ed, until the discontinuance of the operation of the illegal combination, from engaging or continuing in commerce among the States or in the Territories of the United States."

It will be readily seen that this is another one of those theoretical victories which, after all, amount to scarcely a passing annoyance to the defendants. It is barren of real legal sanction, and the Sherman anti-trust law, as in the case of the Commodities Clause of the Hepburn bill, amounts to absolutely nothing in the way of practical relief from the abuses of the mergers. It is precisely the same as if the court had said: "Under the provisions of the Sherman law you can not proceed in *this* way, but we cheerfully direct you to another way of accomplishing the same result."

* * * *

There is small wonder that the public impatience manifests itself in the demand that the anti-trust law be amended in such way as to make it of more force and effect. In this, as in the case of other such Federal efforts at control, futility ought to be self-evident to the thinking individual. The concert of the States is the only way in which effective regulation may be accomplished. One State may prosecute with vigor the violations of its anti-trust provisions, but its success is limited and unsatisfactory when it acts alone. Federal interference has reached about the end of its tether. The effort of the Federal Government in the Northern Securities case proved absolutely void; in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroads and coal-mines, it was worthless; the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its effort to regulate freight rates in the Middle West, met ignominious defeat. Clearly, then, one conclusion is unavoidable; that there must be Government ownership and control of public utilities and there must be a revival of State interest in the other matters. For years the American people have allowed such measures as the Sherman anti-trust law to take out of their hands the right and duty to regulate the corporations doing business within the borders of their States. It has been as much an evasion of State responsibility as it has been a usurpation of Federal authority.

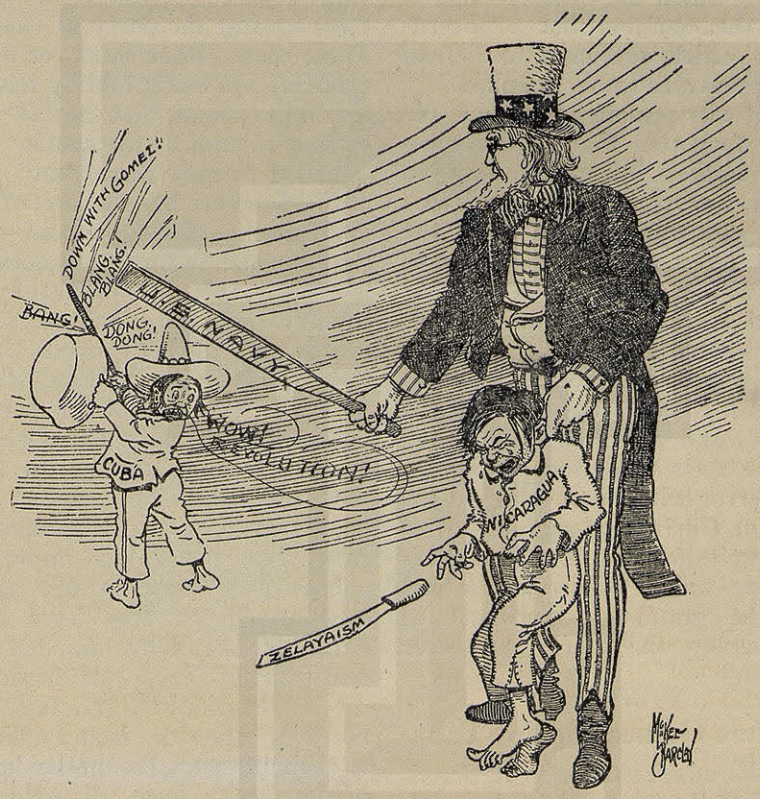
"Interstate" business is rather an artificial distinction highly favorable to predatory corporations; at the instant a Standard Oil train crosses the borders of Texas, it is within the State of Louisiana, and it rests with the several States to determine that they will lift from the people both the burden of corporation domination and the enervating Federal efforts at control. Texas dealt the Standard Oil Company and its subsidiary companies in that State a real blow. If other States would do likewise, the Standard Oil would come to terms quickly or go out of business.

Plight of Zelaya

DEFEAT a weak nation, demand indemnity of its impoverished government, and the acquisition of territory is certain. These three simple steps in subjugation and despoliation have been the A, B, C's of Aggressive Imperialism ever since the world began. Spain, in Morocco, nego-

tiating with the disheartened Riff tribesmen for vast areas of their country; Japan, in China, grabbing railroads and mines; the United States, in Nicaragua, expanding its Canal Zone by identiically the same procedure, are the latest examples of chicanery and greed trampling under foot every tenet of the moral law.

Zelaya's downfall was a foregone conclusion and will have been accomplished long before we begin to write it, 1910. Remains, of course to blacken his character, to brand him as an adventurer, a dictator, a brigand and a common thief, but this, too, is easily done when a sycophantic press applauds the policies of "our rulers" even to the point of kow-towing to the fat little mass of lymphoid tissue, Philander "Corporation" Knox.



Cuba's Semi-Occasional Disturbance

"Better be keerful, Cuby!" —Baltimore *Sun*

The execution of the conspirators, Groce and Cannon, was a crime on the part of Zelaya; but their plot to blow up the ship Diamente was a commendably humane and lofty exploit. Zelaya, as President of the Nicaraguan Republic, should have allowed the

enterprise to proceed, for the killing and maiming of the men on the vessel could have been nothing but an honor, if done by Americans. International courtesy demands that willing targets be provided for any dynamite bombs which an enemy smuggles into the country, and a government which presumes to defend itself deserves to be "spanked."

But why prolong the story? We have forgotten that to do injustice, invites injustice; that to make war upon weaker nations only destroys for ourselves the great peace that was possible so long as our nation was a splendid moral force, seeking no quarrels and defending only those who were oppressed. We have ceased to lead, to blaze the way for the world, and are now but trailers in the ruck of all the viciousness and error which have clogged the feet of Christian progress. Who will write for *us* a Recessional ere history writes failure as the end of the grandest experiment in democracy the world has ever known?

After Gomez' Scalp, Too

THE administration of President Gomez, of Cuba, is an admitted failure. That is to say, those who made up their minds about it long before it began have admitted it, and for the rest, Gomez has his hands rather full of real affairs and can not stop the mouthings of those who were not willing to let him warm the presidential chair before crying out dismally against him. There is a deficit in the treasury, as a matter of course, but not a few other countries centuries older and wiser manage to hobble along very well without losing much sleep over deficits that, as compared to that of Cuba, are as the ocean to a frog-pond. The most serious feature in the Cuban situation, however, is the "negro party" which is forming there against the party of Gomez. These coons either think, or more probably are being told by schemers on the island, that they are not getting enough of the spoils. The so-called "negro discontent" just at this juncture has the look of being fomented for a purpose—and that purpose, naturally, is nothing less than the disruption of the country politically, another revolution and the call upon Uncle Samuel for an intervention, which will this time result in permanent annexation. The widely heralded "determination to give the new administration a fair trial" when it was duly inaugurated about a year ago impressed nobody as sincere. A few partisans of Gomez may have been willing to stand by him, but the partisans of Zayas, of Menocal, the Annexationists, and last, but not least, upon the island afflicted by their presence, the motley horde of mongrels, were all predetermined to clamor against the administration at the first opportunity, and to see, further, that the opportunity were forthcoming, through any pretext.

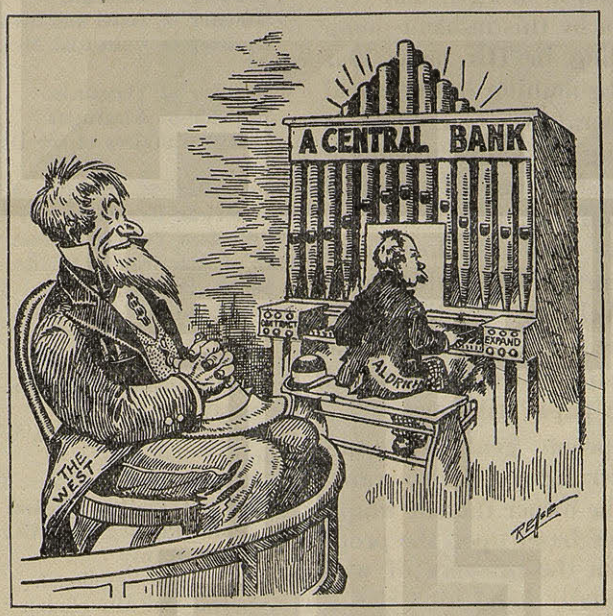
The winter will doubtless tell the story for Cuba.

Truckling to the Vatican

DEEPER than mere desire for political supremacy in the Canal Zone (which is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean,

east by the Atlantic, south by the Straits of Magellan and west by the Pacific Ocean) is the subtle and deadly conspiracy to subjugate the entire Occidental World to the Church of Rome.

The description of the Pan-American Thanksgiving is enough to make a patriot recoil in a kind of horror. St. Patrick's, the largest church in Baltimore, held the gorgeous function, at which Cardinal Gibbons presided, assisted by Mgr. Diomede Falconio, *papal delegate to the United States*, and other high ecclesiastics. Mr. Taft with his military aide, the elegant Archibald Butt, various members of the Diplomatic Corps, and South American dignitaries, were present. Worst of all, filed in the Cabinet Officers, Justices of the Supreme Court and public personages, all *seated according to their rank*, with the *flags of the different countries* marking the pews of the members of the several legations. In other words, this ceremony was equivalent to the Catholic Church taking charge not only of the United States but the whole Western World. The prelates and clericals were robed in their magnificent cloth of gold vestments, and Falconio occupied an especial canopied throne!



The West:—"The organ may be all right, but I don't like the organizer"

—Rehse, in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*

In the name of pure and undefiled religion, in the name of our simple Protestant people and in the name of our democracy, what does such an outrageous ceremony mean? Why does Mr. Taft, elected as the representative of a free republic,

prostrate himself before the throne of a papal delegate? leaving his own Church and his own city to do honor to an Italian priest and give governmental sanction to the Roman Catholic Church. That Christ who was born in a manger, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who had nowhere to lay his head, is insulted and crucified again by this insolent pomp masquerading in His name, but representing nothing in the world but a temporal kingdom, which is undermining and overwhelming the free institutions of America and trampling in the dust those who believe that to follow Jesus means a scorn of all earthly vainglories. Well may Cardinal Gibbons report to his master at the Vatican that the Occidental World is simply a papal tributary.

Before people generally could read and write, in order to transfer land, the owner thereof would take the purchaser upon the property and, in the presence of witnesses, formally hand him a twig broken from some tree, or a piece of turf, or something that represented actual surrender of his ownership to that other. This was called *livery of seisin.* This Catholic-concocted arrangement was nothing less than livery of seisin, which represented the formal surrender of the American government to papal ownership. Invited to witness this debasing delivery were the following guests, none of whom denounced the humiliating performance:

President Taft.
Secretary of State P. C. Knox.
Secretary of Interior R. A. Ballinger.
Ambassador of Brazil, Joaquim Nabuco, Mrs. Nabuco, and Miss Nabuco.
Minister of Costa Rica, Mrs. Calvo, and the Misses Calvo.
Minister of Bolivia and Miss Calderon.
Minister of Argentine Republic.
Minister of Guatemala and Mrs. Toledo Herrarte.
Minister of Salvador and Mme. Mejia, and Misses Mejia.
Minister of Chile and Mrs. Cruz.
Minister of Honduras.
Minister of Panama.
Minister of Haiti and Mrs. Sannon.
Minister of Cuba and Mrs. Garcia Velez.
Minister of Venezuela.
Minister of Nicaragua.
Charge d'affaires of the Dominican Republic.
John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics, and Mrs. Barrett.
Francisco Yames, secretary of the Bureau of American Republics.
Senor Balbino, charge d'affaires of Mexico, and Mrs. Balbino.
Mr. and Mrs. Chermont, secretary of the Brazilian Embassy.
Consul-General Clifford S. Walton, of Paraguay.
Justice White and Mrs. White.
Justice McKenna.
Justice Brewer and Mrs. Brewer.
General O'Reilly and Mrs. O'Reilly.
Admiral Ramsey and Miss Ramsey.
General Torney.
General J. J. O'Connell.
Admiral and Mrs. Rand.
Commissioner and Miss West.
Joseph Ralph and Mrs. Ralph.
M. D. O'Connell and Mrs. O'Connell.
Charles P. Neill and Mrs. Neill.
William H. De Lacy.
United States Attorney D. W. Baker.
Samuel B. Donnelly.
Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Gordan Cain and Mrs. Cain.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Blythe.
Mr. and Mrs. Cuno H. Rudolph.
Scott C. Bone.
Ira E. Bennett.
Mr. and Mrs. O'Laughlin.
Rudolph Foster and Mrs. Foster.
Mr. and Mrs. Mischler.
Mr. McCatheran.
Sir Horace Plunkett.
Gifford Pinchot.
Thomas R. Shipp.
Commissioner of Pensions Davenport.

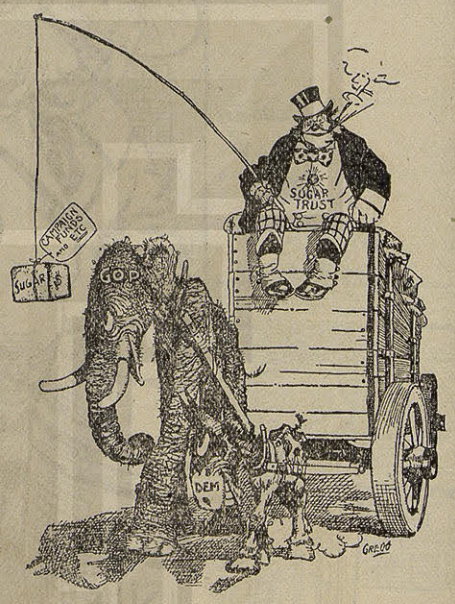
The Sugar Trust

IF THE facts in the Sugar Trust scandals were placed before any ten-year-old child of ordinary intelligence there is no doubt that such a child would arrive at the conclusion that the officials of the Trust as well as the Government officials who have colluded with them should become inmates of the Federal prisons just as quickly as the courts could proceed. To Mr. Loeb is due the credit of bringing these matters into the limelight within the past year. Whether or not he understood how widespread the matter would become it is impossible to say, and each succeeding month sees the wave reach further and wash some new iniquity upon the beach.

At the Sugar Barrel —Baltimore *Sun*

Ever since the Civil War the American Sugar Refining Company has had its way supreme, and for many years efforts have been made from time to time to bring the Havemeyer crowd to justice. In 1889, when Lyman J. Gage was Secretary of the Treasury, a report was brought to him of fraud against the Government, which he disposed of in the following complacent way: "I am sure that my good friend, Mr. Havemeyer, does not know anything about this. Lay the report before him and tell him that these practices must cease," or words to that effect. In short, the proofs of Havemeyer's guilt were to be laid before Havemeyer himself —quite an excellent way to avoid any embarrassment to that gentleman. Secretary Shaw estimated, during his regime, that the Sugar Trust made a billion dollars a year, and he was doubtless also in possession of proof of its frauds, but he made no steps to prevent them. No matter which party was in power, the Sugar Trust was always in the ascendency, and it is a well-known fact that they have themselves dictated the sugar schedules in every tariff bill that has ever been formed. Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt have been mere tools in the hands of the sugar interests, allowing the American people to be taxed to protect this monstrous monopoly and allowing the Government further to be robbed of a million dollars a year in its tariff duties at the Port of New York.

When Mr. George W. Earle laid before Roosevelt and Bonaparte the facts in reference to the fraudulent absorption of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company by the American Sugar Refining Company, both these gentlemen declined to take any action. For some reason, the Sugar Trust was held harmless throughout that administration.



They Work Either Single or Double
—Gregg in the New York *American*

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About a year ago there began to be agitation in the Custom House and some petty underlings were caught in Mr. Loeb's dragnet as manipulating the scales to defraud the Government of its legitimate duties. Steadily the matter has progressed, reaching men

higher up, until the scandal has involved nearly every man in the New York Custom House as well as official after official in the Trust; and Mr. Loeb is singularly undiscerning if he does not see that the rising tide will engulf the reputation of his Chief, the great T. R. himself.

Mr. Havemeyer has departed this sphere, but efforts have not been wanting on the part of living rascals to hide their guilt behind the dead man. Before the Sugar Trust scandals are history the exposure will have besmirched not only the heads of the Trust but the Government.

The Two Dromios

—The Boston *Herald*

After the White-Slaver

MR. TAFT'S recommendation to Congress that an appropriation of $50,000 be made for the purpose of investigating and suppressing the importation of immigrant girls for immoral purposes is of value simply in its official recognition of the existence of the "white slave" traffic. Whether or not there is an international arrangement whereby young girls are so imported is a question; there may be, and if so it is a proper matter for the Government to discourage. Certain it is, however, that innocent immigrant girls landing in New York become, in hundreds of cases, the victims of this infernal business. Owing to great poverty in which the European peasantry struggles, it is often that the only hope of a family is for its daughter to emigrate to the United States in search of employment which will not only support her, but aid aged parents and other dependent relatives. These young girls, unable to speak the English language, knowing nothing but the simple life of the hamlet, start out as true heroines as the world ever knew: arriving here, they are often taken in charge by pseudo-religious institutions and employment agencies and the like, thus falling into the trap. It is very probable that the white-slaver is certain of recruits without any special effort to drum them up on the other side of the water, although procuror and procuress are not unknown there. The big cities at which the immigrants land are the places needing most the cleaning-up process.

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Mayor Gaynor's sneer at the existence of the white-slave traffic and his ridiculous assertion that New York is the most moral city in the world are notes which sound ill for his administration. He can not have been a resident of New York and a judge in its courts without realizing the immense iniquity of the metropolis; not that New Yorkers are worse than other people, but that the bigness of the city affords so many loopholes for vice of every description to go on undetected, or, if detected, unpunished. It is not the importation of immoral women that constitutes any menace, but it is the ruining of innocent young immigrant girls, which is the crying shame of civilization. Mayor Gaynor should know this well, and instead of attempting to gloss over the fact, and instead of *conferring with Mr. Murphy*, he should bend every energy to break up this damnable traffic in souls which goes on day after day. Immunity in the prosecution of this nefarious business is purchased every year in New York at the estimated cost of millions of dollars. This money has found its way into the pockets of the Tammany legions. Instead of condoning corruption which exists, Judge Gaynor would better inaugurate a campaign against the blackmail and bribery which make possible the unspeakable dens in which the white-slavers house their prisoners.

* * * *

Cities and States are becoming aroused upon this subject, which is after all, a matter for each community to look into. The age of consent should be raised in all of

the States, so it would be possible to prosecute criminally a keeper of any house in which a woman under twenty-one years of age were found and in which any woman, of any age, were detained against her will. Nor should the matter rest with the punishment of the keeper, but the owner of the property should be made accountable to the law for its use. This would catch many a respectable and moral and church-going gentleman who derives a revenue from a disreputable resort, of whose purpose he pretends profound ignorance and whose ownership he is ashamed to admit.

Justice Peckham's Successor

SO, IT is to be "Private-car Lurton" for the Supreme Bench! Since the death of Justice Rufus W. Peckham, the appointment of his successor has been a matter of keen speculation and of a real anxiety. In the personnel of this great tribunal, every citizen feels the utmost concern. Viewing with apprehension and regret the steady enlargement of judicial authority and the proportionate shrinkage of power in the other two branches, it is hardly too much to say that the selection of a Supreme Court Judge, for life, is almost equivalent to the accession of an heir to the throne in a monarchy, and the one guarantee of the preservation of our liberties, aside from revolution, is in the appointment of such men as are pure, uncorrupted and incorruptible, and whose records and characters are certain to inspire public confidence.

Horace H. Lurton, of Tennessee, represents, without concealment, the dangerous type of specious corporation henchman who has never failed to construe every case brought before him as inferior judge in favor of the corporations and against individual rights. He has been both the pet, and the tool, of the L. & N. and has held that and other railroads harmless in every suit for personal injuries in which he has presided. He has so shamelessly used the favors of the roads as to carry for years the name of "Private-car Lurton," and his official record is for the "vested interests" and his own aggrandizement, against all claims of personal rights.

He was turned down by Theodore Roosevelt as too bad an egg to foist upon the American people in the capacity of Supreme Court Judge, but is now elevated to that position, over the heads of hundreds of worthier men. It is a crying outrage that Taft's corporation favorites must needs defile even the Supreme Bench, although as they soil all other departments it is perhaps not surprising that this ex-Clevelandite and present Taftocrat should have been selected. He is a good mate for that nauseating political turncoat, Dickinson, and the rest of the bunch of schemers who infest the Taft administration.

Needs of the Mines

AUSTRALIA, hitherto very free from labor troubles, is experiencing a grave situation growing out of a strike in the coal-mines in the Southern and Western sections of that continent. An almost complete cessation of coal-mining is the result, and supplies

are enroute to Australia from Natal and Japan. The price of fuel has accordingly heavily increased and the significant statement is made that the miners hope, through the effect of a general strike, to force the Government either to insist upon the owners redressing the grievances of their employees, or to bring about national ownership of the mines.

As a rule, Australia has very simple and very direct means of bringing about good ends.

* * * *

It is a pity our own Government is not alive to the importance of looking into the condition of its mines. The Cherry, Illinois, horror appears very clearly to have been due to criminal carelessness, and to violation of child-labor laws. As in the case of the McKees Rocks plant, near Pittsburg, just so soon as investigation was threatened, witnesses began to be spirited away. It will be forever a stigma upon the State of Illinois if the poor victims of that underground holocaust, and their sorrowing and destitute families, go unavenged. During the progress of the attempts at rescue, so utterly callous were the proprietors of the Cherry mines, that the rescuers threatened to abandon the task, if they were not allowed to try to save the entombed *men*, instead of being continually forced to prop up various parts of the mine itself and protect the *property*. Even in such an hour as that, the labor of the rescuers was sought to be diverted for the benefit of the mine magnate, while human beings were perishing below!

Supreme Court Cases

THE Supreme Court has granted the petition of the labor leaders, Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, for a writ of certiorari in the famous contempt case for which the three men were sentenced to terms in jail. Attorneys for the Federation of Labor are bending every energy toward having the original anti-boycott injunction issued by Judge Gould, in the case of the Buck's Stove and Range Company declared void. All the facts in the entire lengthy proceedings will be scrutinized by the Supreme Court and, of course, the whole issue now hinges upon whether or not this body will decide that the original injunction was a proper issuance from the lower court.

* * * *

Chas. W. Morse, as seemed inevitable, lost his appeal to the Supreme Court and nothing now can save him from beginning the fifteen-years' sentence in the Federal Prison, at Atlanta, except Presidential clemency. That every possible pressure will be brought to bear upon Mr. Taft to obtain pardon for Morse is certain, but a no less powerful silent pressure of public opinion will doubtless give the President pause before he sets aside the judgment of the highest courts in the land in favor of this many-times-guilty man.

Flat-Dwellers Rebel

ROLLO R. LONGENECKER, a Chicago attorney, is beginning a very unique crusade in that city as the head of an organization styling itself the Tenants'

Protective Association. Its several specific defiances are as follows:

"A landlord hasn't any real right to collect rent thirty days in advance. Rent should be C. O. D.

"Steam heat or any other kind of heat shouldn't be turned off arbitrarily on any given date, such as May 1. It may be as cold after May 1 as in January.

"Landlords have no right to turn off the hall lights at 10 p. m. A hall is as dark after 10 as before.

"Landlords should be made to sprinkle the streets in front of their houses, so that the 'flatters' wouldn't have to spend most of their time sweeping."

There are other questions of considerably more importance than these; but the spirit of independence may as well be shown in such apparently trifling concerns as in greater. The whole people need a little more spunk, and a few crusades of similar sorts would help smooth some of the vexations out of daily life. At present, the landlord has the drop on the tenant, and is the lordliest thing alive, with the sole exception of the janitor or cook,—all three of which lofty beings have violent infantophobia which necessitates rigid disciplinary measures toward foolish parents.

Territorial Railroads

AGAIN a sovereign State has been brought to a humiliating impotence through the restraining order of an inferior Federal judge, one Cotteral, who has issued an injunction against the collection of the gross revenue tax of one-half of one per cent., levied by Oklahoma on the various Western railroads doing business in that State. The railroads contend that the tax is virtually a franchise tax, and, since their franchises were obtained from Congress before statehood, they are not subject to State taxation!

If the employees of these roads should strike, preventing the enjoyment of those franchises, upon whom would the railroads call for "protection?" The State, of course. Demanding of the State the same rights and immunities given natural citizens, the corporations refuse on their own part to assume any of the obligations of citizenship, but slink, in all such instances, to the ready refuge of the Federal courts. If the corporations are not under the authority of the States through which their road-beds lie, the State should absolutely deny to them the protection of its courts and its troops.

The Constant Lovers

The Lament

Come back to me, sweetheart, in the wild gray dawning,
When the wind shrills by in the pale yellow light,
Or come with the mist-cloud that walks in the night;
For long we have wandered, in morning, in gloaming,
Far down the green forest-ways hand-in-hand roaming,
But now thou art gone in thy joy and thy might,
And the wind-harps are lonely that wail on the night.

Down through the still valleys long were we straying,
Over wind-swept hill-places when skies were star-bright,
By rivers that sang and through meadows of light;
Through the snow wreaths of winter, in the spring's happy Maying,
Ever onward together where the west winds were playing,
Hearing alway Earth voices, faint runes of the night,
Singing softly Earth heart songs, low sounds of delight.

Where art thou, sweetheart, and where may I find thee?
In the wild storm or under the pine,
Beneath the warm earth or by lonely wood shrine?
Art thou lost in the darkness, does the noonday glare blind thee,
Art thou under the waters, have the cold waves confined thee
In their prison so deep, below ripples that shine?
Art thou held in the night by wan spirits malign?

Thou wilt come again, sweetheart, in the wild dawning;
Why art thou still silent, why givest no sign?
Though yonder pale star be the last home of thine,
Yet soon I shall find thee, in morning, in gloaming,
Soon through the deep forest again we'll be roaming;
By the wandering stream, by the sea's tossing brine,
Wherever thou art, thou art mine, thou art mine!

* * * * *

The Search

Through forests immemorial,
By reedy fen, in meadows pied,
Under the silence of the stars,
Across the lonely desert wide,
I long have sought, I can not find;
Only the soughing of the wind
Breathes answer from the waste unkind.
Beneath the wings of Night I go
To that far, frozen, glittering field
Where icy caves blue shadows throw,
Where streams of gold forever flow;
Or where the lone Himalayas yield
Strange visions from their crests of snow:
Then will I search through unknown seas,
In deep abysms of the earth;
Or do fair cities, heavenly leas,
In all the dim, unreckoned girth
Of Space Beyond where stars have birth,
Hold thee a happy, willing guest?
Onward I go in sorrowing quest,
Like wind-blown leaf fast driven by,
With Pain and Terror often nigh;
Still ever on until the end,
Though Joy may be an unknown friend,
Though grief of years my brow has lined:
But when and where shall wandering feet
Bring me where Joy and Sorrow meet,
Where rest my bleeding heart may bind,
Heart of my life, WHEN shall I find?

Mary Chapin Smith

COAL DUST

By CHARLES STUART MOODY

NOT SO many years ago, a youth who had been reared among the great hills of the West, stood at the end of the lane and looked back with tear-dimmed eyes at a little cabin nestling among the pines, and waved a farewell to a mother and sister who were standing beneath the rustic porch. The youth had been told of a wonderful land beyond the tide of a great river where schools and colleges had been built by good men for the education of all ambitious seekers after knowledge. The youth was very innocent of the great world and its ways. He dreamed of a time when he could enter one of these classic halls, and by hard work and diligent study, acquire enough of learning to be of assistance to his fellow man. He delved and toiled at the hardest of manual labor, saving penny by penny the needed funds for the purpose. The little sister was his banker, and jealously she hoarded the slow-growing little heap of gold, only doling out pittances of it now and then for the purchase of books.

At length the time came. The youth heard that those willing to labor needed not great wealth to acquire learning. He set out, poor in this world's goods, but worth a king's ransom in faith in his fellows, and earnestness of purpose. The things which befell the youth in search of learning which he obtained not from the schools and colleges, but from the daily contact with life, can best be told by that youth himself, for I was he.

To a boy reared as I had been, among the evergreen forests and beside the crystal streams of the West where population was sparse, the journey toward the Father of Waters was an ever-changing panorama of wonders. The broad prairies of the Dakotas and Minnesota, covered with their wealth of waving grain, awed me with their immensity. The populous cities, humming with life and industry, were at first as unreal as a dream. I could not realize that so many people were on earth, and I wondered what they all did for a livelihood.

