invasion which swept over France thirty-odd years ago.

Why should the kings of finance bother themselves with the ownership of land and the collection of rents, when they can so easily fleece both the landowner and his tenant?

Why should railroad kings hunger for land, when they hold at their mercy the produce which toiling millions bring forth from that land?

Why should the manufacturing class reach out for provinces to own and rent when they can so frame the laws as to draw enormous annual tribute from the agricultural classes without any of the risks or any of the responsibilities of ownership?

Change these infernal laws, and any-

body who is plentiful has the God awaiting to dotted with can be h Thousands less than t were they Because

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body who wants land can buy it. Land is plentiful and it is cheap. Not only has the Government vast areas of land awaiting the settler, but the country is dotted with abandoned farms, which can be had almost for the asking. Thousands of them can be bought for less than the improvements cost. Why were they abandoned?

Because the men who owned them

could not make a decent living out of them after paying taxes, railroad and express company extortions.

Because of usurious rates of interest and the shameful Tariff tribute levied on every article bought for the use of the farm.

Give the people land while these conditions prevail, and they could not keep it to save their lives.

For Sale: A Policy in the Equitable

I OFFER for sale to the highest and best bidder a life insurance policy.

It is in first-class condition. I have fed it on fat premiums for nearly twenty years. The red ink which charmed my youthful eyes in 1886 is still a brilliant, enticing, reassuring red. The huge official stamp of the Equitable is unsullied, as of yore, and it seems to be saying to me, with an *Oliver Twist* emphasis:

"More—I want some more!"

* * * * *

Once upon a time a fire swept the streets of the town and my law office was burned—books, furniture, briefs and so forth—but this precious policy escaped unscathed.

It had been placed in the innermost box of the iron safe, and came out of the furnace without the smell of fire on its garments.

Let the books burn, let the furniture and the papers go up in flames—if only I may save this precious insurance policy.

So here it is, safe, sound, as pretty as new shoes—and I want to sell it.

Who wants to buy?

Give me a bid, somebody. The policy is for \$5,000, and it matures in October, 1906.

What do I hear for this policy?

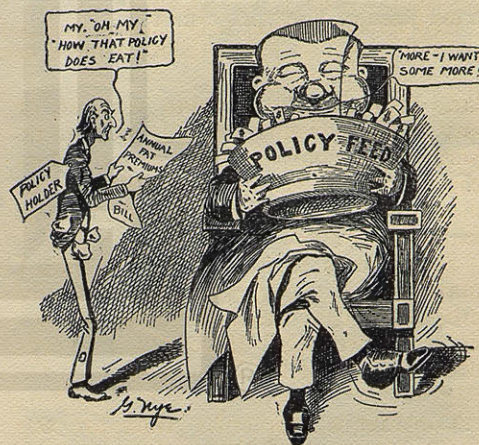
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Nineteen times I have come forward like a plain, average American fool and paid a premium of \$113.50 for the blessed privilege of keeping this old piece of paper "alive." It had to be fed on that sum once a year to keep it

from going to the waste-basket. If you have nothing else to do and want to learn something about life insurance, take out your pencil and calculate what my nineteen premiums now amount to at compound interest.

* * * * *

During those nineteen years it was not always an easy matter for me to pay the premium. Sometimes it was decidedly hard. And there was no year when I could not have used the money very much to the comfort of



"I have fed it on fat premiums for nearly twenty years."

myself and family. But that hungry policy had to be fed, else it would go dead.

During the early nineties the Democratic Party and I got after each other hot and heavy, and, as that dear old

thing had possession of all the machinery, it finally did all it wanted to do to me, protests of mine to the contrary notwithstanding.

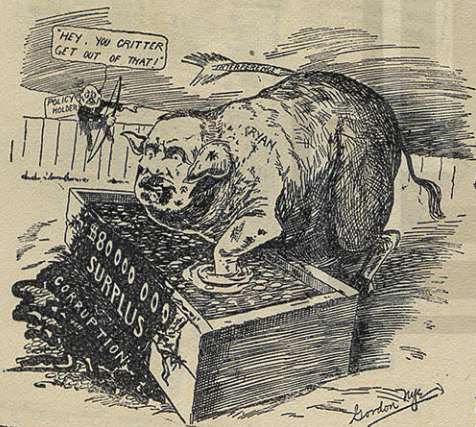
Hard up? Yes, I got *very* hard up. No Congressional salary, no law-case fees, heavy expenses, everything tending to the "demnition bow-wows."

The sheriff got me—sold some of my land (that Tolstoy is worrying about), the sale taking place while I was on the stump making speeches for "the people."

So you see the morbid appetite of the insurance policy for the yearly premium was most inconvenient at times. It made me grunt, as I paid, more than once. And there *did* come a time, if my memory serves me right, when a dear old friend came forward and voluntarily paid the premium for me, he knowing how very hard I was pressed for ready money.

But the Equitable got its premiums. No matter how much I needed the money at home, the yearly premium *had* to go to New York; and it went.

What became of it after it got to New York? Ah, there's the joke, the cruel joke of the whole matter.



"You scooped our Society in a manner which no one seems to be able to understand; you have laid your greedy paws upon our alleged surplus of \$80,000,000."

My money went into the pot of the Equitable Society, together with that of thousands of other plain, average



"It made me grunt, as I paid, more than once."

American fools, until a huge accumulation was there.

And then there was a merry dance indeed among our trustees.

Salaries twice as big as that of the President of the United States were paid to men who were foully abusing their trust and shamelessly betraying me and the other thousands of dupes. Boodle money was paid to both the great political parties to keep down investigation and exposure. Lobbyists were hired at lavish expense to keep the Legislature asleep. Lawyers were paid "hush money" by the tens of thousands to stave off legal inquiry; directors were allowed to steal our money under the shallow device of lending it to corporations owned by themselves. Greedy speculators were given control of our funds in the carrying out of marauding deals. A carnival of fraud and thievery and extravagance took place, the laws being broken with brazen confidence in the power of the rascals to bribe their way to safety.

Yes, the Equitable Society of New York has swindled me and thousands of other dupes out of honest, hard-earned money. Each of us who contributed to make the Equitable what it was had an interest in the earnings, in the surplus. That was the harvest; we made it—it was ours.

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What is my policy worth? I want to know. Hence it is offered for sale.

Will you buy it, Tom Ryan?

You scooped our Society in a manner which no one seems to be able to understand; you have laid your greedy paws upon our alleged surplus of \$80,000,000; you give marching orders to our alleged assets of four hundred millions.

A part of that money is mine. By every rule of right I am entitled to a share of the crop, which I helped to make.

What is my policy worth, Tom Ryan? Give me a bid.

You are the man who gobbled up the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. You are the man into whose maw went the street-car systems of New York. You are the man who has done queer things to a bank or two, and who helped August Belmont buy the nomination of Parker last summer. To crown your career, you gobbled up the Equitable Society, of which I am a quiet, non-combative member. What do you mean to do with it?

Will you continue to use our funds to back your speculations?

Will you continue to furnish out of our treasury campaign boodle for both the great political parties?

When I joined the Equitable Society, Tom, I didn't know what the

gang was like. Now that I know, I want to get out. My policy is up for sale.

It is time that I found out what this old piece of paper is worth.

I want to know, and I want the knowledge now.

What is a \$5,000 policy, with nineteen premiums paid on it, worth in your company, Tom Ryan?

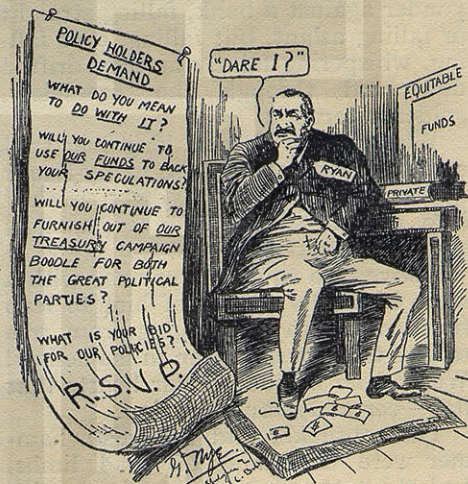
You are on the inside and ought to know.

I'm on the outside and want to know.

Give us the proof of the pudding, Tom.

What is your bid for this policy in your Society?

Speak up, like a man!



"Speak up, like a man!"

A Day in the Autumn Woods

Did you never, Mr. Busy Man, drop all your crowding tasks for a space, snatch one whole day from the noisy world in which you bustle and carry it with you into the brilliant woods of Indian summer?

Did you never take by the hand the patient wife who loves you with such tried devotion, and say to her:

"Sweetheart, will you ride with me today?"

It may be that Time is even now frost-

ing your temples, and the shadow beginning to follow where it used to lead. Quick, then, Mr. Busy Man! Now or never, if you would taste the nectar which so many neglect, and which, thank God! is as free to the peasant as to the king!

* * * * *

Very quietly we went, my sweetheart and I, taking our way along the path, then out across the fallen leaves, saying little.

The sounds of travel on the road were left far behind, and we were alone, she and I, in the majestic forest.

How gorgeous it was! The dress parade of nature was never more thrillingly splendid.

The red sugarberry flew its battle-flag from every height. The golden maple marched side by side with the red elm, and underneath these stately leaders crowded the dogwood and the sassafras in serried skirmish line. Monk-like towered the hooded pine over blazing yellow of hickory, over purple heads of oaks.

And the falling leaves, how they drifted down in dazzling showers, drifting here against a rock, drifting yonder against a bank, falling straight or falling aslant, but falling, ever falling, whispering faintly as they drifted downward through the breezeless, golden afternoon.

What foot of Persian king ever trod carpet so rich, so deep, so many-hued?

We walked upon it slowly, hushed into perfect silence by the nameless spell of primeval woods.

Above us a squirrel was busy with a nut; how silly it was of him to leap frantically away, springing from tree to tree till he was hidden in his hollow! We had no murder in our hearts that day—certainly none that day.

The sapsucker and the yellowhammer were drumming on dead limbs, and the tattoo which they beat with their long bills rang metallically down the forest.

A covey of partridges, sunning themselves in an open, grassy nook, got almost under our feet before they rose with a startled and startling flutter and whirled away.

Over ledge after ledge of rock, between two steep hills, dashed a stream from the spring far up the slope.

Was music ever sweeter? We sat down beside the brook, and as I noted the record of the water's path on the rocks and reflected how long that little rill must have been at work cutting its way downward to the gray stones upon which we sat, I got some idea of how old, how very old, it all was; and I

wondered which one of those smooth-worn furrows in the granite marked the bed of the stream when Helen of Troy was young, or when chained thousands, groaning beneath the lash, were fitting stones into the Pyramids.

Wrapped in this mood of idle thought I had not noticed that my sweetheart had left me and gone on down the glen, until she called me to see the minnows, the silver-sided fish, which rose by the score to the crumbs she scattered upon the pool, and which she was feeding with all the delight of one who loves every innocent thing that God made.

And so the afternoon wore away.

We strolled from rock to rock, from tree to tree, from the hilltop to the brook and from the brook to the hill again, each scene so lovely that each seemed lovelier than the others.

A mighty suspense hung within those wooded aisles, as if some mystic interval had fallen upon the vast cathedral service of nature. One felt that something had gone before, that something would follow after, but that, for the moment, to be reverently silent was worship.

Boisterous laughter among those fading royalties of the trees would have been sacrilege.

Frivolity amid the showers of those falling leaves would have been criminal.

And the song of that modest brook, as it hurried away over the smooth-worn grooves in the old gray rocks, softened every thought, chastened every impulse of mind and heart.

The hurly-burly of the everyday world seemed far away—and forgotten.

Its cares, its toils, its strifes, its ambitions, its disappointments—all, all were gone.

We were alone, my sweetheart and I, and our thoughts, like our hands, were joined together.

We did not speak overmuch—there was no need.

Why should I tell her, in words, how my thoughts had flown back to the time when I, a nameless, homeless suitor, had found favor in her eyes? There was no need; she knew, she knew

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it well. What need that I should say, in words, that her love had been to my better self the gift of the Order of Knighthood, calling it to higher aims, inspiring it to nobler works?

There was no need; *she* knew—she knew it well.

Nor was there any need of words to remind her that I had been thinking of that which ever and forever makes the lip begin to tremble, and the eye to fill, and the soul to writhe in the agony that finds no voice and no relief.

There was no need for speech. I knew that she had heard, and she knew that I had heard, the patter of little feet upon the leaves, feet that follow us invisibly now as we walk toward the setting sun. In the song of the water we had heard another voice than that of the brook; and down every glade of the wondrous woods I knew there had come to her, as to me, the question of "Shall she be ours again?" And to know that the despair had not lifted for her, any more than it had lifted for me, I had only to glance at the dear face into which grief had so cruelly stamped its shadow and its pain.

As we came forth from the forest for the homeward ride the red lancers of the retiring sun were speeding over the brown fields, gloriously covering the retreat.

Their last stand upon the hilltops had scarcely been made before the

silvered legions of the autumn moon came pouring over the plains.

We rode home along the country lanes in the radiance of ten thousand stars, and under the spell which falls upon the heart after a perfect day in the woods of Indian summer.

* * * * *

Mr. Busy Man, leave your task some day, let the shop take care of itself, let the mill go as it may, let the plow stand in the furrow—and take yourself into the depths of the solemn, shadowy woods. Call back, ah, call back the forgotten years, collect around you the old friends, the old thoughts, the old ambitions, the mistakes you made, the faults you had, the wrongs you did or suffered, the opportunities wasted, the vain things you sought, the work that you might have done better, the kind words you might have spoken and did not, the good deeds you might have done and did not, the frowns that should have been smiles, the curses that might have been blessings, the tears that ought never to have been shed, the wounds that need never have been made.

Commune with yourself—your past, your present, your future—your crimes, your weaknesses, your doubts, your fears, your hopes, your despair; and thus let Conscience and the Angels of your Better Self beat your soul into the prayer:

"God be merciful to *me*, a sinner!"

Editorial Comment

THIS is the way the old story used to run, in the slave States, before the war:

"Boss, I'se awful sorry I stole dem 'taters."

"How long have you been sorry, Pompey?" asks the master as he gets the cowhide ready for business.

"Boss, I'se been sorry ev' since I was cotched."

Chauncey Depew and other knaves stole nearly a quarter million dollars from us in the Equitable Society, and

he never was sorry until he was "cotched."

Caught with the goods, the hoary old sinner returned the money. But suppose he hadn't got "cotched"?

* * * * *

James Hazen Hyde returned a portion of the money he stole from us; Alexander did the same; sundry other high-rolling rascals did likewise; but are none of the thieves to be punished?

Is the return of stolen goods to be



James Hazen Hyde returned a portion of the money he stole from us; Alexander did the same; sundry other high-rolling rascals did likewise; but are none of the thieves to be punished?"

the limit of the law's demand on the thief?

* * * * *

What a queer old humbug the "law" is. On one page of the newspaper you will read about the rogues who steal a morsel to eat, a garment to wear, fuel to burn, or a few paltry dollars of jingling cash. In most of the cases where there is arrest and punishment the sum stolen is trivial, and in many instances the rogue was tempted by dire distress.

I have one case in mind where the

criminal was sentenced to the penitentiary for several years for a matter of a few cents.

He had no "pull," you see. He was not "highly connected." He did not move in the "best society." He was not a useful man to a lot of hungry corporations. Hence, he got the full weight of the wheels.

But when Depew, Hyde, Alexander and other confederated thieves are caught stealing nearly a million dollars from the trust funds which you and I (and other fools) placed in their hands they not only escape punishment, but

receive high the loot.

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receive high praise for their return of the loot.

How do I know that the same crowd will not steal the money once more as soon as this hue and cry is over?

"False in one thing, false in all: once a rogue, always a rogue."

The rascals who took our money can do it again, and as soon as they can do it while no one is looking, they will.

* * * * *

Christian Russia, lusting for conquest, laid her hands on China—as other Christian nations had done. Russia overdoing the thing, and thereby arousing the jealousy of other Christian nations, the pagan Japanese were given a free hand and much encouragement in thrashing the aggressive Slavs out of their boots.

Japan wins what she started in to get, and the time comes for peace.

Roosevelt hits the iron at the right time, in the right way; the Commissioners come to Portsmouth and peace is made.

The Russian diplomat, Witte, boasts loudly and vulgarly of the manner in which he beat the Japanese at the Conference.

To an outsider this boasting and bragging seem in singularly bad taste.

Just as the Japs gave lessons to Russia in the battlefield, in the hospitals, on the high seas and in the treatment of prisoners, so they rose superior to the Russians at the council board.

The Japs knew that they were leaning upon the broken reed of European forbearance, and they wisely made the future safe by present moderation.

And they do not brag. The war arose out of Russian aggression; Russia loses everything that she fought for, but she does not have to buy peace after having been whipped in the field. The fact that she does not have to buy off the Japs with money is the glorious victory which Witte says *he* won by his "poker face" at the Conference.

Bosh!

It was from St. Petersburg that the

message continued to come: "Not a kopeck of indemnity."

Back of "Poker-face" Witte, back of the weakling Czar, were the kings of European finance. These powers behind the throne had lent money to Russia to the comfortable limit of her credit. Suppose Russia had yielded to the demand for an indemnity and that Russia had been compelled to issue a new loan of nearly a billion dollars—*what would have been the effect on the market value of the former loans?*

These would have slumped.

Hence the kings of European finance probably had more to do with the attitude of both Russia and Japan than the average citizen has supposed.

* * * * *

Fine old times are coming around in Georgia.

The Hon. Clark Howell is running for Governor; so is the Hon. Hoke Smith.

Brother Howell is the Georgia member of the National Democratic Executive Committee. He has always been a Dave Hill man.

Brother Smith was a member of the Cabinet during that smelly period known as Cleveland's second administration, and has always been a Cleveland man.

Again, Brother Howell used to be a rampant silverite, while Brother Smith was a ravenous gold bug.

But they were both rock-ribbed, moss-backed, mud-silled, unterrified Democrats, and when the necessity arose for putting down Populism or any other intrusive thing they both loved a flexible ballot-box, a magazine voter, a color-blind returning board and a tally-sheet which recorded whatever the voice in the phonograph said.

But times have changed. The Southern Railroad system has been *too* defiant in running roughshod over the laws and the people. The corporation lobbyists have put their dirty fingers into too many pies. The fact that a Republican like J. Pierpont Morgan can systematically rob a great State like Georgia through the machinery of



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the Democratic Party has become too plain and too intolerable.

Hence there is revolt all along the line, and Hoke Smith leads it.

In *such* a fight he has all my sympathy.

If he can do for Georgia what La Follette has done in Wisconsin and Folk has done in Missouri, he will become a heroic figure in the eyes of reformers throughout the land. No matter how faulty his record in the past may have been, he is hitting the bull's-eye *this* time.

* * * * *

For more than a generation "the nigger" has been the stock-in-trade of the Democratic Party in the South. The fear that negro domination might be the result of a division among the whites has compelled us to submit to anything and everything that Eastern Democrats chose to put upon us. The manner in which the South has been dragooned through the Democratic Party by such heartless gold-hunters as Belmont, Morgan, Havemeyer, Ryan and Whitney is enough to make the cheek of every Southern man burn with shame.

Hoke Smith now proposes to strike for Southern independence by taking away the club which Eastern Democrats used to beat us down with; he proposes to banish the fear of negro domination by disfranchising the negro.

Whoever feels ashamed of the manner in which Tammany and the East have made a foot-mat of the South; whoever wants the South to become independent; whoever wants to see Southern white men use their own brains and vote according to the dictates of their own convictions, must realize that nothing can be done as long as the South is forever frightened into political paralysis by the cry of "negro domination."

Hoke Smith proposes to put this old bugaboo out of business.

If he can do it he will have done a

splendid work for Southern independence and Southern progress.

* * * * *

In 1898 Calvin Brice and other capitalists secured from China the right to build a railroad. In course of time this concession fell into the clutches of J. Pierpont Morgan and associates. Not a mile of the road has ever been made. Not a dollar of benefit has ever accrued to China. For certain reasons it became inadvisable for the American syndicate to build the railroad, and the Chinese Government wished to cancel the concession.

The big-hearted Morgan generously agreed to give up *the right to build the road* provided China paid him six million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

And China had to do it. Not a penny had been paid to China for the concession; not a penny of benefit had she got from it; but, because she had unwisely granted to greedy speculators a right to make the road she had to pay a king's ransom to get free.

Christian finance must have a strong moral influence upon missionary work in China!

* * * * *

Morgan is one of the railroad kings of America who are compelling the people to pay them large revenues on seven billion dollars of watered stock.

He is the Republican whose system of robbery is upheld in the State of Georgia by the organized Democracy.

He is one of the chiefs of the present management of railways who find it cheaper to kill and wound 92,000 men, women and children every year than to spend the proper amount of money on roadbed, bridges, switches, rolling stock and employees.

* * * * *

And as I was saying, those rascals, Senator Depew and others, who were filching from you and me (and other fools) in the Equitable, had had our money for *seven years*.

How much longer would they have kept it if they hadn't got "cotched"?

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Are Treasury Reports Reliable?

BY FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS

IT is difficult, if not impossible, to get the full truth about the nation's financial affairs from the reports that are available to the public, made by the Treasury Department. Circumstances compel some show to be made of an effort to keep the public informed, but it is impossible to believe that the abstracts, summaries and reports from time to time issued are not constructed with the deliberate purpose of concealing facts that, if generally known, would operate detrimentally to certain private, corporate and party interests.

So far as the reports disclose anything that might be profitable to the public, they come, as a rule, from thirty to sixty days after the special interests that may be benefited have been in possession of the information they contain. It is a real art to construct a report so that a statement of facts actually conceals the truth. It requires a superior skill to handle figures in a way to create a false impression and at the same time successfully avoid anything upon which can be based a charge of making false statements.

There is a growing belief that for several years the Department has been more solicitous about the interests of National Banks and the stock markets than about the welfare of the Government and the people. There can hardly be a question in the mind of anyone, who has been studying the Comptroller's abstracts, that there has been a constant desire in that office to cover up certain very important conditions of National Banks that are unmistakable indications of repeated violations of law.

In every abstract of the condition of National Banks, from the first one, which covered the time from October 6 to December 17, 1896, issued by Mr. Eckels, through all the abstracts issued by Mr. Dawes and Mr. Ridgley down to February 26, 1902 (No. 27), there is an erroneous statement of the ratio of lawful reserves. Under the heading of "Lawful Money Reserves," to be found on page seven of every abstract, the statement made of the amount of reserve held and the ratio held could not possibly have any other result than to create a false impression concerning bank reserves.

The first four columns of the table are headed "Deposits," "Reserve Required," "Reserves Held" and "Ratio (or per cent.) of Reserves." The banks in the Reserve cities are permitted, most unwisely, by law to deposit one-half of their so-called lawful reserves in banks of Central Reserve cities. If the table on page seven of any one of the abstracts from 1 to 27 is examined with reference to these banks it will be seen that the "Reserve Required" in the second column is just one-fourth the deposits stated in the first column. This is correct, but the "Reserves Held" in the third column ought to be not less than one-half cash in the bank vaults, and not to exceed one-half deposits in Central Reserve banks. A little calculation shows that this is not so. Under the head of "Reserves Held" is included all deposits with "Reserve Agent" banks, without any regard to how much of such deposits are permitted by law to be counted as part of the reserves. In this way a shortage in the cash reserve required does not appear in the "Ratio." On

the amount of so-called Reserves Held the ratio of reserve, in every one of the twenty-seven abstracts, is calculated, and the shortage in "Cash Required" is concealed. Under this erroneous and deceptive method the cash reserve required by law—the most important part of the lawful reserve—was entirely ignored, and banks shown to have a larger ratio than they possessed. It was often made to appear in these abstracts that banks held reserves in excess of the requirements of the law, when in fact they were short in cash required and, of course, in lawful reserves. The table pretends to show "Lawful Money Reserves," but the only ratio of reserves given does not show the lawful reserves. The next two columns, to one who is familiar with the subject, may be made by calculation to correct the error in the first four, but in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred these tables make false impressions.

The attention of Mr. Ridgley was called to this defect in the abstracts. In a letter to me he admitted the error and attempted to excuse it. In the next abstract (No. 28) he changed the table in a way that is very significant. The change makes the table fourfold more difficult to understand by the average man than it was before. The real error is not eliminated, but the heading is changed from "Lawful Money Reserves" to "Deposits and Reserves," so that the table no longer pretends to be a showing of "lawful reserves." He cut out the sixth column "Cash Reserves Required," so that it now requires a considerable calculation to find the "Cash Reserves Required," which could be determined at a glance as it stood before.

It is impossible not to believe in the existence of a purpose to conceal the numerous violations of law in relation to the "Cash Reserves Required." That this is the real purpose is a conclusion that is difficult to avoid when the condition of the aggregate cash reserve held by the banks in each of the reserve cities during the last four or

five years, almost from the beginning of the issue of these abstracts.

The aggregates of cash reserves in many of the Reserve cities were reduced, by excessive loans, below the amount required by law. The number of cities in which this condition existed continued to increase until the end of the time covered by Abstract No. 30—September 15, 1902—when the aggregate in the banks of each of the three Central Reserve cities—New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and in each of twenty-two out of thirty Reserve cities, was less than the law required. Under such circumstances a duty rested upon the Comptroller, to be performed by and with the consent of the Secretary of the Treasury. In no single instance does this duty appear to have been performed. On the contrary, the Secretary rushed to the assistance of the banks and announced, notwithstanding the requirements of the law, that a reserve would not be required on Government deposits.

In this connection the following letter will be interesting:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, October 21, 1902.
Mr. Flavius J. Van Vorhis, Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR: Your letter of the 14th instant is received, relative to the lawful money reserve of National Banks as shown by the printed abstracts issued by this office, and suggesting certain changes in the form of statement. You are informed that in Abstract No. 29 showing the resources and liabilities of National Banks for July 16, 1902, and in the abstract last issued, No. 30, containing similar information for September 15, 1902, the lawful money reserve required, United States deposits were included in computing the recent announcement of the Secretary of the Treasury that reserve would not be required on Government deposits not having been made until after the last call for a report of condition of the banks was issued. Your suggestions in regard to changes in the form of the table showing deposits and reserves will have careful consideration.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM B. RIDGLEY,
Comptroller.

In this way, to relieve the banks from the condition in which they had placed themselves by excessive loans,

the aggregate decreased danger to treasury the Government are secure part of the withdrawn deposit, and paid out not been dollar. prior lien of the ag Banks, and tary is no tors, who money.

September banks we reserve of almost \$ money. calculation serve, alm and the N to show This amo lation of intended and adde loans for banks an blers. T conclusiv being ma banks an little con

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the aggregate of reserves required was decreased almost \$30,000,000, and the danger to individual depositors increased. By this action of the Secretary the banks can loan every dollar of Government deposits. These deposits are secured by bonds, that represent part of the bank assets, and may be withdrawn upon demand like any other deposit, and must, when withdrawn, be paid out of reserves to which they have not been required to contribute one dollar. The Government holds a prior lien on about *seventy per centum* of the aggregate capital of National Banks, and this action of the Secretary is not just to individual depositors, who have no security for their money.

September 15, 1902, the New York banks were short in their aggregate reserve over \$2,280,000. They held almost \$40,000,000 of Government money. By excluding this from the calculations made to determine the reserve, almost \$10,000,000 was liberated, and the New York banks were enabled to show a surplus of over \$7,000,000. This amount was thus, by a clear violation of law, taken from the reserve intended for the safety of depositors and added to the amount available for loans for the benefit of the New York banks and the New York stock gamblers. This alone is sufficient to show conclusively that the Department is being manipulated in the interest of banks and stock markets, and with little consideration for either the in-

terests or rights of individual depositors.

From the time when this change in the reserve was announced, to November, 1903, the Department still further assisted the banks by an increase of deposits of over \$36,000,000 exclusive of deposits of disbursing officers. Notwithstanding this liberality of the Department with the people's money, on November 17, 1903, the aggregate reserve held by the banks in each of *two* Central Reserve cities and in each of *eighteen* Reserve cities was short.

With such a condition of affairs as this existing, there ought to be no surprise at the growing suspicion that the trust funds and gold reserve shown by the debt statement (which, exclusive of \$101,248,700 in bullion, amounts to over \$900,000,000 in gold and silver coin) are being exploited for private benefit, very much as Mr. Lawson says have been the trust funds of insurance companies.

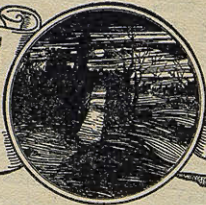
An examination of the reports, while it does not confirm, so far as I can see, by no means dispels the suspicion. If so flagrant a violation of law, and departure from official honesty, has occurred, it can hardly be expected that it will be disclosed in the reports, even if falsehood is required to conceal it. If it be true, as suspected, that banks already have some of these trust funds, some time in the near future proposed legislation to cover it up, by authorizing the Secretary to deposit trust funds in National Banks, may be expected.

Similar Symptoms

"WELL, suzz, Ezry!" ejaculated a certain citizen of Pruntytown, upon meeting an acquaintance. "You are lookin' real smilin' and satisfied this afternoon. Betcha it's a boy or girl—hey?"

"Betcha 'tain't!" was the reply. "I've just swapped a balky horse to Deacon Pettifer for an animal that ain't got a thing in the world the matter with him except a spavin, the heaves and a stringhalt. That's what tickles me so."

ARBUTHNOT'S AMEN



S. CARLETON.

Author of "The Micmacs," "The Inn of the Long Year," etc.

THE back windows of the first floor of the Hotel Rockingham were exactly on a level with the back windows of the third floor of the tenement house behind it, down the hill. Mrs. Arbuthnot, by way of relief from the black radiator and the sewing-machine, which were salient points in the tenement furnishing, fell into the way of sitting in the dark when her day's work was over, and watching a certain sitting-room in the Hotel Rockingham, whose blinds were never down.

There was an open fire; a lamp, instead of electric light; and more than that, on a writing-table stood candles. Mary Arbuthnot felt childishly that she could bear her unbearable life if only now and then she could afford a wax candle. Every evening the occupant of the room made coffee over a spirit lamp, and then settled to his work at the table in the window. By and bye he would light his pipe; toward ten o'clock clouds of blue smoke would blur the sharp picture of comfort and well-being, but not so thoroughly as the tears which filled the lonely watcher's eyes. She had been ashamed, at first, of spying on her aristocratic neighbor, but as the winter evenings darkened she forgot that. She sat boldly at her draughty window in the dark, and looked into the opposite room till it grew to be a spurious home to her. Incidentally, she looked upon its owner. Sometimes he had visitors. She was jealously glad when they left. She wanted no one in that room but the man who sat and smoked and wrote so far into the night.

Mrs. Arbuthnot had lived once in just such a room, and never would

again. Her husband had dragged her with ease and rapidity down a hill she could never reascend. Hand to mouth and the third floor of a decent tenement was the best she could do for herself; even that was only just attained, and she had not outgrown the haunting fear that Bill Arbuthnot might find her out some day, and take her back to the depths with him. To get rid of it now she tried to huddle comfortably in her uncomfortable rocking-chair, and looked again at the luxury opposite, at the bent black head and foreshortened face of which she knew every line; and an unpleasant thrill ran through her as she looked.