At length I reached my destination practically penniless, but never doubting the circular from the college of my choice, which said in plain words, that any youth without sufficient means to defray his expenses would be provided with a position where he could earn enough to do so and at the same time be attending the college. I immediately lost no time in searching out the college. As I walked up the broad driveway leading to the imposing buildings crowning the hilltop, my heart sank within me. What, thought I, would they care about the petty ambitions of an obscure country boy from the hills of the far West? I presented myself and my desires at the office of the Registrar. That individual looked me over. I became conscious of my travel-stained common clothing, of the absolute enormity of my rough shod feet, of the prominence of my great red toil-hardened hands, for the first time in my life. Not only that, but I realized that he, too, was taking stock of all those things. He declined to even take my name, but referred me to the janitor who, he said, would perhaps find something for me. I sought out that autocrat in his sanctum in the basement and again proffered my request. If anything, his reception was less cordial than that of the Registrar. The first dignitary acted as though it were an absolute folly for one of the "common herd" to desire an education; the latter acted as though I were an interloper, and contaminated the beautiful buildings and grounds by my presence, and he had half a notion to throw me out. I retired from the brief interview crestfallen and discouraged. It was a revelation to me that a man in search of an education and willing to labor for it, should not be accorded every opportunity to accomplish his desires. As I walked down the avenue I bethought me of the great man who had so liberally endowed the insti-

tution. Surely, thought I, this man will sympathize with me and help me to realize my ambitions. I found his name in the directory and sought out his residence. My reception at the college was the greeting of angels compared to the reception vouchsafed me at the great man's residence. I got past the door,—how, I shall never know,—and into the office of the private secretary. I never succeeded in reaching the philanthropist himself. His secretary heard my story and disposed of my case offhand. His disposition did not, however, place me any nearer the goal of my desires. I was as far from the college as before, and what was more to the point, a little nearer starvation than I ever had been. My funds were all but exhausted, and no means of replenishing them. Still I was hopeful. In my ignorance I supposed that any man who was willing to work need not want for a position. How quickly was I to learn that wisdom comes only with experience. In a very few days I learned that every avenue of human endeavor was filled with a horde of eager, jostling, crowding men, hungry like myself for a job, yet, like myself, unable to obtain one. My funds ran lower and lower until at last I was glad to dine off the lunch provided in the cheap saloons as an inducement to the purchase of their vile beer. I bought the beer in order to get the lunch, but could never bring myself to swallow it, throwing it in the sawdust when the barkeeper's back was turned.

I tramped the streets day after day in answer to advertisements of help wanted, only to find the place just filled. In every case I found the place designated in the advertisement thronged with men, many of whom had bought the paper at 3 a. m. and had been standing in line since that time, oftentimes in the rain.

One morning I answered an advertisement asking for coal miners. It stated that only experienced miners were wanted, and I had never seen a coal mine in my life. I called at the employment office and found the door thronged with applicants. My heart sank, for surely out of all that crowd, the employers could find all the men they needed, and those answering the requirements of the advertisement. All forenoon I stood in line, gradually edging closer to the door behind which sat my fate. At last when I was ready to sink from exhaustion—for I had had no breakfast—it came my turn to be interviewed. The man behind the desk swept me with one glance, as the other had done. He asked me if I were a coal miner. I truthfully told him that I had never seen a mine in my life, but that I was young and strong, willing to work, and must have work or starve. He smiled sardonically, as though that story were told him until it were threadbare. I thought he was going to dismiss me without any further questioning, when he suddenly asked me where I was born and raised. My answer seemed to please him, for he took my name, wrote it on a yellow card, handed the card to me, and told me that I was employed. The card was railroad transportation to the point designated, a town in Northwest Missouri. The next morning we began our journey, several hundred of us in box-cars, herded together like sheep or beef cattle. Half of my fellow travelers were drunk, and they made the day hideous with their ribaldry. There were some, however, like myself, who were the victims of circumstances uncontrollable, and with these I withdrew to the far end of the car, where we made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

It chanced that those in our end of the car were, like myself, men who had no knowledge of mining, while those in the opposite end were all miners, or familiar with mining in some form. They seemed to be under the leadership of an immense Cornishman, whose capacity for liquor was simply astounding. I learned afterward that these men refused to go unless they were supplied with all the liquor they could consume. About four in the afternoon we stopped at a small station for dinner. But few of us had money enough to buy a meal. My personal wealth consisted of seventy-five cents, twenty-five cents in our currency and a fifty-cent Canadian piece that I had been unable to pass. In my end of the car was one who seemed to me but little fitted for the rough life of a miner. He was suffering from tuberculosis and, in addition, was absolutely destitute. He had had nothing to eat for two days. I endeavored

to pass my Canadian piece for a good dinner for him, but the eating-house keeper would not accept it. I bought with my quarter a dish of baked beans and a slice of pie. I prevailed upon him to accept the pie, but he would not share the beans with me. Just as my new acquaintance was raising the pie to his mouth the big Cornishman, who was standing near, reached over and snatched it out of his hand, swallowing the entire piece at one bite and handing back the rim of crust. The half-drunken brute thought his act a great joke, as did also his followers, for they roared with laughter. My friend remonstrated against such treatment, and, for reply, the brute felled him to the earth with a blow of his open hand. Upon our return to the car the Cornishman began bullying this man, who realized that he was no match for him and endeavored to keep out of the way. He retired to our end of the car, and the Cornishman followed him. I had said nothing so far, realizing that we were in the minority, but finally I could not longer refrain and kindly asked the big brute to desist, as he could see that the man was far from well. The fellow then turned upon me the vials of his wrath. Never before did I hear such invective flow from the lips of a man. I did not realize the fertility of our language until I listened to that man curse me for half an hour. He ended by threatening to kick me and my new-found friend out of the car. Realizing his ability to put his threat into execution, like many another man, not a coward either, I held my peace. All the time he was working himself into a great rage. He charged up and down the car, cursing and promising all kinds of dire punishments if we did not stand out of his way. I kept between him and the sick man as much as possible, though I expected every minute that he would throttle me. At length he made a dash for the man, who was cowering in a corner of the car. I stepped in front of him and received a blow from the brute's fist that felled me like an ox. He turned his attention to me and fell with both his knees upon my prostrate form. The little man was ill, but he was certainly no coward. With a cry of rage he sprang like a cat upon the Cornishman's back and buried his fingers into the back of his neck. With a snarl like a dog the Cornishman arose and flung his puny assailant across the car, where he lay stunned and bleeding. Instantly he had released me I sprang to my feet. Though I was dazed from his blow, I had my senses about me. As he turned to hurl my friend off him, I detected a heavy bottle, half filled with whisky, protruding from his rear pocket. In an instant the weapon was in my hand. He turned toward me once more, and as he did so I struck him with all my strength across the temple with the bottle. It burst in a thousand fragments, but the blow was effective. He crumpled up and sank to the floor. The others seemed willing to let us fight it out to suit ourselves. For this I was sincerely glad, for I was fearful that his half-drunken mates would interfere, and they far outnumbered us, even if my companions could be depended upon. I set about restoring my companion, while, as for my assailant, his mates dragged him to the far end of the car and poured whisky down his throat until he regained consciousness. He had but little fight left in him, and did not mention the fracas from that time until we reached our destination.

After an all-night journey the train was halted early in the morning just outside the confines of what seemed quite a large town. Another car was attached to the train, and several soldiers climbed upon our cars. These were fully armed, and seemed to be acting in the capacity of guards. It was then that we learned that we were to be used as "strike-breakers," the reason for our being accepted, whether we were miners or not. The train pulled slowly through the town. No further demonstration was made other than the hurling of rocks at the train and hoots of derision from the men who thronged the streets. We crossed through the town and approached the mines. The "culm" pile and the "head house" stood silent and seemingly deserted, save for the uniformed guards patrolling the place. The train halted beside the "head house" and we were unloaded like so many animals. There were several men idling about the works, but none of them seemed to have any

employment. I afterward learned that they were the only men the company had been able to hire, and none of them were capable of manning the hoists and running the machinery. For the first time in days we were able to enjoy a meal. I had by this time learned what hunger really is. What I had called hunger before was appetite, and nothing more. We were taken into a long hall and seated at a rough board table, where the food was thrown upon it by negro waiters, who acted as though they were feeding swine, and each man helped himself. Refinements of the table would have been out of place in such a congregation, and that fact soon became very evident to me. Like the other swine, I plunged in and got my share.

After dinner the foreman appeared and practically informed us that we were prisoners in the stockade, that we had been brought there to break the backbone of the strike, and that they owned us body and soul. The guards had orders to shoot any man attempting to escape, and, be it said to the everlasting disgrace of men wearing the uniform of the United States, they were ready to obey their orders. The experienced miners were told off in squads and sent into the shaft. A man was found who knew a little something about the management of an air compressor, and to him was assigned that duty. Another had managed a hoist, and he was delegated to that purpose. It fell my task to attend to the hoisting engine. In this manner we succeeded in getting out enough coal to supply the engines on the railroad that controlled the mines.

The men grew restless under the restraint and many of them, eluding the vigilance of the guards, escaped into the town. They never returned. Whether the strikers met them or whether they absconded, we never knew. If this were a tale for the entertainment of a Sunday-school class, I should not relate the following; but it is intended for the enlightenment of grown men and women, hence the telling. The clamor against the restraint grew so insistent that the management feared they would have a strike amongst the "strike-breakers," and they set about devising some means to render the miners contented with their condition. The stockade was transformed into a brothel. Women of the most degraded type were introduced into the stockade, and liquor supplied by the barrel. Night was transformed into a saturnalia. These women were brought in ostensibly as waitresses for the tables, and washerwomen for the men, but the management understood why they were brought, as did also the men.

Any well-regulated mine is liable to accidents, but with the class of men here employed an accident, sooner or later, was inevitable. There had been several minor casualties, but nothing of moment. A man or two killed and buried in the "culm" pile was of but little importance, compared to starving the strikers back to their work.

It was the custom to hoist the miners for lunch. The hoisting began at eleven-thirty and continued for an hour. Half an hour was devoted to eating, then the men were lowered back into the mine again for their afternoon shift. On this day the men were all hoisted and the hoist man and myself, as was our custom, went with the last cageful to lunch. Upon our return the hoist man began lowering the men into the mine. The shaft was fifteen hundred feet deep, and the orders were to lower as rapidly as possible. There was a dial and an indicator which told the depth that the cage was in the mine at any time. The first cage of eight men was being lowered. When the indicator still read one hundred feet from the bottom, the heavy cage landed with a crash that shook the earth to the surface. The drum reeled off the remaining cable at lightning speed, the grip lever flew out of the man's hands, hurling him across the room. I chanced to be standing in the open door of the hoist room when the accident occurred. I rushed to the throttle, shut off the engine, and pulled the alarm bell.

Fifteen hundred feet in the bottom of the shaft lay eight men crushed out of all semblance to human beings. Some strike sympathizer had crept in while we were at lunch and had turned the indicator on the dial so that the hoist man miscalculated just one hundred

feet. Consternation reigned supreme. The miners refused to return to work. Only a very few could be gotten to volunteer for the purpose of rescuing the bodies at the foot of the shaft.

All the time we had been detained in the stockade the management of the coal mines had been negotiating with the striking miners, looking toward a settlement of the difficulties existing between them. This fact, however, was not allowed to be known. The accident hastened the conference somewhat, and by the time the repairs occasioned by it were made, the strike was settled and the striking miners returned to the mines. As they filed in at the gate the "strike-breakers" were requested to file out. The company had used us to gain its ends, and now we were in the way. I will always remember the feeling of shame with which I accepted the yellow envelope containing the pittance due me for my labor. Once more I was loose in a strange town, with but a few dollars in my pocket and the stigma of being a "scab" attached to my name. In vain I sought employment, only to find that while the people did not approve of the strike, for it touched their purses, at the same time they had the heartiest contempt for a "strike-breaker." They could have no more sincere contempt for me than I had for myself. The State troops, ordered out by the Governor at the behest of the mine owners, for the purpose of overawing the strikers, had been sent home; the old miners were back again in the bowels of the earth delving out wealth for their masters, and I, one of the innocent instruments of coercion on the part of the mine management, was tramping the streets of a strange town begging the right to earn my bread, and begging in vain.

Is it a wonder that men sometimes become criminals? The wonder is that not more of them do. I confess that thoughts of criminal revenge often floated through my brain like the phantasms of an ugly dream, and only the force of an early training prevented my putting the thoughts upon record in the shape of deeds. The thoughts of an education were still lingering, rosy-hued, about the outer portals of my mind. Upon a hill not far from the town stood the white buildings of a college, not unlike the one of city memory, only smaller. To this one day I walked and begged that I might be allowed to scrub the floors or carry in the coal in return for the education that I had come so far to gain. I was met with a refusal, and a smile of polite indifference.

It is easy to be moral when the stomach is full and the body well clothed. As one grows hungry and cold, in an exact ratio the moral courage oozes out. One morning I found myself applying to the mine office for work. I had grown quite a beard by that time, and the manager did not recognize in me the smooth-faced youngster that had been one of his assistants in quelling the strike. He asked me if I had ever had any experience in coal mining, and I unhesitatingly replied that I had. I trust that the Recording Angel was busy at that particular moment and did not make note of the falsehood. My brawn seemed to please the man in the wire cage, for he gave me a number and told me to call at the mine store and record myself for an outfit. I did this, and was assigned by the pit boss a room with an experienced "buddy." It was well for me that my "buddy" had worked so long in the mines that he had all the spirit crushed out of him, else he would have objected to sharing his miserable wage with one so inexperienced as myself. He said nothing, however, and I honestly tried to do my part. We were to receive thirty-five cents per ton for each ton of coal mined by us. The price had been forty cents, and the company had lowered it to the present price. That was the direct cause of the strike. The men resumed work after three months' idleness at the scale established by their masters, just as the men always do. Some minor concessions had been made by the company which cost them nothing, and deluded the miners into the belief that they had achieved a victory.

There are two methods of mining soft coal. The one employed in this mine is technically known as "shooting off the solid." That is, a deep hole is drilled in the solid coal vein, the hole charged with black powder and the blast jars the coal loose and it is shoveled into the cars. The other method is known as "cutting and mining" and consists in cutting away with a pick or a machine the

clay layer beneath the coal vein, then wedging the mass of coal down with steel wedges. This latter method produces the better grade of coal, but is much slower. There were a few machines for "cutting and mining" in this mine, but practically all the coal was mined by blasting. At thirty-five cents per ton the men could, under favorable conditions, make fair wages. That the conditions were never favorable, and that the company never intended they should be, was something that never entered the average miner's head. The poor devil would examine his weigths in the head room when he came off shift and trudge on homeward grumbling about his miserable luck in not getting any more coal cars to load. Month after month he found himself in debt to the company without ever guessing at the cause. Things would become unbearable and he would go out on a strike, only to allow himself to be beguiled back to work under exactly the same conditions, only with a little sugar-coating in the shape of so-called concessions. The next month the pay check showed the same old debit, and he crawled back into the gloom of the mine in a vain endeavor to wipe it out. Sysiphus with his stone had a child's task compared to this man.

No class of workmen are so poorly paid as the soft-coal miner, and none have so few of the pleasures of life as he. Many of them live their entire existence (you can not call it life) in debt to the company, and when they die they are buried in the potter's field with as little care as one of the mules killed by a fall of rock. In fact, the mule is the more valuable asset of the two, for he costs something like $100, while the man costs nothing, and can be replaced free of cost. They superannuate their mules when they grow too old to work, and provide a hospital for them, with green pastures and warm stables, where they may spend their remaining days in peace. I have never heard of any of the coal companies providing any pastures or pensions for their human animals. The miners themselves are as kind to their fellow workmen as men in such abject poverty can be. If one of them is sick or injured the others are always ready to contribute to his relief. Though the miner may only be getting three coal boxes per day he never refuses to contribute one of them to his fellow slave if asked in the name of charity. God only knows when he himself may need assistance in like manner.

I am aware that it has been denied that the coal operators keep their operatives under a system of peonage, but that they do so is painfully apparent to every man who has taken the trouble to investigate labor conditions in soft-coal mining towns. In the first place, the men who mine soft coal are made up principally of the peasant class of European countries, brought here under contract, either actual or implied, to work for the company. The company, through its European agent, secures their passports, pays their passage, and the company employs them when they arrive. The miners are forced to buy everything they eat, drink or wear from the company store at exorbitant figures. They must rent from the same company, under a sale contract, one of the miserable hovels, miscalled houses, at so much per month. The contract states that when they have paid a certain amount the house is to become theirs. The miner never pays for the house, nor does he ever expect to pay for it. It is a polite fiction upon the part of both parties to the deal. The company store is the colossal steal of all. In this emporium the miserable miner must buy the necessities of life, the coarse, shoddy clothing, the adulterated foodstuffs; these are sold to the ignorant foreigner at figures far in excess of what like articles could be bought for at other stores. There are no other stores. In the item of powder alone, of which the soft-coal miner uses a great deal, he is charged more than twice as much as he could purchase it elsewhere for. Of course, you will understand that the miner is not told he must buy from the company, but, bless you, there are ways of communicating things without telling. Perhaps the most effectual manner is the use of coupon books, used in lieu of money. These books are issued to the miner (or his wife) from time to time during the month and charged against his account. When the deductions for coupon books are made on pay-day the poor creature has nothing left. From year's end to year's end he never sees a dollar in

money. He is a lucky individual who does not find the yellow slip in his pay envelope on pay-day. Pay-day in a soft-coal camp is the day when you find out how much you are in debt to the company.

The question is often asked by those who are ignorant of conditions in coal-mining towns how the company keeps control of these large bodies of men. It looks to the average citizen like there would be a revolt. Among Americans, and some European peoples, there would be a revolt, but such a thing among the peasantry employed in these mines could not be. Their whole instinct is obedience, servile obedience to their masters. By coming to America they have only changed masters, and the change has been to their benefit. To the initiated, the question as to how they are kept under control is so simple as to require no answer. There are no less than a half-dozen methods, all of them used, and all of them eminently successful. The one invoked most generally is in the matter of coal boxes. The miner gets just so many boxes, or cars, as the pit boss says for him to get. If the miner has a particularly good streak of luck, gets into a good room, and bids fair to escape from the clutches of the company, the word is passed down to the pit boss to let that man rest awhile. The pit boss instructs the driver on that entry to pass that man up for a time. The driver neglects to see the loaded car standing in the entry as he goes by on his out trip. When he returns with the empties there is a loaded car standing in this man's room and he can't shove in the empty, of course. This may be repeated several times during the day, so that at night that miner's number has only one or two boxes of coal opposite it.

Another, and equally effective, method is the "sulphur bell." Three of these lays the miner off indefinitely. Down in the half-light of the underworld it is impossible for the miner to see the "sulphur" rock, and he loads it in the car. This "sulphur" is very heavy, and constitutes a method of cheating. The car of coal comes up, is weighed, dumped, and goes down the chute to the cars below. The man there sees the "sulphur," pulls the bell-rope, and the weigh boss places a cross next that man's number. The scheme is so charming in its simplicity that I leave the reader to puzzle it out. I will say, however, that it is quite effective in laying a man off for a short time that is getting too "fat."

The contention of weights is an old one. One-half the strikes in coal mines, both soft and anthracite, occur over this one thing. The company, not satisfied with having the miner load a "long ton" for thirty-five cents, proceeds to steal one-fourth of that amount. The weigh boss deducts from the weight of the car to suit himself, and usually the miner produces about thirty hundredweight of coal for which he gets credit for a ton.

The foregoing are a few of the simple methods by which the poor coal operators keep their greedy, bloated miners from growing too wealthy. There are many more, but these few will serve to illustrate the methods.

I now approach that phase of my subject about which I wish I might write with a pen tracing letters of fire. I wish I might be able to make you see the hideousness of child labor as I saw it during the time I was bond slave to the Coal Trust. In my youth I never saw a child put at labor, unless it were some little task about the house or garden. That children labored for hire, as adults do, was something that I never supposed possible. Yet, here, day after day, month after month, the insatiate maw of this monster must be fed with the life-blood of children. They, with unctious piety, would not be so heartless as to permit the children in *their* mines. They will tell you that, but, at the same time, they are almighty careful not to give investigators an opportunity to see for themselves whether the statements are true. I would not assert that there is an understanding existing between the coal companies and the Commissioner of Labor for the State, but from the blindness of that precious functionary I should presume that there was. The Mine Inspector, too, comes along very occasionally to inspect the mines, but evidently he does not see the little ones perched like gnomes beside the great valves that close the entries, just as he does not see the defective timbering, and the lack of air cuts in the mine itself.

Blindness is a blissful condition at times.

Go to the "head house" any morning and you will not see a child, except, now and then, one that is "visiting" with father for the day. Creep down to the "mule door," however, and you will see plenty of them descending in the cage with the mules, or perched atop of the same. The "mule door" is just at the surface of the shaft, and is where the cage pauses to load in the mules that draw the coal cars. It is not often visited by sightseers or others interested in labor conditions. In fact, the company discourages any prowling about that portion of the works. It furnishes a very convenient depot for loading on the youthful workers in the mine.

It would be a rather unique sight to see a schoolroom full of youngsters all in their pit garments, with their pit caps hanging on the wall. But when you meet these boys in the morning so attired, and ask them where they are going, they invariably answer that they are going to school. Yes, they are going to school, but, merciful God, what a school.

In a soft-coal mine there are no "breakers." The coal is merely sorted, not screened, hence there are no "breaker" boys. Down deep in the mine, however, you may find them engaged in various occupations. Above ground, they at least have the advantage of seeing a little of God's precious sunlight, and breathing the fresh air, while down in the mine they exist in Stygian gloom, save for the feeble illumination of the smoky pit-lamp swung from the visor of the cap. Even this poor boon is denied the little fellows who tend the great doors, technically known as "trappers." For the enlightenment of those unacquainted with the construction of a soft coal mine: In order to reach the vein, which may be anywhere from one hundred to two thousand feet beneath the surface, there is one main channel driven in a certain direction, and off this numerous ramifications. These are known as "entries," and take their name from their relation to the main entry geographically, as east, west, north, south. These are again subdivided, and then are called first, second, third, etc., with the compass point added. For instance, the entry leading south will be called the south entry, the first one leading from it the first south. Between any of these entries and its communicating branch is hung a heavy oaken door, or valve, for the purpose of diverting the air current. Should by accident one of these doors be left open (or closed), as the case may be, those laboring in that entry would be shut off from their supply of air, and, unless relieved, would become asphyxiated from lack of oxygen and the presence of "choke damp" (marsh gas) that exists in all mines unless driven out by the air current. The tending of these doors is delegated to boys called "trappers," whose duty it is to see that the door is opened and closed after each passage of the driver in or out, with the laden or empty coal cars. All day these little chaps sit there in the dark, swinging back and forth the heavy valves. The air is always chilly, always damp. The "trapper" is not allowed to move from his post beside the door, for he knows not what moment the driver may signal him to open the door. Blue and pinched, he sits there all day, to crawl out of the mine at night chilled to the marrow. There is not a "trapper" in any mine in that great State but has a cold. To hear them coughing as they emerge from the mine is distressing. Consumption and pneumonia find an easy prey in these little fellows, and yearly hundreds of them find rest from life's labors in the graveyard on the hill.

Parents often take them into their room as full miners. This is done in order to get the extra coal box check. Thus, before they are out of knee-trousers, and while they should be in school, these innocents are transformed into wage-earners and made to help support the family. The system, perhaps, possesses one redeeming feature. The wage additional, meager though it be, helps to buy a slightly greater supply of the bare necessities of life.

I escaped back to the pine-clad hills of the great West. How I escaped, perhaps the several box cars that contained me for a time might tell could they but speak. There is lying in a "room" in a certain coal mine (or was) a kit of mining tools bearing my number, but really belonging to the coal company,

that anybody wanting them can have. I left them right beside the wall on the left side of the "room," about sixty feet from the entry, and ten feet from the "face." There is a first-class machine for drilling, consisting of an upright, an augur, three assorted bits; cost me sixteen dollars at the company store, cost the company four dollars. There are also four "cutting" picks, one bottom pick, one coal shovel, one tamping rod, one "needle," one can black powder; cost me $2.50 (at the company store, of course), cost the company seventy cents. You may have any of these things, or all of them, for that matter, for I am inclined to believe that I shall never need them any more. There is also due me at the company store $4.68, according to my calculation, but you never can tell; you may have that, too, if you will go after it. I did not need it when I left. In fact, I was in somewhat of a hurry, the box-car that took my eye was headed west and was already on the move.

That education I went several thousand miles to get is still embalmed in the coldly classical halls of the two colleges who refused to confer a great boon upon humanity by educating me. My share of it will doubtless remain embalmed for several thousand years, and future generations will come and view it much as we now look with awe upon the mortal remains of some Egyptian Rameses. I never went back for it. In all probability I never shall. The world has struggled along now for a few years without my benefiting it in the least, and, if present indications count for anything, it bids fair to worry along several centuries more without realizing what it lost by my not being educated.

This child labor question took a very firm hold upon my uneducated mind. What are we going to do about it? That is the same question the coal barons have asked a number of times, but they have asked it with a very different spirit to what the man who is interested in his country's weal has asked it. What are we going to do to prevent these little ones growing up and peopling this fair land of ours with ignorance and vice? What are *you* going to do, brother? What am I going to do?

These conditions exist. We can not close our eyes to the conditions and say that we do not see them. They exist, for I have been myself a part of the great machine by which men grow bent and toil-worn in the service of others; and there are hundreds, yea thousands, who know what I have said is true, both in regard to child labor and in regard to other conditions existing in soft-coal mines. Mueh has heen done to relieve these conditions, much remains to be done. I would I knew the remedy.

The Ultimate Answer

So little asked I, dear, of tenderness,
So slight a share of human happiness!
And you denied. 'T was then I begged release,
When lo! His mercy gave to me His peace.

If you should sometime whisper: "Death is past,
Rise to eternal recompense at last!"
Methinks my startled soul would weep, and pray
To rest forever in the mouldering clay.

Always my worship far too great for blame,
Through life or death, or Heaven or Hell, the same;
But, oh, sweetheart, I'd dare no more to try
Your love, that failed so e'er I came to die.

—*Ralph Lamar*

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

CHAPTER X.

JIM'S pet abomination at Hollisville was this frequently recurring "entertain*ment*"—with the accent on the "ment"—"this sash and tambourine education," as he termed it; but one would not think so to watch him assisting with the preparations. "I don't know what to do about this business," his journal explains. "Or, if I do, I don't know how to do it. When she orders the pupils to do a thing, I notice they go and do it. When she just looks at me and smiles, hang it! I notice I go and do it."

"She," of course, refers to Miss Hall. A few days later this was added to the above entry:

"I suppose, though, this particular affair is not really so bad in itself—only, they oughtn't to call it school."

About one-third of the school was to take some special part in this "entertain*ment*," and this one-third was daily and hourly practising its part. In theory, the other two-thirds went on with its regular work, though the teachers had no time to give to it. When the pupils who were to take part in the performance were not actually engaged in rehearsal, they were supposed to attend their classes—of course, merely as spectators; they could not be expected to prepare any lessons during the weeks of preparation for the great event.

Aileen Hall was the general manager, and so enthusiastic was she and so capable of imparting her enthusiasm to others, that, what with her wand drills, cantatas, symbolic tableaux, recitations, opening and closing choruses, and the making of costumes, she monopolized the interest of the whole school. Miss Anderson vigorously played the piano during the prolonged and persistent rehearsals. The hall, where these rehearsals went constantly on, during the school hours, was situated in the center of the building, with thin folding doors separating it from the recitation room. The lower end of the hall itself was used for classes. The effect of the "sash and tambourine education" upon the regular school work can, therefore, be imagined.

But do not suppose that those thus close to the storm-center of the noise were alone privileged to know that something was about to happen. Was not every mother in the town of Hollisville and the surrounding country worried and fretted to get Lucy's or Alice's or Martha's or Lillian's or little Tom's costume ready in time and according to pattern? Or if not worried and fretted for this, then mad as blue blazes because they were not called upon to worry and fret, Lucy or Martha or little Tom having been outrageously left off of the program altogether, owing to the spite and partiality of the teacher?

At last the expected night came. Jim went as usual with Aileen. But he did not go home with her that night. Listen, and I'll tell you why.