A stranger had entered her Periwiewed paradise—a man in an overcoat. The owner of the room dropped his pen, and rose—sharply, as though he, too, had felt a disagreeable surprise.

"Business," thought Mrs. Arbuthnot. She wished the unwelcome visitor would go; she liked to watch the one quiet figure, which had a lonely look, not unlike her own. But suddenly she started bolt upright in her chair. There was surely a familiar something about the visitor over the way! Was it possible that he reminded her of—Bill? But that was nonsense. She had not seen Bill for seven years; would not know him if she did see him.

The two men were talking, standing. The stranger had his back to her. He was a little bald, just as Bill might be by this time; he gesticulated, just in Bill's way. The owner of the room was facing her; she could see his shaved lips move as he laconically answered the excited speeches of the other man. Presently he turned round, then back again, and stooped over a drawer in the

writing-table. The overcoat where he sat. Mrs. Arbuthnot. In two minutes out, and in the Rockingham, where she did not stay three she was less and un-

Breathless of the room; enter; with door ajar; shriek for way of another. But she stood of the door who had tions with over the same man had been shakish fit and turned lief—to see

Before Arbuthnot was in the a hand of name.

"Bill!" He had but he did thing, in

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writing-table, looking for something. The overcoated visitor faced round where he stood behind the owner.

Mrs. Arbuthnot leaped from her seat. In two minutes she was downstairs, out, and in the side door of the Rockingham, which was used by her, for she did mending for the guests. In three she was on the first floor, noiseless and unobserved.

Breathlessly she turned the handle of the room she had never expected to enter; with marvelous quiet set the door ajar; she meant to stand there and shriek for help while she stopped the way of anyone who tried to rush past her. But she did nothing of the kind. She stood dumb. Through the crack of the door, she stared at the visitor, who had apparently changed occupations with his host. He stood bent over the same drawer, searching the same mass of papers in which the other had been fumbling. With thickish, shakish fingers he picked out a paper, and turned round with a grunt of relief—to see the door ajar.

Before he could spring to it Mrs. Arbuthnot had opened it boldly and was in the room. Before he could lay a hand on her she had called him by name.

"Bill!" she said.

He had raised his arm to strike her, but he did not do it. He said something, in a fierce, astonished whisper.

"Yes, it's I," she spoke more low, more fiercely; and locked the door behind her without taking her eyes from him. The owner of the room said nothing; he was lying sprawled across the writing-table, over a litter of written and virgin pages. "*I saw you!* I've come round to give you away." Mrs. Arbuthnot's eyes had never wavered from the face of the man who had once been her husband; a swollen, tired face, handsome still. He had been drinking, but he was sober now. "You fool!" she said. She looked for one flash at the man she would never watch again where he wrote in his fancied solitude. "I loved him; my God, I loved him!" she broke out.

For a year he had been her silent com-

rade, her unconscious comforter; and he lay dead under her eyes.

"He was your lover?" Arbuthnot's hand clutched at her, and missed.

"No," she said heavily, "I was his. He never spoke to me."

If she had seen his sneer he would have swung for it, but she did not look at him.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded.

She pointed to the window.

"I live behind there. *I saw you!*" she whispered. She was so faint and sick that she closed her eyes at his quick step toward her. She was hardly sensible of his hand on her shoulder.

"Who else saw me? Who else? Anybody?"

"I don't know."

Arbuthnot turned to the prostrate body and cursed it. "I don't know why I did it," he finished sullenly, "only he drove me crazy. I'll get out of this now."

"If I let you."

But she knew she would let him; she felt a guilty woman standing there, though she had never spoken to the dead man.

"You will let me, Mary," Arbuthnot spoke like a gentleman, as he had been used once to speak, "you'll help me. You must!" his eyes traveled slowly to the body at the table, comprehending it for the first time. "Take me home—with you—" he appealed, "till it—blows over."

Home—to the room whence she had been wont to look on the living man, who was dead? Never! She crossed the room and closed the blind.

"That would run your neck into the rope," she said. She felt pitiless. "My place is full of people; any of them may have seen you as well as I. Their rooms have windows." But she shivered as she said it. "Why did you—do it?" she ended faintly. She had not meant to shrink from the word.

"Because he'd ruined me. He'd made it so I couldn't show my face anywhere. He had a paper of mine he held over me, and when I saw it to-night I— He was a pal of mine once,

though you mightn't think it! I came to borrow money from him, and all he did was to turn round and drag out that cursed paper."

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not answer him; she was looking at the dead. His head lay sideways on the table, his eyes were open; he looked uncomfortable. She had known he was dead from the moment she entered the room, yet she could not leave him like that. She went to him and, with shaking fingers, closed his eyes. A soft sound at the door made her wheel. It was Bill, turning the handle to leave the room, and she looked at him triumphantly: the key was in her pocket.

"You can't do it! I'm going to give you up; have you arrested!" she said softly, and the blood beat in her head like a hammer.

Arbuthnot did not move. The door-knob was useless, and he dared not make the noise of bursting the lock.

"Do," he said. "Make a good headline, 'Wife Hanging Her Own Husband,'" and once the word was out he thought it echoed round the room. But it was the other word that made the woman start away from him.

"Husband! You're no husband of mine; you deserted me. It's seven years."

"All the same, I'm your husband." If he were afraid, he did not show it; he went on speaking quietly, mindful that in a hotel the walls are parchment. "You swore once," he said, "to love me."

"And what did you swear, you—?" somewhere in the corridor there was a noise that took the words out of her mouth. Arbuthnot's sodden face went gray.

"I know—let that alone," he muttered. "Only the child—think of the child! Don't go back on me." And the steps outside passed as he waited for her to answer.

"The child!" It was her last, worst count against him; the thought that she fought off night and day. To have her child again, even to know it was safe and well, she could almost—

"Where is she?" She had her work

cut out not to scream it, and he saw his advantage.

"At mother's. She's doing well. She's so pretty, Mary, and if—," even Arbuthnot had not the nerve to finish.

His wife stood silent. Ever since the day he had vanished with her two-year-old child a terror had maddened the woman he had deserted. What would become of her baby, at the tender mercies of a man like him? And he had had tender mercies, after all; there had been that much good in him. She almost wavered. And he saw it.

"It will all come out," he said thickly, "my record and yours. With that kind of a father and mother, who will have anything to do with her? But give me up if you like. I'm a worse man, I suppose, than you are a woman, but," he swore, "I couldn't do this by you!"

In the silence the dead man's watch ticked loudly in his pocket.

Nerveless, limp, the woman leaned against the door for support. Fifty hangings, fifty lives like Bill's, could not make the man she loved breathe or move again. It was all the same, since he was dead; all the same to him. The threat about her own past had no terror for her; it was a past of poverty, not sin—Bill had made a bad shot there—but it had deadened, numbed her. Right and wrong and expediency had all grown one indistinguishable blur. Who had made her a judge to send a man to the gallows, and stamp with that ineradicable die the child who called him father?

"Come, then," she said heavily, "I'll help you. But it's for her sake, not yours; I'd not stir one finger for you." There were steps again past the door, and Arbuthnot knew they would stop there. His heart echoed them long after they had died away. "Come," she repeated. It was no matter to her how many people went by; she knew they never came in. "That's no one! Come."

"The knife! It's mine." He went over and took it from the close-lipped wound with a sound that turned her faint even before he wiped it on the

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tablecloth. No, no! She would not save him. He could hang.

"You promised," he cried quickly.

She could not answer him. With sudden terror she feared the dead man who could not trust her. She took the doorkey out of her pocket, and it fell on the floor. It was Arbuthnot who fitted it in the lock, and turned it again when they were outside. But once away from that silent, accusing presence the woman led the way, down a lighted hall, and out the little side entrance of the building. They met no one. In five minutes they had turned into the dark alley that led to the tenement, but once in it she stopped.

"Have you nowhere to go?" she asked, loathing him.

He shook his head. "I came here on the train tonight. I haven't a cent to get out of the place."

"Money," she thought. He would want money, and she had none. By the time she received her week's wages every train and steamer would be watched. Like lightning she remembered a place where a murderer—the word had come to her mind inadvertently; she staggered as she remembered it was the right one—might lie hidden for weeks.

"Wait here," she said; and wiped the damp of horror from her lip.

Arbuthnot grasped her arm. "You're playing fair with me? You won't give me up?"

"You're her father, or I would," she sobbed fiercely.

She broke from him and ran down the alley. He waited. He did not trust her, but he waited, chiefly because he could not run; his legs had begun to shake the instant he was left alone. He felt a kind of dull surprise when she returned alone, with a bundle.

"You must be quick," she said.

She led the way through a labyrinth of dark lanes, carefully avoiding the electric lights that mark out the thoroughfares. Gradually they drew out into the open country, having met no one all the way. It was very cold; the ground was like stone, as after a

couple of miles of walking they came out on a bare field. Beyond it the sea rolled thick with cold under the cloud-veiled sky; in the midst of it, grim and hulking, loomed the deserted prison, left to the bats and the four winds these thirty years.

The woman drew a breath of relief. Nearby was a fishing village; every day boats came and went. It was not a scrupulous village; it would be easy, comparatively, to get Bill safely away. The man recoiled at the sight of the black pile.

"Here," he cried; "it's a prison! You—"

"It's the only safe place I know," she answered, unmoved by the epithet. "I found it out by chance. No one ever comes here, and—it's a prison without a door"; she pointed significantly to a black and empty archway.

Arbuthnot flinched in front of it like a frightened horse. "I won't go in," he swore nervously. "Do you mean to keep me there forever? How'm I to get away?"

She told him, slowly, as one tells a child.

"Why not now—tonight?" he demanded. And she told him all over again.

"Because it's winter, and there mayn't be a boat going out for a week."

And her thought was how she hated him, and that she had better finish before she repented.

She went before him into the dark archway. The winter moon crept out from the clouds, and sent a piercing shaft after them as they disappeared; sent another through the narrow-slit windows of the prison, and found them, husband and wife, standing in the corridor encircling the white-washed square of black-doored cells which rose tier on tier to the roof. At each corner a stout stair wound to the four iron galleries that surmounted one another. The moon's rays fell on the nearest stair.

"We must go up to the highest row; it's 'most out of the way," said the black shadow of the woman to the

black shadow of the man, in the chill silence of the vaulty place.

Once more she led the way, carrying her bundle. Arbuthnot's steps sang on the granite as he followed her, and she stopped in terror, though there were no ears within a mile.

"Walk quietly," she snapped, and went on like a cat up the icy stone steps. She felt her way in utter darkness, because the moon had vanished; and the murderer clung to her skirts.

Into the first cell on the highest gallery they turned, and she struck a match from her bundle. There was the wooden shelf which had held the convict's bed; she spread her shawl on it, put on the slab that had been meant for her own breakfast, and turned to go. But to be alone was beyond Bill Arbuthnot, and he said so. To his surprise she gave in without a struggle. Side by side the two who had not met for seven years sat through the long hours till dawn, their intolerable burden between them. Once he huddled close to her for warmth, and she pushed him off, violently. When day broke she rose shivering, though their bodies and breaths had warmed and made close the narrow cell.

"Where are you going?" Arbuthnot clutched her dress.

"Home; to my work."

"Why couldn't you have kept me in your room where you work, instead of this beastly place?"

"Because I've a girl there working with me. And because there isn't even a cupboard there where I could put you."

"When will you be back?" He kept hold of her, like a child.

"After dark."

"I suppose you've got to go!"

"Or you starve," she retorted harshly. "There's bread for today; you can walk up and down to keep warm."

Arbuthnot made no answer, except to let go her dress, till she was halfway down the stair. Then he called her, and she went back.

"Find out—you know—" he said, "and bring me something to smoke."

Mrs. Arbuthnot staggered against the railing of the gallery. She had forgotten the horror of talk she would have to face. She could not do it; she turned on him frantically.

"I can't go! I'll get you things some other way. I can't go—home."

"Then they'll suspect you!" angrily.

"No. I often go over to Northway for a week's upholstering without telling the girl. I was there yesterday. I left word for her last night that I might go there today for a week; I won't be missed." And her hard mouth shook on it. It had always been a wrench to go away, even for a week, from her unconscious comrade, and now he had gone away from her forever. She could never go home.

She sat that day in silence. Arbuthnot wailed uninterruptedly that he had no tobacco; when evening fell he said he was starving and had as soon hang and be done with it. When at last she rose he acquiesced without a word to her leaving, since she was going for food. He never even asked where; but she had had all day to ask herself.

On the outskirts of the town stood a house where every evening bread and soup were given to all comers. It had the high-sounding name of The House of the Guardian Angel. Frequenters knew it as "the Angel," a restaurant where there was nothing to pay. Mrs. Arbuthnot was going there, since she could neither go home nor walk seven miles to Northway. She had twelve cents, and she went to a shop and bought a tin pail; the bread was given away in paper bags. She fairly ran to the place. What if she were late and had to go back empty-handed?

But the dole had not begun when she took her stand among the ragged women and children hanging about the door. They stared at her indifferently, as she had known they would stare; and the sister in charge, when at last the door opened, never looked at her at all. It was perfectly safe; she had only to hold out her new pail and turn away, bread in hand.

For three portions and there was a long time till nearly stood, some passer-by, and had turned round the girl who she did not astounded, to doorway and Mrs. Arbuthnot. Yet here she

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For three nights she came, took her portion and fled. The fourth night there was a delay; she was kept waiting till nearly eight o'clock. As she stood, someone, not a sister, but a passer-by, eyed her keenly. If she had turned round she would have seen the girl who sewed in her room, but she did not turn. The girl stared astounded, then stepped back into a doorway and watched in amazement. Mrs. Arbuthnot was in Northway! Yet here she was among the beggars.

"What on earth!" the girl ejaculated. She saw her companion of every day go away with her provisions, and followed her with cheerful curiosity till she turned off into the country. As Mrs. Arbuthnot crossed the bare field to the deserted prison she was in clear sight against the skyline, a black shape against the winter stars. The girl went back to the tenement, and talked—without malice, but for conversation. Somehow her talk ran like wildfire through the ward.

Arbuthnot met his wife as she climbed the weary stair, but he did not snatch, as at first, at the food she carried. Instead he sat down beside her on the plank bed.

"Did you hear—anything?" he said. She shook her head listlessly. "I was kept; the sister was late. Eat your soup while it's hot. There's no schooner in the bay yet."

With a sharp gesture he thrust away the food.

"I wish I'd never done it," he startled her. "I wish I'd been dead first."

In the dark his wife stared at him. But repentance here did not mean much.

"Oh, you don't understand," he cried out. "I know what you're thinking. But it's not this place nor the cold that makes me sorry. Somehow it's you!"

"Me?"

He nodded. "You've put yourself out a good deal for me," he said, and the ludicrously inappropriate phrase struck neither of them.

"You can put me out of it," she

turned on him savagely. "I don't believe you care a straw what you've done; I don't believe you realize it. Oh, I'm not a praying woman, but if I could say a prayer that would undo your work I'd say it, if I had to give my life for an Amen!"

"Why do you say that?" A long shiver interrupted him, till he felt his flesh must come off his bones. "What's life got to do with it?"

"I don't know," she could hardly speak for crying; "but don't you know that when you've once done a thing you can never get away from it? If there were only some—some expiation! Bill," she leaned to him suddenly; her thin face was distorted as she clasped the knees of the man whom three days ago she hated, whom she had not seen for seven years, "Bill, can't you pray? Can't you do *something*? Do you even, truly, care?"

He did not answer the question; in the dark his face hardened. "Why are you crying?" he asked roughly. "Is it for him? It can't be for me."

"I—I—" she could get no further at first, "I swear I never spoke to him, Bill! But I used to sit and look at him. The room was so lovely. He looked kind. I hadn't anyone else."

"I don't see, then, why you didn't give me away!"

"I couldn't. I don't know why. Bill," sharply, "we're a pretty bad pair to have had a child! What if—?" the words stuck in her throat.

"Hold your tongue!" he said harshly, sweating in the icy cell. It was getting late, and so pitch-dark that he could not even see the dim outline of her, but he could whisper. "Mary," he set his teeth, "if you like I'll—give myself up!"

"You sha'n't," she sobbed, "you must get away. Think of the child up there in the country, with all the papers calling you a murderer—her own father!" and at the word the two who had not met for seven years locked fast in each other's arms in the black dark.

"God forgive you, oh, God forgive

you!" she sobbed. "Bill, can't you—can't you say Amen?"

Downstairs in the corridor round the tiers of cells there was a soft sound. It floated upward unheeded; came again, like a rustling sigh, and entered the cell through the inch-opened door.

"What was that?" said Arbuthnot. He listened. He kept his arms round her.

"Nothing! The wind." For a long moment she spoke the truth. Then the sound came again, cautious, unmistakable. There were feet on the stair.

"Keep still," she breathed. "It's someone!" She opened the door and peered into the dark gulf below the gallery. Downstairs, far down still, there shone for one second a white flash, that made her spring like a cat to Arbuthnot. "Police," she said, "don't run! Come slow." It was side by side they crept along the gallery to the furthest stair: there was a ladder to the yard; they might reach it yet. "Go on, Bill; quick!"

She gave him a little push; she could hear feet distinctly in the whispering gallery of the place. But he did not answer to her voice.

Out of the darkness at her elbow started a shadow. It touched her, let her go, tried to spring past her—and she knew she had it in the clutch of the strength that comes to women once in their lives.

"Go on!" she screamed, holding fast to a heavy coat, "don't be taken! The child—" and then all she knew was that she was holding on still, fighting like a cat. This man should never pass her.

Arbuthnot went on. But halfway down two more men were posted. The full light of a lantern glared on him and confused him; he had been used to the dark. He stopped; and the men stood. They were ten steps below him on the slippery stair, and Arbuthnot knew it; but he made no rush. He was thinking in that blinding shaft of light as he had never thought in his life; thinking of the child—of hanging—with a dead stoppage of his heart, of Mary. And at the thoughts he made his rush, but it was not at the stair.

To the men below him there was a quick spring, and a silence. After the silence a thud, far below. But no cry, no whisper where Bill Arbuthnot lay unrecognized on the stones of the great corridor. He had said his Amen.



A Substitute

SELDUM FEDD—Kin I git a bite to eat, at the house, Cap'n?
 HIRED MAN—Don't believe you can. The deacon is stingier than stone soup, and wouldn't give you the mumps unless you'd pay him for 'em. But, tell you what—if you'll come down to the barn I'll show you the beam that the feller that used to own this place hung himself on.

OUR present scarcely It began the break-up of conditions under has made rapid an improvement tem cannot be up new countries industries. It fort and culture ways. It has and freed the But there rem pressible conflict present among began—the effort slave the weak human race is magnitude of centive to ener mad frenzy for The old feud eled to the gro have been erect and establishm is made to yie earnings as reg the feudal lor his vassal. As the developm spirit, the a knowledge by eral countries and discoverie gunpowder in among the c feudalism, so change in our tem. And thi from necessity any preconcei There were change from t there are thos

The Creed of Populism

BY PIERRE FIRMIN

OUR present industrial system is scarcely three centuries old.

It began in England after the break-up of the mediæval conditions under Queen Elizabeth. It has made rapid progress. That it is an improvement on the old feudal system cannot be denied. It has opened up new countries and established new industries. It has added to the comfort and culture of mankind in many ways. It has universalized education and freed the mind from superstition. But there remains the same "irrepressible conflict" that has ever been present among men since the world began—the effort of the strong to enslave the weak. The welfare of the human race is threatened by the very magnitude of its undertakings. Incentive to energy has culminated in a mad frenzy for immense wealth.

The old feudal castles have been leveled to the ground, but in their place have been erected industrial enterprises and establishments wherein the laborer is made to yield up a portion of his earnings as regularly and ruthlessly as the feudal lord appropriated that of his vassal. As "the growth of towns, the development of the commercial spirit, the acquisition of military knowledge by the people in the several countries, scientific inventions and discoveries, and the application of gunpowder in the uses of war" were among the causes which overthrew feudalism, so will they compel a change in our present industrial system. And this change will be wrought from necessity, and not on account of any preconceived theory.

There were those who opposed a change from the feudal system, just as there are those who oppose any change

in our present industrial system. But then, as now, the opposition came from those who were its greatest beneficiaries.

One of the principal merits claimed for our present system is that it affords the greatest opportunities for individual effort. A half-century ago that contention could have been made good. Since then the system has developed some very pernicious phases. The success of the present system depends upon the fullest and freest competition. In many cases this has been throttled. Through combinations monopoly has grown up and the laws of supply and demand no longer have anything to do with fixing prices. They are fixed by the managers of corporations. This tendency to concentrate the energies and wealth of a few individuals along certain lines of commerce has been increasing for half a century. It has assumed gigantic and dangerous proportions. It fixes the price of oil, of beef, of coffee, tobacco, of mostly all articles of commerce and kinds of machinery. To meet this condition, which has grown out of our present industrial system, three remedies are proposed:

First: To control the trusts and corporations by law.

Second: To take over to the Government and municipalities all such as are termed public utilities, to be operated at cost for the benefit of the whole people.

Third: For the people to resolve themselves into one great commonwealth or community, take over to itself all the means of production and distribution, wipe out the capitalistic and wage systems entirely, and operate everything in common.

There is no question as to the existence of the evils. Every intelligent man realizes that something must be done.

The conservative class favors control.

The Populists would begin the necessary reform by gradually and in a businesslike way acquiring ownership of the principal agents of distribution, such as the railroad and telegraph lines, the street railways, water-works, lighting franchises and the absolute control of the money system of the country.

The Socialists would revolutionize the whole system, take over all the land, machinery, railroad and telegraph lines, everything, and make them a part of the great commonwealth.

The first of these remedies has been tested by fifty years of trial, and its weakness proved by its absolute failure to control. The very fact that such a remedy is going to be applied invites to the legislative halls a strong lobby with the fixed purpose of corrupting our public servants. Thus, the corporations and trusts have not only prospered immensely in wealth and arrogance right under the shadow of this remedy, but there has grown up a system of corruption that permeates every department of our Government. It is the old question of trying to patch up a pernicious system by permitting its beneficiaries to choose the patches.

Of the remedy proposed by the Socialists I have only a few words to say. To most people it seems like a Utopian dream. To say the least it is extremely radical. If at all possible and practical it could be accomplished only by the slow process of evolution. The great trusts themselves are doing more to aid the socialistic idea than all the propaganda the Socialists are putting out. The claim which is made by trusts that products are more cheaply manufactured and handled by great combinations than in a small way is also the contention of the Socialists. But the Socialist claim is that the benefits of the trust should accrue to all

the people. They have a splendid conception of existing evils, and they see with a clear eye the result of their continuance. Yet, if it is possible for them to attain their ultimate object, the Great Commonwealth, they have first got to go laboriously and gradually over every inch of ground contended for by the Populists.

There may be a great deal of radicalism in the remedies proposed by the Populists, but there is nothing either new or impractical. In "Les Misérables," Victor Hugo, discussing the political conditions in France, says:

All the questions which the Socialists proposed—laying aside cosmogonic visions, reverie and mysticism—may be carried back to two original problems, the first of which is to produce wealth, and the second, to distribute it. The first problem contains the question of labor, the second, the question of wages; in the first, the point is the employment of strength, and the second, the distribution of strength results public power, and from a good distribution of enjoyments, individual happiness. By good distribution, we mean, not equal, but equitable, distribution, for the first quality is equity. From these two things combined, public power abroad and individual happiness at home, results social prosperity, the citizen free, the nation great.

That is genuine Populism. Everything centres around those two great questions.

England, says the same great author, solves the first of these two problems—she creates wealth admirably, but distributes it badly. This solution, which is completely on one side, fatally leads her to these two extremes, monstrous opulence and monstrous misery; all the enjoyments belong to the few, all the privations to the rest—that is to say, to the people, and privileges, exception, monopoly and feudalism spring up from labor itself. It is a false and dangerous situation to base public power on private want, and to root the grandeur of the State in the suffering of the individual; it is a badly composed grandeur, in which all the material elements are combined, in which no moral elements enter.

And yet Hugo was not a Socialist, as is shown from the following quotation from the same chapter:

Communism and the agrarian law fancy that they solve the second lesson, but they are mistaken. Their distribution kills production, and equal division destroys emulation and consequently labor.

From a Populists' point of view, the system of production is far from perfect, is far from equitable distribution. The Government, where the Government is, and do some account, just as are doing in the twine, but the connection with the rail money as a key that unlocks the

It is objected that it goes into business, have a tentative for individual investment of no greater hand it will through special a monopoly of products, under our present certainly destroyed other man to if all could get opportunities, a government would be set fair prices and individual effort. recently in the of Kansas and pany. Prior passed a law man or set Kansas and cern in comp

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PHILAND

From a Populist viewpoint our system of production, while it may not be perfect, is far in advance of that of distribution. There may be isolated cases where the Government should step in and do some producing on its own account, just as Kansas and Minnesota are doing in the manufacture of binder twine, but the greatest evils are connected with our system of distribution—the railroads as carriers, and money as a medium of exchange, the key that unlocks the wealth of nations.

It is objected that if the Government goes into business of this kind it will have a tendency to destroy the incentive for individual effort, and for the investment of capital. There could be no greater mistake. On the other hand it will encourage effort. If, through special rates, one man has a monopoly on shipping a certain line of products, as it frequently happens under our present system, it most certainly destroys the incentive for any other man to compete with him. But if all could get the same rates and opportunities, as would be the rule under government ownership, competition would be strong enough to establish fair prices and an open field for individual effort. This fact was exemplified recently in the fight between the State of Kansas and the Standard Oil Company. Prior to the time the Legislature passed a law to establish a refinery no man or set of men cared to go into Kansas and start an independent concern in competition with the Standard.

But as soon as that law was passed it encouraged men and capital, and several refineries were projected and started. The same thing can be said of the Beef Trust. It crushes competition and kills the incentive to individual effort. But if the Government would establish a large packing establishment, independent packing houses would be started all over the country.

There was a time, and that not a great while since, when it cost from twenty-five to fifty cents to send a small amount of money a short distance. The express companies had a monopoly on the business. Then the Government went into the business of transmitting money, and now you can send a like amount across the continent for five cents. Did it discourage the different express companies and drive them out of business? Not at all. They simply came to the rate established by the Government, and the people are saving thousands of dollars as a result. Was that impractical? Well, that was Populism. There isn't any howl coming from anybody but the express companies, and the people are not losing any sleep over that kind of howl. Some of these days we will have the parcels post—that is, Uncle Sam will carry parcels up to ten or twelve pounds at about one-half of what the express companies now charge. That will be Populism, too, and the express companies will howl, but they'll go on doing business at the old stand and the sun will still shine.

His Way

"H^E—?"
 "Oh, he is the sort of chap that wants to abolish the trusts and keeps a dog that howls all night."

PHILANTHROPY is often the cheapest method of advertising.

Money Monopoly

BY J. C. VALLETTE

THE best definition of Monopoly is, "The exclusive possession of anything, as a commodity or a market; the sole right of buying or selling or manufacturing anything." The particular "thing" in this case is money. There is no money, nor can there be any, in the United States unless it originates from the law of Congress. From any other source it is "counterfeit." The term "money" is given to any kind of currency, but this currency is not scientific, genuine money unless it be a legal tender—unless it has the power to compel a creditor to accept it for debt or give up the debt. This power is given to legal tender money by law of Congress.

Now as to the material. Did anyone ever see a piece of gold or silver, nickel, copper or paper, that was legal tender money until a law of Congress said it was? If you never have, then is it the law or the material that makes money? All of these materials have been used to stamp the impression, the mandate, yes, the "Fiat," of law upon. From Circular No. 72, United States Treasury Department, page 13, I take the following:

COINS AND PAPER CURRENCY. There are ten different kinds of money in circulation in the United States, namely, gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver, gold certificates, silver certificates, Treasury notes issued under the Act of July 14, 1890, United States notes (also called greenbacks and legal tender), national bank-notes, and nickel and bronze coins. While they do not all possess the full legal tender quality, each kind has such attributes as to give it currency. The status of each kind is as follows: Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private. Standard silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal or face value in payment of all

debts, public or private, without regard to the amount, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. Subsidiary silver is legal tender for amounts not exceeding \$10 in any one payment. Treasury notes of the Act of July 14, 1890, are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. United States notes are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank-notes are not legal tender. The minor coins of nickel and copper are legal tender to the extent of twenty-five cents.

Of the ten different kinds, only six are money. The others are only currency. The greenback paper is money as far as the law allows it. The national bank-notes are not money. The word "except" on the greenback bondholder and against all others. The word "except" in the law of subsidiary silver, silver dollars and Treasury notes, gives the power into the hands of individuals to ignore the power of law. We will now turn to the law creating the great monopoly, Chapter XVI, Statute I, page 8, Sec. 14.

And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for any person or persons to bring to the said Mint gold and silver bullion, in order to there be coined; and that the bullion so brought shall be there assayed and coined as speedily as may be after the receipt thereof, and that free of expense to the person or persons by whom the same shall have been brought.

Now turn to Sec. 16.

And be it further enacted, That all the gold and silver coins which shall have been struck at and issued from the said Mint shall be a lawful tender in all payments whatsoever.

The ten-dollar gold piece at that time contained 247½ grains of pure

gold. June 28, law, changed the ten-dollar piece. The law took out and still it was to

Where is the value of gold does it happen to as valuable as because the law eagle" (\$10) "shorn of the dil changes in value if gold does cha must be the law Read what the the ratio between

Shall be as fifteen every fifteen pound shall be of equal with one pound w

Does the word used in the law

Now let us ge question. Was a monopoly? and silver bul Mint"? "The bringing it. W after it was owners. Is th money or Gover Government do it. Everybody and silver, nei ment in the mi money at that persons given sion, the sole coined. The r pursuing other mining were o to have money ment has the p people in order

The alternat to go to those clusive possess to the "thing from them, th owners could, dictate terms to the owner: "curity that you

gold. June 28, 1834, Congress, by law, changed the amount of gold in the ten-dollar piece to 232 grains of gold. The law took out $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains of gold, and still it was ten dollars.

Where is the theory or fact that the value of gold never changes? How does it happen that 232 grains are just as valuable as $247\frac{1}{2}$ grains? Simply because the law of 1834 said "each eagle" (\$10) "shall contain 232 grains of pure gold." You may take either horn of the dilemma. If gold never changes in value, then the law is wrong: if gold does change in value, then it must be the law that fixes the value. Read what the law says in regard to the ratio between gold and silver coins:

Shall be as fifteen to one; that is to say, every fifteen pounds weight of pure silver shall be of equal value in all payments, with one pound weight of pure gold.

Does the word "shall," so frequently used in the law, mean what it says?

Now let us get back to the monopoly question. Was and is "free coinage" a monopoly? Who owned the "gold and silver bullion brought to the Mint"? "The person or persons" bringing it. Who owned the money after it was coined? The bullion owners. Is this money Government money or Governments' money? The Government does not own a dollar of it. Everybody was not mining gold and silver, neither was the Government in the mining business. All the money at that time was owned by the persons given "the exclusive possession, the sole right," of all money coined. The remainder of the people pursuing other occupations besides mining were obliged, yes, compelled to have money, because the Government has the power to lay taxes on the people in order to pay its expenses.

The alternative the people had was to go to those persons having "exclusive possession, the sole right," to the "thing" money and hire it from them, they being the "sole" owners could, and without doubt did, dictate terms to the borrowers. Says the owner: "First I must have security that you will return it to me;

second, I must have interest for the use of it; third, I must have the interest in advance." The borrower must submit or go without. He *must* submit, if not, the Government would sell his property for taxes, and the "sole" owner of money could buy it at his own price. The borrower submits, gives his note for, say, \$100, gives security of \$200 or \$300 on his property, the time one year, and the owner discounts the note for, let us say, 10 per cent., and hands the borrower \$90. The lender holds the note and security, and the borrower owes \$100 and receives \$90 to pay the \$100 with. Take all the foregoing facts into consideration and tell how he can pay that note without transferring \$10 worth of his wealth either to the lender or to some other person that has been to the lender and borrowed on the same terms he did himself.

These money monopolists, made such by law, have the power to gather all the wealth of the nation into their exclusive possession. This "system" has already fastened a debt, an unpayable debt, with money, of \$40,000,000,000, something about one-half of the total present wealth. You can figure out about how long it will take to get the other half if you will ponder this statement, that every time a merchant goes to the lender and gets a note discounted he agrees to return more money than he receives. This interest constitutes a debt that cannot be paid with money; *when paid it must be by a transfer of wealth to the "exclusive" monopolist, the money-lender.* Then just think how many notes are discounted every business day in the year, and also the aggregate amount, not of the notes, but the interest or discount. You can get some idea of how fast this debt is increasing, or in other words, how fast the money monopolists are gathering in the wealth of the nation, by reading Mr. Albert Griffin's article in the June number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, on page 464, second column, near the bottom. His figures are official, and ought to be correct. Take

the \$6,278,000,000, which he calls "hocus-pocus money" and call it 3 per cent. interest per annum and it amounts to \$188,340,000 of debt not payable with money.

Well, now let us go back to the money-owners of 1792. It is evident the miners of gold and silver bullion did not produce enough of it to supply the demand for money to the people, so they organized State banks. The charters in most cases gave them the privilege of issuing three "paper promises to pay" money with only one dollar of money to pay with. These "promises," were called money, or bank-notes or bills. They were not money—simply a substitute, a promise to pay on demand. These institutions sprang up in all the States. It has been questioned by eminent statesmen whether State bank bills were constitutional. In Article I, section 10, paragraph 1 of the Constitution, it says:

No State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

The question arises, if a State cannot emit, or is prohibited from emitting, bills of credit by the Constitution (Webster says: "To emit is to put into circulation, as bank bills"), how can a State delegate a power it does not possess? Common sense is good law, and if the Constitution prohibits the States from "emitting bills of credit" is it not reasonable to suppose that the right to "emit bills of credit" is reserved to Congress?

This must be admitted, or else National bank bills are unconstitutional, for Congress certainly does emit them to the banks. Under the old State banking system, the bills emitted were only a "promise to pay" real money, knowing, when they "emitted" them, that they were promising to pay three with one. When they failed to keep the promise, then, in most instances, the promises were worth no more than the paper on which they were printed. For instance, in March 1809, the Farmers' Exchange Bank, of Gloucester, R. I., was closed, the legislative com-

mittee investigated and found the bank had \$580,000 of its notes in circulation and only \$86.16 in coin in its vaults for their redemption. The bankers, in those days, played tricks on the people as well as on the bank examiners. The writer of this article was told by a bank officer of one of the banks in Providence, R. I., that when the examiners visited his bank in the forenoon, examined the books, and weighed or counted the coin, the bank was pronounced on a solid footing. Then the examiners visited the next bank, examined the books and weighed or counted the same coin used in the first bank and pronounced the bank on a solid footing as they had the first one. This transaction may not be called a fraud. Probably this may be what is termed "confidence." It should be termed "misplaced confidence."

It looks as though the bankers wanted the people to have confidence that the bankers could accomplish an impossibility. The result of the failure of the banks to "redeem" their promises was to precipitate a panic. When the banks failed to "redeem" the bills in circulation the people were deprived of the "substitute"; they had to fall back on gold and silver coin to pay debts and do any business, *provided they could get it*. This was a contraction of the currency, and those in debt unable to pay were sold out by the sheriff. Prices fell and misery reigned. In the panic of 1815 there were 208 banks with \$110,000,000 of circulation and only \$17,000,000 in specie to redeem with. In 1837 there were 788 banks with \$149,185,896 of circulation with only \$37,915,340 of specie. This panic held on for six years and over. I have heard old people say it was almost impossible to get any money at all during that time. In 1857 there were 1,416 banks with \$214,778,882 of circulation and only \$58,349,938 of specie to "redeem" with. As a matter of history, every panic that has occurred in the United States since 1792 was brought on by a contraction of the circulation me-

dium, and at the was being done called—a pyramid apex. In 1815 of paper based on In 1837 nearly \$ specie, and in 18 of specie.

There is no p as that which pr stition of the mas votaries of this juggling terms today, and the as most of th Salmon P. Ch Treasury, in 18 that on Janu as could be as the United Sta circulation. I only \$150,000 States, the b bellicious State culation was old State ban It is not stat banks had be paper. It ca mated, by ju of former bu issuing three dollar of s the benefit say they h each two

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dium, and at the same time business was being done on a specie basis, so called—a pyramid standing on its apex. In 1815 there were over \$6 of paper based on one dollar of specie. In 1837 nearly \$4 of paper on one of specie, and in 1857 nearly \$4 on one of specie.

There is no profession so lucrative as that which practices on the superstition of the masses of the people. The votaries of this system used the same juggling terms then that they do today, and the people swallowed it all as most of them continue to do. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1861 made the statement that on January 1, 1861, as near as could be ascertained, the banks of the United States had \$202,000,767 of circulation. It was estimated that only \$150,000,000 was in the loyal States, the balance being in the rebellious States. Mind you, this circulation was bank bills, not specie—old State bank bills, promises to pay. It is not stated how much specie the banks had behind this \$150,000,000 of paper. It can be approximately estimated, by judging from the conditions of former banks and the privilege of issuing three dollars of paper for one dollar of specie. Let us give them the benefit of any doubt. We will say they had one dollar of specie for each two dollars of circulation, and

that would give them \$75,000,000 of specie. This, then, was the financial condition of the banks at the breaking out of the Civil War.

The people have had no opportunity of knowing anything of our financial history. The reason is easily seen when you have read the Hazzard circular from English to American bankers and the Buell circular from the American Bankers' Association to the bankers of the United States. Every well-informed person knows that the leading newspapers and magazines have persistently refused to open their columns to printing even the plain law. This has not only been so, but is so now. You may take up any daily or weekly paper, no matter whether it is labeled Democrat or Republican, and you will not find any discussion of the money monopolists or trusts in it. It is said "the devil always leaves the bars down," and you will find it is so in "Spaulding's Financial History of the War." Mr. Spaulding was not only a "patriot," but he was a banker, and no doubt he worked on the old motto, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Mr. Spaulding mixes a little of patriotism with a great deal of banking or self-preservation. If you follow this up, you find a great many reasons why the old greenbackers were right from the point of view and arguments of Mr. Spaulding.

The Primrose Way

TED—How is it he doesn't believe in luck?

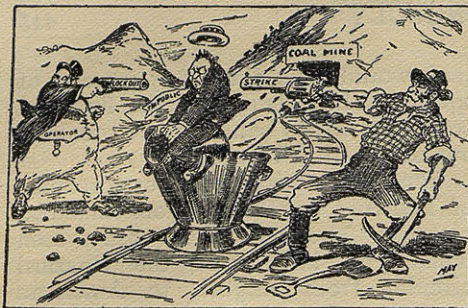
NED—I guess it's because he has had nothing else all his life.

Following a Fad

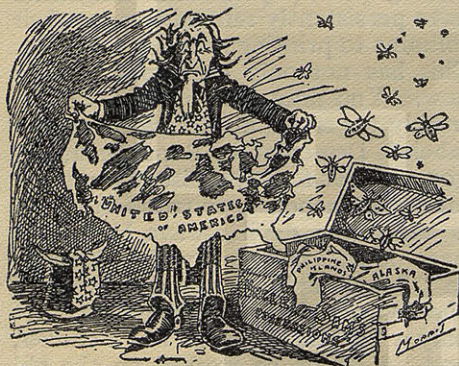
BEULAH—She doesn't seem to take a moment's rest.

ALMA—That's because she is trying so hard to live the Simple Life.

I N these days technicality is the last refuge of the scoundrel.



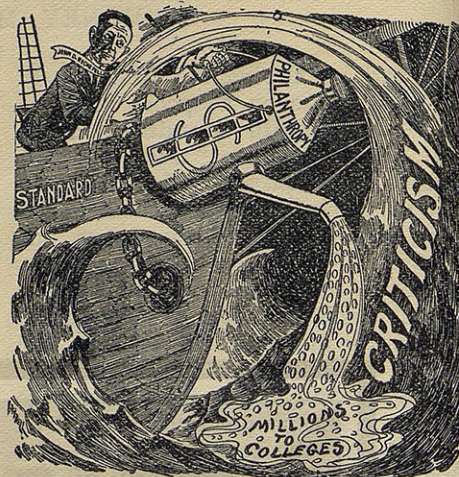
"The Innocent Spectator"
May, in Detroit Journal.



High Time for Renovation
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review



Secretary Taft Before the Great Buddha
"I wonder if she could tell me who will
be the next President of the United States?"
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune
416



Oiling the Angry Billows
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



"Dern ye, yer afraid to come out and
fight fair!"
Donahay, in Cleveland Plain Dealer



Stand Pat, Old Man; It's Teaching the
Young Idea How to Shoot
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal



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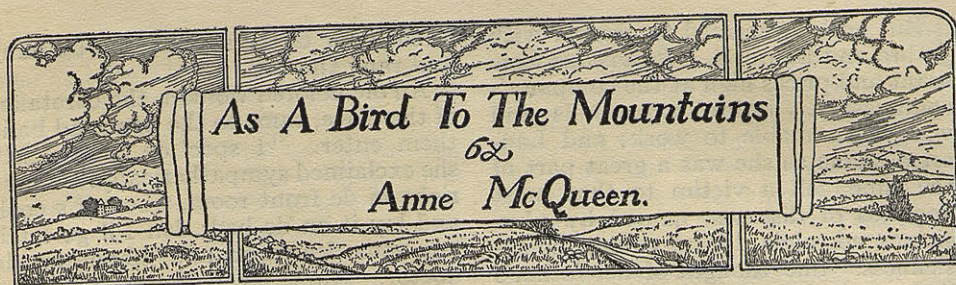


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THE month was May, but the sun fairly boiled with the fierce heat of July. The wire-grass by the side of the powdery road was crisply withered. The giant pines, stirred by breaths of hot air, seemed to moan of thirst and parched roots. The wire-grass pony, drawing the clumsy cart, laden with Jethro Dismukes's wife and her sick baby, strained wearily through the heavy sand. Jethro walked beside the cart on the slippery grass, to avoid the baking sand of the road. Jethro had been "chilling" all the spring, and, weakened by malaria, was in poor condition for walking; but he staggered manfully along, striving to cheer Lauretta, his wife, with comforting words. "Tain't much further, honey," said he cheerily. "We'll git thar by evenin', shore, and then the doctor'll be mighty apt to cyo little Sis. Yes, sir! I 'spect he'll cyo her right away. How's she seem to be doin', Lauretta?" He reached over the side of the cart and touched the little head on Lauretta's bosom.

Such a hot little head, throbbing with fever! Lauretta sat on a mattress with the baby in her lap—a pitiful baby indeed, swollen almost to bursting, its skin a transparent yellow from inanition, hardly a red blood corpuscle in the poor, palpitating body, breath coming in short gasps from cracked lips, which Lauretta strived to moisten with a rag dipped in tepid water in a jug at her side.

"Don't seem to me her head's hot as 'twas," said Jethro hopefully.

Lauretta looked up, despair in her hollow eyes. "My baby's a-gwine to die, Jethro," she said, with dreary calmness.

The baby stirred from a fitful sleep, peering from swollen lids into her mother's face. "Mam, mam!" she cried weakly.

"Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!" crooned the mother, holding a tin cup filled with the tepid drink to the eager lips; but, when she tasted it, the baby pushed the cup away, with a feeble wail of disappointment.

"Mammy knows the old water's hot, but hit's all she's got to give her baby," murmured the distracted mother, rocking the child back and forth in a vain endeavor to soothe it.

"Never mind," said the father cheerfully, "we're 'most to town, and pappy'll git little Sis a drink o' nice, cold ice water soon's we git thar. Don't you go to givin' up, Lauretta, honey. I make shore the doctor'll cyo her."

Lauretta made no reply; the cart swayed heavily through the sand, the silence unbroken save for the baby's piteous wail, "Mam, mam!" and the mother's ready answer, "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!"

Jethro Dismukes and his wife, Lauretta, were not natives of this flat, sandy, desolate country, with malaria rising from stagnant sloughs and ponds; with hot, bitter lime-water for drink and lonely stretches of solemn pine forest for the weary eye to gaze upon. Only the year before they had come, a newly married pair, from the mountains, lured by hope of better prospects in the turpentine regions. In the great forest belonging to the turpentine company for which Jethro worked they had settled in one of the rough board shanties, hastily put together for the shelter of the employees and their families.

But nothing seemed to prosper with Jethro and Lauretta. Provisions were scant and prices high at the company's commissary. Jethro took chills and was often unable to work; and Lauretta, alone as she was a great part of the time, fell a victim to that most hopeless of diseases, named by physicians nostalgia, by its victims homesickness. She thought of her father's little farm in the mountains, the log cabin where the cheerful mother, while her spinning-wheel whirled busily, sang old ballads brought from overseas by long-forgotten ancestors; and the troop of hardy children roasted chestnuts and horse-apples and sweet potatoes in the ashes of the wide hearth, and ate them with appetites made keen by the tonic mountain air.

And when the sun beat down on the baked earth and she drank, with loathing, the warm, bitter water from the lime sink, how she longed for the cold, deep spring, whose icy waters gushed from the mountain-side.

Lauretta might have pined away and died but for the coming of the baby to ease her aching heart. Life seemed full and happy after that till, with the hot weather and the teething, the baby sickened, growing steadily worse as the summer advanced. The simple remedies to be had at the commissary were tried without avail. Driven to despair the parents decided to take the child to the nearest town, where there were skilful physicians, and where, also, certain good women of the place, the King's Daughters, had built and supported an emergency hospital for such children of their Father as these.

The weariest journey must come to an end. At last the roofs of the town, in groves of moss-draped oaks and huge pecans, came in sight, then the buildings and then the dusty streets, where the sand was even deeper than on the country road. Here Jethro stopped to inquire the way to the hospital. It was close by. The King's Daughters had built on the outskirts of the town, where lots were cheap. Jethro helped Lauretta and the baby from the cart

at the door of the small white building and rang the bell.

An old colored woman, the caretaker of the place, came to the door and bade them enter. "I spec' de baby sick!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "Come right in de front room, where it's cool, and lay it on de bed; den I'll go fetch you some ice water and 'phone for de doctor. Ain't no patients 'tall here now, so dey ain't no doctor visitin'."

All the doctors in the town tendered their services to the King's Daughters, but the physician who answered the call happened to be young Dr. Lor-rimer. Fresh from college and full of enthusiasm, he sometimes cured where more experienced physicians failed. One glance at the transparent face of Lauretta's child sufficed to show him the gravity of the case, but he cheered the parents with hopeful and hearty words, and going vigorously to work soon had his tiny patient as comfortable as she could be made under the circumstances. This accomplished, the doctor indulged in some equally vigorous thinking. Only the most careful and experienced nursing could save the child, and this the young mother could not give. Nor could the colored nurse whom the King's Daughters hired when extra attention was necessary. There was only one way, decided the doctor, and that would be to beg Miss Lathrop to take the case. Now, Miss Lathrop was a trained nurse who, though she had retired from professional life, could sometimes be persuaded to help her friends out in an emergency. Dr. Lor-rimer was her pet physician; he had recently pulled her through a serious illness, and he knew she was waiting for a chance to "pay him back."

"It's a shame," he thought, "to take advantage of her gratitude, but, by George, I'm going to do it!" With the impetuous young doctor to think was to act; in a few moments he was in his buggy speeding on his way to Miss Lathrop's pleasant cottage, and in an incredibly short time that lady, somewhat breathless from her hurried preparations, was seated beside him, dashing rapidly back to the hospital.

Lauretta sat beside him near an open window, the breeze, and moist with a tiny bag of rice, sat at the foot of the bed in helpless man. revived in Lauretta's doctor's first visit entered with the woman, whom she named as a nurse, less than the doctor, luminous with joy. "Oh," she whispered, placed her firm wrist, "you'll cry. You'll shore baby?"

"I hope the can cure it," kindly, "but brave if the w your baby is v

"You just l the meantime the cheery y lots of hope si sented to nu thing you a now is to go both worn o call you if he

And Laur trustful face would be w hearts at Jethro sleep of utter ex

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Lauretta sat beside the cot, placed near an open window, to catch the faint breeze, and moistened the baby's lips with a tiny bag of crushed ice. Jethro sat at the foot of the cot and looked on, in helpless man fashion. Hope had revived in Lauretta's breast at the doctor's first visit, and now, when he entered with the capable, strong-faced woman, whom she instinctively recognized as a nurse, a power to save only less than the doctor, her face grew luminous with joy.

"Oh," she whispered as the nurse placed her firm hand on the baby's wrist, "you'll cye my baby, won't you? You'll shore and certain cye my baby?"

"I hope the doctor and I together can cure it," replied Miss Lathrop kindly, "but you must try and be brave if the worst should happen, for your baby is very sick."

"You just keep your courage up in the meantime, Mrs. Dismukes," spoke the cheery young doctor. "I've got lots of hope since Miss Lathrop has consented to nurse the baby. The best thing you and your husband can do now is to go to bed at once. You're both worn out, and Miss Lathrop will call you if help is needed."

And Lauretta, gazing into the calm, trustful face of the nurse, knew that it would be well with the child. Their hearts at rest, that night she and Jethro slept the deep, unbroken sleep of utter exhaustion.

But the baby tossed its feeble arms in fevered unrest, peering through swollen lids at the unfamiliar face, and wailed "Mam, mam!" in piteous protest at its mother's desertion.

It was late next morning when Nurse Lathrop sought a few hours' repose in her own quiet cottage. Before leaving the baby to Lauretta's care she sponged its swollen body in cooling alcohol, clothed it in clean linen, and gave it the morning draught of nourishing stimulant. Day after day she did this, coming back punctually at nightfall; and eagerly did Jethro and Lauretta greet her return, for her presence brought renewed hope and cour-

age. Even the baby learned to recognize her touch as more skilful than its mother's, her ample bosom as a softer resting-place than Lauretta's emaciated arms, and hushed its feeble wail at the sound of her voice singing soothing lullabies in the quiet night-time.

And the baby grew better; the fever and swelling subsided, the feeble heart grew stronger, and gradually the red blood began to creep slowly through the wax-like limbs. Nurse Lathrop, from taking a professional interest in her patient, began to feel a sincere affection for the tiny being whose wails were hushed at her approach, and who nestled on her bosom with a sigh of content, or regarded her with a curious look of satisfaction in its great dark eyes—eyes full of pathetic beauty, set in a tiny dark face, in which the nurse began already to see signs of possible loveliness.

One morning she sat rocking the baby to sleep before she left it in Lauretta's charge for the day, gazing into the pale face and stroking the sleek, dark head with tender touches. Finally she rose, sighed, laid the baby on the cot, and after her usual careful instructions to the waiting mother, wended her way through the quiet, shady streets to her own home. She lifted the latch of the white-painted iron gate, walked up the neat path, with its borders of dewy, night-freshened verbenas, unlocked the front door and entered the dusk of the cool hall. A big Maltese cat trotted up, rubbing against her gown with loud purrs of welcome. In the sitting-room could be heard the doleful chirping of a pair of canaries—which speedily changed into a song of rejoicing as she opened wide the windows to let in the morning freshness, uncovered the cage and hung it in a window, then filled the birds' drinking-glass with fresh water, and their saucer with birdseed.

Out in the backyard could be heard the hungry cries of broods of young chickens, impatient for their morning meal. She lighted a fire in the shining kitchen stove, set the kettle to boil, and, before making any other prepara-

tions for her own breakfast, she mixed a panful of meal for the chickens. As she opened the back door a grave old mastiff rose slowly from his bed on the door mat, and welcomed her with dignity, waving his tail slowly, and lifting his head for the customary pat she bestowed upon it. He followed her with a lordly air of protection down the steps into the yard, where the eager fowls crowded round her feet for the portions of meal she scattered with a liberal hand. She was a social being taking much comfort in the companionship of her animals, and usually had a cheerful morning greeting for them all, but this morning she attended to their needs in a very silent and abstracted fashion.

The chickens fed, she went into the kitchen and prepared her own breakfast. Her breakfast over, instead of preparing to lie down, Miss Lathrop went to the telephone in her hall and called up Dr. Lorrimer. "I wish you'd come out here for a few minutes, Boy," she called. "I want to consult you."

"All right," came back promptly. "Be with you in ten minutes."

She took a seat on the cool front porch to await his coming. The Maltese jumped on her lap, she stroked it abstractedly, indifferent to the loud purrs with which he demanded conversation. Miss Lathrop was thinking; thinking of the past—the long years of nursing in crowded cities, followed by the inevitable collapse, when, after a long illness, having a comfortable income, the result of years of methodical saving and careful investment, she had come to this quiet town to spend the rest of her life in peace and quiet. She made many friends, and, what with her small household duties, her garden and her pets, had thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of rest and independence. But with the advent of Lauretta's baby a strange unrest had taken possession of her; there now seemed to be a void in the hitherto fulness of her content.

The click of the gate latch interrupted her musings. The doctor was coming, his hat off, for the wind to play through his close cut curls, his step springy and

alert, the light of enthusiasm beaming from his handsome face—a presence calculated to cheer the most pessimistic of patients.

"Well, *confrère*, I've come for the consultation," he said, dropping on the steps at her feet and immediately transferring the Maltese to his own lap, where it placidly resumed its nap.

"The truth of the matter, Boy," said Miss Lathrop, "is this: I find that old Tom and Towser and the birds and chickens don't quite fill my life. I'm getting discontented. I want something *human* to pet."

"Won't I do?" inquired the "Boy" soberly. "You can always have me to pet."

She laughed, patting the curly head at her knee. "You're too big, Boy. I want a baby."

"A baby? Well, if I find any lying round loose I'll bring you one. Trouble is, most folks that own babies have objections to giving them away. Was it a boy or a girl baby you were wanting?"

"A girl; and I've found her already. I want the Dismukes baby."

The doctor whistled. "I'm afraid you'll have to take my offer and chance it; that little Mrs. Dismukes loves her baby better than her life. She'll never give it up."

"It's just this way, Boy. That baby will take months to get well, with the care I can give her. With her ignorant young mother's attention, and away in the piney woods—for they can't afford to stay here much longer—out of reach of proper food and medicine, she'll certainly die; you know that."

"Yes," responded the doctor. "I'm afraid she will."

"There's no doubt about it. Besides, her parents will probably have half a dozen more. I've saved this one, and I want her—and I want you to persuade them to give her to me."

"Well, I'll do my best. I'll talk it over with them today, and try and persuade them that it is the best thing possible—for the child. I doubt if the mother will see it in that light.

In the meantime sleep on it."

"I'll proceed," Miss Lathrop, rising for me, Boy, and tonight."

It was with the doctor bro Lauretta when call. At first stand how it w to want an Babies had al necessary evils hers was—to precious thin someone else nurse, the v woman on ea want her wa mind could doctor told Nurse Lath so quietly t had overrat child, and ing indiffer the other h back home she will su These y brain coul die, when "Oh, d her pore l you say. die, I ca she kin alive. V certain t The d wild ou was tr gleamed breath heaving "I t that, v give h you c sure M But I wa and

In the meantime you go to bed and sleep on it."

"I'll proceed to obey you," said Miss Lathrop, rising. "Do your best for me, Boy, and I'll try my powers tonight."

It was with fear and trembling that the doctor broached the subject to Lauretta when he made his morning call. At first she could not understand how it was possible for anybody to want another person's baby. Babies had always been regarded as necessary evils by Lauretta's people; hers was—to herself alone—the most precious thing on earth, but that someone else—and that person the nurse, the wisest and most skilful woman on earth, to Lauretta—should want her was more than her dazed mind could grasp. Very gently the doctor told of all the advantages of Nurse Lathrop's plan. She listened so quietly that he began to think he had overrated her affection for the child, and, emboldened by her seeming indifference, he continued: "On the other hand, if you take the baby back home, even months from now, she will surely die."

These words Lauretta's numbed brain could grasp. Die? Her child die, when she seemed so much better?

"Oh, doctor, save her! Jest save her pore little life and I'll do anything you say. *Anything!* I cain't see her die, I cain't! If the nuss wants her she kin have her, if that'll keep her alive. Will it? Will she be shore and certain to live?"

The doctor was unprepared for this wild outburst; the apathetic creature was transformed; her hollow eyes gleamed, her voice trembled, the breath came in gasping sobs from her heaving breast.

"I believe so; yes, I am certain that, with the care Miss Lathrop can give her, she will surely live. Then you can come and visit her. I am sure Miss Lathrop will not object."

But Lauretta shook her head. "All I want is for her to live. To come and see her when she ain't mine

would kill me! When must me and Jethro go home, doctor?"

"I think the sooner the better for both; tomorrow morning, say."

"All right," replied Lauretta, with the calmness of despair. "Jethro's uptown somewheres; tell him—and we'll go!"

The baby stirred on the cot. "Mam, mam!" she murmured, opening her eyes sleepily. Lauretta took her up very quietly and rocked her to sleep, her mind still trying to grasp the awful problem of death and no death. The baby would be alive, well, cared for, yet dead to her; as dead as if she were buried underground, with the worms crawling over her poor, pale face! Lauretta shuddered involuntarily at the horrible thought. "I'll give her to the nuss," she whispered, with stiff lips. "Tell Jethro, doctor, and we'll be a-gwine home."

The cart creaked heavily through the sand; Jethro walked beside it and Lauretta sat up on the roll of bedding within. Her hands were crossed idly in her lap, a far-off, unseeing look in her apathetic eyes.

"We're 'most there, honey," said Jethro cheerfully; "we'll soon be a-gittin' home."

On through the woods where the hands were busily collecting turpentine from the "boxed" trees; past heavily laden wagons, hauling barrels of the crude turpentine to the still, past the still where the spirits were manufactured and where the dwelling of the boss and the company's commissary were located. Still farther, past the small shacks of the hands, till at last their own was reached, a small, lonely cabin in the heart of the forest; no garden, no poultry, no dog even to welcome the returned travelers—the very "abomination of desolation."

And here they lived on. Jethro spent his days at work in the forest, sometimes miles away, and Lauretta saw him only at night. All day, when she was not busy preparing their scanty meals, she sat in the doorway and gazed, with unseeing eyes, into

the forest. But there was a night when Jethro came home from the woods with a congestive chill. Lauretta piled all the quilts in the house on him and gave him hot "yerb teas." A passing turpentine hand summoned the few neighbors to her aid. They did what they could, but the chill still held him in its death-cold clutches. The next morning Jethro Dismukes, white, occupation laborer, was no longer on the payroll of the company.

The company's carpenter made him a coffin of pine plank, lined it with sleazy white muslin and covered it with black calico, and the neighbors bore the body of the mountaineer to the burying-ground among the pines. The boss read a psalm over the grave, the neighbors sang a hymn and then went home.

One of the neighbor women stayed with Lauretta that night, and the boss came over and paid her the little bit of money that was coming to Jethro. He also offered to buy her poor household furnishings, and, if she wished, he would send her to town, where she might take the train for her native State and go to her own people.

Lauretta's heart leaped. Home and mother and the mountains! They had seemed so far away, and she never expected to see them again.

She eagerly accepted his offer, and, the day after her husband's burial, seated in the boss's own buggy, drawn by swift horses, Lauretta was on her way to town. One of the hands, an old and stupid negro, drove her. The boss had given minute directions about the trains, the price of her ticket, etc., but Lauretta paid little heed to his instructions. Her mind was formulating a plan of her own—a desperate plan, fraught with danger, yet causing her heart to sing with joy at the thought! *She would steal her baby!*

The nurse, in her search for the child, would of course go to the turpentine camps. The boss would tell her that Lauretta had taken the train at the station. Then she would question the ticket agent and trainmen; Lauretta ex-

ulted to think how completely at a loss Miss Lathrop would be when she found no trace of her there. For she did not intend to take a train at that place, no, indeed, she would take her baby and walk miles and miles away, till she came to another town where there was a railroad. If necessary, she would walk to the mountains; God would show her the way. The little tobacco bag of money in her bosom would buy food. She would get along—if she only had her baby!

At the edge of the town she bade the driver halt. She wanted to visit a friend who lived nearby, she said, and could easily walk to the depot. She took her small bundle—containing precious things for the baby—under her arm and walked swiftly along. She had thought out the whole plan, and was now ready to act. It was early morning, for they had left the turpentine camp before dawn, to avoid the sultry September sun. Nurse Lathrop would be getting breakfast in the kitchen, and the baby would be asleep—and alone.

She knew the way, for she had carried her baby to the house that dreadful morning. Very few people were stirring, only a few workmen hurrying to their work and now and then a delivery wagon rattling by, taking orders from customers. Nobody noticed Lauretta. She reached the house without difficulty. All the doors and windows were open to let in the morning coolness. She laid her bundle down at the gate; she stealthily lifted the latch, leaving the gate ajar, walked swiftly but silently up the path, crept, on tiptoe, through the open hall door and into Miss Lathrop's room. It was dusky and cool, the breeze coming through half-closed shutters.

Miss Lathrop's bed was empty, but in a small, white-enameled crib, daintily draped with the thinnest and whitest of canopies, lay sleeping a tiny bundle of delight—a baby, rosy and warm, one pearly arm beneath the head covered with silky ringlets; long black lashes sweeping its rose-flushed, dimpled cheeks; clad all in snowy cam-

bric and finest of luxury, yet—

Her hungry, her starved lips, dimpled fingers, suffocation, but her lips; a m quickly, softly child to her loose folds of and swiftly, s to breathe, c hall, down th street, where bundle, half it, and, un hurried on a town was far come cool green her.

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"She stole "Lauretta has it, I know it! the kitchen h little, warm, s

"Yes," said

to think how completely at a loss Lathrop would be when she found her there. For she did not know how to take a train at that place, and she would take her baby a few miles and miles away, till she reached another town where there was a doctor. If necessary, she would go to the mountains; God would provide the way. The little tobacconist in her bosom would be able to get along—if she only had her baby!

On the edge of the town she bade the doctor good-bye. She wanted to visit her mother, who lived nearby, she said, and she would easily walk to the depot and get her small bundle—containing her things for the baby—under her arm and walk swiftly along. She thought out the whole plan, and she was ready to act. It was early in the morning, before dawn, to avoid the summer sun. Nurse Lathrop was getting breakfast in the kitchen and the baby would be in the cradle.