While the girls and boys were gathering in the side room, next the stage, where the groups were to be formed for the drills, and while seats around the stage were being assigned to those who were to recite, Jim saw something which caused him to stop suddenly and look with astonishment. Miss Anderson, upon the direction of Tilson, was leading a timid, frightened-looking girl to a seat in the corner of the stage. She was oddly dressed—oddly enough indeed for that occasion. She wore a checked homespun frock, with crude shapeless frills on the collar and sleeves. The dress reached not quite to her ankles, and rough white knit stockings were clearly visible above a pair of coarse shoes. Jim walked up nearer and recognized the country girl, Amanda, who had come about a week before in the shackly little wagon with the gray mule.

Seeing Aileen and Miss Anderson alone

at the opposite end of the stage, he went over and asked them why she was there.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Aileen. "The Professor is going to have her recite, 'My Life is Like a Summer Rose, That Opens to the Morning Sky.'"

And Aileen, in merriment, mimicked the singsong way Amanda had recited the poem on her first night at Hollisville. Jim did not laugh. He thought Aileen very beautiful and very charming, but he looked grave while she went on:

"Then we are going to dress her up in her uniform suit, fix her hair pretty, and I'm going to teach her how to recite the same piece, so at the next entertainment, three weeks from now, we can show the vast improvement she has made. Don't you think that will be fine? The dress is already made."

Jim continued to look grave. His brow clouded, and a slight flush came to his cheeks; but he looked away so Aileen could not see his face. He merely said, and abstractedly as if speaking to himself, "So we are going to exhibit this specimen from the backwoods," and walked thoughtfully away.

"What's the matter with him, Katharine?" asked Aileen, in an injured tone, when Jim had gone.

Miss Anderson had stood by silently. She had agreed to the exhibition of "this specimen from the backwoods," but she had given little thought to it. There was something in Jim's tone and manner now which caused her to doubt.

"Perhaps he thinks," said she, expressing what she herself began to think, "that we are not doing the poor girl exactly right."

"The idea, Katharine!" said Aileen. "She won't mind. You know she won't. Lots of people say our school is not adapted to country girls, and the Professor wants to show them an example of how it improves them. You know the girl will be immensely improved after she has been here a few weeks and begins to wear her new clothes and we teach her to recite. You know she will."

In a few minutes the "entertain*ment*" began. I had thought to describe it, but it can not be done. Do not think, though, just because Jim, in theory, sought to disparage and discourage these performances, that they were not pretty sights to behold, or that they did not successfully entertain the vast audiences who came to them to be entertained.

The opening chorus by the school was sung with a will, while Jim,—yes, Jim, for Aileen would take no refusal—stood up before them and beat time with a baton. The broken handle of an old feather duster kindly performed the office of baton. Then Jim announced the numbers on the program. Professor Jefferson Marquinius was there, and he was the presiding officer as well as the presiding genius of the occasion. He sat in the center of the stage, even during the drills, being perched in a large arm-chair just in front, so that people had to crane their necks to see around him. But such a purely clerical duty as reading the names on the program, that was assigned to a subordinate.

The audience applauded everything, but one number on the program seemed to make an especially favorable impression. This was a declamation in concert by Professor J. Marquinius's own declamation class. Sixteen boys, sixteen powerful pairs of lungs, and sixteen supple pairs of arms held the audience spellbound. Ed Oldham alone out of the vast audience saw anything to laugh at.

Tilson himself stood up in front of the boys, thundered out the speech and made the gestures with them, in order to show how he taught the boys to become orators. Incidentally he was able to show some of the wonderful results he had obtained. In future years, when we shall have perfected a combination of the phonograph and the kinetoscope such truly artistic performances can be preserved and reproduced. Now it is impossible. The professional stage could not show it to us because the fundamental element of moral earnestness would be lacking. But possibly, some vague idea of the great performance might be got from noting a few of the principal gestures.

Sir (both arms outstretched)—*the war* (right arm pointing to the war)—*must* (both hands grasping chest)—*go on* (both arms extended with quickness and force straight to the front, indicating the speed as well as the direction the war must take in going on).—*We* (both hands drawn in to the body and bent at the wrists, the fingers extended

and pressing against the sides of the chest, to show where "we" are)—*must fight* (both fists clenched ready for the fight)—*it* (right nand extended at an angle with palm open, indicating where "it" is)—*through* (violent thrust of the body forward, right foot stamping, and a lunge of the right arm, forefinger extended, the others closed, to represent piercing "through" something.)—*And* (both palms open and arms extended, probably in anticipation of another flight)—*if the war* (again pointing to the "war")—*must* (same gesture as before)—*go on* (indicating again where and how it is going)—*why put off* (a violent wave of the left arm towards the horizon to where it is proposed to put it off)—*longer* (a stretch of the right arm to its full length, forefinger pointing and the body leaning slightly in the same direction to make it "longer")—*the declaration* (great sweep of both arms aptly illustrating a declaration)—*of independence* (the head thrown back, the body erect, the feet joined at the heels at an angle of forty-five degrees, the hands by the side, palms open to the front, little fingers in rear of the seams of the trousers—a perfect representation of "independence.")

And so on to the close of the famous speech. It evoked loud and continued applause from the audience; groans and execrations from the ghosts of Daniel Webster and John Adams. Ed Oldham gave exhibitions of the speech all over town the next day.

During all the performances, Jim sat thoughtfully on one side of the stage. Aileen and Miss Anderson thought they detected a troubled look on his face. Something seemed to have taken away all his mirth, which had so brightened up the dull rehearsals during the past two weeks. He announced the numbers on the program in a perfunctory manner, and then sat quietly and abstractedly, scarcely looking at the drills or listening to the recitations.

As the evening progressed, he looked out over the audience, and at those seated around the stage, and then back into himself. Aileen sat opposite him. He had never seen her so beautiful. She was dressed in a simple gown of pale blue organdie. Her complexion never seemed fairer, her blue eyes never shone brighter, and the radiant smile that lighted up her face as he caught these eyes in his own and held them as long as he dared, and he dared as long as he could; and her hair—what hair!—What divine hair! If indeed it was not like the "corona around the sun," it was more beautiful and more effective for not being like anything save itself, a rich crown of wavy coils and ringlets of silken human hair set upon a lovely woman's head. When it is like that, disparage not the splendor of it by likening it to anything. Jim's eyes were not turned back into himself so long as he could behold this vision. But Aileen moved from one place to another. Now she was sitting on the stage, now back in the dressing room with the girls, now again moving among the mazes of flags and draperies and girls in the drills. His eyes wandered farther around, until presently they fell upon Amanda, sitting in the corner of the stage. He looked at her curious dress,—the checked homespun frock, the odd-looking frills, her coarse home-made stockings, and her rough shoes with brass tips at the toes. Her hair was more unsightly than usual, for she had tried to fix it becomingly, making it into a hard-packed knot at the back of her head with a crude attempt at a yellow bow on the top of it. He saw several of the boys and girls frowning as they looked towards her, and others he saw glare at her, then at each other, and laugh, holding their fans before their faces. She must notice this. Once he thought he detected in her face a look of pain. Her brow was slightly wrinkled, and there was clearly visible a nervous twitch about the mouth. And as he looked at her, and her great appealing eyes met his, he felt she was looking to him to save her from this ridicule and humiliation they were about to heap upon her.

Then his thoughts took this turn, "*They?* Why, *I* am the one reading out the program. She thinks I am responsible for it all. And I am partly responsible. Why did I not go to Tilson and protest against it? Why did I not refuse to have anything to do with this affair unless they left that out?" Then Jim saw Aileen standing in the door opposite him and looking full at him, smiling. And he smiled at her, and then at

himself as he thought "that's why." But his face took on a grave look again. He could not understand Aileen. Why was she going to permit this? She who was all gentleness and consideration? She was, he recalled, sometimes austere in dealing with the pupils, and she had once explained to him that this was because she was so young she had to be, else they would "run over" her. But to him she was a veritable child, and a sweet child, too, he thought. Why should she be so unlike herself in this? Then he looked across and saw Tilson sitting grandly in the most conspicuous place in the hall in his magnificent military suit, the gold cords and tassels glistening in the light of the big Rochester lamp above him, an extra supply of greatness oozing out of his noble countenance, an imposing figure. And again Jim said to himself—but his face wore not an expression of amusement but of disgust—"that's why."

But he was not satisfied with thus fixing blame upon others. He looked at Amanda, and he thought of what Miss Anderson had said about the resemblance to Aileen. "That's absurd, of course," he thought. He looked up at her eyes—big, blue, appealing eyes that kept looking at him with a strange stare, which in his fancy then he took for reproach.

He looked now at the program in his hand to see what numbers he had yet to read. Yes, there it was, the next number, the last but one,

"My life is like the summer rose."
—*By Amanda Cannon Jordan.*

He had not read it before. Suddenly he knit his brows, and every muscle of his face was drawn. Something had come to him, not clearly, just the faintest, dimmest light from the long ago, up through the vista of half remembered years. "Amanda!" Was it a dream? Was it one of those visions of the imagination he and his brother Harry in the days of their childhood used to create as they lay in their bed at night?—Amanda!—Amy we called her—but mother once told me that was not her real name, and her father called her Amanda. But I heard some of them speak of his people by some other name. What was it? Was it Jordan?—Such nonsense! Mr. Jordan said she was not his 'gal,' but his daughter's 'gal'—still——"

Here he had to get up to announce the next number. He looked around nervously, and met Amanda's big eyes gazing at him. He hesitated. Tilson was still seated in front of the stage looking impressively out upon the audience, and letting the audience look at him, absorbed chiefly in himself. Amanda was in the corner behind him and several girls between. Aileen stood in the door of the dressing-room with some twenty odd girls and and boys behind, waiting for the signal to march out on the stage; and Jim felt her eyes fixed upon him. His knees trembled and he was conscious of an unsteadiness in his voice.

"A small portion of the program will have to be omitted," he said, but he was thinking, "there's a scar on her left temple. She fell on the hot poker. Mamma said it would never heal, but would be there always."

—He continued aloud,

"We will now have the closing grand march."

According to a previous understanding, at the announcement of the "grand march," the stage was to be cleared and the music was to begin. The boys and girls on the stage began to move. Tilson looked around in astonishment. He thought Jim had only made a mistake. Jim saw him rise up in dignity and grandeur and start towards him to see the program. Miss Anderson was hesitating about beginning the music, but she half understood. "Quick," said Jim to her excitedly under his breath, "Start the music." Bang! went the chord just as Tilson was a few feet away. He was too late. Miss Anderson had started playing and the children were marching in the middle of the stage. Tilson with his eyes flashing and an angry frown on his face, was forced to get back to his seat, else the audience would have watched the drill instead of him. Jim, himself confused, edged his way around to the opposite door. Aileen was too busy with the dril', which was in full progress, to say anything to him as he passed her except, "What have you done? Don't you see the Professor is furious?"

Her head went up and he saw a proud look which he had seen before. He passed

on into the side room, where he encountered Amanda. She looked at him blankly. She understood nothing.

"Perfesser Thompson, you ain't gwi have my piece?" she asked.

He heard just behind him one of the girls whisper to another, "Professor Tilson says there's one more piece after the march." Having gone this far, Jim was determined not to be thwarted if he could help it.

"Miss Amanda," he said excitedly, "I want you to go to your room and copy this program for me."

"Now, Perfesser?" she asked.

"Yes; right now. Go quickly down to the house and copy it for me."

She hesitated.

"Go on," said Jim, "I'm in a big hurry." Here he opened the door. "Don't bother about your bonnet. I'll get one of the girls to bring it to you. Go quick, just as you are."

She took the program and passed out. As she did so, he suddenly remembered to look for the scar. He put his face close to hers and strained his eyes to see. It was not there. He closed the door behind her, just as Tilson entered from the stage.

"Where is that Miss Jordan?" demanded Tilson imperiously.

The girls did not know; they had been watching the stage. Jim said nothing; he was carelessly writing on the blackboard.

Chapter XI.

"Simon, do you believe in the transmigration of the soul?"

It was early the next morning after the entertainment. A blazing fire flared on the hearth. Jim raised himself up in bed, threw back the cover, and sat with his arms clasped around his knees. Simon stopped his blacking-brush for an instant, and was on the point of grinning, when his big black eyes met Jim's solemn face. He scratched his head for a moment, then tucking it down and suddenly getting busy with his brush, observed:

"Hit's mos' time for brekfuss, Mister Jim."

"Oh, hang breakfast!" said Jim, impatiently. "Why does a man want to be bothered with such a low, groveling thing as eating when he can talk philosophy to a philosopher? I say, Simon, you are trying to evade. Do you believe in the transmigration of the soul?"

Simon brushed on, but answered presently, somewhat dubiously,

"I don't speck I does, suh."

"Well, why didn't you say so, then? Now, Simon, don't try to evade me again. You and I have been wrestling with great problems since we were boys together. Now, listen. You have studied the theory of probability, have you not?"

Simon had not studied the theory of probability; at least, not scientifically; at that very moment, however, he was figuring on the chances of getting out of that room. But, figuring according to his theory of probability that the chance was remote, he kept brushing very rapidly while he answered,

"Naws'r."

"I suppose, then, Simon, you have not computed the probability that the soul of a certain distinguished contemporary of Mr. Balaam, for instance, might have transmigrated into the body of some human being of the present day, have you?"

"I ain't know nuffin 'bout Baalam, 'cept dat his mule talk back at 'im."

"Correct, Simon; eminently correct, except in one particular; it was not exactly a mule, but a near kinsman; in fact his immediate paternal progenitor, I believe, or in modern parlance, a mule's pa. Now, Simon, in spite of your evasiveness a while ago, I have long known you for a fearless theologian. So consider this: in the course of human events, or rather of superhuman, supernatural, or, let us better say, extra-natural events—You do not object to my coining a word, do you?"

He paused for a reply. Simon raised no objections; he only hurried his shoe-blacking.

"Well," Jim continued in the same deliberate manner, "I say, then, in the course of extra-natural events, may it not be that the soul of this aforesaid progenitor of the mule—his pa, you understand—has wandered around through various forms of animate life until at length it has found lodgment in the frame of mortal man?"

Simon was now taking up his blacking materials, and there was a look of relief in his face, for he was soon to escape.

"I see by the light in your face, Simon, that you consider it conceivable."

Jim looked intently into the fire as Simon arose and started to the door.

"Wait a minute, Simon."

"I's gwi git hit, suh," said Simon, stopping in the middle of the floor.

"Get what?" asked Jim.

"De water, suh; I's comin' right back."

"Oh, Simon, why can't you let these vile material considerations go hang! We are talking philosophy. But as you are about to go again among ordinary mortals, let me caution you not to repeat this conversation to any of your associates—that is, of course, unless they are philosophers like you and me. It might unsettle their religious belief; or, worse still, make them think less of you and me for profaning the sacred name of Baalam—that is, his distinguished contemporary, you understand. For, you know, he was not only quite a prominent character in his day, but he is one of the heroes of history. Neither you nor I, Simon, be we ever so great as philosophers or as men, can ever hope to occupy so distinct a niche in the hall of fame as Baalam's ass. He will be remembered, even though his renowned soul find temporary lodgment in our poor frames, long after you and I, our name and our fame, have vanished from the annals of history and the memory of man."

Simon left the room to get some water. In a few minutes he returned. Jim was sitting in the same place looking meditatively into the fire. He watched Simon pour a bucket of water into a large tin bathtub, then asked, still solemnly, and as if the conversation had not been interrupted,

"Do you not agree with me, Simon?"

"Gree wid you 'bout whut? I grees dat hit's 'bout time for you ter be git'n up fer brekfuss."

"Now, there you go again! Simon, I almost fear you have the outward habits of a philosopher without his inward instincts. I have been furnishing you with a concrete illustration of one of the most widely rejected theories of the history of philosophy, one which would delight the heart of Pythagoras himself; and yet you continue to revel in these purely mundane considerations of water and breakfast. But here now, lift your mind up for just one moment. Do you not suppose that something of this nature might have lodged in you or me?"

"Ain't nuffin lodge in me dat I knows on."

"Well, in me, then, Simon?"

Jim sat watching the negro as he silently put the towels on the chair near the tub and started out of the room again.

"What do you think, Simon?"

"Think 'bout whut?"

"Oh, you are exasperating! Do you think this spirit may have lodged in me?"

"I specks some kine er spirits done lodge in you, suh."

And Simon was gone.

Jim chuckled heartily, but as he arose and went slowly to his bath, he mused, "Eminently correct again, Simon; for to be perfectly plain, I have a strong apprehension that I'm an ass."

Jim returned from breakfast without any experience calculated to dissipate his belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. Aileen had bowed to him distantly as she passed him coming out. Tilson had come in, addressed some remark to Mrs. Alston and left without seeing him, so far as any one could tell, although they were face to face.

In his room again, Jim walked up to his window and stood there looking out across the white cotton-field and the woods beyond. "Why will I be an ass?" he was thinking. "They never intended any harm to this girl. They would have helped her. Whether they will now, after this bunglesome meddling of mine, there is no telling. Aileen is not to blame any way. She sides with Tilson. Of course, but I have made her do that. Why don't I attend to my own business, any way?"

"De Perfesser want er see you, suh," said Simon at the door.

"Show the gentleman up," said Jim without turning around.

Now Simon, as much as he respected all men, that is, all white men, had yet his instruments of mentality so attuned

that it was utterly impossible for him to conceive of a greater man than "de perfesser." That any man, whoever he might be, should stand up boldly and treat "de Perfesser's" order with anything like disdain or indifferenee was totally beyond his conception. Else he would have been uneasy for his friend and particular protege, Mr. Jim.

"But hit's de Perfesser, Mr. Jim, whut wants you."

"Where is he?"

"He down in de pahluh, suh."

"Well," said Jim, turning around, "what's the matter with his legs? Can't he walk?"

"Yas'r, he kin walk, but he tell me he want ter see you, suh."

Jim walked over by the table, sat down, and, resting his chin on his elbow, looked intently at the negro.

"Simon," he said, "do you think you would know Amy Cannon, the little girl who used to play with us at home, if you should see her?"

"Dat's ben er long time ergo, Mister Jim," said Simon, scratching his head. "I specks she's er growed up 'oman by dis time. But whut make you think erbout her fer?"

"What do you think she would look like?"

"Well, you knows, Mr. Jim, she wa'n't—"

He stopped and looked at Jim as if he was uncertain whether to proceed. Perhaps he recalled the last time he had said of Amy what now came to his mind.

"Go on," said Jim.

"I specks you knows, Mr. Jim, whut I wuz er fixin' fer ter say. She wa'n't like de rest uv you, you know."

"Who would she be like now, do you think? Would she be like Miss Aileen, for instance?"

"Who, our Miss 'Leen here, suh?" And Simon's mouth stayed open.

"Yes."

"Dat she wouldn't, Mister Jim. You mus'er done fergit erbout her. She wuz fum de po—"

"Very well," interrupted Jim. "That will do. The Professor wants to see me, does he?"

"Yas'r, he tells me ter say he wants you to come down in de pahluh."

"All right. Tell him I'll be down there directly."

Simon mumbled to himself as he went down the stairs, "I clare ter gracious, I don't know whut de matter wid Mr. Jim. I don't know whedder he gwine sho nuff crazy, er whedder he jes git'n mo foolishness in him. Dis mawning he wuz gwine on 'bout some sort er flossify er sump'n nur; now he come axin' me 'bout dat little po' white trash gal whut me and him bofe done fergit erbout too long ergo ter tawk erbout. Whut she look lak! Whut in de Lawd's mussy he want er know whut she look lak fer? He sholy ain't tryin' ter fin' 'er. En whut would he do wid 'er ef he fin' 'er?"

Tilson was seated at his desk in the parlor smoking a cigar when Jim entered. By him, straightening some papers, stood Aileen Hall. Jim thought he could detect a slight flush upon her cheek, but it may have been the sunlight which came through the window. He was sure, though, that he detected the haughty look which was the one thing about her he did not like—and yet he did like it, too, somehow. She continued to straighten papers or something on the top of the desk. She was nervous, too, but this Jim did not detect. In another part of the room, calm and apparently indifferent, sat Amanda. Jim felt ashamed at first to look at her. When he did, after sitting down in a chair near the desk, and while waiting for Tilson to begin the interview, he met the same big eyes which had played such a strong part in the proceedings of the night before. He did not know whether there was in them an appeal, as in his imagination he had seen the night before, or just a blank stare.

"This young lady here," began Tilson at length, without looking at Jim, "left the schoolhouse last night before the exercises were over, which I never allow any one to do. And what's more"—he paused an instant or two to renew the swelling of his mighty but agitated chest, and to gather all the sternness and pomposity he could summon to his aid—"she left there unattended by any gentleman, which was highly improper and reprehensible, a thing which is never allowed at this institution. She gives as her excuse that you sent her to make a copy of this program. Of course, such a thing is ridiculous, but I have sent for you, sir, to know the straight of it."

He spoke in a harsh, rasping voice, and a frown enveloped his imperious countenance. Jim sat quietly in his chair, but his face colored slightly and his teeth were closed tight. He waited an instant after Tilson had finished. When he did speak, he spoke very deliberately.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Tilson," he said, "that Miss Can—Miss Jordan has told you the straight of it. That is not what you want with me."

"What's that! What's that!" exclaimed Tilson, turning around and looking threateningly.

Jim looked at Aileen, and he was sure now he saw her cheeks flushed with a deep red; and now, too, he saw that she was fumbling nervously among the papers on the desk. He tried to soften his tone as he continued, though he looked Tilson squarely and defiantly in the face.

"I asked Miss Amanda to go and make the copy of the program, and I alone am responsible for her leaving. It was not against any rule of the school, it was not against any breach of propriety, not half so much a breach of propriety as"—he was going to say, "as you were guilty of in wanting to put her up on that stage and be an object of ridicule," but he felt Aileen's eyes looking right through him, and he stopped short and looked down.

"Well, sir," began Tilson, "I would have you understand—"

"Mr. Tilson," calmly observed Jim, interrupting him, "I can see no good of having an interview like this in the presence of the pupil. Excuse Miss Amanda and I will discuss the matter with you."

"What do you mean by that, sir? Will discuss the matter with me, will you, upon condition that I excuse her? In the presence of the pupil! I want you to understand, sir, that I am the President of this Institution. Do you understand, sir?" he thundered; "*I*, sir, not *you;* and I'll excuse her when I get ready. I'll hold interviews in whatever presence I choose. Do you understand, sir?" He leaned over and repeated angrily, "Do you understand, sir? *In whosever presence I choose!*"

Jim arose, looked him squarely in the face, and calmly, with a smile of scorn—or of amusement; you couldn't tell which to save your life.

"Yes, sir, I understand you, I believe," he said quietly. "You are mistaken as to one person only, so far as I am sure of. You may have interviews, Mr. Tilson, with whomsoever you choose except the—the—the—person making these remarks."

With which, the person making these remarks walked out.

Tilson stormed and fumed up and down the room, declaring, "Something's just got to be done about this thing. Did you ever hear such insolence? Why, he had the audacity to call me 'Mister' Tilson! '*Mister*' Tilson! The insolence of it!"

In truth, this was the most unkindest cut of all, if indeed it was not the only cut. Whatever else, by word or smile or action, Jim may have meant for cuts, nothing entered the thick cuticle of the dignity of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President, save the "Mister."

"*Mister* Tilson indeed!" he kept repeating. "The insolent upstart! he has been trying ever since he has been here to injure this institution, and this is the way he tries to do it. But I'll get—"

"Professor," interrupted Aileen in a quiet though agitated tone, "hadn't we better let Amanda go now?"

Tilson stopped suddenly in his tracks and looked at his "confidential secretary" who was standing at the window looking out. Her face was still deeply flushed and her eyes were moist, but she took care that he should not see this. He stood silent for an instant; then turned to Amanda and said, "Yes, you may go back to your room." Without another word, he resumed his seat and sat looking at Aileen still at the window with her back to him. She was not looking into empty space entirely; she saw a tall figure walking rapidly up the road.

Amanda, who had been sitting all this time motionless and with the same indifferent stare, arose and started out. She understood but little of the meaning of the scene before her, but she felt grateful to Professor Thompson for something, she scarcely knew what; and for something else, she scarcely knew what, she felt a resentment towards Tilson. As for Aileen, she viewed her with suspicion; she did not know why.

"Hold on there a minute!" called Tilson, in the same harsh, rasping voice, which now was also hoarse from his

raging and shouting. Amanda stopped and turned the stare full upon him.

"Sit down," he ordered.

"The rules of this institution have been violated. Since you have had some practice in copying this program, I'll have you make me one hundred copies of it. You may go to your room and begin at once."

Without a word, Amanda took the program and left the room; and, for the first time since Jim had left, Aileen turned her eyes from the window and watched the awkward, strange girl from the country.

"Professor," she said quietly and now calmly, after Amanda had gone, "it will take that poor girl all day of steady writing to make one hundred copies of that program."

"I can't help it," Tilson replied. "I intend to teach that young upstart of a Thompson that he is not running this school."

He would not look at Aileen. He got up and hurriedly left the room. Aileen again turned to the window.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

I Still Have You!

By Ralph M. Thomson

I still have you to come to when the day
Forsakes its sunbeams for the twilight's gray;
And everywhere the sable shroud of night
Hides sleeping nature from my doubtful sight,
And leaves me lost in darkness on the way.

Yet I fear not, as once, that I shall stray
Beyond the echo of your roundelay;
For it is mine to boast in love's delight,—
I still have you!

What is adversity, and what dismay?
Am I not rich despite their sceptered sway,
So long as I may claim, as now, the right
To walk beside you, in your soul's great light?—
Think what it means for one like me to say——
I still have you!

THE LAW OF THE SOUTH

By J. deQ. DONEHOO

FOR SOME little time the negroes along the bayou had vaguely known that trouble was brewing for Devers, the section foreman at Simpsonville.

Now Devers was not an unjust or cruel man, but the negroes had grown to hate him with a hatred such as they now never bestow upon those who cheat, oppress, or deceive them, but only upon those, and especially "poor white trash," who treat them fairly and ridicule their aspirations for social equality. And Devers' section house stood in a lonely place fully half a mile from the little town. Often was he compelled to get out at three o'clock in the mornning, leaving his family alone and unprotected.

On this particular morning Devers had gone off early, and two hours later a negro fled up the bayou bound for the swamp. The dwellers in numerous cabins along the way hailed his advent with best wishes. That negro was a hero now, almost as much as if he stood already upon the scaffold, sealed by infallible assurance for instant entrance to the New Jerusalem. The best was provided for his hearty breakfast at ·r Johnson's half way up the road, and ejaculations of relief welled out along the bayou when the news came swiftly down from cabin to cabin that Phineas Jackson was safe in the swamp.

Now it was six miles up the bayou from Simpsonville to the little plantation store that stood on the edge of the great swamp. White folks could telephone down from the store in a minute or so; black folks, however, for their own purposes, still had to depend on the wireless telegraphy along the bayou from cabin to cabin. This had been known to cover the distance in twenty minutes when the news was of sufficient importance. In the olden days this was faster than the white man's swiftest horses could have borne tidings, and so the black man had in these modern times lost an advantage he once possessed. Besides all this, his news was liable to be a trifle distorted in transmission; but it never lost anything, at least, in its swift passage through two hundred negro brains and mouths along the bayou. Much it often gained, but never a terror it lost, or a threat to the negro race, as it sped from cabin to cabin.

This morning, news passed both ways with electrical swiftness. That great crime had been committed near Simpsonville which the white man avenges in blind fury on the race without regard to formality—the crime which the average black man dubs no crime at all, but secretly glories in.

As that word flashed along after Phineas Jackson's departure, cabin doors were shut, and families were huddled within; for they knew that the riders soon would pass. Not the sheriff of St. Medard's with his posse and hounds; they, the black man knows, will at least try to do justice according to that law which he does not respect. But even should these lawful authorities be the first to apprehend the culprit or any suspect, the black man knows that they are more than likely to be overpowered by the mob that is sure to rise.

And the riders whom the black man fears most now are those who come hotfoot from the scene of the crime, who ride thence blinded by fury and joined by every white man they pass. The black man knows that the thirst for revenge is fierce in the hearts of those men, that it has become a blind, unreasoning lust for negro blood, that it may mean not alone shot or rope, but the stake and nameless tortures for the culprit, and indiscriminate slaughter for the race.

And here they come! At their head is Devers himself and with him two score men. They represent every type in the white population of the Parish. There are Americans, Cajans, Dagoes, Jewish merchants; there are railroad men, rich planters, poor hill-billies, professional men, and the loafers of the vicinage.

Furiously they ride, coatless, perspiring, covered with dust, and over every saddle bow there is a rifle, in every belt a Colt or Smith & Wesson. A coil of rope dangles ominously from at least one saddle.