She went the way, for she had carried the baby to the house that dreaded her. Very few people were out in the morning, and now and then a delivery woman, taking orders. Nobody noticed her as she reached the house without knocking. She let in the morning light and found her bundle down the stairs. She stealthily lifted the bundle, unlocked the gate ajar, walked up the path, crept, the open hall door to the nurse's room. It was the breeze coming from the shutters.

The room was empty, but the cradle, daintiest and whitest, was there. A tiny baby, rosy and warm beneath the pink ringlets; long and its rose-flushed, all in snowy cam-

bric and finest lace, a veritable child of luxury, yet—her baby!

Her hungry eyes drank in its beauty, her starved lips yearned to touch its dimpled fingers. Her heart beat to suffocation, but no sound came from her lips; a moment she gazed, then quickly, softly gathered the sleeping child to her bosom, threw over it the loose folds of her homespun apron, and swiftly, stealthily, scarce daring to breathe, crept again through the hall, down the steps, out into the street, where she caught up the bundle, half dragging, half carrying it, and, unmolested and unseen, hurried on and on till the hateful town was far behind and the welcome cool greenwoods were all around her.

Miss Lathrop ate her early breakfast with tranquillity. She knew at what hour the baby usually awoke, and always arranged it so that her morning work should be done before it was time to attend to her nursling. As she finished her last task she thought, "The baby's late about waking; the morning's so cool she's enjoying her nap," and, with a smile on her lips, she walked softly to the empty crib and looked in.

Horror froze the scream that died in her throat. She stood benumbed with fear; but, the moment her shocked brain resumed its power to think, she instinctively realized the truth—Lauretta, and no other, had stolen her baby! She flew to the telephone and called frantically for Dr. Lorrimer. That young man, in a deep slumber after a hard night's work, was aroused with difficulty; but, when he comprehended the nurse's incoherent message, he ordered his buggy, dressed in haste and was at her door in as short a time as possible, though it seemed ages to the waiting woman.

"She stole my baby!" she wailed, "Lauretta has stolen my baby! I feel it, I know it! When I came in from the kitchen her crib was empty—my little, warm, sweet baby!"

"Yes," said the young doctor qui-

etly, "little and warm and sweet—her mother's arms must have been empty without her!" Then, speaking in his usual quick, decisive fashion: "Lauretta will surely return to the turpentine camps, though she is probably hiding somewhere now. My buggy is at the gate and I see you are ready. We will go at once."

On the road to the camps the doctor was unusually silent. The nurse, absorbed in her grief, paid little attention to anything, only urging him to make all the speed possible. It was noon when they reached their destination. The boss had just come in from the woods for dinner. He was a family man, and, as he stood by the buggy, listening to Miss Lathrop's story, a little two-year-old boy held fast to his father's finger.

"I don't reckon it'll be worth while to wait till she comes back," he said slowly, "on account of her takin' the train this morning for her old home, som'er's in the mountains up in No'th Ca'lina. Jethro bein' dead and buried and her havin' no relations here, 'cept her child"—his hand wandered caressingly over the curly locks of his own—"and it belongin' to you, in a manner, I advised her to go back to her own folks and sent her to town 'fore day this morning in my buggy; you'd overtook old Jake comin' back if he hadn't stopped to visit among his friends. So, on the whole, ma'am, I don't know as waitin' 'll do any good. I know it's pretty hard on you, but Lord, it ain't a circumstance to what that pore creature suffered without her baby! I'd stop at the shanty sometimes for a gourd o' water, and the despairin' look in her face fair made me sick. I believe Jethro give up and died jest because he couldn't stand seein' it. When I named goin' back to the mountains to her and seen the light and color o' life come back to her face that quick, I 'lowed it was on account of her folks; but now I know what it meant. Well, she's off safe, and I don't mind telling you, ma'am, I'm—mighty glad—of it!" He looked squarely and rather defiantly into the nurse's face, but she

did not see him for the mist of tears that dimmed her eyes.

"My heart is sore," she murmured brokenly; "I thought I loved the baby best, but after all—she was the mother!"

"And, being the mother," said the young doctor softly, "and very desolate, she has taken her own and has gone 'as a bird to the mountains'!"

Some miles from town Laurretta turned aside from the traveled road into the woods, where she sat, with her head back against a great pine, and rested, panting with fatigue and fear. At last the child awoke. She stared into Laurretta's face with a puzzled frown, as if trying to recall a memory. "Mam, mam?" inquired the baby. "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!" cooed the mother, and the baby graciously smiled, poking a fat finger into the loving eyes above her. Laurretta seized the little hand, covering it with kisses; the baby stretched her dimpled limbs and sat up, pulling her mother's face down with investigating hands. "Honey, if mammy warn't 'fraid she'd skeer her child she'd hug you, oh, so hard! till the breath was most out'n yo' little body! But mammy ain't gwine to skeer her honey babe, no she ain't. Now let mammy put its coat on, and she'll hunt sump'n to eat fer baby."

She spread her apron on the ground and set the child upon it. Then she unrolled the bundle, taking out a package of crackers and a can of condensed milk; a little bonnet and a frock of checked gingham, belonging to the baby in the old days. Poor Laurretta knew little enough about cutting and sewing, but fortunately the garments, being much too large when they were made, were not too small for the baby now.

The baby dressed, she opened the can of milk with a small knife, and poured some into a tin cup. The trickle of a tiny branch told of water close by. Carrying the baby, she soon found the stream and filled her cup, then going back to her bundle, she

crumbled crackers in the milk, stirring the mixture till it was soft and pulpy, and fed the baby. The little one thoroughly enjoyed her breakfast, eating eagerly at first, then, when hunger was appeased, stopping occasionally to poke a fat finger into the puzzling face, so strange yet so familiar, or to say "Mam, mam?" with a note of interrogation, smiling at the rapturous reply: "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!"

All this was bliss to Laurretta's soul, but bliss mingled with fear. She must get on; it was a long, long way to the mountains—to the dear cabin where her own mother would welcome her, and help her to care for the baby; the young brothers and sisters would delight to tend her, and in the sweet mountain air she would never be sick again. Oh, the Lord would surely be good to her and let her get home!

Poor Jethro, lying in his grave beneath the pines, was but a memory. Laurretta's love and heart and soul belonged to the baby; her suffering at its loss had been intense; her joy at its recovery was so great that it drowned all recollection of trouble.

But she must be wary, for even now the nurse would be searching for the baby. Laurretta had a vague idea that, if she were found, penitentiary for life would perhaps be the punishment for her crime. This poor child of the mountains was very ignorant. She could not even read or write, and kidnapping her own baby seemed to her a terrible crime, meriting a terrible punishment. If she were found—but Laurretta determined that she would not be found. Far off in the mountains—so high and so lonely—even the powerful Miss Lathrop could not find her.

Hope bearing up her tired feet, the child in her arms, the bundle on her back, she trudged on her way. The baby and mother held sweet converse, with broken words and babblings and gurgles of happy laughter. At last the baby grew sleepy, her head bobbed unsteadily on the little neck; she nestled against her mother's shoulder and slept.

The road was met no traveler close to a branch of water, and fed the bread and began to feel fatigued. The passed cabins, and children came out to the inevitable yawn. He lifted his head from the dreary defiance of none of these, till he was compelled her to turn. At dusk she came from the road. The door showed a view of her evening meal to the gate of the "cracker" tery, called "I" voice.

A boy of fifteen had invited her. He was a man, who had only other occurrences. He was placing a sight of the coffee and fried bacon. Laurretta hunger. "I'm formed the way in the turpentine. The baby air grows tains. I'd be if it won't put you."

"You're a woman of the baby's sleep. The baby's sleep set up and eat did with alacrity food with such a little entertainment mild wonder.

After supper his books and was her only and, the teacher's shoulders above age at school.

"You kin read, Laurretta, with mought tell me way to the mountain. "What mountain? "they's such a layas and the

The road was lonely, and Laurretta met no travelers. At noon she rested close to a branch where she could get water, and fed the baby, eating a little of the bread and milk herself, for she began to feel faint from hunger. She passed cabins, where tow-headed children came out to stare after her, and the inevitable yellow dog in the yard lifted his head from the dust to bark a dreary defiance; but she stopped at none of these, till advancing night compelled her to think of the baby. At dusk she came to a cabin, set far back from the road. The light from its open door showed a woman busily preparing her evening meal. Laurretta went up to the gate of this dwelling, and after the "cracker" fashion, instead of entering, called "Hello!" in rather a shaky voice.

A boy of fifteen came out and politely invited her to enter. The woman, who had a pleasant face, was the only other occupant of the room. She was placing supper on the table. At sight of the coffee, hot biscuits and fried bacon Laurretta grew bold with hunger. "I'm a-travelin'," she informed the woman. "My man died in the turpentine camps, and me and the baby air gwine back to the mountains. I'd be glad to stay all night, if it won't put ye out any."

"You're welcome," replied the woman of the house simply. "I see the baby's 'sleep; lay it on my bed, and set up and eat a bite." This Laurretta did with alacrity, devouring the hot food with such eagerness that her polite entertainers exchanged glances of mild wonder.

After supper the boy brought forth his books and began to study. He was her only child, his mother said, and, the teacher told her, head and shoulders above the other boys of his age at school.

"You kin read and write?" queried Laurretta, with awe; "then maybe you mought tell me how to find the nighest way to the mountains?"

"What mountains?" said the boy; "they's such a heap of 'em—the Hima-layas and the Rocky Mountains, and

the Alps and the Andes, and Mount Everest, and the highest mountain in the world, in Alaska, and heaps of others."

His mother regarded her son with looks of pride, and Laurretta thought he must know almost as much as the doctor and Miss Lathrop.

"I've hearn 'em call our mountains the Blue Ridge," she said timidly. "We-uns come from North Ca'lina."

"North Ca'lina is a far ways," said the boy; "you ain't aimin' to walk it?"

"No, I'm aimin' to take the cyars some place. I got money 'nough for a ticket if I knowed where to get it."

"What's the name of the place you live at in North Ca'lina?" asked the boy.

"We-uns lives in the mountains, but pap hauls apples and taters to Ashby twelve miles from home; if I git to Ashby I kin walk the balance of the way."

"Oh," said the boy, "all you got to do is to keep on till you get to Clayville—it's fifteen miles from here, and tell the ticket agent you want to go to Ashby, N. C. He'll tell you how to get there, all right."

"I'm more'n obliged to you," said Laurretta gratefully; "it's fine to know how to read and write. I donno as I'd ever got home if you hadn't told me how."

The next morning, after breakfast was eaten and the baby fed and bathed—her hospital experience had taught her the necessity of cleanliness—Laurretta started forth on her journey to Clayville. Her kind hostess had given her a package of food, and at noon she rested by the roadside and ate, and fed the baby. A short hour of rest, then on again, for Clayville must be reached and the ticket for home secured. Walking was easier, for the road was now clay instead of sand. The country was more cultivated, too. She passed well-kept farms and comfortable dwellings. People in buggies and wagons passed her on the road. A kind-looking farmer, going to town with a load of "truck," offered her a ride, helping her and the baby up

to the seat beside him. It was very pleasant to ride, even on a jolting wagon. Lauretta rested, and the baby stared and babbled as she watched the horses.

"Mighty purty baby," said the man admiringly. Lauretta glowed. "Boy or gal?"

"Gal," said Lauretta. "Her pappy's dead, and me'n her air gwine up to the mountains—to my mammy."

"I 'low you aim to take the train at Clayville?" said the farmer.

"Yes, sir. Do you know when the train starts for Ashby, N. C.?"

"They's a train north leaves 'bout dark. I'll take ye to the depot and buy your ticket fer ye; 'tain't much, but it'll be helpin' ye along a little grain."

"Thanky, sir," replied Lauretta simply.

Arriving at the station, she took the tobacco bag from her bosom, and gave the money to the stranger with perfect faith—faith in no wise misplaced, for after making minute inquiry concerning the route and buying the ticket, the farmer slipped two silver dollars of his own money in the bag, that she might have plenty for other needs. Then, finding the conductor of the outgoing train, he explained that Lauretta was a widow, all alone save for the baby, that she wished to go to Ashby, N. C., and that the conductor must take special care of her, which he faithfully did.

Seated in the car, with the train going at full speed, Lauretta drew a breath of deep, exulting relief. Her baby was safe! The nurse and the law could never reach her in the mountains.

The long night in the uncomfortable day coach was over at last, and the conductor had seen Lauretta and her baby safely on the next train—the

train that was to bear her straight to Ashby. She would arrive about noon, the conductor said.

When at last the train drew into station how beautiful seemed the familiar scenes to Lauretta's eyes. The way was plain now, she was most home! A psalm of thanksgiving was singing in her heart as she set foot on her native soil.

She bought a bag of cakes for the baby from the station lunch counter, pinned a shawl tightly over the little one's head—the mountain air was chilly—and set bravely forth on the weary stretch of road that lay between the station and her father's house.

A mountaineer coming home from Ashby overtook her before she had walked many miles, and gave her a ride in his cart as his road lay near her home. When the slow-moving oxen stopped at the driver's "turning-off place," it was quite dark. There was only a short distance to walk. Lauretta hugged the baby to her bosom. "Oh, precious," she whispered rapturously, "we're here! We've done got home!"

Up the steep path she climbed, joy speeding her feet. The cabin door was closed to the chilly night, but she could hear the beloved voices within. The yard dog rose with a growl as she entered the gate—a growl which was quickly changed to a yelp of joy as she called to him softly. Creeping to the uncurtained window she looked in. Her father sat before the blazing log fire, polishing a powder horn with a piece of broken glass; the children were roasting apples and sweet potatoes in the fire; in the chimney corner the mother stood beside her wheel, spinning the coarse yarn. And as she spun she softly sang one of the old songs—the songs from over-sea.

Earth had no higher joy to offer Lauretta. She opened the door and stood upon the threshold of her home!

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Danger from Republican Radicals

BY THOMAS H. TIBBLES

THE question that confronts the people of the United States at the present time is this: Shall all the increase of wealth that comes from constantly extending science, education and invention be, by the granting of special privileges, concentrated in the hands of a few, or shall it be equitably distributed among the whole population?

The province of government was, until the middle of the last century, considered to be the keeping of order and protecting life and property. About that time a few thinkers began to assert that government had other duties than acting as a policeman with a club, who stood by only to see that no one did outright stealing or maimed or murdered while engaged in the contest to accumulate wealth. The old idea is still prevalent, though the better class of thinkers begin to demand that the government shall be something more than a policeman. It should see to it that all men have an opportunity to obtain the necessities of life. It should see to it that no special privilege should be granted to anyone. It should see to it that all men be equal before the law and that all have an equal share in the benefits bestowed by government.

If government were conducted in that manner there would be no fortunes so great as to be a danger to the Republic, and no compulsory poverty.

This new idea of the purpose and power of government is spreading among the peoples of the whole civilized world. In the countries of continental Europe it finds expression in what is called the "social demo-

cratic" movement. That movement is not Marxian socialism, such as we have in this country under the name of socialism. A writer, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, accurately describes it as follows: "The great wave of socialism which has swept over Germany is really only a wave of liberalism." The same thing is true of France. The most backward country in regard to this movement is England, but it is gaining headway even there.

In the United States it has taken on the character of a psychological wave sweeping over the whole country. The danger here is that the revolt from special privileges will go to the other extreme, endangering the foundations of society. The extent of this revolt can be seen in the acts of several Republican legislatures, and especially in those of the Legislature of Kansas, where an attempt has been made to fix the price at which a man shall sell his goods. That is the overthrow of one of the primary rights of man. Any man has a right, whether he is a farmer producing wheat or the head of a corporation producing oil, to sell his product at any price he pleases, to give it away if he so wishes, or sell it at half what it cost to produce it. He can sell it to one man and give it to another. That is a primary right that cannot be overthrown without destroying society. That sort of legislation is a great deal more dangerous and radical than what writers in defense of Plutocracy and special privileges have been in the habit of calling "wild-eyed, long-haired lunacy."

There is one thing that will go a

long way toward excusing the acts of Republican leaders in Kansas, Illinois and some other States. They have been deprived of hearing or reading any discussion of sociology or economics for the last twelve years. The party to which they belong would not enter into joint discussions on the public hustings, and nearly the whole of the press of the United States has refused to print any article discussing the danger of the accumulation of all wealth in few hands or opposing the granting of special privileges. That leaves these leaders confronting this great social evolution without any knowledge on the subjects that force themselves upon society for solution. The great sale of a few magazines that have permitted such discussion in their pages shows that the closing of the press to reform articles was not because the people would not purchase such papers and magazines, but because there was gold to be got by suppressing them.

Notwithstanding all efforts to suppress the movement for a widening of the powers of government, for the using of its force and power to advance the human race, bringing gladness to the hearts of all the people, enabling them through the development of the mind to enjoy the delights of the intellectual world and to lay up treasures that the cycles of time cannot corrode, it moves on with ever-increasing force. The effort now required is not so much to spread these doctrines as to keep the men advocating changes from attempts to accomplish the impossible.

Paternalism in government has been a curse resting upon mankind from the dawn of history, and today it is as great a curse as ever. No government, city, State or national, should undertake to direct the private affairs of any man. Man should be left free to work out his own salvation in this world as well as for the world to come. Government can be so extended as to insure to each man that he shall have an equal opportunity—that is, that no other man shall be

granted a privilege that he also not enjoy.

How shall this be done? Shall it be attempted through collective and the conscious supply of all human wants by some central authority? Shall there be a bureau that shall years in advance, order our coffee from Brazil and Java, our tea from India, Japan and China? Shall the same authority order our chemical supplies from Germany, gloves and corsets from France and employ the proper number of persons to raise our wheat, corn, pork, beef, parsley and lettuce? The management of the mightiest trust in existence would be a child's play to an undertaking of that sort. Where could the executive ability be found? Would not chaos be the result, if it were attempted? There is not any relief along the plan of Marxian socialism. That road leads to immediate destruction.

The result of the present system has been that while we inhabit a continent with coal and iron everywhere in juxtaposition and almost on the surface of the earth; where, when a little distance inland, we come upon a soil as rich as that of the Nile, and find in our mountains gold, silver, copper and every commercial mineral, millions obtain only enough of wealth to maintain life and perpetuate their species, while billions of dollars are wasted in degenerating amusements and the support of hordes of men and women as attendants on the dangerously rich, throwing away their lives in menial personal services, adding to the class that consume and do not produce.

Where, then, can a practical line of reform be found? The first and all-important thing is to stop special privileges. The government should never delegate to any individual or corporation any of its powers. Any business that requires governmental powers to carry it on should be owned and operated by the government. Collective ownership should extend to all those things where competition is impossible, and stop right there. There is no possibility of competition in the

DA
railroad business. transferred from private parties by a part of the government in the right of eminent domain. telegraph companies of the power of telegraphed to them be on their business. nies operating water lines, telephones plants. There is dividing those things publicly owned from be privately owned. eyes can fail to see. titution is impossible. should begin; and begins, public ownership.

It requires a government for a man to attain ship of railroads. it would centralize bringing the management their employees. man of intelligent railroad management politics to such Federal Government. most every State their power.

The prosperity of a country is solely dependent upon the distribution of its wealth. Any country that has every dollar or unit of every other dollar in the hands of a few privileges of the rich to someone. In have nine or ten no two of the kind. When we have deemable in some "other dollar" than the two. That, in ing to establish by kinds of money, the wanted money of one dollar was a dollar, is evidence secretly trying to lege or advantage.

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railroad business. It is a monopoly, transferred from the government to private parties by delegating to them a part of the government sovereignty in the right of eminent domain. The telegraph companies must get a portion of the power of the government delegated to them before they can carry on their business. So must companies operating water-works, street-car lines, telephones and electric lighting plants. There is a line so distinct dividing those things that should be publicly owned from those that should be privately owned that no one with eyes can fail to see it. Where competition is impossible, public ownership should begin; and where competition begins, public ownership should end.

It requires a good deal of assurance for a man to attack the public ownership of railroads on the ground that it would centralize government by bringing the managers of railroads and their employees into politics. Every man of intelligence knows that the railroad managers are already in politics to such an extent that the Federal Government and that of almost every State is completely in their power.

The prosperity of a country is absolutely dependent upon its money. Any country that has a money where every dollar or unit is not as good as every other dollar, is granting special privileges of the most vital importance to someone. In the United States we have nine or ten kinds of money and no two of the kinds are equally good. When we have a dollar that is redeemable in some other dollar, the "other dollar" must be the better of the two. That, while men were working to establish by law so many different kinds of money, they claimed that they wanted money of such a nature that one dollar was as good as every other dollar, is evidence that they were secretly trying to get a special privilege or advantage of some kind.

Every economic evil of which the people of the United States complain comes from the destruction of competition. The trust is based on the de-

struction of competition. It destroys competition by the control of railroads and by the tariff. It was by the manipulation of rates that the Beef Trust was established. It was by that means that the Standard Oil ruined all its competitors. Thousands of men, honest, upright men, have been driven out of business and into the ranks of wage-earners by secret rates and rebates. These and other trusts have been given special privileges through the tariff. The Steel Trust sells its rails and structural steel eight and ten dollars a ton less to foreigners than it sells the same goods to Americans. It sells armor plate to Russia \$100 a ton less than it will sell the same grade to the United States Government. The patient people—more patient than the ox—quietly submit to all this, and until lately scarcely protested. Every man who has traveled in Europe knows that American hardware and agricultural machinery is transported over the sea and sold to foreigners for just about one-half what an American can buy it for at home.

The government ownership of railroads and a remodeling of the tariff would put an end to these things.

There is a demand coming from every part of the United States, from members of every political party, from philanthropic societies, from schools and colleges, from the workshop and farm, from all except the privileged few, that the government shall be so extended that the masses of the people shall be protected from extortion. In this universal demand and the vehemence with which it is made there lies danger. The great surging masses may swing in the wrong direction and bring greater evils upon themselves than those which now afflict them. That danger comes from the capture of the whole press of the country by the capitalistic interests, so that the people have had no chance to educate themselves upon these great questions. If the daily press and the magazines of the country had for the last twelve years welcomed to their columns articles giving every side of the con-

of their clergyman, as assistant to the head of a small branch library in Boston. The pay was small, as befitted unskilled labor, but it was better than nothing.

Mrs. Wheeler felt the disgrace keenly. "I can only hope that the Peabodys will not hear of it," she said. "Still, if you will always remember that you are a Wheeler and hold yourself aloof from all objectionable people you are forced to encounter, the experience may not hurt. Besides, anything connected with books might be classed as literary work, and is not so bad as it might be."

The librarian under whose direction Elizabeth was set to work was a girl hardly older than Elizabeth herself, Miss Anna O'Keefe by name. At a glance Elizabeth knew that Miss O'Keefe was one of the objectionable persons against whom her mother had warned her. Still, she thought Miss O'Keefe was rather attractive, in her way, which it need scarcely be said was not the Wheeler way. Miss O'Keefe's pompadour was a trifle too high, and she displayed rather too many bangles and bracelets, but her tailored shirt waist and walking-skirt were simple and perfect fitting, and set off to advantage a round and well-proportioned figure. Her features were, perhaps, somewhat coarse, but there was a genial turn to the corners of her mouth and a merry twinkle in her blue Irish eyes to disarm the hypercritical. She was disposed to be kind to Elizabeth as evidently hailing from the country and not being used to things.

Mrs. Wheeler was very much surprised and a trifle chagrined at the readiness with which Elizabeth entered into her new employment. Miss O'Keefe found her rather slow at first, but painstaking and conscientious in all she did. There were three centuries of Puritan ancestry behind her. The work Elizabeth liked best, however, was exchanging books for the people who frequented the library. They were such a varied lot, including all sorts and conditions of men, women

and children. Elizabeth at first used to wonder in her heart how these patrons would feel if it should suddenly be brought to their knowledge that a Wheeler, one of the Wheelers of Massachusetts, was serving them. Strange to say, Miss O'Keefe, though apparently an unusually intelligent girl, seemed unaware of the very existence of such a family. However, as Miss O'Keefe, relatively speaking, was new to this country, perhaps her ignorance was more or less excusable.

One September day, after Elizabeth had been working in the library for several weeks, a young man, tall, dark and strikingly handsome, in the early thirties, came in to exchange a book. That he was no stranger there was evident from the friendly way he smiled at Miss O'Keefe. Elizabeth tried not to stare at him, but his face was elusively familiar. In turn it seemed that he was gazing at Elizabeth with a much puzzled expression. After he had gone Elizabeth was so far interested as to inquire his name of Miss O'Keefe.

"That's Professor Duclos, of Harvard," replied the librarian cheerfully, resting her elbows on the counter. "Isn't he grand?"

Elizabeth feeling not prepared to say, ignored the question by asking another. "Do you know anything about him?"

Miss O'Keefe shook her head. "Nothing, except that he teaches French in the University, and they say he is awfully popular and terribly smart."

A day or two later Professor Duclos appeared again. As Miss O'Keefe was occupied with another patron, Elizabeth busied herself in exchanging his book. Meanwhile he eyed her so keenly, although politely, that Elizabeth felt relieved when he slipped the book into his pocket and started on his way out. He had reached the door, when he hesitated and turned back to the counter.

"I beg your pardon," he said, approaching Elizabeth, "but aren't you Miss Wheeler — Miss Elizabeth

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Elizabeth assented. To professor ex- grasped hers

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Wheeler, granddaughter of Bishop Wheeler?"

Elizabeth, with dignity, nodded her assent. To her surprise, the young professor extended his hand and grasped hers warmly.

"I knew I couldn't be mistaken," he said. "My name is Pierre Duclos. I don't suppose that you remember me, for you were only a little girl when I left home. Your grandfather was very kind to me, and I can never be grateful enough to his memory."

Elizabeth's look of inquiry brought an explanation. "Bishop Wheeler gave me my start in life—lent me books and used his influence in getting me a scholarship to put me through college. I'm teaching in the University now," he added simply.

Elizabeth smiled at the young man who was a protégé of her revered grandfather's. "I'm afraid I don't remember very well," she confessed. "But I'll tell mother—she probably will. I know she will be so pleased to hear of someone who remembers my grandfather."

As Elizabeth's duties called her away just then, Professor Duclos took his departure with a pleasant "Good morning."

Miss O'Keefe was plainly consumed with curiosity. "You're the sly one," she remarked reproachfully at the first opportunity. "Why didn't you let on that you and the professor were old friends?"

Elizabeth felt pleased in spite of herself, and held her head a little higher. "Why," she said, "we aren't old friends at all. It is only that my grandfather, Bishop Wheeler, of Massachusetts, knew Mr. Duclos as a boy." She picked up her pen and set to work again as if nothing had happened, although she was conscious of a very decided feeling of elation at having awakened Miss O'Keefe's interest and even a slight feeling of pique, it must be confessed. She could hardly wait to get home to interrogate her mother as to the professor's identity and antecedents. But from that source

her illusions were quickly and rudely shattered.

"Pierre Duclos?" exclaimed her mother. "You don't mean to tell me that he was bold enough to introduce himself to you?"

"Why not?" said Elizabeth, on the defensive, she knew not why. "He knew grandfather."

Mrs. Wheeler snorted contemptuously. "You evidently don't recall just who and what the Ducloses were," she said. "They were part of that French Canadian tribe that had a settlement down at the Corners. There were only the son and the mother—the mother worked in the box factory, along with the rest of them, but she would have nothing but that that great long-legged son of hers must have an education. Your grandfather, very foolishly, I must say, encouraged her in it."

"Why foolishly?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Why?" repeated her mother impatiently. "With his mother working in the box factory, it would have seemed natural and proper for the boy to settle down and learn a trade. But Mrs. Duclos seemed to think that she and her son were above the rest of the Canadians."

Elizabeth meditated for a moment. "Perhaps," she suggested, "they may not always have been poor as we remember them. Perhaps they had lost all their money and had to go to live in a strange place where nobody knew them—just like us."

Her mother gazed at her, very much displeased. "Don't confuse the Wheelers with these low-down French Canadians, I beg of you."

Elizabeth persisted. "Professor Duclos seems a gentleman."

Her mother shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he always was a smooth-spoken lad. But mark my words, in the long run, blood will tell," she said. "The less you have to say to the young man in future, the better. He is probably trying to cultivate your acquaintance because he has heard you are a cousin of the Peabodys."

Somehow Elizabeth did not quite believe that, but she had never been accustomed to dispute her mother's word, so she let the matter pass. She wondered if it were wrong for her to hope that the professor would visit the library again very soon.

And come again he did, the very next day. This time he greeted Elizabeth by name, and asked her advice as to the choice of a book. He confided to her that he was following out a systematic course of reading on the development of the English novel. "You see," he explained, "I was forced to devote most of my time in college to French reading, as I was preparing to teach in that department, so now I'm trying to make up for my ignorance of English literature."

To Elizabeth's surprise and delight she found that the desultory reading in her childhood had left her with considerable knowledge of the subject, so that she was able to suggest and advise him as to what was best worth while. As time went on, little by little, his reading was more and more under her guidance. To be better prepared to help her pupil she herself took books home with her at night and pored conscientiously over their pages. The visits of the professor to the library became more and more frequent and of longer duration. Elizabeth somehow was unable to bring herself to tell her mother of this fact. It was the first time she had ever concealed anything from her in her life. She could not see that she was doing any real harm by talking books with Professor Duclos, but nevertheless she was fully conscious that her mother would seriously object to these delightful conferences with one of such evident social inferiority.

As to what the Peabodys would think Elizabeth did not care. Constance, obeying the wishes of her father, had called at the boarding-house one afternoon, but had never been heard from again. As a matter of fact, she had taken a decided dislike to her "Cousin Flora," with her ever effusive cordiality and oft-repeated

regrets that Elizabeth had happened to be out. Miss Peabody thought herself that if Elizabeth were any thing like the mother—and it was not unfair to imagine she might be—she would hardly prove congenial, in spite of the relationship, which, after all, was really not close enough to matter. She meant to do everything that was cousinly and proper, and invite Elizabeth to Sunday night tea some time, when no other guests were to be there. Meantime, her days were filled to overflowing with the hosts of friends she had already, and the Wheelers were completely lost sight of.