The cavalcade pulls up with a jerk before the cabin of Parson Smith, for it is ever the preacher who knows what is going on. "Hello!" the challenge rings out sharply. "Has a young nigger, Phineas Jackson, passed here lately?"

No sound comes from the cabin, and the riders have no patience with a moment's delay. They know that the negro was seen only a mile below this, they are almost certain that he was heading for the swamp, now less than two miles ahead. A half dozen leap from their horses and smash in the door of the cabin in an instant. "You d—— black hypocrite, answer this minute. You know what's happened. Did that nigger pass here?"

The fat negro preacher cowers on the bed with all his trembling family clinging to him. He is frightened nearly to insensibility, but race pride and loyalty are strong. "Gemmuns," he protests, "Ah hain't seen nuthin, uv no Phineas Jackson. Why? What hab' he dun'?"

"G—d d—— you, you know," roars Devers, "I'll show you!" He points his gun full at the now screaming negro family. It would have been atrocious, and have meant the death of little children as well as of the preacher!

But a big planter grasps Devers' arm just in time, and thunders, "For God's sake, Devers, don't spoil all to kill these skunks. We want Phineas." Then he places a cold muzzle right against the preacher's forehead. The negro begins to pray and beg. The planter very coolly warns him, "Right out with the whole truth now, Joe, or I'll settle this matter in ten seconds."

Race loyalty is indeed strong, and the preacher's very prestige is at stake at this instant, but love of life is the strongest of all. The negro almost sobs out, "He dun' passed heah gwine tuh de swamp 'bout an houah ago, an' 'deed, mistah Leflore, Ah didn't know nuthin' 'bout it, 'nd Ah'm sorry, 'nd Ah hopes yeh gits Phineas."

"Curse you, you lie, you black fiend," roars the planter, ripping out a string of oaths, and striking the preacher heavily on the side of the head with his weapon. "But no time to fool with him now, boys."

Scarcely are the words spoken when the men are in the saddle again, and it's away to the swamp. Not a black face is to be seen during that wild two-mile gallop, and there is no need for another stop.

A dozen other mounted white men are encountered at the little store. They, too, have just arrived, and bring with them two negroes that know the swamp and can be trusted to aid in the chase. They also have reliable information that the fiend has entered the swamp an hour and a half ago. Then, too, the telephone has told them that the sheriff is now aboard the train with his posse and hounds; he will be on the scene in less than two hours.

Everybody is glad to hear about the hounds; they will be needed. But nobody wants the sheriff. What if the culprit should fall into his hands first? Everybody likes Spears, but suppose he should happen to entertain any impracticable ideas about his duty in protecting prisoners? Nobody would like to see him get hurt for a brute of this kind.

With the quickness of battle time the campaign is planned. By the tacit consent of all, who acknowledge the qualities of leadership with which nature has endowed him, Leflore assumes supreme command without nomination or election. His hasty council of war determines that only three things are possible, the criminal will seek to make his way out from the swamp through Little Bois d'Arc, four miles to the north, or through the Anse Large, five miles to the south. Swift horses can probably beat him around the road to either place, and so a squad of ten men is dispatched to each, whilst 'phone messages are sent flying to the nearest points within reach of them.

The third and most probable alternative is that the negro has pushed straight on through to the almost inaccessible heart of the swamp, and will seek to baffle any pursuers in its fastnesses. He is known to be thoroughly acquainted with all its intricacies, and this gives him an advantage which none but those

familiar with such places in Louisiana can fully appreciate.

Leflore starts most of his men in at once, scattering them in every direction so as to beat over the ground thoroughly. Progress must necessarily be slow. Through the immense canebrakes and palmetto thickets that are found in places, a man might hide and never be discovered by another five feet away. Three shots in quick succession are to give the signal that the trail is found, and Lake Bisteau, in the heart of the swamp, is to be the rendezvous if the search continues throughout the day without trace of the quarry.

The commander remains behind with one of the negroes and six picked men, awaiting the coming of the sheriff. White men continue to arrive in little squads and are promptly forwarded into the swamp.

At last comes the sheriff with his followers and the indispensable hounds. These latter are not the ferocious animals with which Uncle Tom's Cabin has familiarized the public, but really the mildest of canines, not at all formidable even to an unarmed man. But true bloodhounds they are, unerring upon the trail when they have gotten the scent, and indefatigable.

Already these animals know what they seek, and are keen upon it, for a garment recently worn by the fugitive has been secured on the way up the bayou. They have been on that trail ever since they passed the negro's cabin, and are chafing to follow it further. With an almost human intelligence they seem to know all that is expected of them; they know what they shall find in the swamp, and what shall be done with their prey.

There is no hunting like the hunting of a man. Into the swamp all plunge with indescribable zest and enthusiasm, the dogs leading on. The sheriff is nominally in command of this party, but it is Leflore that most will obey. Now the hounds have the trail, and they are off, yelping, rushing frantically around fallen trees and clumps of cypress knees, through canebrakes and impenetrable masses of palmetto. Men follow as best they can, splashing midst morasses and over heaps of rotting vegetation, thrown to the earth again and again by the inextricable network of vines, torn and bleeding from the fierce bamboo thorns, baffled and helpless at times, but never discouraged.

Three shots ring out faintly now, perhaps a mile straight ahead. So those in the center are on the trail, possibly have the brute at bay already. Exertions are redoubled, even the dogs seem to know what it means.

Weary, weary work it is for hours, and the sun is already far past the meridian. Leflore and three others are ahead; they have passed many of the first squads and overtake at last the man who has fired the shots. The dogs are now far ahead of him and baying furiously. Shots ring out, and yelpings answer. The fiend is at bay at last, and, heavily armed, keeps off the dogs.

Now arises the great problem of the chase. Leflore sends up five rapid shots from his revolver; it is the signal for all to close in. There is no danger now that the dogs will lose sight of the negro; a little, however, that he may be able to kill all of them. But what about the men? Is it worth while to sacrifice several human lives, or even one, to capture alive and punish as he deserves such a nameless beast as this? For, beast as he is, he will surely sell his life dearly.

Leflore rapidly plans another campaign. The fiend lies hidden in the midst of a thick canebrake into which the swamp has opened out. The commander hastily sends his men—more than a score of them are on hand now—to surround the brake and lie around it in ambush without exposure. He soon has the brake fired from the windward. Green and lush as it looks, it bursts into a very volcano of flame, for underneath is the dry debris of years.

Birds soar aloft in flocks, and foul reptiles of every sort creep forth from that fiery furnace, fit types, these latter, of the creature who remains yet at its center and hopes the fire will not reach him. But now he can endure it no longer. Wild-eyed, panting with fear, a huge revolver brandished aloft, the negro bursts into view, and three rifles crack almost together. Two men are upon the brute, and he disarmed, before he has rallied from the shock of the bullets. One of these has struck him in

the leg, another in the shoulder, making a bad but certainly not fatal wound.

The negro opens his eyes and sees first of all the face of Devers. He breaks into piteous moans for mercy, which would have touched the hearts of any but men on such a hunt as this. "Into the fire," roars Devers, and starts to pick up the negro, two or three others hurrying to assist him, and they too calling out, "Burn the beast!"

Men rush in from every quarter, amongst them the sheriff, who has just now gotten to the front. He draws his revolver and seizes the negro, whom by now the men are bearing aloft. "He's my prisoner," the officer declares, "and I call on all good citizens here, and deputize them to assist me in enforcing the law."

Devers has reached for his gun with his right hand whilst he still holds the wretched victim fast with his left, and screams in a voice of fury, "By God, he burns, sheriff, or you die, or I die and every friend I have here dies."

"That's right, burn him, burn him!" shouts at least half the crowd, whilst the negro piteously calls upon God.

Then Leflore strides forward. He is perfectly calm, and holds a coil of rope in his hand. "You, Bill Thorn and Jim Gates, grab the sheriff and disarm him," he says coolly; "and you, Blaise Perrault, climb that there red gum and put this rope over the first limb." And then in a voice of thunder he roars, "And you four men drop that nigger; what in the hell do you mean? This crowd don't stand for nothing of that kind; even if he is a beast, he must be hung according to the law of the South."

All this was done in a moment; no one disputed Leflore's decision. Such is the force of a personality that has the natural right to command, and the authority of law that is made by universal consent. As the life ebbs away from the hideous dark thing struggling there in the air, not even a shot is fired to attest the spirit of vengeance that a few moments since called for nameless tortures to be inflicted on the fiend.

When all was over, Leflore turned to the sheriff and said, "I'm sorry, Spears, that we had to put you in this box. But we simply had to execute the real law of the land, fresh from the people, and approved by every decent white man in the South. I know you thought you had to execute the antiquated written law, which has really been repealed, as far as cases of this kind are concerned. I respect you for trying to do your duty as you understood it, but if you had had the men back of you to make a fight for it, you would have been killed and this nigger would have been tortured. Nothing could have prevented it. Now we executed the real, orderly law of the South, in such cases made and provided. Wasn't it best?"

Life as it Is

All the world is but a playhouse,
Men are actors on its stage,
Fortune furnishes the play bills,
Fate the players all engage;
Actors bow before the public,
And receive a smile or frown,
Acting for a paltry living,
Till Death rings the curtain down.

—Jake H. Harrison

IN THE REAR

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

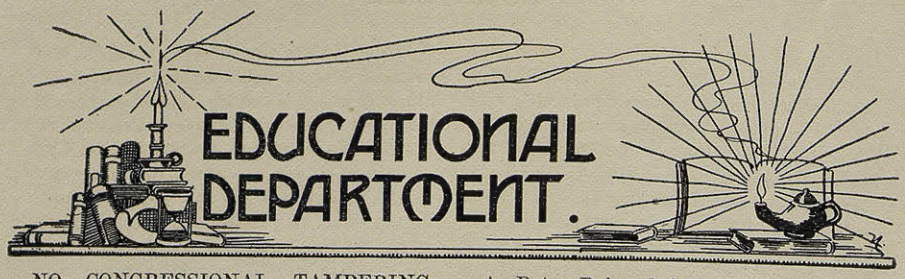
By CLARENCE THOMAS
The Author of the Life of General Turner Ashby

GREAT revolutions need neither defense nor explanation. No people ever resorted to the last analysis, the arbitrament of war, with all its attendant horrors, except in defense of their sovereign principles, or inalienable rights. Therefore, great revolutions—civil wars—explain themselves. The military life of General Turner Ashby, who was the most splendid and brilliant figure of the Civil War, having met with the flattering commendation of many and high sources, the author has been induced to write his recollections of what he saw and heard during those chivalrous days of carnage. In the spring of 1861, when April buds were blooming into May, on the eastern flanks of the Blue Ridge Mountains, every day seemed the "bridal of the earth and sky." The counties of Fauquier and Loudon, in the Old Dominion, Ashby's and Armistead's home counties, later "Mosby's Confederacy," were all spirit and movement. Carter's Company B, of the 8th Virginia regiment, was the first to march from the village of Upperville to Leesburg, Virginia, where the 8th Virginia was being organized under Col. Eppa Hunton. Great preparation had been made to receive and start this company to the front. An elaborate dinner was served on the large lawn of the Episcopal Rectory. To my eyes, all the world seemed gathered there. About the large improvised tables, the laugh and jest presided —its spirit was that of a festival. After the dinner and good-byes, the order came, "Fall in, men," and each gray coat stepped to the front; "marked time," "double column, forward," marched to the music on drum and fife of "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—the war had begun. One cheer from the assembled throng, answered by the gray line, and a change came over the spirit of my dream. Tears, sighs and grief met my eyes and ears, and, unconsciously, I found my hand clasped in the hand of an uncle, and marched with him to the Vineyard Hill. After these scenes, the war spirit took possession of everybody. The boys soon formed a company called "The Home Guards." The youngest boy was elected captain, as he knew the drill better than the others, having been taught the Company Manual by drill masters, some of whom stopped at his home. This company was composed of twenty-five or thirty members; a captain, two lieutenants, a sergeant and a corporal. The neighboring towns had similar organizations, and soon challenges passed for battle. We fought with rocks and slings, and in the slings the ends of horseshoes, about the size of a bullet, were used. They sang like a bullet, and felt much like one, when it struck, generally knocking the victim down. The artillery consisted of a minie musket, minus the stock, placed on wooden wheels made for the purpose. The gun was loaded with powder and ball, or slugs, melted bullets cut into irregular sizes. A detail was made from the company to man the gun. The cavalry consisted of one cavalryman, whose mount was an old discarded horse that not even the Yankees would take. We engaged in many skirmishes and battles with the other companies of boys, and, like the army of Northern Virginia, we were never whipped, but sometimes repulsed. Boys were sometimes wounded and captured, when they were paroled until exchanged. When we had the artillery with us, we always carried the day. The company would sometimes be hard pressed, when the captain ordered the gun into action, which was fired by striking the cap on the tube of the musket with a

hammer or rock. One shot sufficed, as the company was almost as afraid of its own gun as the opposing force. It was sometimes loaded almost to the muzzle with slugs, and every boy fell back except the gunner. This caused a fresh detail to be made every time the gun was fired. But it was worth the risk, as it perched victory upon our colors. Later in the war we became so unruly that the few old men left and the ladies tried to disband us, but we kept up our organization till late in sixty-three. During the latter part of 1862 and through 1863 the company had many adventures, not only with the boy companies, but were frequently under fire from the Yankee cavalry, raiding and scouting parties. The Northern troops were all around us. With ours, a few cavalry detailed to watch them and scout the country. The Home Guards found it could be of service also by giving information to our friends on the approach of the enemy. Our one cavalryman, on his broken-down steed, had orders to *trot* when a company of boys was advancing, and to lope on the approach of the Yankees. Once when we were out looking for fun, of which we got more than we desired, our scout came back in such a *gait* we could not decide whether it was the enemy or the boys approaching, but on he came, "at a hop, skip and a jump," and when hauled up for such conduct, he never stopped, but shouted as he passed, "I am loping, I am loping. I can't lope, but I am loping." When he got into the village, he recovered his senses and shouted, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!" Before the Home Guards realized the situation, we were fired on by the rapidly approaching Yankee squadron. The officers of the Home Guards were delighted when the privates broke for cover through the thorn hedge on Vineyard Hill, and skedaddled after them. Our cavalryman was as badly scared as the gentleman was confused and bewildered who got lost during a night thunderstorm, after riding round and round in the same place for hours. He finally gave the reins to his horse, and pulled up in front of a house. After yelling awhile, the owner of the house came out and asked, "Who are you?" The lost man yelled back, "I know you, Captain, but who in the h—l am I?" Some of the Yankee officers rode into the Vineyard after us, and, finding we were boys, laughed and thought the affair a good joke. We, however, didn't see the fun. About this time Company A, of the 6th Virginia cavalry, were picketed at Paris, with an outpost four miles east at Upperville. Vineyard Hill was a natural point for a picket, and was used by both sides. To this Company A belonged a noted scout of intrepid courage and coolness, William B. Sowers. There was a Yankee major who several times rode into Upperville from the direction of Vineyard Hill, unattended. I called Sowers' attention to this fact, as in passing he would join us at dinner. I finally said to him. "The Major rides a splendid sorrel horse, but I believe you are afraid of him." He laughed, picked me up and spanked me. A day or two afterward, as I ran from the house into the street, there was Sowers with the major. Sowers stopped and asked me if this was my man, and I nodded, "Yes." The Major then said, "I have you to thank for my capture." Sowers had been looking for him for some time, but this was the first day he found him far enough from his command to capture him. They dismounted at my invitation and dined. In this year also occurred the capture of the uncle who marched out with Carter's company in 1861, Adjutant T. B. Hutchinson, of the 8th Virginia regiment, and, after Gettysburg, promoted to major on General Hunton's staff. My uncle came home to look after us, owing to the death of my grandfather, and rode into the Jesse Scouts, in advance of Custer's brigade, believing they were Confederates, as they were dressed in gray. He was placed in charge of Lieutenant Fairbrother, second Michigan cavalry, acting as aide on General Custer's staff. The lieutenant brought him to his home, and dined before returning towards Washington. My mother called me out of the room and gave me several ten-dollar gold pieces, with instructions to return to the room, get into my uncle's lap, have a romp, and slip the gold into his vest pocket. I thought I had turned the trick with great skill, as he caught on, and put his Confederate money in my jacket pocket, that having no value North. In a short while, Lieutenant Fairbrother returned with his command. He placed a guard around the house to

protect us from his men, and ran up the steps like a boy. He was very young, handsome, and a dashing soldier, and his kindness can never be forgotten. After salutations, and inquiries for my uncle, turning to me, he said, "You little rascal, you thought you fooled me, when you put that gold in the Adjutant's pockets, but"—and I finished his sentence, by saying, "I bet you stole it," at which he laughed most heartily. He came our way many times, always with pleasant news from my uncle. I heard him tell my mother once that if he thought the war was waged to free the slaves, he would resign his commission and go home. He was as good as his word. We heard when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, he resigned his commission and left the army. After my uncle was exchanged, he wrote us that Lieutenant Fairbrother had been as kind as a brother and offered him many delicate attentions. Glorious, gallant gentleman, I salute you if living, and lift my hat to your memory, if you lie beneath the sod, for you were worthy to wear the gray! and I am the only one left on my side to record your noble conduct. An incident of this capture is also worthy to be recorded. Jim Crawford was the body-servant of my uncle, who brought him home with him, so that Jim could see his own family. Jim feigned sickness as soon as the Yankees arrived in town, and sent one of the other servants for the family physician. He was questioned closely by the Yankees, but his replies were sighs and groans. As soon as the Yankees left town, Jim mounted his own horse, which the family physician had saved by claiming, and struck south to another master in the army. Before he left my mother urged him to go to see his family, only a mile distant at Green Garden. He answered, "Mistus, I can't go, and I am never coming home again until the war is over." A nobler, truer heart never beat in a gentleman's breast. Master and servant, soldier and comrade, through four years of marching and battle, sleep not far apart in the Old Dominion. It took the Satanic crime of reconstruction, and the villainous hypocrisy of the carpet-bagger to destroy this beautiful link of love between master and servant. After the second battle of Manassas all the houses and churches were filled with the sick and wounded soldiers. In all the trying epochs of the struggle, the women of the South were ever foremost in noble deeds; in the hospitals, she was the gentle nurse of soul and body; she was the priestess of the Southern Temple. The same white fingers that dressed the wounds and cooled the burning brow deftly fashioned powder and ball into missiles that went hissing into the serried ranks of blue. During the long struggle, there was not an instance of the nameless crime, which, since reconstruction, has become so common. What a tribute to the relation of master and servant, and what a criticism upon the infamous policy of reconstruction! For, let it be remembered, this crime has been confined to the negro born since the war. The Home Guards were still on the warpath, but the highways were more crowded with soldiers, so when the boys couldn't get at each other, they divided and fought themselves. War was the order of the day, and when we couldn't find it, we made it. We became, too, more alert in looking out for the enemy, as we could render good service in this way. The few horses left were necessary to put in a patch of corn for bread, our only staple product. Upperville, situated on the turnpike between Winchester and Alexandria, became the theater of the passage of many armies, wagons and raiders. If a fellow was looking for adventure, he could have his chance "to make good" there, or thereabouts. At times we were hopeful or depressed, as our soldiers advanced or retreated. In the latter part of 1862 and the first of the year of 1863, a gray coat was good for sore eyes. In the spring of 1863, however, Mosby suddenly appeared in our midst, with a detail of fifteen men from the 1st Virginia cavalry. This little band cheered our drooping spirits. From this meager start, Colonel Mosby built up a battalion of choice spirits, whose marvelous feats have never been excelled in the annals of partisan warfare. In passing, we throw a flower upon the memory of Lieutenant Tom Turner, of Baltimore, and Captain William Smith, of Fauquier, as in the estimation of the writer they have received but scant justice. Lieutenant Turner was one of the original detail. He was a great soldier, splendid fellow, tall, handsome and modest, and as brave as life itself. He was not only a fighter,

but a scout and commander as well. When Colonel Mosby was absent from wounds, he handled the command with skill. He was wounded at the fight at Aldie soon after the command took the field. He rode back to Upperville, thirteen miles, that night. We had heard of the fight, and I was looking for him. When he arrived, he said, with his hand on my head, "My boy, they got me this time." He was assisted to dismount and taken into Dr. Brown's. After an operation, the ball was extracted, having been deflected by the buckle of his belt. In January, 1864, he lost his life in a night attack at Harper's Ferry, leading his company. There also fell that other daring soldier of equal promise, Captain William Smith, formerly of the Black Horse Company, 4th Virginia cavalry. From late in 1863 to the close of the war, the *modus vivendi* proved difficult for many families. Corn bread, rye coffee sweetened with sorghum or honey, little or no meat, became the citizens' rations; and, at times, not enough of these luxuries. More than once the writer and others sought sleep upon hungry stomachs. We gave often nearly all we had to our own soldiers, and the enemy sometimes took the rest. We had not then, and have not now, any complaints to make, as we were suffering for our cause, and were proud to do it. Those were days when the "rear" stood shoulder to shoulder, like the "thin gray line" in front. The last time we saw the incomparable infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia, Pickett's division passed in sight of the village, enroute for Pennsylvania. Our hopes were bound up in this division, as all the infantry companies of this section were a part of it. Many of our friends and relatives belonged to the 8th Virginia of this command; and my uncles, as it passed, brought several officers to dine with us, among them General Hunton and the Berkeleys are recalled. This march preceded by a few days the big cavalry fight at Upperville between Stuart and Pleasenton. Before dinner was announced General Lewis A. Armistead passed along going to his home further down the street. He was hailed by the group of officers, and my uncles insisted that he should join us at dinner. He smilingly replied that he was an old army man, and must set a better example, but "you volunteers can do pretty much as you please." As he rode off he remarked, "I am only going home to say how do you do and good-bye." So passed from our view this knightly soldier and gentleman. But upon the flaming bastion of Cemetery Ridge, crowned with two hundred guns, he marched, the foremost figure, over the works in the charge of Pickett's division to immortality. The remembrance of a gracious act after that dinner abides still with me as a benediction. After all had said "good-byes" and were departing, Colonel Norborne Berkeley stepped back to my grandmother and my mother, and said, "Do not fear for the boys, I will bring them back safely." Poor fellow, he could not take care of himself, as he was badly wounded and captured in the charge. He still lives, the "noblest Roman of them all." The 8th Virginia took into the charge two hundred men, rank and file; ten only reported for duty after the battle! We close the first part of this article with an incident of that bloody and fatal field, as related, in substance, by one of the actors still living. Lieut.-Col. Edmund Berkeley, brother of Col. Norborne Berkeley, was at that time major of the 8th Virginia regiment. He was shot down near the breastworks in the charge, and after reviving he looked around and saw an unconscious soldier near him, who had been shorn down with a piece of shell. He recognized him as the adjutant of the regiment, my uncle, and called him by name, "Bent, Bent, are you much hurt?" He heard him sigh and saw him move and finally sit up. He asked my uncle if he was going to surrender, and he replied he would not. He then got up and asked the major if he could walk. The major said he would try on one leg. In this condition my uncle assisted him back to the house, or barn, in the line of the charge. They rested there a little, and, with the help of another soldier, they made their way back through shot and shell to our lines. In the next and last article the great cavalry fight at Upperville will be touched on, with the dashing Jeb. Stuart in the midst of the melee; what became of the Home Guards; how its captain was mistaken for a bombshell, causing much consternation; the burning raid of Loudon and Fauquier, and how the captain of the Home Guards took a race through the Yankee pickets at midnight.



NO CONGRESSIONAL TAMPERING WITH DIVORCE LAWS.

DEAR SIR:—Please publish in the Educational Department of your *Jeffersonian* your views on the question as to whether it would be a good policy for Congress to have exclusive control over marriage and divorce.

Yours very truly,

J. B. THOMPSON.

Young Harris, Ga., Dec. 9, 1909.

ANSWER.

Congress ought not to have a thing to do with marriage and divorce. The Federal Government is already far too much an intruder on the reserved rights of the States.

CHEAP LAND.

DEAR SIR:—I am much interested in this land monopoly. If our lands continue being bought in large tracts, from 1,000 to 2,000,000 acres, by syndicates, or the much-moneyed men of our American people, or foreigners, where will the rising generation get homes?

It seems to me there ought to be a limit to the ownership of land,—say 160 acres to the family, or not over 320 acres.

If correctly informed, Mexico owns her railroads, and one can travel all over that republic for 1 1-2 cents per mile. Australia also owns her railroads, and one can travel there for 1 cent per mile.

Would love to hear from you on these points through the weekly *Jeffersonian* or *Watson's Magazine*.

Yours for justice and right,

R. I. THOMPSON.

Daingerfield, Texas.

ANSWER.

(1) Where is that land-monopoly? After you have found the sea-serpent, the mare's nest, the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, a few hen's teeth, a barrel of turnips with red blood in them, a nigger that will neither lie nor steal, a young bull-necked priest who can be safely trusted in the "retreat parlor" with a young, handsome, buxom nun—why, then you may possibly locate that "land-monopoly."

As Betsy Prigg defiantly said to Sairey Gamp, concerning the alleged existence of a certain Missis Harris, "There ain't no sich person."

Why, bless your sweet life, man! you can buy land almost anywhere, in rural Dixie or New England, at from four dollars per acre up to forty.

Throughout the greater portion of Georgia farm land is cheaper than it was before 1861. And why? One of the reasons is that the prowling negro and other things have made country-life almost impossible to the whites. No prudent head of a family will allow his wife and daughters to go beyond the range of his personal protection. The fear of the black rapist overshadows the country. While such negro-philes as Andrew Carnegie are publicly stating that his own Scotch ancestors, three hundred years ago, were inferior to the American negro of today, the white families of the rural communities are fleeing to the towns and cities, where the women have better protection.

Another reason why there are cheap lands in the South is that, as a rule, farming can no longer be done with wage-hands. The supply of labor is too scanty and too unreliable. There are plenty of negro men and women to do all the work, but they are not doing it. The towns are swarming with idle bucks and wenches, who won't work at any price. How do they live, you ask? The men, by stealing, by gambling, by robbing and burglarizing, by acting as kept man by some cook, chambermaid, or wash-woman; the women live partly by stealing and partly by prostitution.

"The Country Gentleman" (of Albany, N. Y.), is one of the best agricultural papers in the world—it claims to be the oldest, too.

In its issue of December 9, 1909, you may find a most interesting letter signed "Edward K. Parkinson." The general tenor of this communication is in-

dicated by the headline under which it is printed, and that is, "Eastward LIES the land of Canaan."

Mr. Parkinson presents some exceedingly interesting facts. For instance, he proves by official reports that the value of the products of an acre of New England soil is double that of the acre out West! He shows that the yield per acre of wheat is nearly twice as much in Maine as in North Dakota. Of corn, the Kansas acre produces (average) 29 bushels; whereas, the Connecticut acre yields 42 bushels. In Montana the average crop of oats is 41 bushels to the acre; in Vermont it is 39 bushels.

But yet more important is Mr. Parkinson's statement concerning the prices brought by improved farms in New York and New England.

He says that an examination of the bulletins discloses the fact that many of the farms are advertised for sale, as low as $7.50 per acre!

Think of that, will you. In the State of New York improved lands advertised by their owners at the almost nominal price of seven dollars and a half per acre! Why, a small farm, at that figure, would not fetch enough to pay for the most modest improvements.

I knew that in New England, and throughout the old slave States, millions of acres of land could be had at almost any price; but I had no idea that *in New York State*—so near the big city where Socialism holds forth about land monopoly—the same conditions could be found.

Evidently, it is a mere waste of breath to talk about a land monopoly when facts like these stare us in the face.

If the Socialists would use, *in land-buying*, the same money that they waste on campaigns, Debs' "Red Specials," Cooper Union meetings, street parades, and propagandist literature, *they could supply homes and farms to every destitute family that they could drag away from New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, etc.* But after buying the lonely little farm, out in the backwoods, where it is dark after nightfall, they'd have to get some yokes of steers, log-hooks and chains, and some logging wagons. 'Cause why?

Each of those homeless men is so fascinated by the human attractiveness of the great Babylonian, hurly-burly city, where brilliant illumination turns midnight into noon—that each one of those howling, moneyless creatures, would require a separate log chain, and yoke of steers, before you could pull him out among the stumps, briers, swamps, whip-poorwills, screech-owls, sandflies, gnats, mosquitoes, hookworms, book-agents, and "sich."

No, sir! The average pauper will stay in New York till he drops in his tracks, rather than be transported to a region where he will have to view the scenery from the rear-end of a mule, and will have to scratch like the devil to get a living out of the land.

(2) I think that the amount of land that you are willing to allow to each man is altogether excessive, 320 acres are too much; even 160 acres admit of baronial splendor and tyranny. Why, a Frenchman or Piedmontese Italian would set up a regular, out and out NABOB on 320 acres of land. The first thing you'd know, you'd see that Frenchman or "Eye-talian" swell up on "surplus value," "unearned increment," interest, profits, and the ungodly gains of "wage-slavery;" and he'd become one of "these here hell-hounds of Capitalism" that go out and hunt Fred Warren and Eugene Debs, every moist, cloudy night.

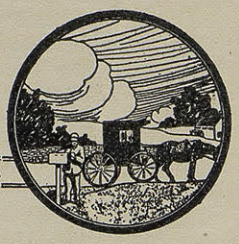
All joking aside, if we are not to be allowed any more land than we can till with our own hands, (as Southern Socialists now say) ten acres will be a god's lavish for most of us. Five acres will be the greatest plenty for me—provided that each of the neighbors is not permitted to keep more than two barking dogs, three crowing roosters, four lowing cows; and the children not allowed to run the scales and mangle "Kiss Waltz," on the piano, every day in the week, and Sunday too.

(3) For all immediate practical purposes, you are near enough to the truth about railroads in Mexico and Australia. Besides, I've told you enough for one time. I can't encourage monopoly of information. I want you to go away back, now, and take a seat, and digest the facts.

And if *ever* you do find the sea-serpent and the land-monopoly, you must "holler," loud, so that all of us can come running to see 'em.

Communications

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.



DENIES HE IS A SOCIALIST.

To the Editor:

I hear that you challenge a number of Socialists, in which list you include me, to justify the ways of Socialism to men.

But I am not a Socialist, but a single-taxer, one of the strongest of individualists.

I believe that all that is necessary for men is free access to the earth which "brings forth abundantly to satisfy the desire of every living thing", and that they will then work out their own social salvation without governmental interference.

Yours sincerely,

Bolton Hall.

56 Pine St., New York.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The presence of Mr. Hall at the gathering of "we of the inner circle of Socialism", together with his address, as reported in "A Socialist Wedding", very naturally caused me to think him a Socialist.

T. E. W.

OCALA VET PLEASED WITH NOVEMBER JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—Your Jeffersonian Magazine for the month of November just received and eagerly read is of such transcendent interest that I feel that I must record the fact by writing you, both to notify you of the pleasure received, and also to thank you for the Magazine.

I am certainly with you on the Home Mission question, and I think the Foreign Mission is (as Odom puts it) "an abomination unto the Lord". I do not know of the Jews (who were God's chosen people) proselyting anywhere, nor forcing a religion on an unwilling and unresisting people, nor like Pizzaro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico, burning their proselytes to make sure of them; however, as regards the Magazine, it is *good all the way through* from cover to cover, and altogether desirable in every way to a thinking and observant person who reads.

Sincerely yours, etc.,

John E. Bailey,

And Old Confederate "Vet".

Ocala, Fla., Nov. 12, 1909.

HERE'S A GEORGIA BOY THAT I AM PROUD OF.

Dear Sir:—I have just read that charming little sketch in the November Jeffersonian Magazine—"The First Fire of Autumn". Did you know the writer of that article has been entirely deaf from childhood? Yes, Wade H. Caldwell is a poor, neglected boy, who has educated himself by reading. He has been tenderly loved by one of the sweetest mothers. However, she was taken from him two months ago. You are impatiently wondering, no doubt, what you have to do with all this. I fully realize that every minute of your time is filled to the brim. Yet when a man of genius writes as you do, touching thousands of hearts, swaying even the souls of men, he must understand the claims humanity have upon him.

Tonight I discovered a little article of yours in "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians", and I also discover that Tom Watson has a tender spot in his heart.

Listen! when you think of Wade Caldwell, picture him in his mother's garden—that old-fashioned garden, where he used to read aloud to her. See him alone, a poor boy with talent, shut off from the world. Be kind, and publish all his articles you can.

While at "the Baptist Encampment" at Blue Ridge, you were frequently *dis kussed* (?). You would laugh were I to tell you of some things said. I am a

Baptist, and as one I can see that every word you wrote about Foreign Missions is true. I admire, above all things, your fearless way of dealing with evil! I believe every broad-minded Baptist can see the truth of your arguments. As State Chairman of Compulsory Education of the "D. A. R." I have visited many schools in Georgia, and my eyes have been opened.

Pardon this intrusion, and believe me an *earnest* admirer of Hon. T. E. Watson. (Signed) ANNIE M. LANE.

Washington, Ga., Nov. 12, 1909.

(I am truly glad that Miss Lane obeyed the impulse, to write me. Young Caldwell's prose poem revealed a high order of intellect. He deserves all the encouragement that his friends can give him. While I have not the pleasure of knowing him, Miss Lane's letter has made me his friend, and he may count on me as such. I invite him to offer other articles to the Magazine.—T. E. W.)

NOT TOO LATE.

DEAR SIR:—I inclose one dollar and fifty cents postoffice money order, for which send me your Magazine for one year, including the November number for 1909.

Your position is absolutely correct, touching the encroachments of the inferior Federal Courts upon the rights of the States, but I fear we are too late to repel these encroachments through or by any civil remedy. The usurpations should have been checked in the trial of Nagel for the homicide of Judge Terry several years ago, and several cases, especially when Cleveland invaded the State of Illinois with the United States Army, etc. Yours truly,

THOS. B. LLOYD.

Inverness, Fla., Nov. 15, 1909.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

No; it is not too late. It is never too late to mend. Times have changed since the Nagel case, and the invasion of Illinois by the Federal troops.

All that is needed is a Governor with sand in his gizzard.

A COLLEGE CLASSMATE,—I WAS HIS BASEBALL "CAPTAIN."

MY DEAR TOM:—Enclosed please find my check for two dollars ($2). I wish to renew my subscription to *The Jeffersonian*, and to the *Jeffersonian Magazine*. I read each issue of the publications with great interest, and always derive rich entertainment and valuable information from their glowing pages.

It seems that your pen was never brighter and *sharper than now*.

Your writings are frequently surprises. The article on *The Vulture*, in the November number of the Magazine, was a surprise—most *decidedly* so. It had never occurred to me that anything so interesting could be written about the buzzard. *You were charmingly original* in your treatment of the subject.

His Buzzardship should be exceedingly grateful to you for your "write-up" of him. Some human vulture might take pleasure in gnawing at your vitals, but I am sure that no buzzard will ever be so unappreciative of your mention of him as to wish to pick your bones, but, when in your neighborhood, will content himself in being "peacefully engaged in drawing invisible circles in the upper air, as he sails, round and round, in a fathomless, shoreless, radiant sea."

With best wishes, I am, always as ever,

Faithfully yours,

JNO. T. BOIFEUILLET.

Macon, Ga., Nov. 11, 1909.

THIS WAS INTEREST ON BONDS.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find postoffice money order, you sent me, returned. I don't want your money. Please send me your Magazine instead of money.

Respectfully,

A. D. HICKOK.

Norman, Oklahoma.

INTEREST ON BONDS REINVESTED IN JEFFERSONIANS.

DEAR SIR:—I herewith return the check, $3.24, sent me for interest on the bonds. I desire it applied to the continuation of my subscription for the Magazine and the weekly *Jeffersonian*, and the subscription of Mrs. Susan M. Boogher, of 6345 Washington Park View, St. Louis, for the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

My subscription for the Magazine expires with the December, 1909, issue, and, for the weekly, expires May 1, 1910, and Mrs. Boogher's, for the Magazine, ex-

pires July 1, 1910. Continue each one year from those dates, respectively, which will take $3.00. Use balance, 24 cents, for postage, or anything.

If these dates are wrong, your bookkeeper can correct them.

I will credit the bonds with interest paid to November 1, 1909.

Your friend,

MINOR MERIWETHER.

3716 Delmar Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

SOCIALISM IN TEXAS.

Socialism in Texas is not very old, but it is a fact—to be regretted, however,—that it is scattering over the commonwealth like wildfire.

Only a few years ago the State press, almost a unit on the subject, looked upon and reviewed, with a large degree of contempt and sarcasm, this wave of political damnableness and wholesale deceivable rot—Socialism. It was a mere joke, a light laugh, and passed over without further thought and study.

Not so now. The papers and the people—the better elements, who have absolutely refused to be fooled and deceived into the ranks of this disguised doctrine,—are far more serious, and are giving more thought to the subject.

The country has been overflowed with their (Socialist) literature, and speakers are now covering the State in their effort to add more recruits to their army. And they are succeeding.

Several years ago, had you predicted this state of affairs, you would have been laughed at and branded as a fool; some paper would have given your statement space, made a funny comment, a good laugh would follow, and you would have retired to your lonely hut and received the consolation that came to the rangers when they killed the wrong man—by mistake: "Well, the joke is on us this time." Perhaps you would be persuaded that your brain was all in a muddle, and recommended a treatment for the "brain fever."

But it is true. Of course, the State is yet decidedly Democratic, and will remain such, but it only goes to prove how far the people can be fooled when there is no competition.

For years the Socialists have had their way, unmolested, unhampered, and without opponents; merely because no one ever thought it would amount to anything, and, hence, didn't wish to waste their time in opposing the movement. It has been pretty much the same over the whole country, and the Socialists have gained ground, enlarged their army to such an extent that the country is beginning to wake up.

Recently the Fort Worth *Record* said, speaking of Socialism: * * "Socialism thrives during hard times, and as drouths cause hard times, it furnishes the Socialist an opportunity to shift the blame onto the Government and the 'competitive system,' and make more converts. Good times are more effective than drouths as an antidote for Socialism."

True. The Socialists see a man who has to pay rent—because he owns no farm—they talk of our "damnable system of land traffic," as they are wont to call it, and make a noise like sympathy and brotherhood, and talk as if their hearts were breaking for him and his family; citing, as an instance, some man who happens to own a piece of land. They dwell upon the unjustness of such a system, and the great need of reform. They picture to him his family living in poverty, and some others living in the refinements of great riches and in wonderful mansions. They tell him of the equality that Socialism will bring about, and the mighty changes that will take place—when they win. He is asked to join them, and, as he looks about, there is no one to say, "Don't go, they deceive you, they would crush all opposition and ruin the government under which you live; your freedom will be taken from you, and you will not be allowed the right of free speech—you are being deceived." Oh, no, no one is there to bring up the other side—and he wonders. He is given a lot of their literature. It tells in glowing statements and words of eloquence the good (?) that Socialism will do. The poor fellow becomes blind to all sense of truth and logic, seeing only the bright side, the promised riches are glaring at him, enticing, alluring—and he wonders.

No one is there to tell him that it teaches love freedom, negro equality, intermarriages of races, whites, blacks, yellow, and all others; that it does away

with *our* marriage system, and desires to make his wife and daughter public, to crush all spirit of opposition, and that it is, in disguise, a movement to enslave the people—*and he joins them.*

Then he is called upon for the dues, for the fees to pay the speakers and the big men of the party, all of whom are wealthy in the goods of this world, many of them millionaires; they tell him he must help pay these men's expenses—to help along the cause—then he pays. The money that is needed to go to the support of his family, to buy clothes, provisions, and the necessaries of life, is taken from him, without sympathy, and goes to pay for the luxuries of some of the ringleaders of Socialism—the only people in the world who are helped, or ever will be, in any way, by this shameful doctrine.

Does he, as he lolls in riches and vast wealth, as he sees his family enjoying the best that money can buy, ever think of the poor man who toils every day in the year to provide for his family, and who has helped to pay for all these riches?

Does his heart melt in sympathy as he rides by the little farm in his large automobile and sees this man's family working the fields, tilling the soil and wearing old rags, that he (the leader) may live in luxury and roll in wealth?

Does he go out and offer words of cheer and comfort, and shake hands with the struggling brother who is keeping him up?

Does he ever ask them to his home, to partake of his great blessings and share his comfort?

Ah, no, not so with him. Never will his bed of comfort be shared with his brother of toil, never will he do any one of the many things in his power to make that toiling comrade's heart glad and fill him with cheerful hope for the future. That is not—*Socialism.*

Will these people ever quit being deceived? Will they never see the error of their way, and the shameful doctrines of their cause?

If it is the aim of Socialism to establish social equality, will they ever do it? Are they trying to do so? Nay, it is not their purpose, their intention is far from such, and their leaders never desire to, further than—take it.

If such is their purpose, why do they take the hard-earned money of their laboring brothers and give it to some wealthy speaker to pay him a large salary and expenses to lecture occasionally?

Here in Texas they have hundreds of "silver-tongued" orators in the field. These speakers are paid princely salaries. Who pays the bills? The people; the ones who are so easily fooled into this belief. Most of them are poor, shamefully poor, yet they will go on paying the freight—"for the good it will be to their children," and never heed the wealth they are piling up on their leaders. They are merely paying the way of a cause that would, if in power, ruin their country, destroy hope and ambition, and put their children in bondage, to be insulted and used to every advantage and lust of the children of their generals.

"Mother Jones," of Texas,—a speaker for the cause,—once said: "I hope to see the day come when the lead that is now used for making bullets will be used for making type to educate the masses."

One hates to think that a "mother" can be thus deceiving; yet, I can't believe that this one meant the above in the sense she would have us believe. She is an expounder of Socialism, and I don't think she would say anything or advocate a principle which would work against Socialism; for in Socialism she is a great faetor, her job, her expenses and salary are kept up by Socialism. She would not endanger her job for the sake of telling a truth, and to injure Socialism is to work against her own bread and butter.

Would "Mother Jones" do such a thing? Not hardly.

To educate the masses is to sign the death-warrant of Socialism, and if Socialism thrives, it will be upon the prevailing state of ignorance. What "Mother Jones" really meant was: "I hope the time will come when the lead that is now used to make bullets will be used in making type to deceive people into Socialism."

Typical of Mother. She, like all other Socialists, could easily see her finish in a plain, unvarnished truth, and the only

thing to do was to disguise it. Cunning? Well, yes, a little. Kindly inclined that way, you know.

"Deceive the masses"—A Socialistic echo.

"Educate"—a Jeffersonian principle.

JACK DUNAWAY.

Dothan, Texas.

FERRER AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

Remarkable Statement of Jesuit Cruelties by an English Paper.

(From the *American Citizen.*)

After the arrest of Professor Ferrer, and before his execution, *The New Age*, an English paper, printed the following appeal:

SHALL FERRER DIE?

There's twenty million Englishmen
Will know the reason why.

The press of Spain is under the ban of the most rigid censorship known in modern times. Spain is in the throes of the most awful repression known in the history of the world. These are undeniable facts.

At the time of the marriage of the ex-Protestant Queen Ena to the Roman Catholic Alfonso of Spain, some demented individual threw a bomb at the wedding procession. The actual criminals were arrested and executed. The Roman Catholics in Spain, having before them the example of a recanting English princess, who sold her faith for a crown, God rewarding her with a bomb as a wedding gift, utilized this outrage as an excuse for an anti-Protestant campaign. Protestants in Spain are people who are not Roman Catholics and Royalists. A series of persecutions, seizures of property, closing of schools, and slaughtering of non-Romanists ensued, which can only be paralleled by the religious excesses of the Middle Ages. Senor Ferrer, a gentleman who had founded the Escula Moderna at Barcelona, the most notable educational institution in Spain, and therefore thoroughly detested by the Romanists, was arrested on a trumped-up charge. His schools were closed, the staff dispersed, and the pupils forced into monasteries and convents. The Society of Jesus was as much to the fore in Ferrer's case as in the Dreyfus case in forging documents for the purpose of incriminating the accused man. Fortunately, such an outcry was raised in France and England that Ferrer was tried by a civil tribunal, and not a scrap of evidence other than Jesuit forgeries was produced against him, and he was acquitted. But he had suffered many months' imprisonment; he had been put to great financial loss; his schools had been shut up and his scholars scattered far and wide. Matters quieted down; he collected more funds and restarted his educational propaganda in what is, perhaps, the most illiterate country in Europe.

Such was the position of affairs in 1909 when the Moroccan war, engineered by the court and its financial hangers-on, was embarked upon. As is well known, the Republicans in Barcelona rose in rebellion, and attempted to prevent the Spanish conscripts departing for Morocco. After several days' fighting, the rebellion was put down by the government, and many of those who had risen were, quite rightly in all probability, sentenced to death and executed.

Here was a second chance for the Romanists, who were much alarmed at the spread of Protestantism and Ferrer's humanitarian teaching, to crush Protestants and the civilization of modern Europe at one stroke. The papal archbishop of Madrid ordered a Protestant massacre. The council of ministers refused to permit its execution. The next move was to get Queen Ena away from Madrid. Practically under arrest, she was sent to a chateau close to the French frontier, nominally for her personal safety, in reality to get her out of the way, as her Protestant heresies made her a suspect. No sooner was this done than a further attack was initiated on any individuals regarded as reformers or Protestants. Madrid was only saved the horrors of a second St. Bartholomew by the determined attitude of the young king and several of his ministers, coupled with the warnings of the French ambassador.

Military law was proclaimed throughout Spain; Senor Ferrer and his manager, Cristobal Litran, have been arrested, and are to be tried by courtmartial. Senor Ferrer has already been tortured. The Jesuits have again "discovered"

large numbers of incriminating papers. We say "the Jesuits," because the officers of the Guardia Civile who effected the arrests were members of that order. They have had actually the impudence to tender as evidence in a preliminary torture examination one of the documents which had been pronounced by the civil court to be a forgery, in the hope that the torture may drive the wretched man, under stress of his agony, to admit its truth. It is devil's work.

Protestants, reformers, trade union leaders, Republicans, and Socialists are all dubbed "anarchists" by the military clique and the Roman Catholics. Montjuich is full of prisoners, most of whom are dying from torture. Two Englishmen, we are informed, have been secretly buried by the prison authorities. All information is refused for fear of international complications, which might take the form of Tommy Atkins breaking down the gates of Montjuich.

The following are a few of the tortures of the Inquisition now in operation on behalf of a government for which an English princess has abandoned her faith and her country. In the "bed" torture, the prisoner is bound to an instrument called a bed, which is slowly heated. The tightness of his bonds prevents him moving, and he is slowly scorched up to the death limit, when he is relieved from his agony. The torture lasts about an hour, is repeated daily, and usually produces insanity in three days. There are ordinary torturing machines with modern improvements, such as electrical racks and thumbscrews. The stabbing needles are new. Here the hands are bound to a thin wooden plank through which, by mechanical means, are forced dozens of sharp needles which penetrate the hands. In the dungeons of Montjuich there are the rat tortures, by which bound men are cast among hundreds of voracious rats, a wound having been cut in the side, at which the rats are attracted to lick.

The women prisoners are the victims of moral torture as well as physical torture. The women are beaten on their breasts with light stinging canes by the Jesuit priests, who mockingly implore the Protestant women "to confess." One wretched woman, who had a premature birth owing to the cruelties she was subjected to, was confined in the presence of all the male officials, who jeered at her during her agonies. The monsters have no regard for little children. The small boys are handed over to the Jesuit and other monasteries for sodomitic practices, and the little girls are deprived of their virtue by villians who have an assortment of venereal diseases.

We repeat, is England going to look on at this picture of ghastliness unheeding? What is the use of our navy if we can not blow the Spanish papal hierarchy into a premature hell? Sir Edward Grey himself has said that English foreign policy is aimed at "upholding in the councils of the world, in diplomacy, those ideals in every part of the world by which we set so much store." Sir E. Grey has established a nonintervention doctrine, but Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Canning, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, Lord Granville, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Lansdowne are all statesmen who have claimed England's right to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations on humanitarian grounds.

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NOS. 6117-6122—BOY'S OUTING SUIT

No other suit quite takes the place of this simple one made with outing shirt and knickerbockers. It is so loose and comfortable that the boy can enjoy active life to his heart's content. As here pictured the shirt is of soft washable flannel and the knickerbockers of serge, but the whole suit, trousers and shirt, may be made of light-weight woollen materials. The medium size requires 2 5-8 yards of 36-inch material for the shirt and 1 1-8 yards for the knickerbockers.

Sizes for Boy's Outing Shirt: 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years. Sizes for Boy's Knickerbockers: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 years.

This pattern calls for two separate patterns,

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NO. 8521—A DAIN

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NO. 8521—A DAINTY MORNING JACKET

In this dainty model for a dressing saeque, the front, back and sleeves are cut in one piece. An unusually trim, neat appearance is given at the waistline by the fulness being gathered into a smoothly fitted peplum, finished by a belt of ribbon-run beading. The style is adaptable to such materials as lawn, batiste, dotted swiss, and cotton crepe. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Medium size requires 2 5-8 yards of 24-inch material.

Pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any addess upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8323—LADY'S TUCKED SHIRTWAIST

A simple tucked shirtwaist is always well liked. The one here illustrated is made with two tucks over the shoulders. The model is easily made and always smart for wear with a coat suit or separate skirt. It requires no trimming but may be made in a combination of materials. Chiffon cloth, voile, cashmere, solft silk or light-weight satin may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 3 3-4 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

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NO. 8499—A NEW SHIRTWAIST

This simple, attractive model is particularly adapted to the linens, but will develop well in other materials, such as madras, lawn, cotton voile and taffeta. The fulness of the front may be distributed in narrow tucks or be simply gathered. The yoke extending over the shoulder-seam may be omitted if desired. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. The 36-inch size will require 3 3-4 yards of 36-inch material.

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NO. 8619—A PRACTICAL KITCHEN APRON

Every woman, whether she has to do the work about the house or not, will find use for a simple, practical work apron, such as the one here pictured. It slips on and off easily and is the simplest of garments to make. Besides, it is infinitely attractive and becoming with its long lines and square-cut neck. The usual apron materials are suitable for reproduction, such as linen, gingham, Holland and percale. The medium size requires 3 3-8 yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. Cut in sizes small, medium, large.

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NO. 8612—MISSES' COLLEGE DRESS

This illustrates an up-to-date and popular model, fashioned on "Moyen Age" lines. The waist is fitted by side-front, side-back and underarm seams, and is joined to a plaited skirt portion. The dress may be cut in high-neck style or with a sailor collar. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14, 16, 18 years, and requires 5 3-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 16-year size.

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NO. 8407—A NEW AND STYLISH SKIRT MODEL

Lady's Four-Piece Skirt

This skirt is an excellent one to be developed with a waist that closes at the side, meeting the skirt-closing. The back gore is laid in the form of a box-plaited panel, stitched to placket depth, but forming a plait to the lower edge of skirt. Broadcloth, cashmere, silk, linen or other wash fabrics may be used. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches, waist measure.

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NO. 8615—LADY'S NINE-GORED SKIRT

A New and Stylish Skirt Model

Nut-brown broadcloth trimmed with buttons was used for this up-to-date design. It is appropriate for silk or woollen goods. The back has an inverted plait underneath below flounce depth. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches, waist measure. It requires 8 yards of 24-inch material for the 24-inch size.

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NO. 8416—A NEW APRON MODEL EMBODYING TWO STYLES

As here shown this pretty model may be made with long, close sleeves, or with gathered cap sleeves. The apron is gathered to a pointed yoke that may be of tucking or embroidery. The sash ends may be omitted. The design is good for lawn, cambric, gingham, or nainsook, and may be trimmed with lace or edging. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 8-year size.

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NO. 8493—CHILD'S DRESS

Linen, pique, gingham, galatea and serge may all be used in the making of this simple little garment, suitable for either girl or boy. It is in double-breasted style, closing at the side. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: for 2, 4, 6 years. The 4-year size will require 2 1-2 yards of 24-inch material.

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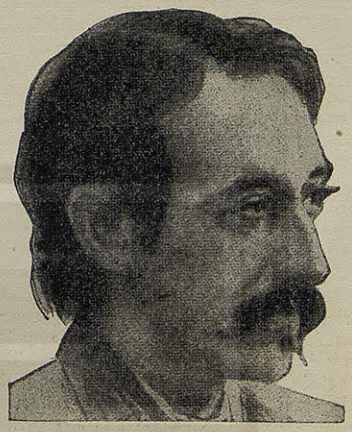

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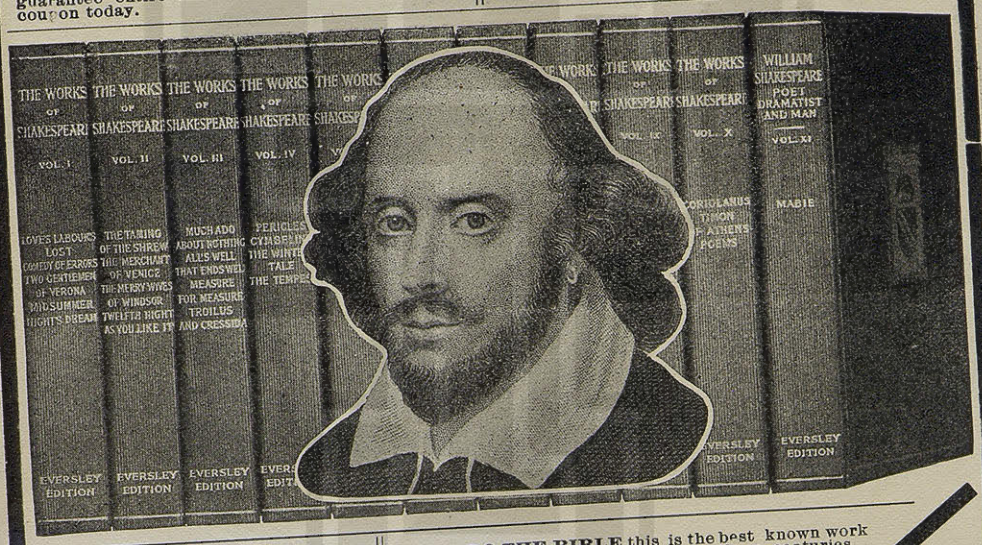

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October, 1906

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WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Independence League Candidate for Governor of New York

(SEE ARTICLE PAGE 495)

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V OCTOBER, 1906 No. 4

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

At Fifty

THIS is Las Olas—he called it so, in the indulgence of that fondness for giving pet names to those things which one especially loves.

He had already grown old when he chanced upon this spot—old and rich—and the joyousness of boyhood had come back to him, and he found pleasure in nature and his fellow-man.

Peace to his memory!—he was as golden-hearted a gentleman as ever took a wage-earner by the hand and called him Brother.

After him I came; and after me will come another—and so runs the world away.

* * * * *

A narrow spur of land stretching from inlet to inlet, forming a ribbon-like island, closed in upon the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the quiet streams that drain the Everglades—such is the place. Ages and ages ago the wash of the ocean, met by the wash of the rivers, banked up a ridge of sand, and upon this sand nature, in the long run of the years, planted a jungle; and in the tangled mazes of the jungle the deer tramped a trail, the wildcat found a lair, the raccoon made a home, the cougar crouched for squirrels, and the rattlesnake multiplied. Waterfowl of all kinds whirled and screamed as they flew from feeding ground to roosting place; and the red-bird, the wren and the mocker were never more plentiful or musical than here.

The ships, in stately procession, pass down from North to South; over yonder on the distant horizon you see the smoke or the masts of those that follow the Gulf Stream from South to North. Thus, upon the one hand, is the great world and the ocean; on the other hand, there is the island route—by lake and sound and river—where traffic flows in safer ways and where no storm besets the sailor.

Sit here on the wall of the boat-house, and gaze southward. A lovelier stretch of water the world does not hold—for the tide is still out and everything is water. A fringe of forest bounding the view southward, a thread of brilliant blue marking the spear-thrust which the ocean makes into the brown bosom of the river, the tossing foam which shows where the billows from the sea charge home upon the distant beach; and over all the mellow radiance of the sunny afternoon—for the tide is ebbing now and the sun is going down.

All that the ocean could do, this time, has been done—forevermore. The outgoing currents drove back the lake and the river, mounting over them both, marching mile after mile landward, conquering mile after mile of reluctant ground—but the invader could only go so far and no farther, and he is now sullenly drawing back into the sea.

Great monsters of the deep followed the invading waters as they rolled toward the Everglades, and many a tragedy that was veiled by the waters could make you shudder at its story if the victim could speak of its cruel fate—but the monsters are drifting seaward now, and their battle of life moves to another field.

If you glance over the island, you will see that the air is white with butterflies. There are countless thousands of them. They do not fly from flower to flower, some one way and some another, hovering aimlessly or lighting idly, here and there—as we dwellers in the up-country have been accustomed to see them do. *These* butterflies are all drifting in one direction; *these* butterflies have no mind to stop; *these* butterflies neither hover, nor linger, nor dawdle; *these* butterflies go drifting by from North to South as though they had been called by some mysterious power, were fastened to some mysterious purpose, and were the helpless instruments of some mysterious lord.