From constant association day after day, Elizabeth found that she was actually growing attached to Miss O'Keefe. She had gradually come to suspect that ancestors did not necessarily supply one with a pretty figure and the ability to appear always well-dressed. Her mother caught her one night trying to arrange her thin, pale hair in an imitation of Miss O'Keefe's fluffy locks. Of course she was not to be classed with Miss O'Keefe, but she found herself envying Miss O'Keefe's good time. Miss O'Keefe was always coming in late and telling what a glorious time she had had the night before at the Knights of Columbus ball, and how the Grand Commander himself had said she was the most graceful dancer on the floor. Elizabeth did not exactly want to go to the Knights of Columbus balls, but she would have liked to go somewhere and have a good time. Previously to meeting Miss O'Keefe she had never thought very much about her looks—she had taken them very much for granted. She knew that her mother took great satisfaction in the fact that her daughter's nose was just like that of great-grandfather's, who had been Governor of his State, and her chin bore a striking resemblance to that of her grandaunt Matilda, whose life, spent in single blessedness, had been full of good deeds, according to the inscription on her tombstone in the village churchyard. Elizabeth as a child had taken an unreasoning and

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Elizabeth had happened. Peabody thought that Elizabeth were another—and it was not as if she might be—she was congenial, in spite of her p, which, after all, was enough to matter everything that was in her, and invite Elizabeth to tea some time, and she were to be there. The guests were filled to overflowing with the friends she had known at the Wheelers were out of.

association day after day and that she was attached to Miss O'Keefe. She gradually came to know the others did not need a pretty figure to appear always well, and she caught her one glance her thin, pale face of Miss O'Keefe's. Of course she was not as O'Keefe, but she was like Miss O'Keefe's. Elizabeth was always telling what a good girl she had the night of Columbus and Commander. She was the most beautiful on the floor. Elizabeth wanted to go to the balls, but she was somewhere and. Previously to this she had never thought of her looks—very much for what her mother said in the fact that she was just like her's, who had been in the State, and her resemblance to Matilda, whose goodness, had been, according to the tombstone in Elizabeth as reasoning and

totally unwarranted prejudice against Aunt Matilda, whose portrait had hung in the gloomy parlor, with all the others in the family portrait gallery. Elizabeth had been taught to view these with the utmost veneration—they had been *Wheelers*, either by birth or by marriage, and that fact was sufficient reason why one should lower one's voice in an awed hush when one entered the august presence of their likenesses.

Miss O'Keefe spent much spare time in trying to make out why Professor Duclos evidently preferred Miss Wheeler to herself. She was not conceited, but she was sure that the average young man would not look at Elizabeth twice. Moreover, she could not understand why Elizabeth, who confessed she had never known any young man or had a proposal in her life, should apparently value this very desirable young man's attention so lightly.

"Professor Duclos has been in here every afternoon this week," she said one day, watching Elizabeth closely.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, the color rising to her face, "he's very much interested in his work."

Miss O'Keefe laughed long and heartily. "You simple child!" she said. "Do you think it's books he comes for?"

Elizabeth did not know what to say; it had recently been dawning on her inexperienced heart that Professor Duclos liked and was interested in her—and 'way down deep she was *glad, glad, glad!*

"Why don't you ask him to come and see you?" inquired the other girl, who decided that as her role was unmistakably to be that of onlooker, she might as well help things along.

Elizabeth looked her amazement; a vision of what her mother would say came forcibly to her mind, but of course she could not explain that to Miss O'Keefe, the barbarian. She hung her head. "I don't know," she stammered.

Miss O'Keefe came over and slipped her arm around Elizabeth's waist, and

the daughter of the Wheelers did not resent the familiarity. "See here, girl," she began, "you'll take a bit of advice from me, won't you? Professor Duclos has taken a fancy to you that means something—I've seen too many men myself not to know the symptoms. Mind, I don't say he is in love with you yet, but he will be, if you give him half a chance. Now, you don't seem to realize what a fine thing it would be for a poor girl like yourself to marry a fine man like that." Elizabeth started involuntarily, but Miss O'Keefe went on. "It isn't many working girls that get such a chance—there isn't a society girl in Boston or Cambridge that wouldn't give her eyes to get him. I know all about him—my cousin keeps a store in Cambridge, and he says the professor is right in with all the best people. When you have a chance to marry a *thoroughbred* like that don't be a fool, but take him!"

Having had her say, Miss O'Keefe went back to her place. Presently Elizabeth, who had been doing some serious thinking, raised her head. "What is a *thoroughbred*?" she asked.

Miss O'Keefe wrinkled her brows. "A *thoroughbred*," she began slowly, "is one like Professor Duclos—who has the manners and appearance of a gentleman, with money and education to back it up."

Elizabeth hesitated, not wholly satisfied. "Wouldn't *family*—ancestors and all that—count at all?"

Miss O'Keefe, the immigrant, laughed. "We live in America and in the twentieth century," she said. "It makes no difference what you have been or what you are going to be—it's what you are today."

When Elizabeth went home that night she summed up courage to tell her mother all about her intimacy with Professor Duclos, if such it could be called. Mrs. Wheeler listened with disapproval unexpressed, until Elizabeth, at the conclusion of her confession, asked if she might not ask the professor to call. She had not underestimated her mother's prejudice, but she was not prepared for the tirade

which followed, and from the first word of her mother's reply the death-knell of Professor Duclos was sounded in Elizabeth's ears. Elizabeth's feeble protests were in vain.

"Don't quote that O'Keefe girl to me," said Mrs. Wheeler furiously. "I suppose she does think the man would be a desirable acquaintance. He is without doubt quite good enough for her—I should say they were about equal. But he is not good enough for my daughter. Understand me, Elizabeth, once for all—he never darkens this door with my consent. Also, this hobnobbing over books must cease, and at once."

Elizabeth made no reply. "Elizabeth!" persisted her mother. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes, mother."

"And you will give him up absolutely—for my sake, and for the sake of your dear father?"

Elizabeth drew a deep breath. She had never realized until that moment how the bright, agreeable young professor had grown into her life, and what the library would be when his coming would no longer be an event in her day. But the words of the commandment learned at her grandfather's knee, "Honor thy father and thy mother—" Elizabeth rose and twined her arms around her mother's neck. Mrs. Wheeler caught the girl's hand and looked eagerly into her face. "You promise me, dear?"

"Yes, mother, I promise." And Mrs. Wheeler was content.

Professor Duclos was very much surprised at the girl's sudden change of manner. Miss Wheeler was perfectly polite, but she showed no further disposition to linger and chat over the relative merits of Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen. Miss O'Keefe wondered likewise, but something in Elizabeth's manner forbade questioning. The young man grew more and more perplexed—at last, one day, he ventured to ask permission to bring her a manuscript around to her home, as he desired her criticism. Poor Elizabeth, with her promise to her mother ringing

in her ears, was adamant. "I'm sorry," she murmured, with face averted, "but mother and I are living very quietly, and do not receive callers." The professor bowed, and left the library. Elizabeth watched his retreating form until he vanished from sight, and then she returned to her cataloguing. She caught a glimpse of herself in the little mirror over Miss O'Keefe's desk. "I certainly am getting to look like Aunt Matilda," she thought.

The professor came no more. Elizabeth busied herself in her work and tried to forget him, but the routine of the library had never seemed so tiresome and the days so long. Elizabeth would have given worlds to confide in Miss O'Keefe, but she knew instinctively that the other girl could not sympathize with her course of action, founded on parental objection and pride of race. How could Miss O'Keefe understand?

Autumn turned to winter, and winter crept slowly by into spring. Elizabeth had never seen Professor Duclos since that well-remembered October day. At last, one afternoon the first week in June, she glanced up from her desk and felt her heart go thump, for there was—he—actually entering the door. There was a girl with him; she was tall and slim, and beautifully gowned. The professor nodded courteously to Elizabeth, who stood in readiness to accommodate him, and then turned to the shelves of recent fiction. His companion stood toying with a slender jeweled chain, gazing indifferently out of the window at the passers-by. He was a long time in selecting a book, it seemed to Elizabeth, and at last his blonde companion awoke to the situation and touched his arm.

"Please hurry, Pierre," she said quietly, but still audibly. "You're keeping the girl waiting."

Pierre darted a look at Elizabeth, but her expression was inscrutable as she mechanically stamped the number on his card and handed the book to him. She stood passively watching

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the two as they left the library and started down the avenue together.

"Swell-looking couple," commented Miss O'Keefe.

Elizabeth assented. "Who is she—do you know?" she asked, quite indifferently.

Miss O'Keefe shook her head. "No, but she's the same one he was out driving with last Sunday. They had a daisy little cart."

Elizabeth trudged home that night after working hours, wishing more than she had ever wished before that she had never been obliged to come to Boston, but could have spent all her days in the quiet little village where there had been no other girl to envy, no heartaches to conceal. The trees were brilliant with their early summer foliage, and the sky was blue, bright blue above her, but Elizabeth did not care. To her the streets had never seemed so narrow, the boarding-house so dingy or all the boarders so hopelessly ordinary.

After supper, as usual, Elizabeth and her mother betook themselves to their hall bedroom to pass the evening until bedtime came. Mrs. Wheeler started to read the evening paper, while Elizabeth busied herself darning stock-

ings. She seldom read any more. Presently there was a tap on the door and the maid brought a letter which the postman had actually left for them. It was in a large white envelope.

"You open it, Elizabeth," said her mother, trying to conceal her excitement. "Perhaps your Cousin Constance is going to give a ball."

Elizabeth's lip curled imperceptibly, but she tore open the letter, glanced down the page, and let the sheet fall into her lap.

"Give it to me," said her mother. "You look as if you had seen a ghost." She snatched the missive from her daughter's hands and read aloud:

"Mr. Albert Parsons Peabody requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of his daughter Constance Eliza to Mr. Pierre Eugene Duclos."

The sheet dropped from her grasp. "Elizabeth," she cried sharply. "Elizabeth! Why don't you speak?"

Her daughter, with whitened cheek and lips, managed to get to her feet. "I have nothing to say, mother," she faltered; and the door closed behind her.



The Unwilling Contributor

SMYTHE—Did you ever give a swell dinner?

BROWNE—Not directly. However, as I've been paying money into an insurance company for nearly twenty years, I guess I've helped.

THE more rest you get the more tired you become.

Effective Rate Regulation

BY W. G. JOERNS

[CONCLUSION]

[NOTE.—In the first part of Mr. Joerns's article attention was called to the total capitalization of the railroads of the country at \$13,525,000,000, or at the rate of \$65,377 per mile. Mr. Joerns also showed that the entire American railway system could be duplicated today for about \$6,300,000,000, or at the rate of \$30,000 per mile.—EDITOR.]

BUT for flagrant overcapitalization freight rates might be reduced one-fourth, or both freight and passenger rates 15 per cent., and there would still remain to be distributed on the 56.06 per cent. of live capital stock before referred to a dividend of approximately 9 per cent. This would mean a yearly saving to the American people of over \$280,000,000. If the Government were to acquire the roads at their actual value and pay for them in bonds bearing the current rate of 2 per cent., it could, on the basis of 1903, reduce the freight rates another 15 per cent., or freight and passenger rates another 10 per cent., or it could maintain the general reduction first referred to and, emulating German thrift, lay by enough each year to sinking fund account to discharge its entire railroad indebtedness in practically twenty-five years. This would certainly be a stupendous result; but it is as nothing to the stupendous folly of the American people in having allowed themselves and the country's natural resources to be plundered *ad libitum* in the past or to continue to sit idly by while this process of unwarranted exploitation is attempted to be perpetuated.

In 1899 the average per ton mile was .73 cent. The next year this was raised to .75 cent. The following two years it was .76 cent, and in 1903 it was again raised .2 cent to .78 cent. It has been estimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission and so reported to Congress that the additional per ton mile charge in 1903 over 1899 involved an increase, in round numbers,

of \$155,000,000. It is claimed by the railroads that this raise in rates was justified by the greater operating expense. A sufficient answer to the railroad contention is that the net income of the roads increased steadily from \$605,000,000 in 1899 to \$849,000,000 in 1903, and that the total increased net earnings for the four years amounted to about \$660,000,000.

Notwithstanding the concessions on certain export and through traffic, as referred to by President Spencer, it is a matter of common knowledge that since 1899, and particularly in 1902-03, repeated and important advances in freight rates were attempted and made. In numerous cases the end in view, the advance in rates, was obtained by the more subtle process of a change in classification. These advances aroused widespread protest and indignation, and in some cases active opposition; but, in the main, they were rigorously maintained. As an example of such arbitrary and inequitable action on the part of the railroads, the reclassification of hay may be mentioned. For ten or twelve years without substantial interruption hay had been shipped as sixth class. Arbitrarily and without warning the classification was, on January 21, 1900, changed by the Classification Committee of the railroads from sixth to fifth class. This involved an increase in freight rates on hay of from \$1 to \$2.60 per ton, according to distance and location. Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska produce well upon half of the hay crop of the nation, and the raise in rates was sufficient to seri-

ously cripple the those States. T ciation took up t ducing interest. postulations ren ever, and were roads "almost w nally it brough attention of the Commission, and due investigation railroads and o tablish the of railroads conten order of the Co sought the aid the order it was verse ruling on ing a change equivalent to f this, under the Court in the M beyond its pow now stands. John B. Daish land, represent Association, be in 1902.) There could illustration of t as now in force necessity of it very lines that falsely decried as dangerous a comparatively such instances state Commere cases the publ den, with ind in silence. T rule, can ill af el against th interest and i suffers injusti without limit, happens to l powerful asse back until goa ation. Even he is for the failure. The knowledge ar there is such all proportion

ously cripple the export business from those States. The National Hay Association took up the matter for the producing interest. Its protests and expostulations remained in vain, however, and were received by the railroads "almost with indifference." Finally it brought the matter to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Commission, after due investigation, decided against the railroads and ordered them to re-establish the old classification. The railroads contemptuously ignored the order of the Commission, and when it sought the aid of the Court to enforce the order it was met by the Court's adverse ruling on the ground that ordering a change in classification was equivalent to fixing a rate, and that this, under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Maximum Rate Case, was beyond its power under the law as it now stands. (See testimony of Mr. John B. Daish and Mr. Charles England, representing the National Hay Association, before House Committee in 1902.)

There could not be a more patent illustration of the weakness of the law, as now in force, and of the imperative necessity of its amendment along the very lines that are being selfishly and falsely decried by the railroad interests as dangerous and revolutionary. True, comparatively speaking, not many of such instances have reached the Interstate Commerce Commission. In most cases the public bears the unjust burden, with indignation, it may be, but in silence. The ordinary shipper, as a rule, can ill afford to take up the cudgel against the all-powerful railroad interest and invite its retaliation. He suffers injustice and extortion almost without limit, and, unless perhaps he happens to be backed up by some powerful association, does not strike back until goaded practically to desperation. Even then, under existing laws, he is for the most part foredoomed to failure. These are matters of common knowledge and serve to explain why there is such intensity of feeling out of all proportion to the cases actually

brought to the notice of the Commission.

In this connection the following extract from a report just made by the Interstate Commerce Committee to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce will prove of interest, viz.:

The number of informal complaints between January 1, 1900, and March 1, 1905, relating to excessive or exorbitant rates, settled by the Commission, is 139. The number of cases involving excessive or unreasonable rates taken to the courts is 15. In 3 the ruling of the Commission was sustained, and in 12 the orders were not enforced because it was held the Commission *lacked authority to make them*.

In St. Louis County, Minn., there are the greatest iron deposits in the world. These are reached by two Steel Trust roads and a branch of Mr. Hill's Great Northern system. Last year there were shipped over these three roads about 15,000,000 tons of ore. This year the shipments may reach 20,000,000 tons. It has been reliably claimed that the freight charge on the ore thus transported was excessive by not less than fifty cents per ton, though the average haul is probably not over 100 miles. If this is true, the public, in this single instance, has been exploited to the extent of from seven to ten million dollars a year. But this overcharge, in itself, is in reality the least of the burden. The high freight rate, which, in the case of the two Steel Trust roads at least, went into the pockets of the Trust or its predecessors, was one of the most potent agencies by which one by one the independent mine owners were forced to the wall and the greatest single monopoly the world has so far seen has grown, fattened and become permanently entrenched.

Professor Frank Parsons stated before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in 1900 that there were roads in New England on which the local tariffs were even then as high as the stage-coach rates before the days of railroading. No doubt President Tuttle can find such on his system, for it is one of the best dividend-payers in the United States, is generously

capitalized to the limit and its stock, which even as far back as 1901 was rated to its own stockholders at 190, is so closely held that it does not enter into the ordinary Stock Exchange operations of the country.

Judge S. H. Cowan, representing the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas and other Western cattle raisers' associations, made a strong presentation before the House Committee on the unreasonableness *per se* of railroad freight charges in cases where competition has been practically eliminated. I quote briefly from his statement on "Advances in Rates" as follows:

It is a fact that the rates from most points in Texas have been advanced since 1898 an average of \$17.50 to \$20.00 per car, and they are today higher than they have been at any time since rates were filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is also a fact that during the time these rates have been advanced the quality and value of the service have deteriorated. It takes a longer time to reach the markets or any other destination, with a consequent material loss to the shipper, and this has occasioned general complaint. These advances have likewise applied to the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, and from most points in Eastern Colorado, Western Nebraska and Western Kansas, parts of Wyoming and South Dakota, though the advances in the rates have not been as great from all points in such States as in the State of Texas.

I believe that it is safe to say that the rates of freight based on the present tonnage cost the live-stock shippers of the States named \$3,000,000 per annum more today than would the rates of freight in effect in the year 1898, and the average rates collected for the period of ten years next preceding 1898.

Not only have the live-stock rates been advanced, but in March, 1903, an advance of from 7 to 20 per cent. was made on practically all goods and commodities, with a few exceptions, from points on the Mississippi River and east thereof to the State of Texas.

Mr. L. A. Dean, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the North Georgia Fruit Growers, in the April number of *Freight*, makes a graphic presentation of the overcharge in transportation rates to which the peach growers in question have been subjected as the result of which, to use his own language, "Out of this magnificent crop (some 2,800 cars) the

growers as a class realized no profit; many made a loss." He figures the transportation charges per car of 20,000 pounds minimum weight from Rome, the centre of the North Georgia peach industry, to New York, a distance of 885 miles, as follows:

Freight rate at 81 cents per hundred	\$162 00
Refrigerator car charges.....	67 50

"Deduct proper icing".....	\$229 50
	35 00

Net charge.....	\$194 50
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or \$18.95 per ton, which would equal 2.14 cents per ton mile or 3.24 times the general average per ton for the entire country.

Mr. Dean's allowance for icing was more than liberal. A fair and ample reimbursement for icing would probably be less than half the amount allowed by him. Yet notwithstanding the extortionate charge of \$67.50 for refrigerator car service, Mr. Dean complains that the refrigerator service was "bad," that large quantities of peaches spoiled *en route*, that in many places cars could not be had for loading, and that claims for damages were lustily resisted by the railroads.

The foregoing showing of Mr. Dean is respectfully commended to the attention of President Spencer, of the Southern Railway, who is one of the persuasive gentlemen who claim that "unreasonable rates *per se* have practically disappeared."

In a recent hearing at Chanute, Kan., in a suit against the Santa Fé road, it was developed that the railroads were guilty of the rankest discrimination against the independent producers and in favor of the Standard interests, and that the railroads belonging to the Trans-Missouri Freight Bureau had agreed to regulations which practically precluded independent refiners of smaller means from competing with the Trust. Similar discriminatory conditions have been complained of in relation to the relative rates on oil from Chicago and Cleveland to New Orleans. The difficulty in these cases, however, lies in the fact that the dis-

crimination is of the published rates, the way to reach the order of the rates between the "Trust" points existing laws, the ever, powerless

Indeed, it is of rates, as Iowa, aptly termed unfair adjustment of rates published form, which is source of competition "discrimination" with the smaller companies by a former Commissioner of Iowa, a committee, an administration of the forced to the walled great this "maladjustment" rates. The schedules, great President Stickney the same category

As in the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission, present power cannot effect cases of flagrant discrimination, within bounds of the is changed and with the rate-

A brief examination of the ages of the going before the last session of interest in volumes. I record.

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crimination is open and aboveboard in the published rates, and that the only way to reach the proposition is by an order of the Commission equalizing the rates between "independent" and "Trust" points. This order, under existing laws, the Commission is, how- ever, powerless to make or to enforce.

Indeed, it is this "maladjustment" of rates, as Governor Cummins, of Iowa, aptly terms it, the unequal and unfair adjustment of rates generally, of rates published in due and legal form, which is by far the most fruitful source of complaint. It is this "lawful" discrimination which is playing havoc with the smaller industries and the smaller communities. As shown by a former State Railway Commis- sioner of Iowa to the Senate Com- mittee, an alarming array of the in- dustries of that State have thus been forced to the wall, or to removal to so- called great commercial centres, by this "maladjustment" of "lawful" rates. The so-called "midnight" schedules, graphically described by President Stickney, belong in somewhat the same category.

As in the case of the oil rates, the Interstate Commerce Commission is at present powerless to afford relief. It cannot effectively intercede in such cases of flagrant overcharge and dis- crimination, which remain within the bounds of the law, until the law itself is changed and the Commission clothed with the *rate-making* power.

A brief extract from a little cross- examination of Mr. Bird, traffic man- ager of the Gould system, at the hear- ing before the House Committee at the last session of Congress may prove of interest at this point. It speaks volumes. I give it as it appears in the record.

MR. TOWNSEND—I would like to ask you one or two questions in regard to the testi- mony you have given. Do you claim that there are any *unjust classifications* in exist- ence now?

MR. BIRD—No, sir! I make no claims; but I must admit that there are a great many claims that there are unjust classifications.

MR. TOWNSEND—But what is your opinion about that, whether there are any?

MR. BIRD—I know some cases which I

would adjust in a different manner if I had the power.

MR. TOWNSEND—The railroads themselves have recognized that there are unjust differ- entials existing?

MR. BIRD—I think they admit there are unwise differentials.

To listen to the testimony of the railroad lobby before the Congressional committees one might, from their air of injured innocence, imagine the average magnate or traffic manager a most amiable, frank and equitable gen- tleman. Pray, do not let his gentle cooing deceive you! He thoroughly understands men and his job. It is his business to coin dollars for the com- pany. Business and dividends is what he is expected to bring at any cost. The excessive overcapitalization of the roads is for him a handicap from the start. In the mad chase after the dollar the ordinary emotions are soon stifled. It is no longer a question of common fairness between man and man. It is get all the traffic you can and every dollar it will bear. So cal- loused have some of these officials be- come that they do not even balk at testimony that is dangerously near the verge of perjury, as witness the testi- mony of several traffic managers at the June and October private car line hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. We will not say that this deplorable state of mind has be- come typical; but it is unfortunately true that too often the public is re- garded simply as legitimate prey.

Toward the close of last year rail- roads combined in a scheme to foist upon the country a new and uniform bill of lading. The cardinal features of the proposed innovation were:

1. That it was to be non-negotiable.
2. That the shipper should execute a release to the carrier, relieving the latter from its common law liability relative to the goods while in transit; or,

3. If the shipper failed or refused to sign such release his freight rate was to be increased 20 per cent.

The brilliant manœuvre had pro- gressed to the stage of official notice to local divisions (official circular No.

26), with instructions to put its provisions into effect on January 2 immediately following.

The shipping public had not been consulted. It is not as submissive as of yore, however, and as soon as the proposed change became known a roar of protest went up such as has not been heard in many a day. The Interstate Commerce Commission, was appealed to and other effective measures were adopted to checkmate the nefarious proposition. The matter was taken up by the Commission, but was not definitely determined. So aroused and dangerous has public sentiment become on the matter of transportation iniquities, however, that the railroads found it advisable to beat a retreat. An important conference of railroad presidents was held in New York on December 7, and of traffic men and general managers at Buffalo within ten days thereafter, and the carefully matured scheme of exploitation and plunder was reluctantly abandoned; but not without some expression of keen regret that the matter had *prematurely leaked out* and the public thus forewarned to take measures for its protection before the new departure had been actually put in force.

And yet railroad attorneys, presidents and representatives generally are pouring into the willing ears of the Senate Committee the honeyed assurance that the law as it stands is ample to protect the public against every possible railroad aggression, that the sentiment in favor of the law's amendment is an artificial and thoroughly misguided one, and that therefore the Senate will place the country under lasting obligation if it will persist in the obstructive tactics that were fatal to the Esch-Townsend bill at the closing session of the last Congress.

c. There never was anything more unfair and illogical than the attacks of the railroad interests upon the Interstate Commerce Commission; nothing more narrow and short-sighted, even from the standpoint of their own selfishness, than the fierce and subtle opposition of the combined transportation inter-

ests to the suggested amendment of the law. There is absolutely no justification, except duty well performed, for the one; and only sordid greed, grown blatant and mad, can explain the other.

Time and again the railroad interests themselves have invoked the aid of the Commission, both in disputes between competing points and in controversies between themselves. (See statements before House Committee of Vice-President Bird, of the Gould system; Mr. Walker B. Hines, of the Louisville & Nashville; Mr. H. L. Bond, Second Vice-President of the Baltimore & Ohio, and others.) The Interstate Commerce Commission, *on the invitation of the railroads themselves*, has, in this year of railroad protest, but just decided the "seaboard differential" dispute and *named the rate*. The decision has no legal force, only the sanction of agreement. The solution was more, however, than the railroads could arrive at single-handed. It is also admitted by the railroad interests themselves that over 90 per cent. of the complaints brought before the Commission since its inception have been *voluntarily* adjusted through the intervention of the Commission. Even in the Import Rate Case, which finally resulted in a technical defeat for the Commission, it appeared that most of the roads involved in the controversy had acquiesced in the ruling of the Commission and adjusted their tariffs accordingly.

It is also true, however, that in most of the cases in which the railroads remained defiant and recalcitrant the Commission's usefulness was *abridged* by the restrictions which technical judicial construction placed upon its powers. It is the purpose of the present agitation for the rate law's amendment that the powers and attributes of the Commission shall not thus remain permanently impaired. The people demand EFFECTIVE supervision and regulation by the Government. The demand is imperative. It is vehement, it is true, but still conservative. Time and opposition will fan the flame,

however, and the participation from priv soon assume such tions that only the ures of relief will s story of Privilege interests; only th blind and submissi

Mr. Bond kindl of regulation for House Committee the extent of agr mission might saf the power to *fix a* not go into effect had first sought a porting order of

The order of the rub. The railroad to leave the determ Their "experts" makers that the Commission cann a rate—that is, t shall be substitut rate for the rate unreasonable unl by judicial rev classifications "h ally," says Mr. S tion is still going making is a mos too complicated body such as claim the Inters mission to be. a historical fabri pers and railroad well retort: So cal fabric wove strength of the l forced submissio emancipation wa development. I despairingly an caps the climax gressional Comm

Who knows wh Who can tell wha tween a rate from on corn to Liverp Chicago to Liver the rate should be to New Orleans an to Liverpool? W . . . Who sha

however, and the movement for emancipation from private exploitation will soon assume such enormous proportions that only the most radical measures of relief will satisfy. It is the old story of Privilege blind to its own best interests; only the people are not as blind and submissive as they used to be.

Mr. Bond kindly formulated a plan of regulation for the benefit of the House Committee in which he went to the extent of agreeing that the Commission might safely be intrusted with the power to *fix a rate*, provided it did not go into effect until the Commission had first sought and obtained the supporting order of a court thereon.

The order of the court! There is the rub. The railroads are perfectly willing to leave the determination to the courts. Their "experts" tell us and our lawmakers that the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot be trusted to make a rate—that is, to name a rate which shall be substituted as the reasonable rate for the rate found and declared unreasonable unless and until set aside by judicial review. Schedules and classifications "have grown up gradually," says Mr. Spencer. "The evolution is still going on." They say rate making is a most difficult matter—far too complicated for a "non-expert" body such as they disingenuously claim the Interstate Commerce Commission to be. Mr. Bond says, "it is a historical fabric" made by the shippers and railroads together. We might well retort: So was *serfdom* a historical fabric woven out of the brute strength of the lord and the abject and forced submission of the vassal; but *emancipation* was likewise a historical development. But Mr. Bird, rather despairingly and rather hysterically, caps the climax. He treated the Congressional Committee to the following:

Who knows what just differentials are? Who can tell what is a fair differential between a rate from Kansas City and St. Louis on corn to Liverpool and a rate on corn from Chicago to Liverpool? Who can tell what the rate should be on corn from Kansas City to New Orleans and to Belgium, and the rate to Liverpool? Who can tell these things? . . . Who shall tell what is a fair rate

from Chicago to New York as against the rate to Baltimore or Boston? . . . The making of rates is not an exact science. There is not a tariff in the United States, according to my best belief, that has been made on any scientific basis. No one has been found that knows enough to make such a tariff. The fact is that rates are found by comparison, compromise and competition, and those are the underlying forces that determine what the rate shall be. . . . There is not a man alive that can tell what freight a particular class will furnish, and you cannot fix a rate on any one article knowing what revenue it will furnish. . . . I have never yet in my forty years' experience been able to make a tariff with any reference to what the service was worth.

Yet Mr. Bird, in answer to some very close questioning by Congressman Townsend, was forced to admit that the railroads could "arrive at a very close approximation" as to whether they were carrying any particular product at a loss or profit, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission *could do the same!*

Read further the following brief additional interrogation, as taken from the record, and ask yourself whether it does not wholly and truly dispose of the railroad case in the premises:

MR. TOWNSEND—Is it not a fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission is empowered under these bills (the bills before the Committee from which was reported the Esch-Townsend bill) to obtain all the information that you know?

MR. BIRD—Yes.

MR. TOWNSEND—And this Commission is supposed to be an impartial body?

MR. BIRD—Yes.

MR. TOWNSEND—Now, would it not be as safe to intrust these interests to a commission having as much knowledge as you have, an impartial commission, as it would be to trust the people's rights entirely with the railroads?

MR. BIRD—That may be so, I do not deny it.

How different in this regard the candid and emphatic statement to the Senate Committee of Mr. A. B. Stickney, a broad-gauge railroad man and one of the ablest. President Stickney sees no danger to legitimate interests in increasing the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Indeed he would give it the full and complete *original* rate-making power. As

suggested by him, it has the existing rates, the practical outcome of years of experience, as a guide. It would have the assistance of the arguments and presentations of traffic officials and of the shippers. It could draw on its own comprehensive experience. It would be the *arbitrator*, and, quoting Mr. Stickney: "The Commission representing the sovereignty, with power to enforce its decisions, would be the most disinterested, and at the same time satisfactory, arbitrator which is possible."

The Interstate Commerce Commission is composed of men of character and ability. There have at all times since its inception been men on it of superior capacity. Under the peculiar manner of its appointment there are always veterans in the service upon it. It has always been a hard-working body, and all phases of the transportation question, practical and theoretical, have come before it times innumerable.

It has, willingly or unwillingly, become an expert body, and the affectation of railroad magnates to the contrary is "moonshine." The matter of rates and classifications has been to it a special matter of inquiry, and in the elucidation of any question before it it can command all available information, not only from the standpoint of the railroads and the traffic manager, but, what is fully as important and often more important, from that of the shipper as well. Its members can practically and mentally easily rank the average traffic official; so far as ethical qualities go, they are unquestionably far his superior. They command the respect and confidence of the general public, but have not shown themselves subservient enough to the transportation interests to win the approval of the railway magnate.

The transportation interests object to effective regulation by the Commission, they deny its capacity to make a rate; but, strange to say, they are willing to leave all questions to the courts, though it must be patent that from a practical point of view the judges, as compared with the Commissioners, are of neces-

sity but meagerly equipped. If the Commissioners, who are constantly delving into all phases of the transportation problem, are non-expert, pray what shall be said of the judges?

Ah! The courts have a qualification all their own, that the railroad and corporation interest is well aware of. This interest has been a potent force, all too powerful, in American politics. It has made and unmade public men from poundmaster to President. Its corrupting influence has been and remains today one of the most serious problems with which the American people have to deal. To no public office has it more deliberately and insinuatingly extended its tentacles than to the judiciary. It looks upon the judiciary as the bulwark of "privilege."

There are judges, and plenty of them, who owe the corporations nothing and whose heart-beat is with the people. There are corporation-made judges who rise above the expectation of the maker. There are also corporation-made judges whose only disqualification is the peculiar viewpoint which constitutes their *open sesame* to judicial appointment. The special interest believes with Mr. Bond, "when a member of the Bar is elevated to a court beyond which there is no appeal, that his views on political economy and government generally have some effect on his views of the law." But there are also judges whose only aim appears to be to perform sycophancy duty for the private interest to which they are indebted for their preferment.

It is unfortunate, I confess, that any portion of the judiciary should be open to question or suspicion. But is the statement overdrawn? Is not the country, in one form or another, brought into almost daily touch with the corrupting and controlling influence of the special interest? Why deny it? Do not wealth and privilege receive consideration out of all proportion to that meted out to the great body of the people? Read Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion in the Income Tax case, and, while you bless

this noble and upright self if a more scathing a deplorable condition possible. Is it strange that railroad interest is willing to leave rates to the courts, to intrust it to the better informed but and responsive body of Commerce Commission?

It is well to keep in mind the juncture that the statute, so long as it is the better for its line, the better for its interest. Such a bill, was the Esch-Townsend bill, a fact that it has met with the vehement opposition of the oligarchy is a favor. All bills at this time, therefore, are fundamental innovations aimed at the integrity of the Interstate Commission are to be deprecated with suspicion. The Commission cannot possibly be with the best interests. They merit, one phatic condemnation of the public.

Congressman St. bill on the rate question of the last session less open to criticism, of Yale, has like solution." Judge G. also delivered him. Economic Club on March. The two nations run in some. They are both in mission as at present are marked illustrations of "point of view." ance in both instances, the rate-nations courts and in pushing to the front, to the great body of ship are in touch with "rate question" the road official or not so blind to

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railroad interest is unanimous in its
willingness to leave the question of
rates to the courts, but is unwilling to
intrust it to the better equipped and
better informed but also more popular
and responsive body, the Interstate
Commerce Commission?

It is well to keep in mind at this
juncture that the simpler the remedial
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They merit, one and all, the em-
phatic condemnation of the general
public.

Congressman Stevens introduced a
bill on the rate question in the closing
days of the last session that is more or
less open to criticism. Professor Had-
ley, of Yale, has likewise offered a "so-
lution." Judge Grosscup, of Chicago,
also delivered himself of a plan at the
Economic Club banquet at Boston in
March. The two last-named proposi-
tions run in somewhat similar grooves.
They are both inimical to the Com-
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ance in both instances lies in concen-
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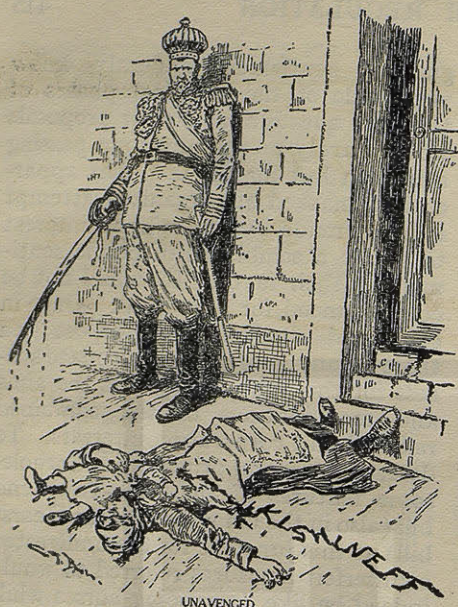
guished gentlemen evidently know
very little of the practical phases of
the rate question, and their proposals
would hardly merit more than passing
attention but for the fact that appar-
ently a masked but organized attempt
is being made by the railroad interest
to create a semblance of public senti-
ment in their favor. It should not be
countenanced for a moment. Only in
continued singleness of purpose can
there be any guarantee of ultimate suc-
cess for the public as against the aims
and machinations of the combined
railroad and corporation interests. To
desert the general principles and whole-
some features of the Esch-Townsend
bill (also in the main those of the Hearst
bill) at this juncture for the undigested
counterfeit measures referred to would
indeed be like "swapping horses while
crossing a stream." From the stand-
point of the general public it would be
absolutely suicidal.

Judge Grosscup affects to fear that
the "present agitation" may become

a movement under cover of which the
social and political revolutionists will push
forward their assault upon the present order
of American institutions that
grim menace, that no friend of the insti-
tution of private property anywhere can
longer ignore.

This sentiment, with its banquet
flavor, will, however, find little re-
sponse in the minds and hearts of the
vast body of shippers and producers of
the country, the rank and file of our
industrial and commercial life, who
have joined in the great protest against
corporate exploitation and injustice,
and are united in their beneficent work
as never before. The best brawn and
brain of the country will rather agree
with the closing words of Judge Prouty
in his address to the Lumbermen's
Association at Boston in January last,
as follows:

Let not the men, who for eighteen years
have defied this law and successfully re-
sisted all attempts to correct it, now write
its amendment. The interests of the pub-
lic and the railway should be alike conserved,
but some fair measure of regulation should
be enacted which can, if applied, regulate
in fact as well as in theory.



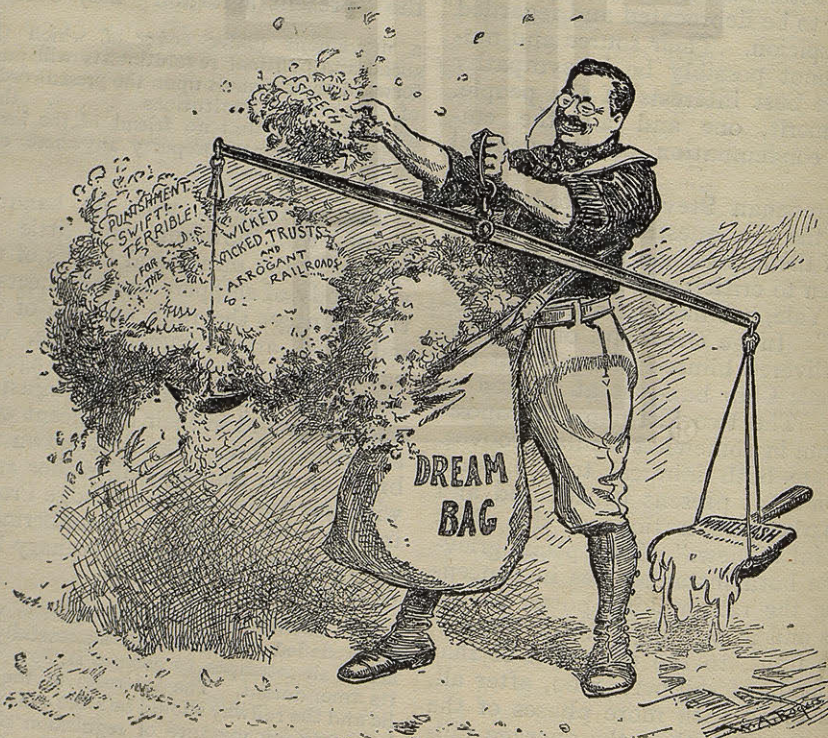
UNAVENGED.

C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World



AT LAST!

C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World



LOOKS BIG.

W. A. Rogers, in N. Y. Herald
446



SYNOPSIS OF PR

In a small Georgia town, between Pole Baker, reformer, usual and likable character, who was left as a baby in the face of many trials and a way up in the world and Wade appears at the store a partner, to avenge on Wade's sister. Pole Baker making Floyd see that to avoid a meeting. Cy store, alarmed for Floyd's to his family Pole falls a drink. Cynthia rejects Hillhouse and refuses to Floyd's attentions. At Pole, Floyd wins the right their way home claims asking to marry her, and her mother dislikes him signal in the grape arbor is regretting even her sister and tactless mother half the worry over Cynthia fear an attack of insanity duel between Floyd and latter that his quarrel is thia, alarmed over reports Floyd's signal for a brief ises to accompany Floyd Floyd leaves, he is discovered jeopardizing Cynthia's place by stealth. C planter, suggests that the parentage in Atlanta, v Floyd whose mother was mother fears lest Mrs. F interview with Floyd, herself as a sister had Pole warns Floyd that he himself will kill him, and Floyd are driven to the night in a desert Pole's warning completely better nature and convinced Cynthia. Cynthia's motive on account of this adventure her insinuations. Her father Baker goes to Atlanta and there that Nelson is the brings the news back to sensation. Pole falls a vice.

CHAP

A WEEK later back from was covered in clothing was so unkempt. He looked eyes seemed to dark sockets as

excuses for you and postponed it. However, we met again last night and decided that it was our duty to act in your case. For ten days now your wife, a sweet, patient woman, has been verging on to despair through you. We hold that no living man has a right to tie a good woman to him by cords of love and pity and then torture her on the rack night and day just to gratify a beastly appetite. This step is being taken with great regret, and by men not known to you, but who admire you in many ways and like you. Punishment has been dealt out here in the mountains to good effect, as you yourself have been heard to admit, and we confidently believe that after we have acted in your case you will be a better man to them that are dependent on you. Tonight at eight o'clock sharp our body will be at the gum spring, halfway between your farm and the court-house. If you are there to meet us the disagreeable matter of whipping you will be done there, out of sight and hearing of your wife and children; if not, we will have to do as we have done in the cases of other men, go to your house and take you out. We earnestly hope you will meet us, and that you will be prepared to make us promises that you will keep.

Respectfully,
THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE
WHITE CAP ASSOCIATION.

Pole stared at the ground for a long time; the veins of his neck and brow stood out as if from physical torture. He looked about him suddenly in a spasm of effort to think of some escape from his impending doom. There was Nelson Floyd. He would grant him any request. He could draw upon the young merchant for unlimited funds, and before the fated hour arrived he could be far away from the country and his wife and children. A great lump rose inside of him and tore itself outward through his throat. No, he couldn't leave them; it was further out of his power now than ever. Besides, had he not brought all this on himself? Was not the threatened punishment equally just in his case as it had been in the case of others among his neighbors? He rose to his feet. There was nothing left for him to do but to go home, and—yes, meet the White Caps at the appointed place and take what was coming to him bravely. Shoot? Defend his rights? Kill the men who

were taking the part of those he himself had sworn to love and stand by? No! The punishment? Yes; but after that, to his confused brain, all was a painful blank. His wife and children had always comforted him in trouble, but could they do so now? Would not the sight of their anxious faces only add to his load of remorse? As he went along the road toward his home his rugged breast rose and expanded under his ragged shirt and then slowly fell. He was a dead man alive—a breathing, rotting horror in his own sight. A shudder went over him; he heard the commanding voice of the leader of the outlaws; he felt the lash and braced himself for another blow, which he hoped would cut deep enough to pierce the festering agony within him. Then his lower lip began to quiver, and tears came into his great, glaring eyes. He was beginning to pity himself, for, when all had been said and done, could he really have acted differently? Had God actually given him the moral and physical strength to avoid the pits into which he had stumbled with the helplessness of a little child?

The road led him into the depths of a wood where the boughs of mighty trees arched overhead and obscured the sunlit sky. He envied a squirrel bounding unhindered to its nest. Nature seemed to hold out her vast, soothing arms to him. He wanted to sink into them and sob out his pent-up agony. In the deepest part of the wood, where rugged cliffs bordered the road, he came to the spring mentioned in the letter. Here he paused and looked about him. On this spot the most awful experience of his life would be enacted.

With a shudder he passed on. The trees grew less dense, and then on a rise ahead of him he saw his humble cottage, like a cheerless blot on the green lush-sward about it. He wanted now to search the face of his wife. For ten days, the letter said, she had suffered. She had suffered so much that the neighbors had taken up her cause—they had taken it up when

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he—great God!—when he loved her and the children with every tortured cord of his being! They had come to his wife's aid against him, her prime enemy. Yes, they should whip him, and he would tell them while they were at it to lay it on—to lay it on! and God sanction the cause.

He entered the gate. His wife was sitting in the little hall, a wooden bowl in her lap, shelling peas; on a blanket at her feet lay the baby. He went up the steps and stood in the doorway. She raised her eyes and saw him, and then lowered her head, saying nothing, though she was deathly pale. He stared helplessly for a moment, and then went out behind the house and sat down in a chair under a tree, near his beehives and his bent-toothed, stone-weighted harrow. A deeper feeling of despair had come over him, for it was the first time his wife had ever refused to greet him in some way or other on his return home. On the banks of a spring branch below the barn he saw his older children playing, but he could not bear the sight of them, and, with his elbows on his knees, he covered his face with his hands. The memory came to him of men who had killed themselves when in deep trouble, but he brushed the thought away. They were shirking cowards. For half an hour he sat thus. He heard the children laughing as they continued their romp up and down the stream. Then his wife slowly came out to him. She was still pale, and it seemed to him that she was thinner than she had ever been before. "Pole, darlin'," she began, with a catch in her voice, "some o' the neighbors has been tellin' me that I ort not to be kind an' good to you when you come home after you've done us this-a-way, an' I acknowledge I did try just now to act sorter cold, but I can't. Oh, Pole, I ain't mad at you, darlin'! My heart is so full o' joy at seein' you back home, safe an' sound, that I don't know what to do. I know you are sorry, darlin', fer you always are, an' you look more down-cast than I ever seed you in all my

life. Oh, Pole, I've suffered, I'll admit, but that can't equal my joy right now at seein' you home with that sweet, sorry look in yore eyes. Pole, darlin', won't you kiss me? You would ef I hadn't turned from you as I did in the house jest now. Don't—don't blame me! I hardly knowed what I was doin'."

A sob rose in him and burst. She saw his emotion, and put her arms around his neck.

"It was that meddlesome old Mrs. Snodgrass who put me up to actin' that-a-way," she said tenderly. "But I'll never do it ag'in. The idea! An' me ever' bit as happy as I was the day we married one another! Thar comes little Billy, as hard as he kin move his little fat legs. Wipe yore eyes, Pole; don't let him see you a-cryin'. He'd remember it all his life—childern are so quar. Thar, wipe 'em on my apron—no, le' me do it. He's axed about you a hundred times a day. The neighbors' childern talked before him an' made him wonder."

The child, red in the face and panting, ran into his father's outstretched arms.

"Whar you been, papa?" he asked.

"Over to Darley, Billy," Pole managed to say.

"Are you goin' to stay at home any more, papa?" was the next query.

"Yes, Billy—I hope so. What have you childern been playing with down at the branch?"

"Johnny made a boat, papa, but it wouldn't swim. It sunk when he put sand on it. Will you make me a boat, papa?"

"Yes, Billy."

"When, papa?"

"Tomorrow, Billy." Pole pressed his rough face to the child's smooth, perspiring brow, and then put him down. "Now run and play," he said.

"I've put on some coffee to boil," said Mrs. Baker when the child had left. "I know you want some. Pole, you look all unstrung. I never seed you so nervous. Yore hands are twitchin', an' I never seed sech a

awful look in yore face. Don't you want me to cook some'n' special fer you to eat, Pole?"

"Not a thing, Sally," he gulped. "The coffee is enough."

She went into the house and came back with it. As she drew near he noted that the sun was fast going down; the shadow of the hill to the west of the cottage was creeping rapidly across the level field below. It would soon be eight o'clock, and then—

"Here it is," said Sally at his elbow. "It's as strong as I could make it. It will steady your nerves. Oh, Pole, I'm so glad you got back! I couldn't have gone through another night like the others. It would have killed me."

He raised the coffee-cup to keep from seeing her wistful, dark-ringed eyes.

Night came on apace. He sat in his chair while she busied herself with heeding and putting the children to bed. Her voice rang with joy and relief as she spoke to them; once she sang a bar of an old ballad. It vividly recalled their courtship days. He moved his chair to the porch. He sat there a while, and then went to feed his horse and cattle, telling himself the while that he had made his wife do his work for the past ten days that he might sink to the level of a beast.

After supper the two sat together in the moonlight on the porch, he silent, she talkative and full of joy. The old-fashioned clock on the mantel within struck seven. He waited about half an hour longer, and then he rose to his feet.

"I want to go to the store and see Nelson Floyd," he said. "I'll be back inside of an hour, sure."

She stared at him irresolutely for a moment, then she uttered a low groan.

"Oh, Pole, Pole, Pole! I don't want you to go," she cried. "You know why. If you get whar any liquor is now, you—you may go off again. Stay with me, Pole! I'll give you some strong coffee. I'll do anything rather than have you out o' my sight

now that you are safe at home. You won't spile all my happiness by goin' off again? Will you, darlin'?"

He caught her wrist with his left hand and held his right steadily upward.

"I'll swear to you, Sally, before God, that I won't tetch a single drop, and that I'll be back inside of an hour. You kin trust me now, Sally. You never heard me speak this way before."

Their eyes met. "Yes, I kin trust you when you talk that-a-way," she said. "Don't be gone longer than an hour, Pole. I'll set right here on the porch and wait for you."

"All right. I'll keep my word, Sally."

Out at the gate he passed, moving away, his head down, his long arms swinging disconsolately at his sides. When out of sight of the cottage he quickened his step. He must not be late. They must not, under any circumstances, come nearer to his house than the spring, and he must try to secure their promise not to let his degradation reach the ears of his wife and children. He could not stand that.

CHAPTER XXIII

REACHING the appointed place, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to wait. By and bye he heard voices in the distance, and then the tramp, tramp of footsteps. A dark blur appeared in the moonlight on the road. It was a body of men numbering between twenty-five and thirty. They were all afoot, and, by way of precaution against identification, they wore white caps over their heads, with holes for the eyes. In their mouths they had stuffed wads of cotton to muffle and disguise their voices.

"Well, I see you've acted sensible, Baker," said a man who seemed in the lead. "Some o' the boys 'lowed you'd cut an' shoot; but you hain't armed, are you, Pole?"

"No, I hain't armed, Joe Dil-worthy."

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ed, Joe Dil-

"Huh, you think you know me!" the speaker said, with a start.

"Yes, I know you," answered Pole. "I'd know you anywhar in the world by yore shape an' voice."

"Well, you may *think* I'm anybody you like," returned the masked man. "That's neither here nor thar. I've been app'inted to do the talkin' to-night, Pole, an' I want to say, at the start, that this is the most disagreeable job that this association ever tackled. Yore case has been up before our body time after time, an' some'n' always throwed it out, fer you've got stacks an' stacks o' friends. But action was finally tuck, an' here we are. Pole, do you know any valid reason why you shouldn't be treated like other malefactors in these mountains?"

There was silence. Pole's head was hanging down. They could not see his face in the moonlight.

"No, I don't see no reason," the condemned man finally said. "I'm here to meet you, to tell you that I deserve more'n you fellows could lay on me ef you begun now an' kept up a steady lick till the last one of you was fagged out. The only trouble, gentlemen, is that I hain't a-goin' to *feel* the lash. Thar's a pain inside o' me so keen an' fur down that what you do jest to my body won't count. You are the friends of my wife an' children; you are better friends to 'em than I've been, an' I want you to strip me to my dirty hide an' whip my duty into me, ef that is possible. The only thing I would ask is to spare my folks the knowledge of it, ef you kin see it that-a-way. Keep this thing quiet—jest amongst us. I may be able to brace up an' try to do right in the future, but I don't believe I kin ef they know o' my humiliation. I don't ax that as a favor to myself, you understand, gentlemen, but to them you are befriending—a weak woman an' helpless little children."

Pole ceased speaking. There was profound silence, broken only by the croaking of frogs in the spring branch nearby. Dilworthy thrust his hands

into the pockets of his trousers awkwardly, and slowly turned his eye-holes upon the eye-holes about him, but no one made sign or sound.

"Boys, you all hear what Pole says," finally came from him. "He seems to feel—I mought say to realize—that—" The voice spent itself in the folds of the speaker's mask.

"Hold! I want to say a word." A tall, lank man stepped from the group, spitting wads of cotton from his mouth and lifting the cap from his head. "I'm Jeff Wade, Pole. You see who I am. You kin appear agin me before the Grand Jury an' swear I'm a member o' this gang, ef you want to. I don't give a damn. In jinin' the association I tuck the oath to abide by what the majority done. But I didn't take no oath that I wouldn't talk when I got ready, an' I want now to explain, as is my right, I reckon, how I happen to be here. I've fit this case agin you fer several meetin's with all my soul an' strength, beca'se I knowed you was too good a man at heart to whip like a dog fer what you've done. I fit it an' fit it, but last meetin' my wife was down havin' another twelve-pound boy, as maybe you heard, an' somehow in my absence the vote went agin you. Strong speeches was made by yore wife's kin about her treatment, an' action was finally tuck. But I'm here to say that every lick that falls on yore helpless back tonight will hurt me more than ef they was on me. You've made a better man out o' me in a few ways, Pole, an', by God! I'm a-goin' to feel like some o' that dirty crowd felt away back thar when they went along an' sanctioned the death agony of our Saviour. You are too good a man, Pole, to be degraded this-a-way. What you've done agin yore own was through weakness that you couldn't well help. We've all got our faults, but I don't know a man in this gang that's got as many good p'int's to counteract the bad as you have."

"That's all right, Jeff," Pole said stolidly. "What you say don't excuse me. I stand here tonight con-

victed by my neighbors of mistreatin' my own blood an' heart kin, an' I don't want nobody to defend me when sech men as Sandy McHugh tuck what was comin' to them without a whimper. I don't know what effect it's goin' to have on me. I cayn't see that fur ahead. I've tried to quit liquor about as hard as any man alive, an' I'm not goin' to make promises an' break 'em. After this is over I reckon I'll do whatever the Lord has laid out fer me to do."

"Pole, I'm Mel Jones!" Another tall man divested himself of cap and mask and stood out in full view. "I voted agin this, too. I'm yore friend, Pole. That's all I got to say."

"That's all right, Mel," said Pole, "an' I'm much obliged to you. But, gentlemen, I told my wife I was goin' to town an' would be straight back. You hain't said whether it would be possible to keep this thing quiet——"

"Quiet hell!" snorted Dilworthy. "Do you damn fools think I'm goin' to act as leader fer a lot o' sniffin' idiots that don't know whar they are at or how they got thar? It may not be parliamentary by a long shot, but as chairman o' this meetin' I'm goin' to say that I think you've all made a mess of the whole thing. I 'lowed I could abide by what the majority done in any matter that was pendin' before us, but I'll be derved ef I'm in favor o' tetchin' *that thar man*. I'd every bit as soon drag my old mammy from the grave an' whip her as a man feelin' like that thar 'un. I believe Pole Baker's tried as hard as any livin' mortal to behave hisse'f, an' that's enough. A gang o' men that's goin' about whippin' folks who's doin' the'r level best ort to be in better business, an' from tonight on—oath or no oath—I'm a-goin' to let the law o' the land manage the conduct o' my neighbors, as fur as I am concerned. It may be contrary to parliamentary rules, as I say, but this damn thing is so lopsided tonight that I'm a-goin' to put it to another vote. Maybe, ef Pole had 'a' been allowed to 'a' made a statement you'd 'a' seed this thing different.

Now, all in favor of enactin' the verdict of our court in this case hold up yore hands."

There was a portentous pause. Not a hand was raised.

"See thar? What did I tell you?" Dilworthy exclaimed in disgust. "Not a man amongst you knows his own mind. Now, to the contrary: all in favor o' sendin' Baker home without tetchin' him raise yore hands."

Every hand went up. Pole stared blankly from one stiff token of pity to another, then his head went down. The brim of his old hat hid his face. He was silent. The crowd was filtering away. Soon only Jeff Wade was left. He gave Pole his hand, and in an awkward voice said: "Go home now, old friend. Don't let Sally suspicion this. It would hurt her mighty bad."

Pole said nothing at all, but, returning Wade's hand-pressure, he moved away in the soft moonlight.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE following Sunday morning Nelson Floyd went to church. From the doorway he descried a vacant seat on the side of the house occupied by the men and boys, and when he had taken it and looked over the well-filled room, he saw that he had Cynthia Porter in plain view. She had come alone. A few seats behind her he saw Pole Baker and his wife. Pole had never looked better. He wore a new suit of clothes and had recently had his hair trimmed. Floyd tried to catch his eye, but Pole looked neither to the right nor left, seeming only intent on Hillhouse, who had risen to read the chapter from the Bible which contained the text for his sermon. In their accustomed places sat Captain Duncan and his daughter Evelyn. The old gentleman had placed his silk hat on the floor at the end of the bench on which he sat, and his kid-gloved hands rested on his gold-headed, ebony cane, which stood erect between his knees.

When the service was over and the

congregation was waiting for Cynthia coming out in Duncans. "He you?" the captain as he came up. ter and I have carriage and v hotel—that is, i you on to dinner

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congregation was passing out, Floyd waited for Cynthia, whom he saw coming out immediately behind the Duncans. "Hello, Floyd; how are you?" the captain exclaimed cordially as he came up. "Going home? Daughter and I have a place for you in the carriage and will drop you at the hotel—that is, if you won't let us take you on to dinner."

Floyd flushed. Cynthia was now quite near, and he saw from her face that she had overheard the invitation.

"I thank you very much, captain," Floyd said as he smiled and nodded to her, "but I see that Miss Cynthia is alone, and I was just waiting to ask her to let me walk home with her."

"Ah, I see!" Duncan exclaimed, with a gallant bow and smile to Cynthia. "I wouldn't break up a nice thing like that if I could. I haven't forgotten my young days, and this is the time of the year, my boy, when the grass is green and the sun drives you into the shade."

With a very haughty nod to Floyd and Cynthia together, Evelyn Duncan walked stiffly on ahead of her father.

Outside, Cynthia looked straight into the eyes of her escort.

"Why did you refuse Captain Duncan's invitation?" she asked.

"Why did I?" He laughed mysteriously. "Because during service I made up my mind that I'd get to you before the parson did; and then I had other reasons."

"What were they?"

"Gossip," he said, with a low, significant laugh.

"Gossip? I don't understand," Cynthia said, perplexed.

"Well, I heard," Floyd replied, "that since I've been finally invited to Duncan's house I'll run there night and day, and that it will end in my marrying that little bunch of lace and ribbons. I heard other speculations, too, on my future conduct, and as I saw our village talker, Mrs. Snodgrass, was listening just now, I was tickled at the chance to decline the invitation and walk home with you. It will be all over the country by night."

They were traversing a cool, shaded road now, and as most of the congregation had taken other directions, they were comparatively alone.

"Evelyn Duncan is in love with you," Cynthia said abruptly, her glance on the ground.

"That's ridiculous," Floyd laughed. "Simply ridiculous."

"I know—I saw it in her face when you said you were going home with me. She could have bitten my head off."

"Good gracious, I've never talked with her more than two or three times in all my life."

"That may be, but she has heard dozens of people say it will be just the thing for you to marry her, and she has wondered—" Cynthia stopped.

"Look here, little woman, we've had enough of this," Floyd said abruptly. "I saw the light in your room the other night, and I stood and whistled and whistled, but you wouldn't come to me. I had a lot to tell you."

"I told you I'd never meet you that way again, and I meant it." Cynthia was looking straight into his eyes.

"I know you did, but I thought you might relent. I was chock-full of my new discovery—or rather Pole Baker's—and I wanted to pour it out on you."

"Of course, you are happy over it?" Cynthia said tentatively.

"It has been the one great experience of my life," said Floyd impressively. "No one who has not been through it, Cynthia, can have any idea of what it means. It is on my mind at night when I go to bed; it is in my dreams; it is in my thoughts when I get up."

"I wanted to know about your mother," ventured the girl reverently. "What was she like?"

"That is right where I'm in the dark," Floyd answered. "Pole didn't get my new relative to say a thing about her. I would have written to him at length, but Pole advised me to wait till I could see him personally. My uncle seems to be a crusty, despondent, unlucky sort of old fellow,

and, as there was a kind of estrangement between him and my father, Pole thinks it would irritate him to have to answer my letters. However, I am going down to Atlanta to call on him next Wednesday."

"Oh, I see," said Cynthia. "Speaking of Pole Baker—I suppose you heard of what the White Caps did the other night?"

"Yes, and it pained me deeply," said Floyd, "for I was the indirect cause of the whole trouble."

"You?"

"Yes, Pole is this way: it is usually some big trouble or great joy that throws him off his balance, and it was the good news he brought to me that upset him. It was in my own room at the hotel, too, that he found the whisky. A bottle of it was on my table, and he slipped it into his pocket and took it off with him. I never missed it till I heard he was on a spree. His friends are trying to keep his wife from finding out about the White Caps."

"They needn't trouble further," Cynthia said bitterly. "I was over there yesterday. Mrs. Snodgrass had just told her about it, and I thought the poor woman would die. She ordered Mrs. Snodgrass out of the house, telling her never to darken her door again, and she stood on the porch, as white as death, screaming after her at the top of her voice. Mrs. Snodgrass was so frightened that she actually broke into a run."

"The old hag!" Floyd said darkly. "I wish the same gang would take her out some night and tie her tongue at least."

"Mrs. Baker came back to me then," Cynthia went on. "She put her head in my lap and sobbed as if her heart would break. Nothing I could possibly say would comfort her. She worships the ground Pole walks on. And she ought to love him. He's good and noble and full of tenderness. She saw him coming while we were talking, and quickly dried her eyes."

"He mustn't see me crying," she said. "If he thought I knew this he would never get over it."

"He came in then and noticed her red eyes, and I saw him turn pale as he sat studying her face. Then to throw him off she told him a fib. She told him I'd been taking her into my confidence about something which she was not at liberty to reveal."

"Ah, I see," exclaimed Floyd admiringly. "She's a shrewd little woman—nearly as shrewd as he is."

"But he acted queerly after that, I must say," Cynthia went on. "He at once quit looking at her, and sat staring at me in the oddest way. I spoke to him, but he wouldn't answer. When I was going home he followed me as far as the barn. 'You couldn't tell me that secret, could you, little sister?' he said, with a strange, excited look on his face. Of course, I saw that he thought it was some trouble of mine, but I couldn't set him right and be true to his wife, and so I said nothing. He walked on with me to the branch, still looking worried; then, when we were about to part, he held out his hand. 'I want to say right here, little sister,' he said, 'that I love you like a brother, and if any harm comes to you, in any way, I'll be with you.'"

"He's very queer," said Floyd thoughtfully. They were now near the house and he paused. "I'll not go any farther," he said. "It will do no good to disturb your mother. She hates the ground I walk on. She will only make it unpleasant for you if she sees us together. Good-bye, I'll see you when I get back from Atlanta."

CHAPTER XXV

THE following Wednesday afternoon, when he had concluded his business at one of the larger wholesale houses in Atlanta, Nelson Floyd took a street-car for his uncle's residence. Reaching it, he was met at the door by the white woman who had admitted Pole Baker to the house on his visit to Atlanta. She explained that her master had only gone across the street to see a neighbor and that he would be back

at once. She led him to a small, old-fashioned parlor, the walls of which were of the dilapidated woodwork remaining in the things to rights. The furniture with her of the mantelpiece, a portrait, in frames of very one on the right, a dressed gentleman. The other was a woman of no little doubtless family regarded them with interest. The scene at them and re-

"They are my father, sir. They long time ago. A very smart man, his wife was consoling and a belle, so though I'm sure a woman could have hair fixed that Floyd is very. He wouldn't let us. We thought it would burn down on the stove turned on the ankle climbing them down."