All day long they have been flying by, over the jungle, over the beach, over the lake, over the sound, over the river—obeying some unheard order, following some unseen leader, answering some unfathomable design.

I wonder what it will all be like when the last tide has rolled backward to the sea, and its monsters come forth no more—for I am fifty years old, and it is the time of the ebbing tide and the declining sun with me.

I wonder whether those creations of the mind which some of us have thought important are, after all, as aimless and as fragile and as ephemeral as these butterflies which go streaming past, leaving no trace on earth, or sea, or sky—for I am fifty, and I should like to know whether all this effort of heart and mind leaves the world brighter and better, or whether we are just so many butterflies which Yesterday did not have, and Tomorrow will forget.

There is, at least, *this* much at *Las Olas*, and *at fifty*.

If one needs rest from turmoil and strife, one can have it. If Hope does not come to us so often as she used to do, Resignation comes oftener, and stays longer. If Disappointment brings as bitter a cup as she ever did, we have at least learned that we need not drink every time we are tempted by Desire. If Ambition is as false a traitor as he ever was, we at least know that Duty is a certain guide. If Fame has mocked us with treacherous flatteries, she has treated us no worse than she treated the others; and we can, at least, quit following her and be content with the approval of the Voice Within.

If the road has been rocky and the march has been marked with the blood of one's feet, we can, at least, reflect that *the soldier* always finds it so, and that the end of our campaign cannot be far away.

Thus, after all, one learns philosophy at the best of schools, Actual Life.

Who would be a drone in the hive? Who would be a deserter from the fight? Shall trumpets call strong men to the fields of human effort, and *I* play dastard? Shall flags float by, with brave soldiers marching forth to the service of Duty, and *you* play coward.

Never, by the splendor of God!

Better the march and the struggle and the heartbreak of failure *than the selfish refusal to try!*

Better the battle, the good fight, and the defeat than the craven lurking in the rear.

Of all worthless, despicable creatures under the sun is the man who can only eat, propagate and rot; the venomous coward who hates other men because they have been bold where *he* was timid, strong where *he* was weak, loyal where *he* was false.

Of all things contemptible is the man who follows with the hungry eyes of jealous rage and hate the bigger, loftier men who marched while *he* hung back,

toiled while *he* looked on, fought while *he* ran away.

Give me the man who will live and die for his ideals, who will surrender no righteous position without a fight, who will perish rather than pollute his soul by apostasy from Right!

Better—a thousand times better!—the tempest and the shipwreck with such a creed than the inglorious rotting at the wharf with any other.

Better a Waterloo and a glorious death in the squares of the Old Guard than worldly pensions and honors for base betrayal of cause and country.

So I thought at twenty. So I think at fifty.

And I have the scars to show for it.

And, like any other soldier of the wars, I am proud of them.

Let the tide ebb—it must be so; let the daylight fade, it must be so—but this much any poor mortal can do, and *should* do, Hold aloft, to the very last, the banner of your creed; fight for it as long as you can stand; and when you go down let it be possible for you to say to those who love you:

"Lay a sword in my coffin, for I also was a soldier in the great struggle for humanity."

It Would be a Noble Charity

WITH a liberality which is unparalleled in the history of the world private and public charity is taking charge of the young people, and preparing them to make the future better than the present or the past.

There never were so many training schools; there never were so many libraries; there never were such golden opportunities for boys and girls. In almost every city education not only opens its doors at the knock of the child, but goes into the streets seeking the child and leading it to the schoolroom. Manual training, technical training, literary training, special training for religious work, and every other kind of work, is busier shaping human instruments for the upbuilding of Christian civilization than at any previous time in the progress of the human race. But there is one singular and appalling exception to the rule. The charity of the American world seems to wash the base of the mountains, and to stop there. For some reason which cannot be understood the mountainous sections of our continent have been left in almost total neglect. By the hundreds, we have seen libraries offering the literature of the world to the humblest workers in our cities. By the dozens, we have seen lavish endowments made for such institutions as the Chicago University, Hampton Institute, Vanderbilt, Tuskegee and dozens of others. White children and black children, living amidst towns, cities and villages of the plain, have nothing to do but to rise up and walk in order to lift themselves from the helpless bed of ignorance, to throw aside the crutch of provincial environment.

But the mountains are ignored. The golden stream passes by through the valley into the plains. From the pinnacles where you would naturally expect to see it wave there flies no flag of higher education. A more pathetic fact does not disturb the reflections of the student of present conditions. In the mountains of the Carolinas, of Georgia, of Tennessee, of Kentucky, of West Virginia and Old Virginia, the tragic story is the same. The people in the depths of their poverty are left to struggle, unaided, with a hereditary ignorance.

If there be any one portion of the population of the South which deserves greater charity at the hands of Northern benevolence than any other, it is the people who live upon our mountains. *They never were slave-holders. They never were Southern aristocrats.* From the beginning they were hardy settlers who depended upon their own labor for their support, and who never in any way whatsoever asked or received any help from the Govern-

ment. In the horrible trial of the Civil War these mountaineers, from the standpoint of the North, were true as steel; *Union men to the core.* They not only resisted all the fiery appeals of secession eloquence, but when the bugles began to blow and the drums to beat they threw down the axe and the spade, or left the plow in the furrow, while they went forth to fight the battles of the Union.

No better troops followed Sherman and Thomas, Sheridan and Grant, than these loyal mountaineers of the Southern States. *What has been their reward?* They have been harried and harassed, provoked and mistreated by a persecuting internal revenue service which, pretending to serve the Government, was, more than anything else, an instrument of oppression in the hands of the Whisky Trust.

Moreover, the charities of the world, so abundant to the whites of the cities, so lavish to the negroes, has been cold of heart and close of fist to the children of the men of the mountains.

It is a God's pity that it should be so. *It were a shame for it to remain so.* In the name of one great portion of our population, which has already suffered sorely from the world's lack of sympathy, *I implore the attention of such public benefactors as Andrew Carnegie.* Let him direct his attention toward these mountain regions; let him study the condition of these people; *let him remember how these mountain men rode their own horses, carrying their own rifles, paying their own expenses, and dashed upon the British at King's Mountain and turned the tide of the Revolutionary War;* LET HIM REMEMBER HOW IN THE NEXT CIVIL WAR THE SAME MEN CONTRIBUTED TO THE UNION ARMIES TENS OF THOUSANDS OF HEROIC SOLDIERS, WITHOUT WHOSE PROWESS THE BATTLE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN WON FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

A few schools, moderately endowed, adopting the plan of having the children partly work their way through, would do more for the future of our country than any similar amount of money spent in any other way.

In that connection, I once more and most earnestly call attention to a school near Rome, Ga., where a noble-hearted woman, almost alone and unaided, has for many a strenuous year been struggling to break the line of illiteracy in the mountains of North Georgia. I do not know of any person, male or female, who deserves more at the hands of those who are willing to help in a benevolent work than Martha Berry, whose active brain mapped out the plan of her school, whose unfaltering courage has braved all discouragements, and whose tireless energy has brought it forward thus far, in its struggle for success. Read her letter which follows, and see what an insight it gives into that little world of hers, where so much could be done if she were properly aided. What she says here as to the mountain regions of North Georgia is true likewise of the mountain people of every state of the South.

August 29, 1906.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON: Please pardon my delay in answering your kind letter of August 17, which has been forwarded and reforwarded to many places before reaching me at home.

I would be so glad to take the boy that you are interested in, but from the catalogue you will see that we do not take boys under fifteen; also, they must be poor country boys who cannot afford to go to more expensive schools. We are prepared to take 125, but we have had to turn away more than 200 applicants for the fall term. I have a great task before me in raising the $50 deficit for these 125 boys. I hope you will use your influence in interesting anyone that you can in helping me with at least one of these boys. Oh, how I wish Georgia people would help me—it would mean so much to me if I could get Georgians to become annual subscribers, so that the great responsibility of raising this deficit would not rest entirely upon my efforts, and I could solicit aid in the North and elsewhere for the enlargement of our plant.

I wish you would visit us during the coming year and give the boys a talk, for I assure you that you have many admirers among them.

Again thanking you for your kind expressions, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

MARTHA BERRY.

The Populists of Missouri

THERE is a general feeling that the reformers should get together, somewhere, somehow, in the near future. Those who are discontented with the present management of public affairs must agree upon a platform of essential matters, drop minor differences, and unite for action. A powerful sentiment to this effect prevails throughout the Union.

The People's Party in Missouri is represented by some of the most intelligent leaders we have ever had. The address which they now propose to put forth seems to me to be as clear-cut a statement of our leading principles as anyone could desire. The pledge which they propose to circulate for signature is one which any citizen who is in favor of better laws and better administration can conscientiously sign. In behalf of our readers we present to them this address and the pledge.

THE PLATFORM WE STAND ON

1. Direct Legislation.
2. Government Ownership of railroads, telegraph lines, etc., and Municipal Ownership of municipal utilities.
3. The United States Government to issue all money and regulate the value thereof.
4. The repeal of the present National Bank act and the establishment of a new system of Postal Savings Banks to be operated by the Government.
5. Opposition to the monopoly of land, and the adoption of a just system taxing it.
6. The adoption of the Parcels Post and Postal Note systems.
7. The present system of Post-office censorship to be made subject to the control of the courts.
8. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.
9. The support of Organized Labor.

These planks, as stated, are believed in by a majority of the American people, and if candidly considered and freed from all party prejudice, they would be enacted into statute law.

Some of them are already in operation in progressive New Zealand and Australia, as well as in some of the states of Europe, notably Switzerland.

The arguments have long been made; the practical operation of these principles has been shown, and it only remains for the American people to organize into one party in order to share these advantages.

Between the big grafters and the plundering manipulating politicians the rights and liberties of the people have been sacrificed until great dissatisfaction exists throughout the country; and the people are determined to go "house-cleaning."

Encouraged by these manifestations, the People's Party have determined to renew their exertions for reform. Their method of work will be as follows:

1st—Associations called Referendum Clubs to be organized in every township and precinct. Members of clubs will either ratify or amend resolutions, policies or tickets, nominated in conventions, by referendum ballot. Result of said ballot to be tabulated by the officers of the Federated Clubs.

2d—No person holding political office, paid by salary or fees, will be allowed to vote by proxy or otherwise, in such clubs or in convention of such clubs.

3d—Each member to pay a small monthly or quarterly due, such dues to be held in bank by twelve trustees who have some regularly established business, profession or trade, by which they make their living, and who will

regularly audit the bills, and pay out the same for campaign expenses.

4th—The Secretary of Federation to receive all money handed over to the trustees and pay all bills by their direction. Secretary to be under bond.

5th—The American Federation of Labor, 2,000,000 strong, has been until last year a non-partisan organization; now President Gompers has advised the Federation to enter politics. It has always indorsed the planks of the People's Party platform. So have the 1,000,000 citizens who voted for the People's Party candidate for the Presidency in 1892, and gained for him twenty-two electoral votes. These combined forces (2,000,000 from the American Federation of Labor) will make a three million start for 1808. The various farmers' organizations are also in favor of our principles and the platform which embodies them will sweep the country, because three-fourths of the rest of the people believe in it; and it is only necessary to support our plan of organization in order to *win* in 1908.

Pledge to be circulated to get signers and to extend the organization:

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SHOULD NOT CONFER ANY OF ITS SOVEREIGN POWERS UPON INDIVIDUALS OR CORPORATIONS, TO BE USED AS AN ASSET TO THEIR BUSINESS

THE PLATFORM WE STAND ON

1. Direct Legislation.
2. Government Ownership of railroads, telegraph lines, etc., and Municipal Ownership of municipal utilities.
3. The United States Government to issue all money and regulate the value thereof.
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6. The adoption of a Parcels Post and Postal Note systems.
7. The present system of Post-office censorship to be made subject to the control of the courts.
8. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.
9. The support of Organized Labor.

I believe in the above principles.

Name

P. O. (city or town) County of

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Former politics

Sign and mail to

HON. ALEXANDER DEL MAR,

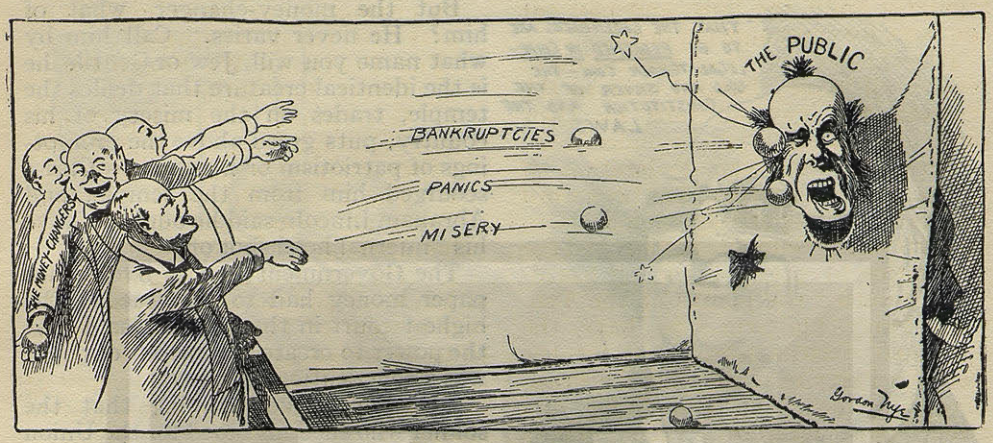
President Missouri Federated Populist Clubs, Lock Box , St. Louis, Mo.

The Money, the Money-Changer and the Politician

ON the last page of the first volume of Prescott's "Peru" the reader will find a statement which stimulates thought. The historian says that after the Spaniards had unearthed the hidden hoards of the Incas, had stripped temple and shrine, and had flooded the open market with a swollen current of gold, it required twenty-nine thousand dollars to purchase a common horse, seven hundred dollars to buy a bottle of wine, three hundred and fifty dollars to pay for a pair of boots. This is nothing more than a vivid historical illustration of the truth that much gold means cheap gold, just as much wheat means cheap wheat. Pizarro had less paper than was needed, more gold than local commerce required—hence Pizarro and his brother marauders paid one hundred and sixteen dollars for a quire of paper.

Some of these days, when political education takes the place it deserves in the lives of men; some of these days, when our children are taught the rudiments of political economy and social ethics instead of being everlastingly crammed with Greek and Latin, the average citizen may come to know what a monkey the money-changers make of him in the carrying out of their own selfish plans.

Sparta rose to be a state of the first



class on a currency of iron; Rome became mistress of the world on legal-tender copper; coined silver did not come into use until the Northern barbarian beat down her frontier; gold held no place in the coinage till the imperialism of the Cæsars had taken its lead in her decline.

How did the small island of Britain beat down and cage at St. Helena the mighty Napoleon—master of Continental Europe? By throwing off the slavery of metallic money; by exerting as a sovereign the sovereign power of Government to create money.

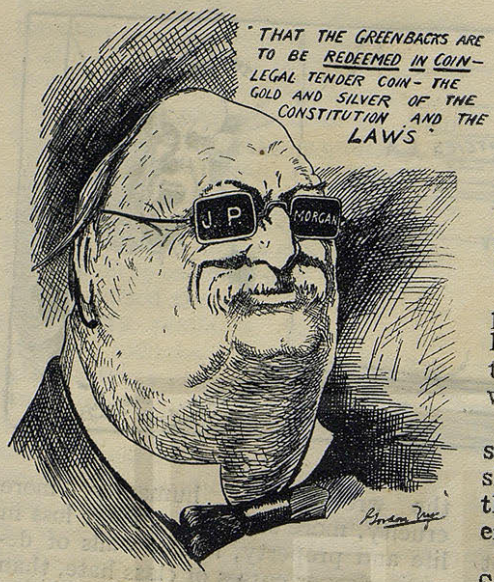
Suspending specie payments in 1797, England poured into the channels of trade a hundred millions of her own currency—linen and paper—sent her gold and silver abroad to bribe the kings of the Coalition; continued to hire them to fight as often as Napoleon scattered them; wore him out by sheer persistence; sent him to devour his own heart on a bleak rock of the Tropics, and put back on the throne of France as rotten a ruler as ever called upon a people to worship "Me and God."

After Waterloo, what? The money-changer had his day. From the time that young Rothschild galloped to the coast to speed to London with the first news of the victory and to speculate upon it, the bankers entered into their own; and along the march they made from expanded currency to the single standard of gold were strewed more of the wreckage of humanity, more cruelty, more suffering, greater loss in life and property, louder wails of despair, deeper curses of class hate, than England had ever known in all the years of the Napoleonic struggle.

Go read the history of that Tory, Allison, and note his admissions of the marvelous vigor and prosperity brought to all parts of Great Britain—to all classes, to all industries, by the abundance of money during the era of war. Go read McKenzie, McCarthy, Kneight, Aubrey, or any other historian of the nineteenth century, and study the record of widespread ruin after the peace—the riots, the pauperism, the bankruptcies, the drying-up of the fountains of prosperity everywhere. What did it? The soul had left the body, the life-blood had been drawn from the veins, the currency had been pumped out of the irrigation ditches of industry by a Government which bent to the selfish will of the money-changer.

Always, everywhere, the money-changer is the same; he wants a currency he can limit, control, expand at *his* pleasure, contract at *his* behest, thus ruling values with a rod of iron. So it was in England; so it was in the United States.

Fanatics on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line rushed us into civil war. Deaf to reason, blind to consequences, they sowed the soil, broadcast, with the dragon teeth of armed men which



Morgan's spectacles.

sprang up to drench the land with blood.

What enabled the Union Armies to prevail? Go read the confessions of your Northern financiers and statesmen that they could never have sustained the struggle but for Government currency which clothed and fed and armed and paid the soldiers who followed Thomas and Meade and Grant. Gold, the coward, had run to cover. Silver, the poltroon, had hid its head. National expenses jumped to one million dollars per day, then to two!

Where was the gold to pay it? Where was the supply of "coin" that would have sufficed?

It did not exist.

Spaulding, Chase, Thad Stevens—what did they do in that tremendous emergency?

They had the Government use its sovereign power to create money, cut loose from dependence upon gold, banked boldly upon the credit of the Nation and the patriotism of the people, flooded the parched fields of industry with abundant currency, quickened every energy of the North, the East and the West with the life-blood of trade, and *thus* conquered.

But the money-changer, what of him? He never varies. Call him by what name you will, Jew or Gentile, he is the identical creature that defiles the temple, trades on the misery of his country, puts greed above the promptings of patriotism or humanity—Christ scourged him from the temple, and Abraham Lincoln said he ought to have his "infernal head shot off."

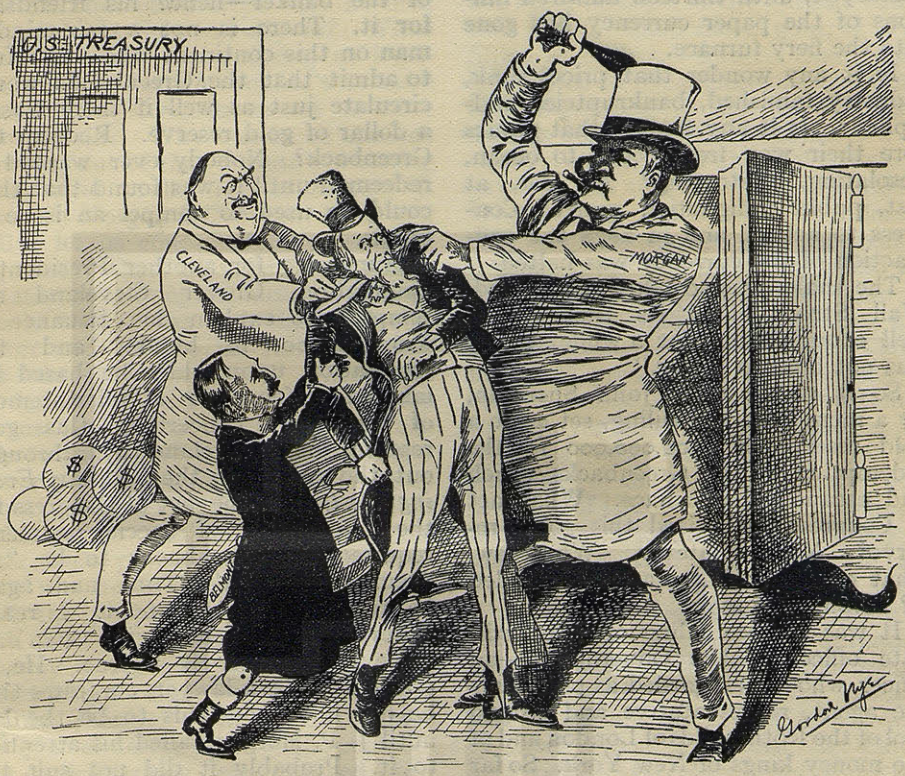
The Government had to live, hence paper money had to be issued. The highest court in the land has said that the power to create money out of paper was a constitutional grant.

But the banker, willing that the soldier who shed his blood for the Union should be paid in paper, never intended that such a currency should be good enough for himself.

Over the indignant protest of Thad Stevens, Congress discriminated against the soldier, specially favored the banks and declared that the Government's paper should not be good money when pay-day arrived for the bondholder. Good enough to pay the farmer for his wheat, good enough to pay the manufacturer for his cloth, good enough for the sailor who fought with Farragut or the trooper who fought with Grant, it was not good enough for the money-changer who skulked in the rear and speculated upon the ruin of his country. The bondholder must be paid in coin—hence the famous "Exception Clause" in the Greenback law.

Having told the world that Government paper should be inferior to "coin," Congress could not have been greatly astonished to see such currency sink below "coin" in the markets; and to prove how closely it studies the interests of the capitalist, the same Congress gave *him* the right to collect the depreciated paper in large quantities, and to exchange this paper at par for more bonds!

Thus went the mighty national merry-go-round. Unprivileged millions of common people used paper money, every hive of industry hummed with it, and the banker's vaults fattened on bonds.



"When were the people so completely given over to the bond-grafters?"

The war ends; vast armies are disbanded; the soldier is paid off in seven-thirty notes, and the musket is laid aside for the hammer, the trowel, the spade, the axe, the plow.

The soldier has saved the Union; he has been the chief actor in the tragedy; he now steps off the stage and the money-changer begins. The "Exception Clause" has poured into his coffers practically the entire visible supply of gold and silver. The import duties are exacted in "coin," in order that the bondholder's interest could be paid in coin, and no capitalist had paid coin for bonds when he got them with depreciated paper. *Thus the money-changer has all the bonds and all the coin.*

Now what?

As long as that mighty reservoir of paper currency—some two billions or more—sends its irrigating streams to the uttermost parts of the Republic, the smaller hoard of metallic currency is powerless to assume the mastery. Money is abundant, is cheap, is free, is competitive, is beyond arbitrary control. This will never do; the quantity must be lessened; thus its value will increase; and, as population and business increase, the necessities of the industrial world will bring it to the feet of the banker. Plain? Of course it's plain. If you want to see it, you see it.

Observe Congress; observe the Secretary of the Treasury; observe both political parties. At one fell swoop the notes which paid off the army are called in and destroyed! As fast as clerks can toss them into the furnace, *they are burned*—never to be reissued.

Year in and year out the deadly process goes on—the money of the common people being called in and

destroyed, until thirteen hundred millions of the paper currency has gone into the fiery furnace.

Is it any wonder that prices sunk, industry famished, bankruptcies multiplied? Is it any marvel that panics tore their way from ocean to ocean, desolating, destroying? At last, at last, public indignation spurred Congress to action, and in 1878 the contraction of the currency was halted.

The snake was scotched, not killed. Wall Street bided its time. "Let well enough alone for a while; Rome was not built in a day."

So it rested until John Sherman, by a mere Treasury ruling, set aside a gold reserve of $100,000,000 for the redemption of the Greenbacks which had escaped the furnace. What act of Congress authorized this gold reserve? None whatever. What law, what custom, what reason demanded it? None whatever.

It was a mere ruling of a subordinate officer of the Government—an officer who was regarded as peculiarly the agent, representative and willing tool of the Rothschilds of London and of the money kings of New York. So far as the law was concerned, the reserve could just as legally have been made of silver. Or it could have been made of half gold and half silver. So far as the law was concerned, no reserve need have been set apart at all. It was only necessary that the Government should have enough "coin" on hand to redeem the Greenback when presented; and as long as the Treasury reports showed that the Government had surplus funds by the millions for the free use of pet banks, nobody was likely to doubt its ability to redeem that small remainder of Greenbacks —to wit, $346,000,000.

A Government vested with the power to tax seventy billions of property was never in any danger from three hundred and forty-six millions of Greenbacks. The gold reserve answers no earthly purpose except *to keep that much good money out of circulation.* Locked up in the Treasury, it cannot compete with the gold of the banker—hence his friendship for it. There is not a fair-minded man on this continent who will refuse to admit that the Greenbacks would circulate just as well if there wasn't a dollar of gold reserve. Redeem the Greenback? Nobody ever wanted it redeemed until it was found that they could be used to compel an issue of bonds.

Hungering for another Presidential nomination, Grover Cleveland attempted to explain his issuance of $262,000,000 in bonds; and the foundation upon which he based his labored defense is a misstatement of the law concerning this gold reserve. Mr. Cleveland says, throughout the article in the *Saturday Evening Post,* that the act of Congress for the resumption of specie payments required the Greenbacks to be "redeemed in gold." Time and again he repeats this statement. I really believe that he believes it.

Nevertheless it is untrue. He, a great New York lawyer, confesses that he did not know this to be the law until J. P. Morgan called his attention to it. Probably it did not suit the purpose of Mr. Morgan to remind him of another provision of the same act, but when President Cleveland "turned to the statutes and read the section," it is just a little bit queer that *he did not read the entire act.* Had he done so, he would never have published the amazing statement that the Act required Greenbacks to be redeemed in gold. As plain as print can be, the words are that the Greenbacks are to be *redeemed in coin*—legal tender coin —the gold and silver of the Constitution and the laws. It was not until the latter part of 1892 that Congress gave its implied sanction to the Gold Reserve of John Sherman, by directing that the issuance of gold certificates should cease when the reserve fell below the sum which Sherman had arbitrarily named.

Even when the lawmaking power did not declare that anything more should be done than to stop the issuance of certificates, if Congress had

thought that other steps were needed, why did not Congress say so? While Mr. Cleveland was guessing at legislative intentions why couldn't he have guessed that Congress meant no more than it said? Why was he so anxious to wring out of that statute a meaning so grateful to his former clients, J. Pierpont Morgan & Company?

But let us concede for the sake of argument that Cleveland construed the statute as Congress meant it. How was he to dispense with the legislative power and give to his former clients the bonds they wanted? There was no deficit in the Treasury, there were no matured debts which we were unable to pay, there was neither war nor rumor of war—how was he to start about giving to Wall Street those bonds which public opinion vehemently suspects were promised before election? How was he to dodge Congress, forestall the people, load the taxpayers with debt, and give the money-changer a heavy mortgage upon the Republic? By making a ruling which was brother to John Sherman's ruling, both rulings being lineal descendants of the contraction policy which was checked, but not slain, in 1878.

By ruling that Governmental notes which were payable *in coin* should be redeemed *in gold only;* by surrendering to the money-changer the option which the law vested in the Government; by giving to Wall Street both ends of the financial rope, until he himself cried out, "My God, Oates—the bankers have got the country by the leg!"

Since civilized government was founded on this earth, when were a people so completely delivered over to the bond grabbers? When and where was a national treasury so looted? With a thousand dollars in paper, a thousand dollars in gold was pulled out of the Treasury; the paper was immediately reissued; it pulled out another thousand dollars in gold; again issued it pulled out more gold, until the Gold Reserve cried aloud for succor; whereupon *a bond* issued from the Treasury went forth to seek the gold and bring it back into the Treasury, where it could not stay, because of the Carlisle ruling that "coin" shall mean gold, *if Wall Street so desires.* Endless chain; endle s power to the money-changer; endless impotence in the Government; endless burden to the taxpayers.