"They are told her."

"You don't Floyd's—?"

"I'm his Floyd—Nelson my uncle."

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at once. She led Floyd into the old-fashioned parlor and gave him one of the dilapidated, haircloth chairs, remaining in the room to put a few things to rights, and dusting the furniture with her apron. On either side of the mantelpiece hung a crude oil-portrait, in cracked and chipped gilt frames of very massive make. The one on the right was that of a dark-haired gentleman in the conventional dress of seventy-five years previous. The other was evidently his wife, a woman of no little beauty. They were doubtless family portraits, and Floyd regarded them with reverential interest. The servant saw him looking at them and remarked:

"They are Mr. Floyd's mother and father, sir. The pictures were made a long time ago. Old Mr. Floyd was a very smart man in his day, and his wife was considered a great beauty and a belle, so I've heard folks say, though I'm sure I don't see how any woman could be popular with her hair fixed that bungly way. But Mr. Floyd is very proud of the pictures. He wouldn't sell them for any price. We thought the house was going to burn down one day when the kitchen stove turned over, and he sprained his ankle climbing up in a chair to get them down."

"They are my grandparents," he told her.

"You don't say! Then you are Mr. Floyd's—?"

"I'm his nephew. My name is Floyd—Nelson Floyd. I've never met my uncle."

"Oh, I see!" The woman's brow was corrugated. "Mr. Floyd *did* have a brother who died young, but I don't think I ever heard him speak of him. But he don't talk much to anybody, and now—la me!—he's so worried over his business that he's as near crazy as any man I ever saw. You say you haven't ever seen him! Then you'd better not expect him to be very sociable. As I say, he's all upset over business. The way he's doing is the talk of the neighborhood. There, I heard the gate shut. I reckon that's him now."

She went to one of the front windows and parted the curtains and looked out.

"Yes, that's him. I'll go and tell him you are here."

Nelson heard the door open and close and then muffled voices, a gruff, masculine one and that of the servant lowered persuasively. Heavy steps passed on down the hall, and then the woman came back.

"I told him you was here, sir," she said. "He's gone to his room, but will be back in a minute. He's queer, sir; if you haven't seen him before you had as well be prepared for that. I heard Dr. Plympton say the other day that if he didn't stop worrying as he is that he'd have a stroke of paralysis."

The woman retired and the visitor sat for several moments alone. Presently he heard the heavy steps in the hall and Henry A. Floyd came in. He was very pale, his skin appearing almost ashen in color, and his eyes, under their heavy brows, had a restless, shifting expression. Nelson felt repelled in a way he could not account for. The old man failed to offer any greeting, and it was only the caller's extended hand that seemed to remind him of the courtesy due a stranger. Even then only the ends of his cold fingers touched those of the young man. A thrill of intense and disagreeable surprise passed over Nelson, for his uncle stood staring at him steadily without uttering a word.

"Did your servant tell you who I am?" the young man ventured, in no little embarrassment.

"Yes, she told me," old Floyd answered. "She told me."

"From your standpoint, sir," Nelson said, "perhaps I have little excuse for coming to see you without an intimation from you that such a visit would be welcome, but I confess I was so anxious to hear something from you about my parents that I couldn't wait longer."

"Huh, I see, I see!" exclaimed the old man, his glance on the floor.

"You may understand my eagerness more fully," said Nelson, "when

I tell you that you are the first and only blood relative I remember ever to have seen."

The old man shrugged his bent shoulders, and Nelson was almost sure that he sneered, but no sound came from his tightly compressed lips.

The young man, in even greater embarrassment, looked at the portraits on the wall, and, for the lack of anything more appropriate to say, remarked: "Your servant tells me that these are my grandparents—your father and mother."

"Yes, they are my parents," the old man said, deep down in his throat. Then all of a sudden his eyes began to flash angrily. "That old hussy's been talking behind my back, has she? I'll teach her what her place is in my house, if——"

"Oh, she only answered a question or two of mine," said Nelson pacifically. "I told her you were my uncle and for that reason I was interested in family portraits."

"*Your uncle!*" That was all the reply old Floyd made.

Nelson stared at him in deep perplexity for a moment, then he said: "I hope I am not on the wrong track, sir. A friend of mine—a rough mountaineer, it's true, but a sterling fellow—called here some time ago, and he came back and told me that you said——"

"He came here like the spy that he was," snorted the old man. "He came here to my house pretending to want to rent land, and in that way got into my confidence and had me talk about family matters; but he didn't want to rent land. When he failed to come back my suspicions were roused and I made inquiries. I found out that he was the sharpest, keenest man among mountain revenue detectives, and that he had no idea of leaving his present location. Now I'd simply like to know what you and he are after. I haven't got anything for you—not a dollar in the world, nor any property that isn't mortgaged up to the hilt. Why did you send a man of that kind to me?"

"You actually astound me, sir,"

Nelson said. "I hardly know what to say."

"I reckon you don't—now that I hurl the unexpected truth into your teeth. You didn't think I'd be sharp enough to inquire about that fellow Baker, did you? You thought a man living here in a city as big as this would let a green country lout like that get him in a trap. Huh! But I wasn't a fool, sir. You thought you were getting facts from me through him, but you were not, by a long shot. I wasn't going to tell a stranger like that delicate family matters. God knows your father's conduct was disgraceful enough without my unfolding his life to a coarse greenhorn so long after his death. You know the reputation my brother Charles had, don't you?"

"Not till it came from you, sir," said Nelson coldly. "Baker told me you said he was a little wild, that he drank——"

"My father kicked him out of our home, I tell you," the old man snapped. "He told him never to darken his door again, after the way he lived before the war and during it. It completely broke that woman's heart." Old Floyd pointed a trembling finger at his mother's portrait. "I don't understand why you—how you can come here as you do, calling me your uncle as if you had a right to do so."

"Right to do so?—stop!" Nelson took him up sharply. "What do you mean? I've the right to ask that, sir, anyway."

"Oh, you know what I mean, I reckon. That man Baker intimated that you knew all about your family history. You know that your mother and my poor, deluded brother were never married, that they——"

"Not married!" Nelson Floyd shrank as if he had been struck in the face. "For God's sake, don't say that! I can stand anything but that."

"I won't ask you to believe me without ample proof," old Floyd answered harshly. "Wait here a minute."

Nelson sank into a chair, and pale and trembling and with a heart that

seemed dead with the old man in the room. Old Floyd's expression was grim, palpitating, his colorless face blazed in his some books and in his hands.

"Here are your parents," he will tell the whole his signature. authenticity—if is forged, you can specimens of his school-books of he kept in college its character ho The letters are mother—a French leans."

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DEAR FATHER I am longing for as you say, it is never come bac facts are known things you write past are, alas! o them. Perhaps world who will to know how sh temptation whe a child. But o minds at rest. tend to marry I that I shall nev to hers. Really it. She seems exactly. And over its future. the war is over. It is nameless, a sting it later in happened befor mother, young ways before, an

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seemed dead within him, he watched the old man move slowly from the room. Old Floyd returned presently. An expression that seemed born of grim, palpitating satisfaction lay on his colorless face; a triumphant light blazed in his sullen eyes. He held some books and a package of letters in his hands.

"Here are your father's letters to my parents," he began. "The letters will tell the whole story. They bear his signature. If you doubt their authenticity—if you think the name is forged, you can compare it to all the specimens of his writing in these old school-books of his. This is a diary he kept in college. You can see from its character how his life was tending. The letters are later, after he met your mother—a French girl—in New Orleans."

For a moment Nelson stared up into the withered face above him, and then, with a groan of dawning conviction, he took the letters. He opened the one on the top.

How strange! The handwriting was not unlike his own. But that was too trivial to marvel over. It was the contents of the letter that at once benumbed and tore his heart in twain.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER (it began): I am longing for the old home tonight; but, as you say, it is perhaps best that I should never come back again, especially as the facts are known in the neighborhood. The things you write me in regard to Annette's past are, alas! only too true. I don't deny them. Perhaps I'm the only one in the world who will overlook them, for I happen to know how she was tried by poverty and temptation when she was hardly more than a child. But on one point I can set your minds at rest. You seem to think that I intend to marry her; but I promise you now that I shall never link your honored name to hers. Really the poor girl doesn't wish it. She seems to understand how you feel exactly. And the baby! you are worried over its future. Let that go. As soon as the war is over, I shall do my full duty by it. It is nameless, as you say, and that fact may sting it later in life, but such things have happened before, and, my dear father and mother, young men have fallen into bad ways before, and—

Nelson Floyd read no further. Turning the time-stained sheet over,

he saw his father's signature. With lifeless fingers he opened one or two of the other letters. He tried to glance at the fly-leaves of the books on his quivering knees, but there was a blur before his sight. The scrawny hands of the old man were stretched out to prevent the mass from falling to the floor.

"Are you satisfied? That's the main thing," he said. "Because, if you are not, there are plenty of legal records which—"

"I am satisfied." Nelson stood up, his inert hand on the back of the rocking-chair he had just vacated.

"I was going to say if you were not I can give you further proof. I can cite to you old legal documents to which my brother signed his name. He got hard-up and sold a piece of land to me once. I have that deed. You are welcome to—"

"I am satisfied." Those words seemed the only ones of which the young man's bewildered brain were capable. But he was a gentleman to the core of his being. "I'm sorry I intruded on you, Mr. Floyd. Only blind ignorance on my part—" He went no further.

The inanimate objects about him, the chairs, the table, the door toward which he was moving, seemed to have life.

"Well, good day." Old Floyd remained in the centre of the room, the books and letters held awkwardly under his stiff arm. "I see that you were not expecting this revelation, but you might as well have been told to-day as later. I understand that the Duncans and Prices up your way are under wrong impressions about your social standing, but I didn't want to be the one to open their eyes. I really don't care myself. However, a thing like that is sure to get out sooner or later."

"They shall know the truth," said Floyd, with the lips of a dead man. "I shall not sail under false colors. Good day, Mr. Floyd."

Out into the broad, balmy sunlight the young man went. There was a

despondent droop upon him. His step was slow and uncertain, his feet seemed to him to have weights attached to them. He walked on to the corner of the next street and leaned against a tree. From the city's palpitating heart and stony veins came the hum of traffic on wheels, the clanging of bells, the escaping of steam. Nearby someone was practicing a monotonous exercise on a piano. He looked up at the sky with the stare of a subject under hypnotic influence.

A lump was in his dry throat. He made an effort to swallow it down, but it stuck and pained him. Persons passing caught sight of his face and threw back stares of mute inquiry as they moved on. After half an hour of aimless wandering here and there through the crowded streets he paused at the door of a barroom. He recognized the big gilt sign on the plate-glass windows, and remembered being there years before at midnight with some jolly friends and being taken to his hotel in a cab. After all, whisky now, as then, would furnish forgetfulness, and that was his right. He went in and sat down at a little round table in the corner of the room. On a shelf near him was a bowl of brown pretzels, a plate of salted popcorn, a saucer of parched coffee-beans mixed with cloves. One of the bartenders came to him, a towel over his arms. "What will you have, sir?" he asked.

"Rye whisky straight," said the customer, his eyes on the sawdust at his feet. "Bring the bottle along."

CHAPTER XXVI

To Cynthia the day on which she expected Floyd to return from Atlanta passed slowly. Something told her that he would come straight to her from the station, on his arrival, and she was impatient to hear his news. The hack usually brought passengers over at six o'clock, and at that time she was on the porch looking expectantly down the road leading to the village.

But he did not come. Seven o'clock struck—eight; supper was over and her parents and her grandmother were in bed.

"I simply will not go to meet him in the grape arbor any more," she said to herself. "He is waiting to come later, but I'll not go out, as much as I'd like to hear about his mother. He thinks my curiosity will drive me to it, but he shall see."

However, when alone in her room she paced the floor in an agony of indecision and beset by strange, unaccountable forebodings. Might not something have happened to him? At nine o'clock she was in bed, but not asleep. At half-past nine she got up. The big bed of feathers seemed a great, smothering instrument of torture; she could scarcely get her breath. Throwing a shawl over her, she went out on the porch and sat down in a chair. She had been there only a moment when she heard her mother's step in the hall, and, turning her head, she saw the gaunt old woman's form in the doorway.

"I heard you walking about," Mrs. Porter said coldly, "and got up to see what was the matter. Are you sick?"

"No, mother; I simply am not sleepy, that's all."

The old woman advanced a step nearer, her sharp eyes on the girl's white nightgown and bare feet. "Good gracious!" she cried. "You'll catch your death of cold. Go in the house this minute. I'll bet I know why you can't sleep. You are worried about what people are saying about Nelson Floyd's marrying Evelyn Duncan and throwing you over, as he no doubt has many other girls."

"I wasn't thinking of it, mother." Cynthia rose and started in. "He can marry her if he wants to."

"Oh, well, you can pretend all you like. I reckon your pride would make you defend yourself. Now, go in the house."

In the darkness of her room Cynthia sat on the side of her bed. She heard her mother's bare feet as the

old woman went to her room in the house. He was in the grape arbor, but she thought she had gone. She would not wish to have a chilling doubt strike her. Evelyn. But no one over her as she had declined to go in the captain's carriage to walk with her. but perhaps something had happened to him—perhaps he had become frigid. The mountain was often intoxicated. Cynthia threw her head back, pulled the light over her, but she did not toward morning.

The sun was up. Her mother was a half-repentant wrinkled face.

"Don't get up," she said. "and am keeping fast warm."

"Thank you, up, her mind dreams and real."

"You don't like Mrs. Porter said before you waked dark under the."

"I'll feel all and stirring and avoiding her n."

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old woman went along the hall back to her room in the rear. Floyd might be in the grape arbor now. As her light was extinguished, he would think she had gone to bed, and he would not whistle. Then a great, chilling doubt struck her. Perhaps he had really gone to Duncan's to see Evelyn. But no, a warm glow stole over her as she remembered that he had declined to go home from church in the captain's carriage that he might walk with her. No, it was not that; but perhaps some accident had happened to him—the stage-horses might have become frightened on that dangerous mountain road. The driver was often intoxicated, and in that condition was known to be reckless. Cynthia threw herself back in bed and pulled the light covering over her, but she did not go to sleep till far toward morning.

The sun was up when she awoke. Her mother was standing near her, a half-repentant look flitting over her wrinkled face.

"Don't get up unless you feel like it," she said. "I've done your work and am keeping your coffee and breakfast warm."

"Thank you, mother." Cynthia sat up, her mind battling with both dreams and realities.

"You don't look like you are well," Mrs. Porter said. "I watched you before you waked up. You are awfully dark under the eyes."

"I'll feel all right when I am up and stirring around," Cynthia said, avoiding her mother's close scrutiny. "I tell you I'm not sick."

When she had dressed herself and gone out into the dining-room she found a delicious breakfast waiting for her, but she scarcely touched the food. The coffee she drank for its stimulating effect, and felt better. All that morning, however, she was the helpless victim of recurring forebodings. When her father came in from the village at noon she hung about him, hoping that he would drop some observation from which she might learn if Floyd had returned, but the quaint

old gossip seemed to talk of everything except the subject to which her soul was bound.

About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Porter said she wanted a spool of cotton thread, and Cynthia offered to go to the village for it.

"Not in this hot sun," the old woman objected.

"I could keep in the shade all the way," Cynthia told her.

"Well, if you'll do that, you may go," Mrs. Porter gave in. "I don't know but what the exercise will do you good. I tell you, I don't like the looks of your skin and eyes. I'm afraid you are going to take down sick. You didn't touch breakfast and ate very little dinner."

Cynthia managed to laugh reassuringly as she went for her hat and sunshade. Indeed, the prospect even of activity had driven touches of color into her cheeks, and her step was light and alert as she started off—so at least thought Mrs. Porter, who was looking after her from a window. But what did the trip amount to? At Mayhew & Floyd's store Joe Peters waited on her, and had nothing to say of Floyd. While the clerk's back was turned Cynthia threw a guarded glance in the direction of Floyd's desk, but the shadows of the afternoon had enveloped that part of the room in obscurity, and she saw nothing that would even indirectly reply to her heart's question. It was on her tongue to inquire if Mr. Floyd had returned, but her pride laid a firm hand over her pretty mouth, and with her small purchase tightly clasped in her tense fingers she went out into the street and turned her face homeward.

The next day passed in much the same way, and the night. Then two other days and nights of racking torture came and went. The very lack of interest in the subject, of those about her, was maddening. She was sure now that something vital had happened to her lover, and Saturday at noon, when her father came from the village, she saw that he was the bearer of news. She knew, too, that it con-

cerned Floyd before the old man had opened his lips.

"Well, what you reckon has happened?" Nathan asked, with one of his unctuous smiles. "You two women could guess, an' guess, fer two thousand years, an' then never git in a mile o' what everybody in town is talkin' about."

Cynthia's heart sank like a plummet. It was coming—the grim, horrible revelation she had feared. But her father was subtly enjoying the blank stare in her eyes, the depth of which was beyond his comprehension. As usual, he purposely hung fire.

"What is it, Nathan?" his wife said entreatingly. "Don't keep us waiting as you always do." She looked at Cynthia and remarked: "It's something out of the common. I can see that from the way he begins."

Porter laughed drily. "You kin bet yore sweet lives it's out o' the common, but I hain't no hand to talk when my throat's parched dry with thirst. I cayn't drink that town water, nohow. Has any fresh been fetched?"

"Just this minute," declared his wife, and she hastened to the water-shelf in the entry, returning with a dripping gourd. "Here, drink it! You won't say a word till you are ready."

Porter drank slowly. "You may call that fresh water," he sneered, "but you wouldn't ef you had it to swallow. I reckon you'd call old stump-water fresh ef you could git news any the quicker by it. Well, it's about Nelson Floyd."

"Nelson Floyd!" gasped Mrs. Porter. "He's gone and married Evelyn Duncan—that's my guess."

"No, it ain't that," declared Porter. "An' it ain't another Wade gal scrape that anybody knows of. The fact is nobody don't know *what* it is. Floyd went down to Atlanta Wednesday, so Mayhew says, to lay in a few articles o' stock that was out, an' to call on that new uncle o' his. He was to be back Wednesday night, without fail, to draw up some important mortgages fer the firm, an' a dozen customers has been helt over in town fer two days.

They all had to go back without transactin' business, fer Floyd didn't turn up. Nor he didn't write a line, nuther. And, although old Mayhew has been firin' telegrams down thar, fust to Nelson an' later to business houses, not a thing has been heard o' the young man since last Wednesday. He hain't registered at no hotel in Atlanta. One man has been found that said he knowed Floyd by sight, an' that he had seed 'im walkin' about at night in the vilest street in Atlanta lookin' like a dead man or one plumb bereft of his senses."

Cynthia stood staring at her father with expanded eyes, and then she sat down near a window, her face averted from the others. She said nothing.

"He's crazy," said Mrs. Porter. "I've always thought something was wrong with that man. His whole life shows it. He was an outlaw when he was a child, and when he grew up he put on high an' mighty airs, an' started to drinkin' like a lord. He'd no sooner let up on that than he got into that Wade trouble, an'—"

"Some think he was drugged, an' maybe put out of the way on the sly," said Porter bluntly. "But I don't know. Thoughts is cheap."

"Hush, Nathan!" Mrs. Porter said, under her breath, for Cynthia had risen, and without looking to the right or left was moving from the room. "This may kill that poor child."

"Kill her, a dog's hind foot!" Porter sneered. "To be a woman yoreself, you are the porest judge of 'em I ever seed. You women are so dead anxious to have some man die fer you that you think the same reckless streak runs in yore own veins. You all said Minnie Wade had tuck powdered glass when she was sick that time an' was goin' to pass in 'er checks on this feller's account, but she didn't die fer him, nor fer Thad Pelham, nor the two Thomas boys, nor Abe Spring, nor none o' the rest."

"You ought to be ashamed of speakin' of your own child in the same breath with that girl," said Mrs. Porter insincerely, her eyes anxiously on the

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"I hain't bunchin' 'em together at all," Porter declared. "I was only tryin' to keep you from layin' in a burial outfit that may go out o' fashion 'fore Cynthia wants to use it. You watch 'er an' you'll see 'er pick up in a day or so. I've seed widows wear black so heavy that the dye in the goods seemed to soak into the'r skins an' drip off'n the'r eyelashes, an' them same women was wearin' red stockin's an' flirtin' 'em at another fool inside of a month."

"You don't know what you're talking about," responded Mrs. Porter. "It is going hard with her, but I really hope Floyd'll not come back to Springtown. I don't feel safe with him around."

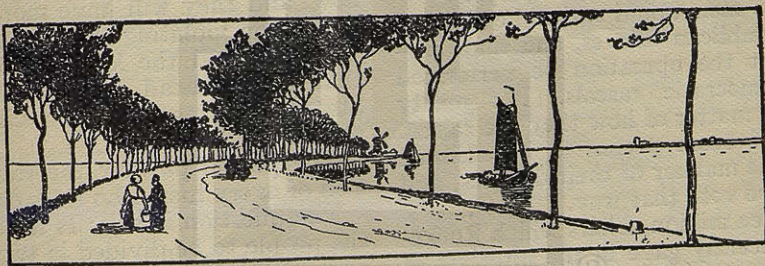
"You don't want 'im here," sneered Porter, "but yore dead sure his absence is a-goin' to lay our only child under the sod. That's about as sensible as the stand a woman takes on most questions. As fer me, I confess I'm sorter upset. I'd about made up my mind that our little gal was goin' to yank that chap an' his boodle into

this family before long, but it looks like I was off in my calculations. To look at her now, a body wouldn't think she was holdin' the drivin'-reins very tight. But come what may, storm, hail, wind, rain, or sunshine an' fine crops, I'll be the only one, I reckon, in this house that will sleep sound to-night. An' that's whar you are all a set o' fools. A person that loses sleep wonderin' whether another person is dead or alive mought be in a better business, in this day and time, when just *anybody* is liable to drap dead in the'r tracks. La, me! What you got fer dinner? I smell some'n' a-cookin'."

And Porter went into the kitchen, got down on his knees at the stove, and looked into it.

"That's all right," he said to himself, with a chuckle, "but she hain't put half enough gravy on it, an' ef I hadn't 'a' been here to 'a' turned it, it 'ud not 'a' got cooked clean through. If it's tough I'll raise a row. I told 'em to sell the tough 'uns. What's the use o' raisin' hens ef you have to eat the scrubs an' don't git half-pay fer the ones you send to market?"

(To be continued.)



By Way of Excuse

CRAWFORD—What makes that Senator so dishonest?

CRABSHAW—He says he is merely getting back the money it cost him to be elected.

FADS are costly, especially the one of giving money away.

What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks

BY W. S. MORGAN

A SCANDAL doesn't amount to much unless the parties are prominent.

Opposition breeds revolution.

The Republican machine is simply laughing at Teddy's "big stick."

When the people quit voting for what they *don't* want, the trusts and corporations will stop getting what they *do* want.

No man who accepts an office of public trust should be permitted to receive a salary or fee from a corporation.

It is expected now that Secretary Wilson will do a little "weeding" in his own domain.

The farmers are laying in a good supply of home-made common sense. They are organizing and will hereafter look out for themselves. If they will let political demagogues who want office alone you will hear something "drap" one of these days.

Some men would rather be skinned by Republican thieves, and some prefer that the operation be performed by Democratic rascals. It's pretty much a matter of how they are raised. Most of them prefer to be skinned after the manner of their daddies, and therefore vote that way.

The ten million dollars which Rockefeller recently gave in the interests of "higher education" will not weigh as much in the scales of God's justice as one tear wrenched from humanity by the oppressions of the Standard Oil Company.

Standing pat means opposition to progress.

Some of our "infant industries" are old enough to want a pension.

It is the fellows that are enjoying special privileges who are opposed to

a change of present conditions. We should pay some attention, however, to the complaint of the fellows who are being robbed.

The main question is, Shall the dollar or the man rule in this country?

Public opinion should be heeded before it is compelled to express itself with a rope.

There have always been two classes of people in the world—one that lived by honest labor and one that lived off honest labor.

The castles of feudal robbers have given way to trusts and boards of trade.

The modern brigand is called a captain of industry.

Calling a crime by a different name doesn't make it any less a crime.

While poverty may be respectable enough, no man should be proud of it.

The rich are having some trouble now, and they will have more if they don't stop violating the laws.

In England the king is little more than a figurehead, but in the United States the machine politician is a power.

The people pay for the transportation of every man who rides on a pass.

The question is this: Is it better for the people to be divided in two parties and continuously engage in mud-slinging at each other, or to take the bit in their teeth and "turn the rascals out"?

Governor Folk has well said that "the country needs soldiers of peace as well as soldiers of war."

The strength of a nation lies in the common people. Very few rich men do any fighting, except with their mouths.

In Norway farmers can borrow

money at 3 per cent. loans its farmers cent. Many other farmers money at interest, but the United States government refuses to loan money and loans money one-half of 1 per cent. bankers loan it to and 10 per cent. country of equal opportunities.

A few years longer and commercial syndicates will think it dishonest.

The Wall Street Tom Lawson all the time they seem to be court and prove that

It is almost as hard in jail as it is to get a needle.

Whenever a rich man is caught Depew is caught the goods in his graph ought to be in Gallery."

When the open utility is based on any sensible man public is going to

The only divine government is the one to rule themselves done only by the initiative and referendum of Recall.

Representative right only when endum string tied

The foolosophy to get their feet keep them there; say "Amen."

The Missouri their best lawyer Company.

The financial people through not to be blamed flea will bore for hungry and has the fool people with privileges that are If you will

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money at 3 per cent. New Zealand loans its farmers money at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Many other countries loan the farmers money at a low rate of interest, but the United States Government refuses to loan to the farmers and loans money to the bankers at one-half of 1 per cent. And the bankers loan it to the farmers at 8 and 10 per cent. Yet this is called a country of equal rights and opportunities.

A few years longer under the present commercial system and men will think it dishonest to be honest.

The Wall Street pirates are calling Tom Lawson all kinds of things, but they seem to be afraid to go into court and prove them.

It is almost as hard to put a boodler in jail as it is to go through the eye of a needle.

Whenever a rich man like Senator Depew is caught in the act, or with the goods in his hands, his photograph ought to be put in the "Rogues' Gallery."

When the operation of a public utility is based upon private greed any sensible man knows that the public is going to suffer.

The only divine right that exists in government is the right of the people to rule themselves, and this can be done only by the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum and the right of Recall.

Representative government is all right only when you keep the Referendum string tied to it.

The foolosophy of the plutocrats is to get their feet in the trough and keep them there; and the yellow dogs say "Amen."

The Missouri boodlers have loaned their best lawyers to the Standard Oil Company.

The financial fleas who live on the people through special privileges are not to be blamed. Any kind of an old flea will bore for blood when he gets hungry and has the opportunity. It's the fool people who grant these special privileges that are to be blamed.

If you will just notice it is the

thieves and rascals who ask most frequently for injunctions in matters where the public is concerned. This fact is no credit to the courts.

Some of the big insurance companies are changing the thieves at the head of their affairs—getting bigger and better ones.

Elect a thief to office and you'll be robbed. Elect a man whom the thieves want and you'll be robbed just the same.

Every public utility is made the means of despoiling the people by the men who have obtained the right to tax them for a public service.

Private ownership of public utilities has bred corruption in politics. Remove the cause and the disease will disappear.

Mr. Bryan admits that the Democratic Party needs fumigating, but that is no credit to either his honesty or his astuteness. What the old thing needs most is burying.

A statesman is a man who first learns just what the people want and then proceeds to advocate it as though it were an idea of his own.

When a man starts in to own more of the world than he ought he usually begins by mortgaging himself to the devil.

Some men have to be made hungry before you can start their thinking machine going.

At any rate, Tom Lawson has pulled the nigger out of the Wall Street woodpile.

Mr. Thomas Taggart is the proprietor of a gambling-house at French Lick Springs, Ind. He is also proprietor of the Democratic Party, and there are over six million Democrats tagging along behind Taggart, the proprietor of the gambling-hell. Isn't this a nice spectacle? Why do they do it, you ask? Why, they just can't help it. It's the yellow-dogism that's in 'em.

Perhaps one reason the plutocrats have no more regard for the law than they do is that they own it—that is, they paid to have it passed.

Rockefeller is doing just what the

people are voting for him to do. Half of them are voting the same ticket he does, and the other half are voting with a fellow just like him. It is the system that is at fault, and both old parties stand for the system.

The railroad bill that will be able to pass the gantlet of the corporation-owned United States Senate will be about what the railroad companies want. The majority of the senators are not up there for their health.

The people of this country have the right and the power to make the Government just what they want it to be and just what it was intended to be, but they can't do it by standing on their hind feet and howling at each other.

It is said that Populist measures are too radical; but it will require something radical to pry the privileged class loose from the cinch it has on the public.

The farmers and wage-workers in this country could have things their own way if they would only do so. But when it comes to politics they fight each other, divide their forces, and the thieves and grafters have a rich harvest.

So long as we have bossism in politics we will have corruption and graft. The way to eliminate the corrupt boss is to adopt direct legislation.

In his speech before the Iroquois Club, in Chicago, President Roosevelt said: "This is not nor will not be a government of plutocracy," yet if there is anything that plutocracy wants that it hasn't got it has never been put out where the public could see it.

Some of the great dailies are claiming that this country is not yet ready for public ownership; and, come to think about it, it might be best, as a preliminary step, to put about a million thieves and grafters in jail.

Who made the fortunes of the great insurance companies that pay salaries of \$100,000 a year to their officers? The people, of course. As there is no law to prevent a fool and his money from parting, I suppose the thing will continue.

The Democratic Party is Democratic in its promises and Republican in its performances. In fact, it is a consummate old fraud. But there are lots of good people in it, lots of 'em. But what they are there for?—well, I give it up.

One trouble with the banks of this country seems to be that the bankers loan themselves too much money.

Populism is the march of an army of facts. It is democracy applied to modern conditions. It is the putting of the brakes on official corruption and the wiping out of special privileges. It is the one thing that predatory wealth fears. It is not only a cure for political corruption, but a preventive.

The worst trouble is that about one-half of the people favor one set of thieves, while the other half favor another set. Wall Street favors both sets, and therefore Wall Street wins. So Wall Street, the thieves and politicians get the swag, and the people—oh, well, the people get the opportunity to vote 'er straight.

What is a national bank-note? Why, it is simply evidence that the bank owes the holder of the note the amount expressed on its face and is collecting interest on what it owes. Just that, and you can't make anything else out of it. It is simply five men, or more, going in debt, and then collecting interest on that debt. But don't tell the yellow dogs about this. They might hunt a cool place and lie down and think about it.

The trouble with the proposed system of control of railroads is and always has been that the railroads do most of the controlling. To undertake to pass laws to regulate traffic on the railroads is to invite extra efforts on the part of the lobby and to cause an increase in the price of votes for the legislative grafters. The effort to control has always been a failure and always will be.

Just why the common people, as the plutocrats call us, want to be servants to those they feed and clothe I never could tell. Why, if every man would

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stand up for his rights those fellows
who are now making money through
special privileges, which we have given
them, would have to get out and dig.
Wouldn't that be a sight on earth?
Yet the medicine would do them
good.

A railroad company may take every
dollar a thing is worth for hauling it
to market. Under the old feudal sys-
tem of robbery the robber barons often
took every dollar a man had on his
person while he was coming from
market. Now, what is the difference
in reality? Under the old system
they used force and sometimes failed,

while under the new system they do it
under a franchise obtained by fraud
from the people and never fail.

Back of political corruption, false
systems and rotten social conditions
is the vote of the people. Directed
by intelligence and unencumbered by
party prejudice, that vote will remedy
the existing evils. It is up to you,
Mr. Workingman and Mr. Farmer,
to cast that vote as a free and in-
dependent citizen *should* cast it. In
countries where people have no votes
they have a right to complain of ex-
isting evils, but in this country you
get what you vote for.

The Montana Copper War

HEINZE VS. AMALGAMATED

BY THOMAS ALOYSIUS HICKEY

A FOREWORD

I believe that the story of the Copper War
that is raging in Montana today should be
given the widest publicity. I have worked
as a quartz miner for all the Copper magnates
who are now battling for the Copper crown.
I stood never for a moment under the flag of
any of the contestants, and consequently I
am able to write this story without any of
the prejudices of a partisan.—T. A. H.

MONTANA, third of these United
States in area, first in the
production of copper and
silver, famed throughout the land for
its beef and barley, has been for seven
troublesome years, and is today, in the
throes of an industrial war, compared
with which the Kansas oil fight is but
as the babblings of the saucy brook
pitted against the angry thunder of
the sea.

The fight here, as in Kansas, is
against that silent, terrifying cyclo-
pean figure which sits enthroned at No.
26 Broadway, New York, the Standard
Oil "interests," known as the "Sys-

tem." But in Montana the field of
battle is the Armageddon of a State.
The fate of a single industry is not the
sole guerdon for which the combatants
are struggling; it is the honor of a
sovereign commonwealth and the free-
dom of its citizens which are at stake.
It is the last struggle for the right of
individual initiative in the Treasure
State. The hand of the "System" is
at the throat of her industrial inde-
pendence, is throttling her civil insti-
tutions and prostituting her citizen-
ship.

The "System," in Montana, means
the Amalgamated Copper Company,
of which Henry H. Rogers, of New
York, is president. His relation to
the Standard Oil Company is well
understood. With the Amalgamated
stand the railroad magnates, James J.
Hill and E. H. Harriman, controlling
the three great trunk lines of Montana,
the Great Northern, the Northern
Pacific and the Oregon Short Line, and
97 per cent. of the railroad traffic of

the State. Senator William A. Clark is absolute master of the Democratic Party (except the present Governor), and he has knelt before the shrine at No. 26 Broadway and smoked the pipe of peace with the big chiefs of the "System." Senator Thomas Carter is boss of the Republican Party. He maintains a law office at Helena, and draws a yearly retainer of \$25,000 from the "System." Every daily newspaper published in Montana, except the *Butte Evening News*, is carried as an asset, or rather as a liability, upon the books either of the Amalgamated Copper Company or of Senator Clark. The judges of the Supreme Court of the State have repeatedly demonstrated their allegiance to the "System," and, since the election of 1904, the District Bench of Silver Bow County, in which the city of Butte is located, has been strongly permeated with the odor of kerosene.

The Amalgamated owns the great Anaconda mine in Butte, on which Marcus Daly built his fortune, also the Parrot, Pennsylvania, Mountain View, Mountain Consolidated, Leonard, Gagnon, Green Mountain, High Ore, Never-sweat, St. Lawrence, Belle Diamond, Silver Bow, Moonlight and Gray Rock mines, two smelters and the company store, the Hennessey office building, the *Butte Daily Intermountain* and the Florence Hotel. It owns other mines at Dillon, Camp Creek and Danielsville. It owns one-half of the town site of Anaconda, the largest smelter in the world, the Daly Bank, the company store, the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railroad, the gas and electric-lighting plants, the water-works, the street-cars, the Montana Hotel and the Anaconda *Daily Standard*. In Great Falls, next to Butte the largest city in the State, it owns the smelters, all of the public utilities and one of the daily newspapers, the *Great Falls Leader*. In Belt, a coal-mining town, its grip is as thorough as at Anaconda. The lumber towns of Hamilton and Bonner are similarly controlled. Missoula, with 6,000 inhabitants, is dependent for its commercial and industrial life upon

the lumber business of the Amalgamated and of Clark. Cokedale and Storrs, with their coal mines and coke ovens, are owned in fee simple. Eighteen thousand men are on the payrolls of the Amalgamated. Senator Clark employs a thousand more in mines, smelters and lumber camps. Added to these are the employees of the great railway systems and the powerful influence of Federal patronage.

Such are the intrenchments, the armies, the flying squadrons, the engineering corps, the general staff of the Amalgamated. No public loans are necessary to provide the munitions of war. Gold in increasing measure pours from the breast of Montana into the coffers of the "System" sufficient in itself to complete the enslavement of the State. Behind it are the imperial resources of the "System." Said H. H. Rogers, "The flag has never been lowered at No. 26 Broadway, and I'll drive Heinze out of Montana, if it costs ten millions to do it." I quote from an interview published in the *Wall Street Journal* in January, 1904.

Who are the people of Montana who stand arrayed against these tremendous forces? They are the hardy and independent miners of the mountain and the farmers and stockmen out upon the great plateau of the "Cow Country," the miners who are fighting for an opportunity to become Marcus Dalys and William A. Clarks, but who see that opportunity dying in the grasp of the Amalgamated; the farmers who raise the barley and the stockmen who raise the beef, and who have seen their Governor and their Legislature and their courts bow down in helpless wrath or in still worse ignominy to the spoken will of the "System."

The honest burghers of the Transvaal, driven to desperation by the encroachments of British greed, carried their forlorn hope to the field of battle. The brilliant and resourceful De Wet captured a British regiment with its mutton-headed officers. Two regiments were sent against him. He captured

those. Four months of defeat, then eight months at last, surrounded by material resources could not overcome him. He was obliged to give up. The De Wet of Montana is Heinze. He is not yet forlorn, magnetic, standing and seemingly the story of the people of Montana is in the story of the struggle between the Copper Company and Heinze.

The city of Butte, the people, largest mining camp. A twenty-four-hour town. The twentieth-century city is a female with Butte. A mining camp, the

Oh, it's day,
And there is

For five years at the California Butte, has never. If the lambs flee, sit in until other is never long.

Probably not there such a workers as are. There are no social rebels; Carmagnole to flag of anarchy back in the west the East they erty and pushed muscled, red-sailed the ship of antler places to. From the copper in the County mines of Tipton of Cornwall and ern Europe models of the early young men of ica. At the

those. Four more marched out to defeat, then eight, then sixteen, until at last, surrounded and overwhelmed by material resources which his genius could not overcome, De Wet was obliged to give up the unequal struggle. The De Wet of Montana is F. Augustus Heinze. He is the leader of a hope not yet forlorn, brilliant, resourceful, magnetic, standing erect, defiant, smiling and seemingly unconquerable. The story of the prostitution of the State of Montana is inextricably linked with the story of the long and bitter struggle between the Amalgamated Copper Company and F. Augustus Heinze.

The city of Butte, with its 60,000 people, largest city in the State, is a mining camp. It is the greatest twenty-four-hour town on earth. It is the twentieth-century Tombstone. Leadville is a female seminary compared with Butte. As of another Western mining camp, they sing:

Oh, it's day, all day in Butte,
And there is no such thing as night.

For five years a stud-poker game at the California Club in Main Street, Butte, has never halted for an hour. If the lambs flee for the nonce, boosters sit in until other lambs appear—which is never long.

Probably nowhere in the world is there such a forceful, virile body of workers as are the miners of Butte. There are no graybeards. They are social rebels; not that they chant the Carmagnole to the waving of the black flag of anarchy, but in the sense that back in the well-ordered civilization of the East they rebelled against poverty and pushed on to the frontier, big-muscled, red-blooded, determined to sail the ship of their destiny into pleasanter places than their boyhood knew. From the copper mines of Berehaven, in the County Cork, from the coal mines of Tipperary, from the tin mines of Cornwall and from wherever in Western Europe men go down into the bowels of the earth for treasure, the sturdy young men of the mines came to America. At the Atlantic seaboard they

heard the story of Mr. Baer and his partnership with God in the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania, of the company store and the company shack, with its yellow-fever paint by way of decoration. In company with their American brothers they started across the continent to the Hocking Valley of Ohio, thence to the copper peninsula of Michigan, to the coal mines of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, on to the gold and silver lodes of Colorado and Utah, and finally to the miner's paradise of Butte, where eight hours is the day's work and one hundred and five dollars the monthly wage.

Beyond, the Butte miner has his eyes fixed on Alaska. Butte is but a way station on the road to Cape Nome.

Butte has a public library, and churches that rank well with similar institutions in any American city. They are well patronized by the miners. It has beautiful and costly public buildings, hotels, business blocks and private residences.

Butte is rightly called the Gibraltar of trades-unionism. Every conceivable occupation is organized; from the pinboys in the bowling alleys and the shoeblacks on the streets to the reporters on the daily papers, all are organized. Wages are high. Plumbers get eight dollars per day, and printers get six and a half for a seven and a half hour day.

It is the proud boast of Butte that the greatest mining camp on earth has never had a boom.

The theatre of the Copper War is this city of Butte. In a natural basin, fifteen miles across, surrounded by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, rises a tortoise-shaped hill, the last upheaval of the congealing contents of the caldron. This is the hill of Butte, three miles long and two miles wide, comprising two thousand acres.

Externally, the hill presents the familiar aspects of many mining localities. Its surface is marked by immense steel frameworks, like enlarged oil derricks, which stand over the shafts. Steel cables drop from them into the shafts and bring up the skips,

loaded with six tons of rock at a time, raising them two thousand feet in twenty-five seconds. Alongside are the big iron smokestacks of the engine houses. The Belle Diamond mine has thirteen smokestacks; the Corra has five. Thus the visitor to Butte soon learns to know the location of the different shafts by the number of the smokestacks.

The hill and all the surrounding flats are utterly without vegetation, and as bleak as a rock in the Atlantic. The smelter smoke is charged with sulphur and destroys all vegetable life.

At night the hill is lighted by a thousand arc lights, supplied by the big mining companies. They have an uncanny appearance as they twinkle through the thick haze of smelter smoke which hangs over the city like a pall. Through the darkness can be seen the red torrent of slag which pours down the dumps from the smelters that surround the city.

It is for the possession of this hill of Butte that the giants of the financial and industrial world have attempted to set their foot upon the necks of the independent miners, and into this titanic struggle they have incidentally drawn the whole people of Montana.

Beneath the streets of Butte, ten thousand men, throughout the twenty-four hours of every day, tunnel and drift and blast the precious ore through catacombs more wonderful than those of ancient Rome. So rich is the quartz in copper that it is as black as anthracite coal. Gold and silver are mere by-products, yet enough silver is produced to make Butte the greatest silver centre in the world.

The veins in this hill pitch and dip and criss-cross in the most contradictory and confusing manner. John Hayes Hammond, Rothschild's famous mining expert, who is equally at home at Cripple Creek or Johannesburg, says the interior of the hill of Butte resembles a crazy quilt. This is an important fact and should be borne in mind by the reader, as I shall have occasion to use it again in the development of this story.

From this hill of Butte five million tons of ore are taken every year—25 per cent. of all the copper produced in the world. The Rarus, a Heinze mine, has one slope in which a skyscraper like the Flatiron Building of New York or the Masonic Temple of Chicago could be completely engulfed. In the Mountain-Consolidated mine there is a slope five hundred feet wide. The great Anaconda—St. Lawrence—Rarus lode will average one hundred and sixty feet wide. Other lodes are phenomenally large.

If the "System" had secured control of the hill of Butte and their other possessions in Montana by the old-time Marcus Daly method of being on the spot, mixing with the people, competing with their fellows and developing the mines, the feeling would not be so intense against them, no matter though their crime were as black as the ore they coveted. The miners know, however, that it was in the kid-glove war of the Stock Exchange and not in the rude shock of mining conflict that the "System" came into its possessions. So the miners listen to the Stock Exchange story which Heinze and his writers and orators tell, and they believe it for gospel truth. And this is the gist of the story:

Marcus Daly controlled a group of mines, the principal one being the world-famed Anaconda. He and his associates agreed to give H. H. Rogers, Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company, an option upon them for \$39,000,000. The Amalgamated Copper Company was formed, and the Daly properties were sold to the Amalgamated for \$75,000,000. The stock of the Amalgamated was placed upon the market, backed by the Standard Oil name. The gullible investors, widows with insurance returns, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, business men and others, besieged the City Bank for three days, while sixty extra clerks took in the money and piled it ceiling high in sacks. Then Mr. Rogers quietly took the \$75,000,000, put \$36,000,000 in his pocket to divide with a few friends, and the in-

vestors had paper at par, which paid 75 cents on the dollar of the aforesaid gullibility. Mr. Rogers, figure, forced it at that figure to ones, then smashed. The groans that yon-like streets would, if caught, supply the grief for centuries. willows were in the corteges of the penitentiary down all the red flag on hundreds of lishments, comp

Later on the the Boston & were added to Eighty millions thirty-two of w ing the total cap gamated Copper 000.

In 1898, bef scended upon fighting for pre trial, financial Montana. The and William A. rivals in busine ty years, and th into a bitter p Daly sold all in Montana to came first pre mated.

After roman silver miners in Hearst and Fa days in the Se ington. Clark Montana, had same lofty wi seven long ye he climbed th the rocks whi took care to ally, at the ve he discovered ashes unless the "System

vestors had paper stamped \$75,000,000 at par, which promptly dropped to 75 cents on the dollar, at which figure the aforesaid gullible people sold hurriedly. Mr. Rogers got it back at this figure, forced it up to \$1.30, unloaded at that figure to some more gullible ones, then smash went the stock to 33. The groans that arose from the canyon-like streets of lower New York would, if caught on phonograph records, supply the world with sounds of grief for centuries to come. Weeping-willows were in fashion while the funeral cortèges of the suicides went by, the penitentiary doors clanged, and over all the red flag of the auctioneer, flying on hundreds of small business establishments, completed the whole.

Later on the Butte & Boston and the Boston & Montana companies were added to the original group. Eighty millions more stock were added, thirty-two of which were water, making the total capitalization of the Amalgamated Copper Company \$155,000,000.

In 1898, before the "System" descended upon Butte, two men were fighting for pre-eminence in the industrial, financial and political circles of Montana. They were Marcus Daly and William A. Clark. They had been rivals in business and politics for twenty years, and the rivalry had developed into a bitter personal feud. In 1898 Daly sold all of his immense interests in Montana to the "System," and became first president of the Amalgamated.

After romantic careers as gold and silver miners in Nevada and California, Hearst and Fair had rounded out their days in the Senate Chamber at Washington. Clark, the copper king of Montana, had set his eyes upon the same lofty wing of the Capitol. For seven long years, with bleeding feet, he climbed the Washington trail amid the rocks which his old enemy, Daly, took care to place in his path. Finally, at the very culmination of success, he discovered that it would turn into ashes unless he made his peace with the "System," whose representative,

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, stood on guard in the Senate. Hence, William A. Clark became the ally of the Amalgamated and United States Senator from the State of Montana.

At this time the death of Marcus Daly occurred. Clark had gone over to the "System." There was no one left to do battle with the Amalgamated on behalf of the independent miners of Montana. At this juncture F. Augustus Heinze stepped to the front and accepted the gage of battle.

It was another incident of a David and Goliath. Heinze was only twenty-eight years old, a rosy-faced boy. When the apple tree blossomed at Appomattox he had not been born. When the panic of '73 swept over the country he was just learning of Santa Claus. Heinze was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1871. His mother came from the famous Irish family of De Lacy, which traces back its ancestry to 1150 A.D. His father was an American Hebrew. Those who make a study of such matters say it is a magnificent cross. On the mother's side there is all the splendid imagination, fighting spirit and audacity of the Irish, while on the paternal side there is the cool, calm judgment and immense grasp of detail of the Hebrew. Heinze was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, and took a course in mining engineering in Columbia University.

In 1889, at the age of eighteen, he came to Butte to work for the Boston & Montana Mining Company, at a salary of \$5 a day. He lived alone in a little log cabin in East Butte, and did his work underground to the satisfaction of his employers. He soon became known as a man-about-town.

He was hail-fellow-well-met with all, and made friends rapidly. He was called the handsomest man in the State, and he looked the part, standing five feet ten inches in height, weighing 200 pounds, with the torso of a Yale half-back, muscles of steel, and a face of ivory whiteness, lighted up with a pair of large blue eyes. Heinze conquered the feminine portion of the rough mining camp without effort. The young

engineer was a fine musician, a brilliant linguist, and, when necessary, could box like a professional. Later events showed that, in spite of all his gaiety, no man ever went underground, tripod in hand, who had a more intimate knowledge of the Butte ore bodies than he.

Shortly after this Heinze ran up a bill with a grocer for supplies, candles, powder, tools, and so on, to the tune of some \$500. Turning to one of his clerks one day the grocer said: "Billy, go down to the mine on the flat, where that young fellow Heinze is working, and see what ore he has mined." The clerk came back and reported that Heinze had a beautiful bunch of ore on the dump. The grocer swore out an attachment and sent it down by a deputy sheriff to levy on his ore. The deputy came down to the shaft, saw Heinze, and said he would be back in half an hour with some wagons. As soon as his back was turned Heinze leaned over the shaft and shouted to his partner: "Oh, Jack, come up at once!" When his partner got on top Heinze said: "Now, pitch in and work as you never worked before." The two men, by a herculean effort, moved the ore and filled the platform with waste rock. None but a thoroughly trained miner can tell the difference between ore and waste. I had been underground in Butte for a year before I felt competent to separate ore from waste. When the deputy sheriff came down with his carts he proceeded to load them up with waste and carted it off to the smelter. A week later the grocer telephoned the smelter and asked what returns were coming from the Heinze ore. "Returns?" came the reply. "Why, you've sent us the blankety-blankest lot of waste that lies out of doors! We've got a big bill against you for smelting charges!"

Three months later, when he was ready, Heinze paid the bill.

While engaged in his work Heinze formed a good idea of the mineral wealth of Butte and of the value of the properties owned by the big companies. He decided that there was room

for him in Butte. He stayed one year and then went back to New York and organized the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, with money left him by a wealthy uncle. He spent a year on the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, of New York. His position there enabled him to study the mineral resources and metal markets of the world, and thus was Heinze training himself for the career that has since been so wonderfully successful.

In 1891 he returned to Butte and erected a small smelter and made his first venture as a mine operator. He leased a mine, called the Estrella, from a millionaire mine owner named Jim Murray, who had the reputation of being the shrewdest man in Butte. Murray knew that all the ore in sight ran 12½ per cent. and more copper. Heinze knew it also, but Murray didn't know he knew it. Murray stipulated in the lease that all the ore which ran 12½ per cent. and over was to go to him, everything under that was to belong to Heinze. He expected, in this way, to get his mine worked for nothing and bankrupt the young Eastern upstart at the very beginning of his business career. Heinze accepted the lease and went to work. Instead of blasting copper-bearing ore alone, as Murray expected would be done, Heinze instructed his miners to blast both ore and waste rock together, and when the ore went to the top it ran considerably less than 12½ per cent. Heinze got all the proceeds, and the crafty Murray became the laughing-stock of the camp. He sued Heinze, but was beaten, and to this day his prestige has never recovered from the blow.

Another incident that taught his enemies that Heinze was master of all the wiles of the most accomplished gamester happened about the time when Senator Clark became the ally of the "System."

When Clark needed Heinze's political support in his fight for the senatorship he went on Heinze's bond for \$1,000,000 in a suit that the Butte & Boston Company had brought against Heinze. When Clark made his alli-

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Great was the j mated camp that tem" believed tha possibly get a bor mense sum, and, a expansion had inv of his available cap with joyous hearts The court would or his smelter would collapse and Heinze Butte dead-broke. of the "System," the Supreme Cou and filed a bond fo the Wilmington (I Casualty Company the big golden seal ware. Four mont had gotten out o was once more or ger of the "Syste when they learne tricked. A mon trayed Heinze in Heinze, who wa and sensed what into his office in day and summar his clerks and bo appeared with money, but spe mington, Del., w nificent offices proper authoriti business. This the business th send a beautifu the engraver's a when he telegra preme Court c august presenc severely. Heir though there are

ance with the Amalgamated he went before the Supreme Court and asked permission to remove his name from the bond, which request the Supreme Court denied. Shortly afterward a suit was commenced against Heinze in the Supreme Court in which he was obliged to furnish a bond for \$700,000. Clark was able, by his influence, to prevent Heinze from getting any Montana men to furnish this bond.

Great was the joy in the Amalgamated camp that night. The "System" believed that Heinze could not possibly get a bond for such an immense sum, and, as Heinze's policy of expansion had involved every dollar of his available capital, they stood back with joyous hearts to await the crash. The court would order his mines closed, his smelter would shut down, his bank collapse and Heinze would walk out of Butte dead-broke. To the amazement of the "System," Heinze walked into the Supreme Court the next morning and filed a bond for \$700,000, given by the Wilmington (Delaware) Bonding & Casualty Company, and decorated with the big golden seal of the State of Delaware. Four months later, when Heinze had gotten out of his tight place and was once more on Easy Street, the anger of the "System" can be imagined when they learned how they had been tricked. A month before Clark betrayed Heinze in the Supreme Court, Heinze, who was watching for signs and sensed what was coming, walked into his office in a towering rage one day and summarily discharged five of his clerks and bookkeepers. They disappeared with \$25,000 of Heinze's money, but speedily arrived in Wilmington, Del., where they opened magnificent offices and applied to the proper authorities for the right to do business. This was granted; but all the business they ever did was to send a beautiful bond, a triumph of the engraver's art, to their employer when he telegraphed for it. The Supreme Court called Heinze into its august presence and lectured him severely. Heinze listened gravely, though there are people who say that he

had a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary look in his eyes while the venerable jurist was speaking.

Heinze next secured a lease on the Glengeary and took out \$500,000 from a mine that was the despair of those who had worked it before him. With this money he bought the Rarus for \$400,000. The Rarus was the east extension of the Great Anaconda-St. Lawrence lode, and in that ground was also a lode connecting it with that of the famous Mountain View, one of the Boston & Montana's great producers. In twelve months Heinze made a \$10,000,000 mine out of the Rarus and looked about, Alexander-like, for other worlds to conquer. British Columbia seemed good to him. He secured charters and grants there and built a railroad and a smelter. The sedate old directors of the Canadian Pacific Railroad looked askance at the audacious young American who had, without a tremor, invaded their territory. They feared that if he were not stopped, their interests would be seriously jeopardized. They immediately proceeded to divert from him the aid he was receiving from the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments. With characteristic pluck, Heinze started in to fight the greatest power in Canada. He would be fighting yet, and probably winning, were it not that a cry for help came to him from the officers whom he had left in charge of affairs in Butte.

Like a mariner without a compass would be the man who would try to understand the complex legal tangle in Butte, unless he knew the Apex law, or law of Extra-lateral Rights.

Condensed in the smallest space and told in the language of a layman, it is: That the individual or company, upon whose property a vein of ore crops out or apexes, can sink a shaft there and follow the vein into an adjoining property that may be owned by another individual or company, and from that to still another claim, and so on for ten miles or more, and down to China. This law is not peculiar to Montana. It is a United States mining law. Heinze used this law whenever possi-

sixths of the Nipper mine from Marcus Daly for \$150,000. Daly believed that the apex of the great Anaconda lode was on another claim, the Oden, which he owned. Heinze, however, from his close study of the hill of Butte, believed the Anaconda lode apexed upon the Nipper claim. Neutral experts declare that Heinze is right. The Amalgamated secured the other five thirty-sixths of the Nipper claim, and got an injunction from Judge Knowles, of the United States Circuit Court, preventing Heinze from working the Nipper and even forbidding his going down the shaft. For five years the Nipper mine has stood idle. In 1901 Heinze sought relief from the Legislature and secured the passage of a law providing that the owner of a majority of the stock could operate a mine, and that the minority stockholders could at all times have access to the property and books. This law would have enabled Heinze to develop the Nipper mine and prove his contention that the Anaconda lode apexed upon it. The Supreme Court, however, blasted his hopes by declaring this law unconstitutional.

The spirit of revolt against the "System" finds expression in the Anti-Trust Democratic Party, the Anti-Trust Republican Party, the Populist Party and the Labor Party, all of which fuse on candidates at the elections and are led by F. Augustus Heinze. The fusion of these four parties, and a few others which Heinze always keeps on hand ready for instant use, has led the wags to say that Heinze has "fifty-seven varieties" of political parties. Heinze won the national election in 1900 and again in 1902. In 1904 he indorsed Governor J. K. Toole, who was elected, and won the election in Butte, but lost the pivotal point, the two judges of the District Court. The "System" controlled both branches of the Legislature, and elected Thomas W. Carter United States Senator.

In Butte the political campaigns are continuous and are fought with a bitterness that borders on savagery.

Money is poured out in a golden stream by the copper kings; glee clubs are brought on from the East to sing the merits of the rival candidates; physical arguments take place all over the city; every union and society is invaded by the adherents of one or another of the parties. From a hundred trunks, soap-boxes, theatres and hotel balconies local and imported orators stridently shout the praises of their men. The strenuous Socialist stands in the mud-gutter, and with bitter invective pours an anathema on all the other contestants and shouts for the confiscation of the confiscators. The daily papers come out with broadsides of denunciation and scare headlines, proclaiming the villainy of their opponents; the ablest cartoonists in the West sketch a Heinze or a Rockefeller as a fiend incarnate. So the battle rages until Election Day, after which a breathing spell is taken, and then the battle starts off again with a vigor that time seems but to strengthen.

From the negro dog-catcher, proudly displaying his tin star, to the dignified judge of the Supreme Court, every official in the State is lined up on one side or the other. United States senators are elected to wear the toga in Washington, not because of their devotion to the principles of Jefferson or Lincoln, but because of the copper flag under which they fight. Heinze helped send W. A. Clark to Washington in '99. The Amalgamated sent Thomas W. Carter in 1905. So it is with the Governor, the State Legislature and every daily and weekly newspaper. In Butte most of the stores, saloons, hotels and boarding-houses are pulled into the fray, and those who profess neutrality, whenever they dare, usually hoist the colors of Heinze when the fray gets hottest. So the war goes on, and the man who cries "Peace" is a target for the bullets of each army.

"Why do these men of Montana struggle so fiercely over politics?" is a question often asked at the quiet firesides of the East. "It is the altitude,"

says the agent of the "System," who would belittle the struggle. "At seven thousand feet above sea level the air is like champagne and gets into the people's heads, so that they struggle like Titans over pigmy affairs." The anti-trust man replies: "We are struggling for independence. We are struggling for the right to manage our own affairs, and not to be ruled from a financial king's office,

three thousand miles away from our mountains. We are fighting to prevent Montana from becoming a one-company State that can be opened up or shut down at the whim or caprice of one man. We object to being starved into giving special legislation to the Amalgamated Copper Company and the three railroads who do 97 per cent. of the freight and passenger business of the State."

(To be concluded.)

The Loneliness of the City

BY THEODORE DREISER

ONE of the most painful results of modern congestion in cities, with the accompanying stress of labor to live, is the utter isolation and loneliness of heart forced upon the average individual. So exacting are the conditions under which we are compelled to work, so disturbing the show of pleasures and diversions we cannot obtain, that the normal satisfaction in normal wants is almost entirely destroyed.

Not only is the whole energy of our lives turned into a miserable struggle for the unattainable, namely, the uninterrupted and complete gratification of our desires, but our hearts are soured and our natures warped by the grimness of the struggle. Life is made bitter. The natural hunger of the heart for righteous relationship is stifled. We become harsh, cold, indifferent.

The effect of such an unnatural order of existence is the almost complete disappearance of the social amenities. We do not interest ourselves in the hardships, discomforts and toil of our fellow-citizens, or rather, neighbors. We fail even in the superficial cordiality that might pass for friendship and which, for want of something

better, will sometimes fill the void of despair. Men do not really interest us. The humor and tragedy of their social impulses do not attract, save as a spectacle. We have no time and no patience for anything but what are considered the larger interests—music, the drama, society in its most blatant and impossible phase, and life as a whole.

I live in a neighborhood which is an excellent illustration of this. There are perhaps a hundred people in our apartment house, a thousand, or it may be two or three thousand, in our block. They live in small, comfortably furnished and very convenient apartments, but they live alone. No one ever sees any exchange of courtesies between them. They are not interested in the progress of the lives of the people about them. You might live there a year, or ten years, and I doubt if your next-door neighbor would even so much as know of your existence. He is too busy. Your business might fail, your children perish. You might suffer every calamity from heartache to literal physical destruction, and I doubt whether he would ever hear of it. Marriage, birth, death, any and all of the other

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homely and really essential happenings of life are all trivial under the new dispensation. Neither you nor your wife nor children nor your children's children have any interest for him. It is all as if you really did not exist.

The pathos of all this is that these people never quite realize, until some of the real calamities of life overtake them, what they have been ignoring and casting aside. Until they are old, until they are stricken with illness, until they stand bereft of fortune, or until they are visited by death—then, and then only, do they become aware of the importance of the individual relationship. It matters not in such an hour what the prime importance of the world may be. It will not avail them to know that the world still goes on and that the principal thoroughfares of the great cities are alive with a spectacle forever fascinating and forever new. Life in the abstract can-

not aid them then. They are alone, left longing for a personal relationship, with an aching and, too often, a breaking heart. Friendship, affection, tenderness, how they loom large in the hour of despair!

I do not think the world quite realizes what an essential element the affections and the tenderness really are. We are disturbed for the time by the clamor of the hours. We are deluded by the seeming importances. Life cannot go on without affection and tenderness—be sure of that. We cannot forever crowd into cities and forget man for mammon. There will come a day, and an hour, in each and every individual life when the need of despised and neglected relationships will weigh heavy on the soul. We cannot do without them. After all is said and done, we must truly love one another or we must die—alone, neglected, despised and forgotten, as too many of us die.

Plutocracy

THE EVIL GENIUS OF AMERICA

BY CONSTANTINE RALLI

ON the occasion of Washington's retirement into private life he published a farewell address to the nation he had created. It was, and, in my humble opinion, ever will be, the most remarkable state paper penned by mortal man. It is more. In divine foresight—and I write down the adjective with all reverence for its customary association—in profound depth of wisdom, in its majestic simplicity of phrase, in its tremendous power to penetrate the secrets of the hearts of men and, lastly, in its abiding faith in the superb destiny in store for the American Commonwealth, this Act of Consecration of a nation's life is second only to the ut-

terances set forth in the Books of the Prophets.

For the purpose of my theme it is necessary to extract only one passage from Washington's address, and that passage is the one in which the retiring President warns his successors and the people themselves against the direst peril he foresees to the safety and life of the Republic.

That peril, in the President's own simple yet noble phrase, "LIES IN THE ACCUMULATION OF GREAT MASSES OF CAPITAL IN THE HANDS OF A PRIVILEGED FEW."

Little more than a century has elapsed since this warning was delivered, and the American people stand