Why was it that the Gold Reserve gave us no trouble under Harrison? Why was it harmless under Cleveland's first administration? The true reason is that "coin" still meant *coin;* and the scheme for compelling the issue of bonds by the endless chain process had not been conceived. While Mr. Cleveland was guessing at the meaning of the act of 1890, why did he not attempt to discover what Congress meant by directing that after July, 1891, the Secretary of the Treasury should "coin as much of the silver bullion purchased under this Act as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes herein provided for"? Was there any legislative meaning in these words? Would it be unreasonable to suppose that Congress meant what it said? If so, *the law intended that the silver notes were to be redeemed by silver coins.* Therefore, Mr. Cleveland violated the plain letter of the law when he redeemed these notes with gold. In vain did Mr. Cleveland seek to find excuse for these bonds. To speak of "financial credit" and our "fair fame" is all poppycock when it is recalled that there was no strain whatever upon our credit and no smirch threatened our "fair fame." To say that one improves his credit by running into debt and mortgaging his estate, is a theory which only occurs to a President (a lawyer at that) who takes his knowledge of the statutes from J. P. Morgan. Does France know anything about financial credit and fair fame? Has she not been through the deep valley amid the thick darkness, and again mounted the highlands where all is light? Consider what that wonderful people accomplished. Hurled to the almost bottomless pit of disaster by the corruptest Government modern Europe has known; pressed down by German bayonets and by a war indemnity of a billion dollars in

gold—how did she save herself from utter ruin? By cutting down the rotten tree of misgovernment; putting the helm of state into the hands of practical, honest, able men; treating gold and silver as equals; reserving to the Government the option of paying in either silver or gold as it saw fit; and supplementing metallic money with paper currency. *Thus* France paid Germany her billion dollars; *thus* the "*parity*" of the two metals was maintained; *thus* her credit and fair fame were vindicated. The lesson might have been worth something to Mr. Cleveland had he been looking for lessons. But inasmuch as his former partner, Stetson, was ready to write and witness the contract by which their client, the Morgan firm, was to get bonds at a lower figure than they could have bought the bonds of the little negro country, Jamaica, Cleveland had no time for lessons. Bonds, quick, secret, cheap—cheaper than the bonds of many a New England village!

Consider the picture, brethren. The New York law firm of Cleveland, Stetson & Company; their Wall Street clients, J. Pierpont Morgan & Company; then one of the law partners becomes President and authorizes the contract, which the other partner witnesses, and by which *the clients of the firm get the bonds!* Mr. Cleveland jauntily alludes to Belmont and Morgan as his "accomplices in crime." The words were well chosen. When he entered into that secret dicker with the bond syndicate to give them a profit of ten million eight hundred thousand dollars on that first lot of bonds, he was merely taking one more step in that program of special favors which had revealed itself in the deposit, free of interest, of fifty-nine millions of the people's money with the pet bankers; thus lavishing upon the same class the sixty millions in premiums on unmatured bonds; his desperate struggle to repeal the Sherman silver purchase act; his refusal to allow the Seigniorage silver used; and his repeated recommendations through his secretaries to have the remainder of the Greenbacks destroyed.

No, no—Cleveland hasn't got the silver craze; not he. Washington had it, Hamilton had it, Jefferson had it, Jackson, Benton, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Lincoln—they all had it—believed in the equality of both silver and gold for money. Mr. Cleveland was free from that heresy. He believed that the banker should be allowed to supply the only paper currency, that the banker should be given the credit of the Government in the shape of a bond, and upon this bond all paper money should be issued to the people who will pay high rates of interest to get it. The people pay interest on the bond, the people pay those taxes which the holder of the bond is not required to pay, and the people pay the interest on the currency issued on the bond. Thus the banker catches 'em on all sides, in every direction, going and coming.

Instead of a hundred millions in bonds bearing interest and concentrating untaxed wealth in the hands of a few, why should not the Government issue a hundred million of one-dollar Greenbacks costing nobody any interest, circulating among the many, messengers of mercy, stimulants to industry, advance couriers of progress? Why should the Government abdicate its sovereign function of creating currency and delegate that tremendous power to a class, which will inevitably use it for selfish purposes?

You may preach about abuses here and wrongs yonder, but until the Government resumes its sovereign control of the currency and returns to the Constitutional system of the Fathers, "the leg" of the country will remain where Cleveland put it—in the hands of the bankers. And whenever they want to pull it, the Government is helpless.

But for the unexpected influx of Klondike and other gold, and the invention for working low-grade ores, this country would, in all human probability, have been plunged into ruinous conditions. Even now prosperity is

far from being general; and the needs of a just distribution of wealth are sorely felt.

Unsound, unjust, unbalanced, our financial situation is a menace which is just as sure to crash down upon the people as the laws of Nature are to remain in force.

Under our complex commercial system, where money is the breath of life, give its control to the banker, and you have made him monarch of all he surveys—king of the mill and the mine, the field and the forge, the railroad and the ship combine, the sea and the land. If he wants a panic he will give you one—as in 1893. If he wants prices to go up, he expands his circulation. If he wants them to go down, he contracts. He makes and unmakes governors, judges, Presidents. He makes and unmakes laws. If statutes get in his way, so much the worse for the statutes.

And when he takes the trouble to show the President a law which the President had never seen, and tells him that *coin* in that law means *gold*, the dutiful President becomes so full of the idea that the word "gold" is used in the statute, that he repeals a statement to that effect through many a weary column in that most respectable vehicle of high-thought, the *Saturday Evening Post*.

* * * * *

Politicians of both the old parties complacently assure themselves that the money question is not now an issue.

Roosevelt is sure of it: Bryan declares it. Perhaps they are right, but here is one citizen who still believes that the late Alexander H. Stephens spoke the truth when he said that "if ever the people of this country come to understand the financial system there will be the greatest revolution the world ever saw."

Once upon a time the two leading candidates for President of the United States agreed in advance that there should be no real, live, *dangerous* issue between them in *that* campaign. The results were disastrous to the two candidates.

I commend to Messrs. Roosevelt and Bryan a study of that historic campaign.

Its lessons *may* be repeated

Mr. Bonaparte and the Steel Trust

THE relation which exists between our Government and the Steel Trust has been, for many years, a subject of disquietude to every citizen who has studied the facts. Not only have the millionaire owners of those great plants at Pittsburg, Homestead and Bethlehem been allowed to fix such tariff regulations as gave them an absolute monopoly of the home market, but these tariff regulations have been framed with such diabolical skill and selfishness that the steel millionaires have been enabled to sell their goods throughout the foreign world cheaper than they can be bought here at home.

Besides, there has been scandal upon scandal with reference to frauds perpetrated upon the Government by the great manufacturers of steel. Some years ago the situation became so bad that investigations were ordered, and the late Admiral Sampson made an official report, after the fullest examination, to the effect that Carnegie and his colleagues had defrauded the Government to the extent of $275,000 upon one battleship alone. Most of our readers, perhaps, have forgotten the "blow-hole" armor scandals which involved millions of dollars and threatened the integrity of our navy. Few of our readers, perhaps, remember how President Cleveland allowed Mr. Carnegie to escape with a purely nominal fine, when he and his confederates in fraud should have been severely punished, and from thenceforth ignored in the letting out of Government contracts. Were our governmental business con-

ducted on the same plane that a private citizen would do business, no further dealings would have been had with a corporation which was detected in such a swindle; but our Government has its pets, its favorites, and no amount of imposition and wrong seems to be able to break the bonds which exist between it and one of these favorites. Therefore the great steel combine has pushed forward from year to year in its aggressive demands upon the Government, and there has never been a session of Congress in which millions of dollars were not dumped into the treasury of the Pennsylvania corporations.

A great deal of the clamor for a large navy which has dinned the ears of the public during these latter years can be attributed to the hunger of the Steel Trust for more millions of public money. The citizen, in the innocence of his heart, believes that our lawmakers are solely intent upon building a strong navy to guard our coasts and our colonial possessions; whereas, those who have studied the case are keenly aware of the fact that behind all the push for a big navy is the insatiable appetite of the Steel Trust.

Some years ago the late Senator Gorman, who was well known to be one of the senatorial spokesmen of the corporations, had the hardihood to declare, upon the floor of the Senate, that if Congress refused to vote for additional battleships, the Steel Trust would suffer in its business. It seems almost incredible that a senator should have made such a bold, bald, brazen plea for an unscrupulous and rapacious corporation, yet the record of Senator Gorman's demand is there to be seen of all men.

But in the course of years the enormous profits which the Steel Trust made out of Government contracts had the natural effect of arousing competition. There were other steel manufacturers who wanted some of the profits. Consequently the Midvale Company, an independent concern, began to bid for Government contracts. Year in and year out, for a series of about ten years, this independent company has been underbidding the Tr Consequently the price has stea been forced downward by healthy co petition. The Government and people have been the beneficiaries.

Not long ago Secretary Bonapa asked for bids for the armor-plate our new battleships. It was suppo that the lowest bidder would get work. The Steel Trust *knew* that would have competition. It was the fore put upon notice to make its bid low as possible.

The bids are duly made by the Tr and by the independent manufacture Secretary Bonaparte opens these b and finds that the Steel Trust, gree as ever, has made its figures too hi The Midvale Company makes much lowest bid and is, therefore, entitled the work. Most people would ha assumed that this ended the matt The Government had asked for bi stating that the work would go to lowest responsible bidder; competit entered the contest and made th bids, with their eyes open to the co sequences; the independent compa made a very much lower bid than t Steel Trust; and this lowest bidder e pressed its willingness to make a bo of any kind to any amount which t Government should prescribe, for t faithful performance of the work wit in the time specified.

Now, a most astonishing thing ha pens. The managers of the Steel Tru hurry to Washington, closet themselv with Secretary Bonaparte, and, whe the conference is over, the startlin intelligence is given out that the Go ernment will *divide the work* betwee the Steel Trust and the independen company!

How can such a deal as this be de fended? What power does the Steel Trus have over our Government that it ca dictate successively to such President as Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, an Theodore Roosevelt, a Republican How is it that Carnegie could escap punishment when the ranking admira of the navy convicts him of monu mental fraud; and how is it that Car negie's successor, Schwab, can wrin

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from Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy *one-half of a huge contract after he had lost in the competitive bidding for that contract?*

To say nothing of any other aspect of this very peculiar and very mortifying situation, *the Government may be sure that it will never again have honest competition in the construction of its battleships.* By taking away from the Midvale Company the legitimate results of its lower bid, the Government has as good as told the Midvale Company that hereafter it had better pool issues with the Steel Trust. Therefore, we have the amazing spectacle of a Government which is pretending to combat and break up the trusts, deliberately turning upon its own tracks and doing that which stifles competition.

When Secretary Bonaparte was chosen for his high position in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, he went into office followed by the confidence and the esteem of the overwhelming majority of his fellow-citizens, whether Democrats, Populists or Republicans; but by his strange conduct in this matter, by his peculiar surrender to the Steel Trust, by his taking away from competition the just reward which it already had in its hands, he has forfeited the good opinion which would still have been his had he allowed the Midvale Company to take the contract which it had won under the terms of Mr. Bonaparte's own advertisement.

Suppose the Steel Trust had made the lower bid—does any man believe that Mr. Bonaparte would have given one-half the contract to the Midvale Company?

Never in the world. The fact that the Steel Trust had the effrontery to demand half the work when it had lost all, demonstrates its insolent confidence in its mysterious power over the Government.

The Independence League

BY CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE

THE TICKET

GOVERNOR—WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, OF NEW YORK.
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR—LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER, of DUTCHESS.
SECRETARY OF STATE—JOHN SIBLEY WHALEN, OF MONROE.
COMPTROLLER—DR. CHARLES H. W. AUEL, of BUFFALO.
STATE TREASURER—GEORGE A. FULLER, OF JEFFERSON.
ATTORNEY-GENERAL—JOHN FORD, OF NEW YORK.
STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR—FRANK L. GETMAN, OF TOMPKINS.

A NEW political party was born in the Empire State on the 12th day of September. What will be its baptismal name, or its nickname during the years of adolescence, remains to be recorded; but during the period of gestation its parents called it the "Independence League."

No one can deny that it is a lusty infant—at least no one who sat in Carnegie Hall Tuesday and Wednesday nights and heard its birth cry. And if one may judge by the intensity, earnestness and sincerity of that cry, the youngster bids fair to grow up a giant. Even now two senile political parties are "scared out of their boots" by the noise.

The mayoralty campaign of 1905 in New York City is a matter of history

familiar to our readers. There seems no doubt in the mind of every unprejudiced person cognizant of the facts that William Randolph Hearst was elected mayor last fall—and robbed of the place by such bare-faced stealing as would make a highwayman blush for his timidity. There was a time, however, when public indignation had reached a pitch that only a little encouragement would have produced such a psychological state of the public mind that Hearst would have been seated: the thieves would not have dared to brazen it out longer.

But at this moment Mr. Hearst, through his newspapers, began counseling moderation—and the wave subsided. It was a manly and consistent thing to counsel good order, patience and exact obedience to law—but it lost him his seat. He preferred to depend upon statute law and legislators rather than to take advantage of that "higher law" which in certain political crises is just as potent and has as good sanctions as that "higher law" which obtains in the matrimonial field.

In an orderly manner he sought redress in the courts. He was denied this and told that the legislature alone could help him. He went to the legislature as directed; the assembly did make an effort—or the pretense of one—to give him an opportunity to ascertain the truth, for it passed a recount bill, but the Senate, that bulwark of venality, killed it. The excuse was that Mr. Hearst had recourse to *quo warranto*.

But *quo warranto* may be invoked only by the attorney-general, or with his consent! And the attorney-general, unlike Don Juan's inamorata, meant it when he said, "I'll ne'er consent."

* * * * *

The mayoralty campaign was conducted under the name "Municipal Ownership League," which had been organized under the direction of Mr. Hearst and his assistants. Immediately after election it was deemed wise to extend this league over the entire state, and the name was chang to the "Independence League," t giving it a broader field of activ The work of organizing local branc of the league has gone forward stead ever since—and the magnificent st convention, just closed, is the fi inkling the general public has h of how thoroughly the work has be done.

It was such a convention as no N Yorker has ever before seen in his hom state. I have seen similar ones in N braska and Kansas in the palmy days the People's Party. In fact, the 1,0 delegates at Carnegie Hall showed t same spirit of independence and det mination that used to character old-time Populist conventions. "R minds me of our Nebraska Popul conventions," said I to a Tompk County delegate, whose guest I w "Why, they *are* Populists," he sai "I used to be a Populist myself."

However, very few of the 1,0 would be willing to admit as mu Very many good, radical reform in New York think the Western Pop lists had horns—whiskers at any rate and that they believed in repudiatio anarchy, and a number of other di reputable things. It's too late tryi to undeceive them now—and it doesn matter much anyway. The Indepen ence League is not Populist, Dem cratic or Republican. "I have said remarked Mr. Hearst in his speech acceptance, "that my program is n Socialism, or radicalism, or extrem of any kind. It is simply American ism."

That states the case in a nutshell And the league does well to start o wholly untrammeled by old party, o old third party, traditions. It is new party, born of the people.

Out in Nebraska, in the days whe we had a "three-ringed circus"—a Democratic, a Silver Republican and a Populist state convention all goin (in separate halls) in the same city at the same time, it was usual to meet at 2 P.M. and have the temporary organ ization effected and preliminary com mittees appointed before "supper."

Then an adjournment until 8 P.M. When again in session it meant all night—and sometimes until noon the next day before the adjournment *sine die*.

But here in New York more leisure is accorded the delegates and more time to the committees. Two night sessions of the convention proper, preceded by a long night session of the State Central Committee were required to complete the work.

The Democratic convention is set to meet at Buffalo, September 25. During the past three or four weeks some twenty counties out of twenty-five met in convention and selected Hearst delegations to Buffalo. Of course, it was a foregone conclusion who would be the nominee of the Independence League. And, as fusion is in the air all over the East, it was but natural that Mr. Hearst's supporters in the Democratic Party should seek an alliance with the League. But knowing that a Democratic (or any other) convention dislikes to have its ticket named (openly, at least) in advance of convention, Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committeeman; William J. Conners, and other "up-state" Democrats, attempted to have the League postpone making nominations until after the Buffalo convention. They, together with numerous delegates, county chairmen and state committeemen, prepared a memorial asking such postponement and placed it in the hands of the League State Committee.

Here is where the leaguers reminded me of the Populists. Everywhere went up the cry, "We want a straight ticket." No dickering with either of the old parties would be tolerated for a minute.

It is probable Mr. Hearst's political managers rather wanted a Democratic indorsement for the League ticket. It would be quite natural if they did—for the League has no official place on the ballot as yet, and its ticket must go on by petition. Besides, if Mr. Hearst could carry the Buffalo convention, it would mean that he had cleaned out the Democratic ring.

But there was no mistaking the temper of that convention. Any appearance of a fusion deal was resented. Even those who were mildly in favor of an honorable co-operation with the Democrats, provided the machine was smashed, were obliged to keep quiet, so vehement was the demand for a straight ticket and no dickering.

I was forcibly reminded of the Populist National Convention in Sioux Falls, 1900, when, against the better judgment of Senator Allen and others, we nominated Charles A. Towne for Vice-President and tried (and failed) to cram him down the Democratic throat later at Kansas City. We wanted fusion—but took an undiplomatic course to get it.

The League Committee was in session until after 2 A.M. on that memorial, and finally referred it to the convention. And the convention, through its resolutions committee, replied as follows:

> To Messrs. Norman E. Mack, William J. Conners and the delegates, County Chairmen and State Committeemen signing the memorial addressed to the State Committee of the Independence League.
>
> Gentlemen—The Independence League, in convention assembled, thanks you for the interest you have manifested, as indicated by your memorial, which was received and carefully considered by the State Committee and by it referred to this convention.
>
> The convention deems it inadvisable to postpone the important business for which it has assembled.
>
> We heartily sympathize with the honest efforts of the Democratic rank and file to secure control of their convention in the interests of good government.
>
> We fear that they may be unable to overthrow the bosses entrenched in an established machine and fortified by the power of corrupt corporations.
>
> But if the Democratic masses should be successful in this commendable endeavor, we should be glad to make common cause with them, and if they should not be successful we extend our hand in friendship to them, and invite their support at the polls of our independent ticket.

An afternoon and a night session were held Tuesday, August 11. At the former, Willard A. Glen, of Syra-

cuse, was made temporary chairman, and William A. De Ford, of New York, temporary secretary. Chairman Glen's address was filled with keen thrusts at the bosses, and was heartily applauded. I quote:

> The corporations now deal with the lawmakers through the bosses, for the political boss is a ventriloquist speaking through the wooden men who represent him in the legislature.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Belmont sits in the executive committee of the Democratic Party. He speaks in the State organization through a respectable figurehead named Parker; and in the City of New York through a figurehead who lacks respectability named McClellan.

After appointment of the usual committees, a recess was taken till 8 P.M.

At the evening session Judge Samuel Seabury was introduced as permanent chairman. His speech was a plain statement of the situation, interrupted by the most remarkable demonstration I have ever seen. The judge knows how to render a just decision; he is honest as the day; he knows the facts; he is courageous; but he has never learned those little tricks of oratory which result in a well-rounded period, followed by applause. He tried to utter a sentence with the name of "William Randolph Hearst" about its middle. How he intended to finish will probably never be known, for a whole half-hour elapsed before he could say anything that could be heard twenty feet away.

At the name of Hearst the entire audience arose *en masse*, and such yelling, hand-clapping, horn-tooting, stamping, hat-waving I have never before witnessed. It was the real thing, too. I've been in a Hearst meeting or two where the applause seemed too stereotyped—noisy enough, but not hearty enough. It was different this time and as easily detected as the difference between a genuine and a forced laugh.

Stranger still, Mr. Hearst wasn't there at all! His name, not too cleverly spoken by Judge Seabury, had done the trick. It was an ov full of significance, so full, in that hostile New York papers obliged to comment upon it.

The reports of committees took the remainder of the evening. platform adopted demands a revi of the election laws; a cleaning ou the insurance and banking dep ments; reorganization of the Railr Commission; searching investigati of every department, including governor's office; the destruction the Milk Trust; a system of good roa pensions for teachers, and the "thr platoon" system for New York poli men. While strictly a state platfor some of the declarations are applica to other states. I quote:

> The fundamental idea of the Independen League is independence; independence boss rule, independence of corporation co trol and independence of any party subje to boss rule and corporation control.
>
> A man who is not independent in life, thought and at the polls is not an Americ citizen of the type hoped for by the found of this country.
>
> Without a free vote and an honest co there can be no liberty, no reform of abus no progress toward the supremacy of publ over special interests.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Hand in hand with this reform should go measure stripping the attorney-general discretionary power in *quo warranto* pro ceedings to test the title to an office in dis pute, and measures facilitating independen nominations, providing for the selection b popular vote of candidates for the Unite States Senate, an effective corrupt practice act and provision for direct nominations.
>
> * * * * *
>
> We advocate legislation that will increas both the civil and criminal responsibility o directors of banks, trust companies, building and loan associations and public service cor porations, not only for malfeasance in office but for neglect in office.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The Independence League believes in the public ownership of public utilities that are natural monopolies. It stands neither for private confiscation of public property nor public confiscation of private property. It believes in upholding and enforcing every property right. Holding that no person or corporation is privileged to confiscate what rightfully belongs to another, it stands for irreconcilable hostility to appropriation by corporations of franchise values created by the community and belonging to the community.

The first essentials for public ownership are honesty in office and independence in voting. The application of the principle of public ownership thus becomes a matter for each community to settle for itself. Respect for local rights and home rule should authorize the enactment of a statute empowering all cities to acquire and operate public necessities, such as gas and electric lighting plants, transportation lines and telephones, the same as waterworks, whenever such cities by a majority vote favor such a course.

We pledge our efforts to bring about equitable freight rates, to destroy rebates and discrimination and to enact and enforce a maximum passenger rate of two cents a mile, applicable to every railroad in the state.

* * * * *

The Wednesday evening session did little but play from 8 o'clock until 10.40. "Demonstrations" were the order of business, interrupted occasionally by a word or two of the report of a committee or a sentence from one of the speakers. A committee of 150 had been empowered to investigate the qualifications of candidates and to report a "slate." Clarence J. Shearn, chairman of the committee, read its report. The ticket is printed at the head of this report; but as actually read it was about as follows:

"For governor, William Randolph Hearst."

(And hell broke loose for noon, for about fifteen minutes.)

"For lieutenant-governor, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, of Dutchess."

("Ki-yi! Whoop-la! They're off again!" for, say, five minutes.)

"For secretary of state, John Sibley Whalen, of Monroe."

(Three minutes more of wild enthusiasm.)

And so it went until Honest John Ford, for attorney-general, was reached last. The ovation given him was second only to that accorded Hearst.

* * * * *

Of course, Mr. Shearn very properly moved that the report be adopted. Then Henry A. Powell got recognition of the chair and in a clever speech seconded the motion, which carried amid more noise. Mr. Powell then moved the appointment of a committee of three to invite Mr. Hearst to address the convention. It was appointed and Mr. Hearst came.

The cheering lasted thirty-five minutes, outdoing the previous evening two or three minutes. This time there was a flag for every person—so that flag-waving added to my former description will suffice for here. Mr. Hearst appeared a bit ill at ease at first, but this wore off shortly and he stood bowing and smiling while the convention went wild. I wondered if he thought about the New York *Sun's* late prophecy that the next Governor of New York will be a Democrat, and the next Governor of New York will be the candidate for President in 1908.

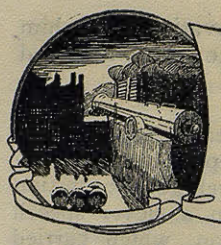
* * * * *

I can't help thinking Mr. Hearst will be elected, whether he has the Democratic indorsement or not. And to be Governor of New York is a powerful lever for securing a Presidential nomination. Will it be Hearst *or* Bryan, Hearst *and* Bryan, Bryan *and* Hearst—or neither in 1908? A very pretty contest is developing between the two—whether they wish it or not; for each has his stanch friends who will work night and day. A deadlock and a "dark horse" are quite possible.

Something in a Name

MRS. BENHAM—Our boy is very restless and uneasy; I can't keep him in one place any length of time.

BENHAM—That's what we get for naming him after the Methodist minister.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY THOMAS E. WATSON.

(*Copyright 1905 by Thomas E. Watson*)

IV

IN the biography of Jackson recently published by Col. A. S. Colyar there appears a letter, written by Judge John McNairy, in which this statement is made: "We (Andrew Jackson and McNairy himself) moved together from North Carolina to this state (Tennessee) and *arrived at Nashville in October*, 1788."

Colonel Colyar regards this letter as sufficiently convincing to overthrow all the evidence which supports the conclusion that Andrew Jackson lived for a year or more at Jonesboro before going to Nashville.

In Parton's voluminous "Life of Jackson," a book which Colonel Colyar says "ought not to have been written," the industrious author produces what purports to be a copy of an original advertisement in the *State Gazette*, of North Carolina, of November 28, 1788, and which reads as follows:

"Notice is hereby given that the new road from Campbell's Station to Nashville was opened on the 25th of September, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families went on, amongst whom were the widow and family of the late General Davidson and John McNairy, judge of the Superior Court; and that on the 1st day of October next the guard will attend at the same place for the same purpose."

This advertisement convinced Parton that Andrew Jackson stopped no longer than "several weeks" in Jonesboro, "waiting for the assembling of a sufficient number of emigrants and for the arrival of a guard from Nashville to escort them." The evidence at least corroborates Judge McNairy's statement as to the date of his arrival in Nashville. It by no means excludes the possibility that Jackson himself lived in Jonesboro a year or more previous to October, 1788.

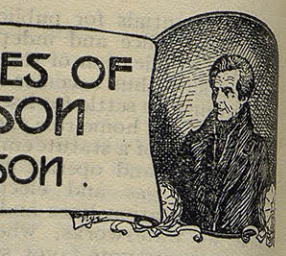
So many of the episodes in the long career of Andrew Jackson depend upon mere hearsay, the recollections of old people, neighborhood traditions and other testimony of that most untrustworthy character, that we find ourselves groping amid uncertainties at every turn.

Assured of the fact that Jackson moved from Morganton directly to Nashville, Mr. Parton, a painstaking biographer, did not visit East Tennessee while making the local researches upon which he based his elaborate work.

If, as Mr. Parton states, Andrew Jackson and John McNairy stopped in Jonesboro for no other purpose than to await the assembling of emigrants and the coming of the guard from Nashville, why did they go into court at Jonesboro during the May term, 1788, produce their licenses, and take the oaths necessary to qualify them to practice law in that court?

The technical name of the tribunal referred to was the "Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions."

Furthermore, the minutes of the "Superior Court of Law and Equity," kept at Jonesboro, disclose the fact that at the August term, 1788, John McNairy produced his license and took



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the necessary oath to qualify him to practice "in the several courts of this state."

These old court-house records, copied into Judge Allison's "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History," upset Parton's assertion that Jackson and McNairy "rendezvoused at Morganton in the spring or summer of 1788," and then went on to Nashville, after a halt of but a few weeks at Jonesboro.

In the little log cabin, twenty-four feet square, which served as a court-house at Jonesboro, Andrew Jackson presented his license and was duly enrolled upon the minutes as an attorney entitled to practice "in this County Court," on the 12th day of May, 1788.

It was at the November term, 1788, of "this County Court," at Jonesboro, that Jackson produced a "Bill of Sale from Micajah Crews to Andrew Jackson, Esquire, for a negro woman named Nancy, about eighteen or twenty years of age," and proved the same by the oath of David Allison, a subscribing witness—whereupon the paper was "ordered to be recorded."

"Ordered to be Recorded" was indicated upon legal documents in those days by the clerk's memorandum "O. R."; and with that proneness to error which is one of the most interesting and attractive features in human nature, the letters of the clerk's memorandum were taken to be "O. K.," and the stubborn pertinacity and success with which the senseless "O. K." has held its ground against the lucid and righteous "O. R." demonstrates how ridiculous a figure the truth can sometimes cut in contest with a falsehood which got the running start.

What use Andrew Jackson had for the young negro woman, named Nancy, is not apparent. Being a boarder at the house of Christopher Taylor, he did not need her as a house-servant; he was not running a farm anywhere, and, consequently, he did not need her as a field-hand. Reasoning by the process of exclusion, we land firmly upon the conviction that Nancy was bought on speculation. In political campaigns it was natural that, in the North, the partisans of Old Hickory should vehemently deny that he had ever been a negro trader; but in the days of Andrew Jackson the business men of the South thought no more of buying and selling negroes than they did of buying and selling any other merchantable commodity. The business instinct was strong in Andrew Jackson, as it was in George Washington, and Nancy was the first of the many negroes that he bought to re-sell at a profit.

In that interesting little volume, "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History," the author, Judge John Allison, presents a picture of the house in which Jackson boarded while he lived at Jonesboro. The photograph from which the illustration was made was taken in 1897, and the house, which was built of hewn logs, presents the sturdy appearance of a building which might survive many other years. There are portholes at convenient distances for the riflemen who might be compelled to defend the home from Indian attack, and these portholes grimly remind one of the stern, bloody days in which the encroaching settler made his clearing and built his house.

When Andrew Jackson came to Jonesboro (then spelt Jonesborough) to live it was a thriving town, equal, at least, to Nashville. It was surrounded and supported by one of the finest farming sections of the South. Public officials, merchants and others, traveling from the lower Southern States to Washington and points farther east made Jonesboro a stopping-place on the route. Droves of horses, mules and cattle from the regions round about were collected at Jonesboro, and from there driven to Georgia and the Carolinas for sale. From Baltimore and Philadelphia came all sorts of merchandise by wagon, and these goods were distributed by the merchants of Jonesboro to the smaller dealers in Tennessee and Western North Carolina.

Yes, indeed, Jonesboro was quite a large and flourishing town in those

days, but it is one of those which has had to witness the growth of younger, stronger rivals as the invincible railroad came along and gave its advantages to Johnson City and Bristol. The population of Jonesboro is not greater now than it was in the days of Andrew Jackson.

"In going from Jonesboro to the courts in Greene, Hawkins and Sullivan counties, Jackson always took with him his shotgun, holsters and saddle-bags, and very often his hounds, so that he was always ready to join in a deer-chase or a fox-hunt. He was an unerring marksman, and was always the centre of attraction at the shooting matches at which the prizes were quarters of beef, turkeys and deer." So says Judge Allison in "Dropped Stitches."

We can well believe it. Jackson loved life, action, contact and contest with his fellow-man. Neither at that time, nor at any other time, did he have any fondness for books. While at Jonesboro he burned no midnight oil poring over Coke or Blackstone or Chitty—nor did he do so anywhere else. Just enough law to get his case to the jury was about as much as he ever knew; and he relied upon his energy in hunting up evidence and his strong common sense in talking to the jury to carry him through.

To speak of Andrew Jackson as having lived a year or more at Jonesboro without having had a fight with somebody would bring the story under suspicion; therefore we must chronicle the fact that he *did* have "a personal difficulty" while at Jonesboro.

One of the residents of Jonesboro was Samuel Jackson, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, who had come from Philadelphia and established himself in a successful business. A most worthy gentleman he was, by all accounts; and his descendants, to this day, are worthy people in East Tennessee.

It seems that Andrew Jackson, being a fighting man, carried a sword-cane—a habit common to the fighting men of that period. When the writer of this sketch was a small remembers having seen one of formidable weapons. To appearance the sword-cane from no other "walking stick" looked as innocent as the handle a wagon whip. But the cane reality, a concealed weapon, for nothing more than the wooden bard of a long, keen blade which was ready to flash into the and drink blood the moment the of the cane was pulled. In other the sword-cane was made upon principle of the sword, with the ence that all men knew a sword a sword, while no one could sword-cane from any other kind "walking-stick."

Andrew Jackson had a quarrel Samuel Jackson, and before the ended Andrew had pierced the of Samuel with the spear of his sword cane. It does not appear that Samuel Jackson was armed, or that Andrew Jackson was justifiable in the use of weapon. A daughter of Samuel Jackson, relating the circumstances to Brownlow, some forty years ago, spoke with deep feeling of the matter, nouncing the conduct of Andrew Jackson. Making allowances for the natural bias of a daughter, the impression remains that the assault was due the violent temper of Andrew rather than to any adequate provocation.

The famous Parson Brownlow in Southern history as one of its striking figures. From his son, J. B. Brownlow, I have received many valuable suggestions in the studies this sketch of Andrew Jackson; the following letter from him is serted here because of its bearing upon this part of Jackson's career.

* * * * *

KNOXVILLE, TENN., August 16, 1906.

"There is no doubt whatever that Jackson resided at Jonesboro at least one year, and probably longer. While writing his book, Parton spent several weeks at Nashville, but he never came to East Tennessee, and never communicated by letter or otherwise with

any citizen of this section of the state about Jonesboro, so far as I have ever heard.

"Immediately after receiving your letter this morning I called to see Judge O. P. Temple, who had been a citizen of Knoxville since 1848. He was born in Greene County, the county adjoining Washington, of which Jonesboro is the capital town. Before removing here in 1848 he practiced law at Jonesboro, residing at Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. In 1847 Judge Temple was the Whig candidate for Congress against Andrew Johnson, Johnson defeating him by three hundred votes. In 1849 he held a diplomatic position under President Taylor's administration. For sixteen years he was Judge of the Court here. His memory and mental faculties seem unimpaired, and until he retired from the bar, he was one of the most successful lawyers we have had in East Tennessee. He is now eighty-seven. I asked him bluntly: 'Did Andrew Jackson ever make Jonesboro his home?' He replied: 'Certainly; he opened a law office there and lived there for at least a year, and I think two years; and when I was a young man visiting Jonesboro I heard the name of the widow with whom he boarded while there, but I have forgotten it. I also remember to have heard of his horse-racing there.'

"From Judge Temple's home I called at my mother's. I asked her the very same question. She replied: 'Didn't you know that General Jackson lived at Jonesboro before going to Nashville?' I told her that had always been my understanding, but I wanted her recollection on the subject. She added that when a young woman she was in Jonesboro and that the house he, Jackson, lived in, where he boarded, was pointed out to her. From 1839 to 1849 my father resided in Jonesboro, editing a Whig newspaper. During this period my mother heard several of the old people of the town speak of Jackson, who knew him personally while he practiced law there. My mother is eighty-seven.

"In the 'History of the Bench and Bar of Tennessee' it is stated that Jackson never wrote an opinion as Judge. The author of that work, Hon. Joshua W. Caldwell, resided in this city. He recently told me that since his book was published he had heard that in the court-house at Elizabeth, Carter County, East Tennessee, there was among the records a Judicial opinion of Jackson's, in his own writing. It is worth investigating this matter, as, if true, it is new matter in that no Judicial opinion of Andrew Jackson has ever been published in book or newspaper. Carter is a mountain county, bordering on Washington. I may go there before the November election, and if so I will investigate.

"The county (Washington) it is in is the first county in the United States, not excepting Washington County, Va., which was named in honor of the immortal George. It was named for him while he was a Colonel of Virginia militia wearing the British colors, and while Tennessee was a part of North Carolina. Until within recent years Jonesboro was spelled Jonesborough.

"That not one of the numerous biographers of Jackson has ever visited East Tennessee is one reason why you should do so. There are many spots of interest here in connection with his career which would interest you. On the street where I am writing this letter Jackson, while a Judge of our highest court, made a personal assault on John Sevier, the Governor, because of slighting remarks the latter was alleged to have made, that he, Jackson, 'had stolen another man's wife.'"

* * * * *

When we bear in mind that Andrew Jackson was admitted to practice law in the "County Court" at Jonesboro in May, 1788, was still there in *August*, 1788, and was putting upon the records of *that* court his Bill of Sale to Nancy in *November* of the same year, it will be difficult to escape the conviction that the young lawyer was living there.

Nashville was one hundred and eighty-three miles farther on in the wilderness, and no one could travel the

road from the one place to the other without a guard to protect him from the Indians; consequently we cannot explain away the facts by supposing that Jackson was living in Nashville and attending to law business in Jonesboro. The nature of the country, the distance between the two places, and the perilous condition of the roads, made this a physical impossibility *in the year 1788.*

Later, conditions changed for the better, but in 1788, when emigrants to the number of "sixty families" dared not move from Jonesboro to Nashville without military escort, no lawyer could have lived in the one town and practiced in the other.

* * * * *

To be convinced that Andrew Jackson could not have lived in Nashville in 1788, while practicing law in Jonesboro, we have only to study the narrative of Parton himself. We learn from him, and from others, that the road was not to be traveled without military escort. We learn that, even in the year 1789, Judge John McNairy and his party were attacked by Indians while the Judge was on his way to hold the Superior Court at Jonesboro. Three men of McNairy's party were killed, and the rest dispersed. Their horses, camp equipage and clothing were left behind, while they saved their lives by swimming to the other side of the river upon which they had been encamped.

Mr. James Parton was a most industrious biographer, a most entertaining writer, and a most amusingly credulous man. If a story about one of his heroes tickled his fancy, he couldn't help believing it to save his life. Therefore he straightway put it into his book.

That Andrew Jackson could travel one hundred and eighty-three miles in the wilderness without having "adventures" appeared unnatural to biographical and historical writers of the Peter Parley school, and therefore we learn from Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson" that the guard which had been sent from Nashville to watch over the lives of the emigrants totally unfit for the business, and had not Andrew Jackson and his pipe been along, the Indians would have surprised and butchered the whites.

* * * * *

Remember that we have been told by Parton that Jackson and McNairy waited several weeks at Jonesboro for the assembling emigrants and for a guard from Nashville. Remember that the emigrants did assemble in due course and that the guard from Nashville did arrive. Remember that the party numbered about one hundred and that the military escort must have consisted of backwoodsmen familiar with Indian ways, Indian fighting and all necessary woodcraft. Remember that this guard from Nashville came from the dark and bloody ground of constant and deadly antagonism between the white intruders and the Red Men who believed that the Great Spirit had given them the land. Remember that it was the special duty of this Indian-fighting escort to protect the men, women and children of the emigrant train from surprise, ambuscade and attack. Remember that at night, in the midst of the unbroken forest, the danger would be greatest and the guard most vigilant. Remember all these things and then smile as you read the story, which Parton repeats, of the childlike manner in which the trained and trusted backwoodsmen from Nashville had all become negligent, and how the young lawyer, Andrew Jackson, who happened to be "sitting with his back against a tree smoking a corncob pipe, an hour after his companions had gone to sleep," called the attention of the young clerk of the court, Thomas Searcy, to the suspicious hoots of the owls—which hoots the young lawyer from old North Carolina knew *must* be made by Indians and not by owls! The trained and trusted backwoods Indian fighters had not suspected that these owls were other than owls! How mean and cheap those trained and trusted Indian fighters from Nashville must have felt

as the young lawyer from old North Carolina roused them to a sense of the perils by which they were encompassed! According to this marvelous yarn, which Parton swallows without a wink of the eye, the Andrew Jackson band rose up and marched away from there, unmolested, whereas a party of hunters who came up to the same camp, during the same night, and laid them down to sleep in the same place, were remorselessly butchered by the same Indians who had been hooting those owl-hoots at the Jackson band! What an extensively credulous Parton! In such haste was he to make a wonderful figure out of the raw young lawyer from Salisbury, N. C., that the best borderers whom Tennessee could select were made to neglect the simplest duties, and get caught napping in the stupidest fashion, *at the very time when such a thing was the least likely to have happened.*

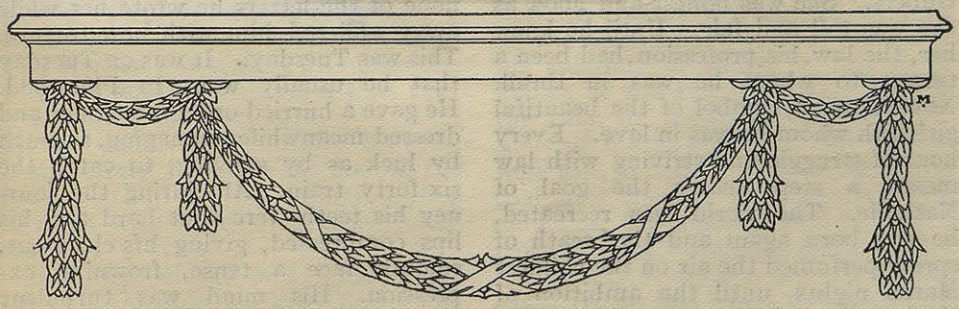
That there may have been a narrow escape for the emigrants from some night-attack of Indians is probable enough; but it is simply incredible that a guard, picked by pioneers of the times of Robertson and Donelson and Sevier, for the very purpose of watching over the safety of the inexperienced and helpless emigrants, should have gone to sleep in the depths of the wilderness with Red Men all about them, or should have been so unskilled as not to detect so common an Indian signal as the imitation of the owl-hoot. The unsuspicious, indiscriminate and comprehensively credulous Parton is so sure of his ground that he actually gives his readers the exact time which elapsed between the flight of the Jackson band and the coming of the hunters who were butchered.

It was one hour.

Thus we have one band of white borderers who wait to be led out of the Indian ambuscade by a young attorney, and a *second* band of white borderers who come upon the deserted camp-fires, one hour later, and who see no "signs" which are sufficient to arouse suspicion and excite watchfulness. The second band of white borderers—men who live amid continual dangers, who carry their lives in their hands, and to whom the reading of the "signs" in the woods is the necessary condition of life in the savage wilds—lie down around the abandoned camp-fires of Jackson's band, and without so much as posting a picket fall into the arms of sleep and of death.

The credulous Parton! Of all things which would have put the *second band* of white borderers upon instant notice that danger lurked on the trail, it was the abandoned camp which *must* have shown, even to the untrained eye of an emigrant, that it had been suddenly and recently deserted by those *who had intended* to remain there for the night!

To be Continued.



The Baron's Intended

BY E. V. LOCKROY

HARVEY SEARS had made up his mind that she was not to be won away from him. She was the one girl, and, looking at his own merits in the coldest impersonal light, he was confident that her life's happiness was bound with his destiny. She had never admitted so much in words, but she had let him go all the way out to Pinewood two evenings of each week during the past winter; she had given him the preference of dances at every hop during the summer at the seashore, and on one secluded and ever-memorable occasion she had let him hold her hand while the hotel orchestra played "Dearie." At another time when he was stealthily pinning his class pin on her sleeve, she gave a little screech because he tried to fix the pin in her wrist, but she had deigned to affix the token herself and had kept it since.

No woman would condemn a man to those journeys on the fickle trains that ran to quiet, aristocratic Pinewood to no purpose, unless hers was a cruel, wanton soul. Such a soul did not inhabit the fair person of Nathalie Gilbert. She was honest and good as she was tall and fair. Until he knew her, the law, his profession, had been a tyrant to whom he was in thrall. Now it was a symbol of the beautiful girl with whom he was in love. Every hour of struggle and striving with law meant a step nearer the goal of Nathalie. The world was recreated, he was born again and the breath of spring perfumed the air on the chilliest March nights, until the ambition of Nathalie's aspiring mama descended like a blight with the advent of the von Hampferschlag.

The baron was a guest of the wells at Stonebridge, the first st beyond Pinewood. Mrs. Gilbert Nathalie had met him two years b at Marienbad, when Nathalie seventeen, which of course did render her less captivating to handsome, perhaps foppishly h some, nobleman. He looked thirty and was registered in the *Almanac* as forty. Mrs. Gilbert had sear the records. The baron had only s means, but brilliant and unimpe able lineage. Since the baron's rival in America journals devote the social world had published var gossip about the visits he was mak and the heiresses presumably fiann apparent.

In one of these statements, coud in veiled terms, Harvey Sears divi the peril of his future. He had b in the South for two or three we on an important railroad case. Go to his club late in the afternoon of first day in town, he chanced upon ominous paragraph. The painful me ory that Nathalie had answer none of the letters he wrote her wh away afflicted him with new tortu This was Tuesday. It was on Tuesd that he usually went to Pinewoo He gave a hurried order for dinner a dressed meanwhile, managing, as mo by luck as by striving, to catch t six-forty train. All during the jou ney his teeth were shut hard and h lips compressed, giving hfs clean-cu smooth face a tense, frowning e pression. His mind was turbulen with doubts, possibilities, plans.

was a local train and at each of the innumerable stops his hopes burned lower, his determination became more grim. Clearly and more clearly he saw in the German baron the source of woe, and gradually the man he had never seen became his soul's enemy and hatred, while the click of the wheels on the track rang in his ears with:

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case,
Dee-de dum, dee-de dum, dee-de dum, la-la,
Dee-de dum, dee-de dum, dee-de dum.

The words came back somewhere from long ago, at once irrelevant and silly, he thought. But their rhythm clung to him until he got off the train at Pinewood station. An unexpected, sharp April rain, blurring the sparse lights about the place, sent the few late passengers in a run to their traps. Harvey dashed to the first hack in the line of rickety livery vehicles, told the driver his destination and after several muscular slams succeeded in getting the door closed on himself. The Birches, Mrs. Gilbert's house, was far back on the top of the big hill that set the limits of the township. After two or three mad leaps that seemed rather to send them backward than forward, the nag began to mount the long ascent, meditative and slow. Harvey wished he might condemn the baron to ride for five years in such a cold, damp squeaky vehicle, behind so rare a specimen of equine degeneracy. Near the top of the hill, and within half a mile of the Birches, the road turned sharply to the left, crossing a trolley line. Chilled within and without, Harvey was sinking into despond, when he noticed with relief that they were making the sharp turn. . . . A blaze of sudden light dazzled his eyes. Instinctively he burst the door of the hack open and jumped. Earth seemed to open with a grinding, cataclysmic roar and . . .

Bad raw whisky was scalding his throat. Opening his eyes slowly, he saw the hackman kneeling above him with a flask in his hand.

"Have some more, sir?" and the hackman poured it down.

Harvey shut his teeth together and the poison flowed down his neck in a trickling deluge.

"Good Lord, man, don't drown me," he gasped. "I can't drink any more. I'm all right, if you'll help me to my feet."

The motorman and the conductor came forward. They both showed deep concern and made abject offers to do anything to oblige the gentleman. They took Harvey's card, who said he would not sue the company unless he fell ill as a result of the collision.

"Come on, driver," said Harvey excitedly, "I'm in a hurry to get to the Birches."

The hackman gave vent to a poignant cry, not quite a groan or sob, as he pointed to the shattered hack and the prostrate horse some yards away.

"My whole fortune gone to smash, sir," he moaned, "and Firefly's forelegs broken. He's got to be shot and he was a fine bit o' flesh in his day. He done a mile at the State Fair in eighteen hundred and—lemme see——"

"Never mind his record," Harvey interrupted, "here's my address. I'll see that you get damages. I've got to go now. I'll walk."

The three men watched him as he started away somewhat unsteadily. Then the trolley employees took the hackman's name, helped him empty the flask and went back to the car, which in this remote section had no passengers and had suffered only a few scratches.

When Harvey was assured that for all the aches and strains in regions of his anatomy of which he had never known he was able to plod on through the rain, he began to take observations of his appearance: his clothes were torn in many places and his outer coat and trousers were daubed with mud that the constant rain kept in a moist plaster. He had forgotten his hat until he became aware of a surface gash over his eye, which he bound with his handkerchief. More than once he half resolved to turn and go back to the

village. That would be a much longer walk, however, and he felt a queer dizziness every few minutes that made him doubt his strength. Also the baleful image of Baron von Hampferschlag floated across his bewildered brain. He had never met the baron, but he knew now that he would recognize him on sight.

The Birches was a large, costly, not very handsome house, set in a grove of the trees from which it took name. As he passed through the iron gateway, Sport, Nathalie's bull terrier, ran suspiciously toward Harvey, who greeted him with a sad but friendly, "Hello, Sport!" The terrier, who ought to have known him, snarled most inhospitably and aimed a lunge at a choice shred of trousering flapping at Harvey's calf. In former days this was the leg that Harvey used for goal-kicks. The other one was reserved for punting. On the instant he rejoiced that Sport had made so appropriate a selection, and with a mental calculation that Sport could not anyway go much higher than the house, Harvey's leg shot out as if driven by an electric dynamo. The terrier sailed with a howl into the air and landed somewhere. Harvey did not know just where because of the darkness and because Sport did not tell.

It seemed almost five minutes after he had rung the bell for the first time that Harvey heard the slam of a door in the basement, the tramp of feet on the stairs and then the hurried tread of a servant in the hall. Over the Birches hung a strangely quiet air. In dismay the thought came to him, what if no one were at home?

The door was drawn slowly inward before him. Mrs. Gilbert had evidently hired a new housemaid. He did not recognize this one, who stared at him a second and then tried to slam the door in his face. Harvey's foot, the punting foot, slid forward and caught the door as a chug. The maneuvre was painful, but effective to his purpose.

"What do you mean?" he demanded sternly.

For answer the maid shrieked terror and fled wildly along the hal down the stairs to her proper regio

With grim satisfaction Harve that the yell would at least as an indication that someone called. He closed the hall door him, laid off his dismembered rai and entered the long, dimly lig parlor on his left. The shades lowered, the curtains drawn. Th here was close and smelled, he thou of furnace heat. In a momen occurred to him that he had neve his life been in a room so overheate

"I'll sit down as long as I hav wait," he said to himself wearily.

He moved toward a chair. The began to move, too. He stop They went round, whirring fa each time. They were whirling round now in their crazy ot He reached and got a firm grip the high gold curio cabinet that Nathalie's collection of silver kn knacks. What a relief it was to it there, firm as granite in this wh wind of walls! He gripped it hard The walls whirred more swiftly. Th were only a blur to him now. T whole house was turning; even cabinet began to sway—and towa him. He snatched his hand off, reel and fell. The cabinet came do with a crash and clatter that sound to him like faint echoes from far awa

They were giving him that scaldin whisky again. "Tell you, driver Harvey protested feebly, "I won —another—drop. Throat not lined asbestos."

"This is mama's whisky," Nathali insisted tearfully; "please take it."

He raised his eyelids drowsily. "I that surely you, Nathalie?" he asked "I'm not dreaming?"

She was kneeling beside him and ha placed a divan pillow under his head

"You've been hurt, Harvey. You'r better now, aren't you?"

"I'll be all right, dear girl. Trolley hit us at the curve. Hack in tooth picks."

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She raised his head and urged him to drink what remained of the whisky.

"I like mama's whisky," he said, sitting up with an effort. "Why, Nathalie, you're crying!"

"I'm not really, but I have a dreadful headache," she sobbed. "I was so frightened by the noise and to find you lying here. The maids all ran away screaming—and—and mama's dining at the Harwells'."

"You poor girl! I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble and—great Cæsar's ghost, did I smash that cabinet?" He pointed to the silver-sprinkled ruins.

"It might have killed you," Nathalie said fearsomely.

"Would you have—?" he began; but was suddenly silent at the look of dread that came into her face.

She whispered: "Don't you hear that shuffle of feet on the veranda? And I saw a lantern flash—look, there it is again!"

She got up, quivering. Harvey scrambled to his feet and stared at the curtained windows. He heard the shuffling now and caught a glimpse of the lantern's flash.

"Burglars!" Nathalie murmured hoarsely, seizing his hand and standing behind him.

"Seems to be a lot of them," he rejoined, more to assure her than to state a theory.

"You're not afraid, dear," he went on, patting her arm. "We'll put out that lamp. Come with me."

"There's a bulb in it," she interposed, halting. "It's here."

They both tiptoed to the wall. Nathalie stretched forth a quaking hand and laid her finger firmly against the button. The room was in total darkness. The feet on the veranda shuffled hastily.

"Is there a pistol in the house?" Harvey asked in a whisper.

"In mother's room," she replied, and he felt the delight of her lips near his cheek. "Let me lead. I know the way better."

They went stealthily up the stairs. In the next hall a light was burning. Mrs. Gilbert's room opened on the landing at the rear of the house. Harvey passed before Nathalie, still clasping her hand. In a tight grip he turned the knob noiselessly and pushed the door open as they stole into the room.

"Throw up your hands!" a voice roared in the darkness.

With a little cry Nathalie fell in a swoon against Harvey, who wrapped his arm about her waist and stood protectively before her.

A man with a railroad lantern in one hand and an aimed revolver in the other sprang from the top of a ladder through the raised window.

"By gravy," the man ground the words between his teeth, "we've got him at last." He was pointing both lantern and revolver at Harvey. "Drop that lady!"

"She might be hurt if I dropped her on the floor," retorted Harvey in a cool rage. "If you'll stop shaking that revolver and hold it so you can shoot straight, in case you have to, I'll place Miss Gilbert on the bed. She has fainted."

As Harvey carried out this intention three more men climbed from the ladder through the window, each with a revolver of various periods and each carrying a lantern. Hearing a noise behind him, he turned his glance of a second toward the door and saw two men in the doorway. One had a club and the other a two-inch rope coiled about his arm. Harvey stepped back slowly into the one free corner of the room. Six pairs of eager, fearful eyes glared at him.

"I'm glad you've brought your lamps, gentlemen," said Harvey, "because until Miss Gilbert recovers I can't turn on the light. I don't know where the switch is. But haven't you struck the wrong house for a lynching bee? There are no negroes here."

"This ain't no lynchin' bee." The first man who had come into the room spoke out. "I'm the sheriff of this yere kaounty an' the help kem scared stiff daown to taown sayin' the wild

man had bust in here and was killin' Miss Gilbert."

"Do I look like him?" Harvey asked with a smile, and at the same moment became conscious of his tattered evening clothes and mud-tinted shirt-front.

"Waal, if you don't mind, brother, you do look somethin' like you'd gone through a threshin' machine or fell from a air-ship," replied the spokesman. "But you must excuse us; you see the hull neighborhood has been layin' fer this here wild man that lives in a cave in Fassett's Woods for the past month, an' from the story the help give I was sure as glue that we had him landed. I guess we got another guess comin'."

"I'm afraid the drinks are on you, sheriff," Harvey rejoined. "I must admit, though, that after being shot out of a Pinewood hack by a trolley car a man does look a bit unusual."

Nathalie, who had been lying motionless, raised her arm and pleaded faintly, "Harvey."

"Gentlemen," said he, "I must ask you to go at once and quietly. Miss Gilbert might be seriously shocked at your warlike appearance. Will you leave a lamp here, please?"

"You can have mine as a soovneer," the sheriff said, laying the nickel-framed lantern on Mrs. Gilbert's dressing-table, "an' I hope, sir, you won't hold it agin the kaounty that ye met all the damphools in it at one time."

The men slunk away, some of them muttering shamefaced apologies as they went. They that had entered through the window used the same means for egress. As the others padded heavily down the stairs, Harvey lifted Nathalie to her feet and aided her to a chair.

They heard frantic steps coming up the stairs, now, and the next moment Mrs. Gilbert, active and prettily flushed as a girl, burst through the open doorway.

One of the servants had telephoned to her at the Harwells' that the Pinewood wild man had broken into the house and that Miss Nathalie had locked herself in a room on [illegible] floor. The coachman and groom [illegible] at Stonebridge, of course. The [illegible] dener, the maid said, had gone [illegible] village a little while before [illegible] man arrived. The last the [illegible] heard of him he was smash[illegible] furniture and tearing down the [illegible] in the parlor.

It was some time before Mrs. [illegible] felt assured that no serious ha[illegible] befallen either Harvey or her [illegible] ter.

"The only real damage you [illegible] suffered," said Harvey persu[illegible] "is in the mud the village rescue[illegible] strewn through the house. The [illegible] curio cabinet is smashed, but you [illegible] have to have a new one anyway [illegible] the sheriff's lamp. There is one [illegible] record to be made of this night [illegible] anybody heard of or seen Spor[illegible] snapped at me as I came in [illegible] and I lifted him with a goa[illegible] Poor Sport! Little he dreams [illegible] a friendly foot that kicked him."

As they went down to asce[illegible] whether the terrified servants ha[illegible] returned, Mrs. Gilbert insisted [illegible] Harvey remain at the Birches [illegible] night and said further that he [illegible] telephone to New York for cl[illegible] after they had had some supper.

"You see," she added, "I was [illegible] away just at the roast. George [illegible] well wanted to come with me, [illegible] declared that it was hard enoug[illegible] one lusty soul to lose a dinner and [illegible] my men would see nothing happ[illegible] to me. I'll go and see what ca[illegible] done in the way of supper."

Harvey and Nathalie remaine[illegible] the parlor to push the shattered [illegible] inet into a corner and to gather [illegible] silver. As they knelt, each on [illegible] knee, Harvey's hand chanced to [illegible] in contact with Nathalie's. They [illegible] reached simultaneously for a qu[illegible] Dutch pepperbox that was among [illegible] most treasured possessions.

Holding her hand against the fl[illegible] with just a suggestion of press[illegible] Harvey asked: "Why didn't you [illegible] swer my letters, Nathalie?"

"I've been sick in bed with grip[illegible]

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Mrs. Gilbert's

nday was the first time I came wn to dinner in two weeks."

"I'm sorry; but I'm rather glad it sn't because you had grown tired me."

"Why should I grow tired of you, arvey?"

Somehow their heads had come very ose together, so that at the sound of eps in the hall they both stood up rvously, like children surprised in ischief.

Nathalie's cheeks glowed. Harvey as uncomfortably conscious of the reck of his attire.

"Those scatterbrains, including port, are all back again," said Mrs. ilbert, "and I've given the new maid otice. Supper will be ready very ortly. Of course you've told Harvey e news, daughter."

Mrs. Gilbert's expression suddenly became as self-conscious as that of the two young people.

"I haven't had a chance. Mother is going to be married, Harvey."

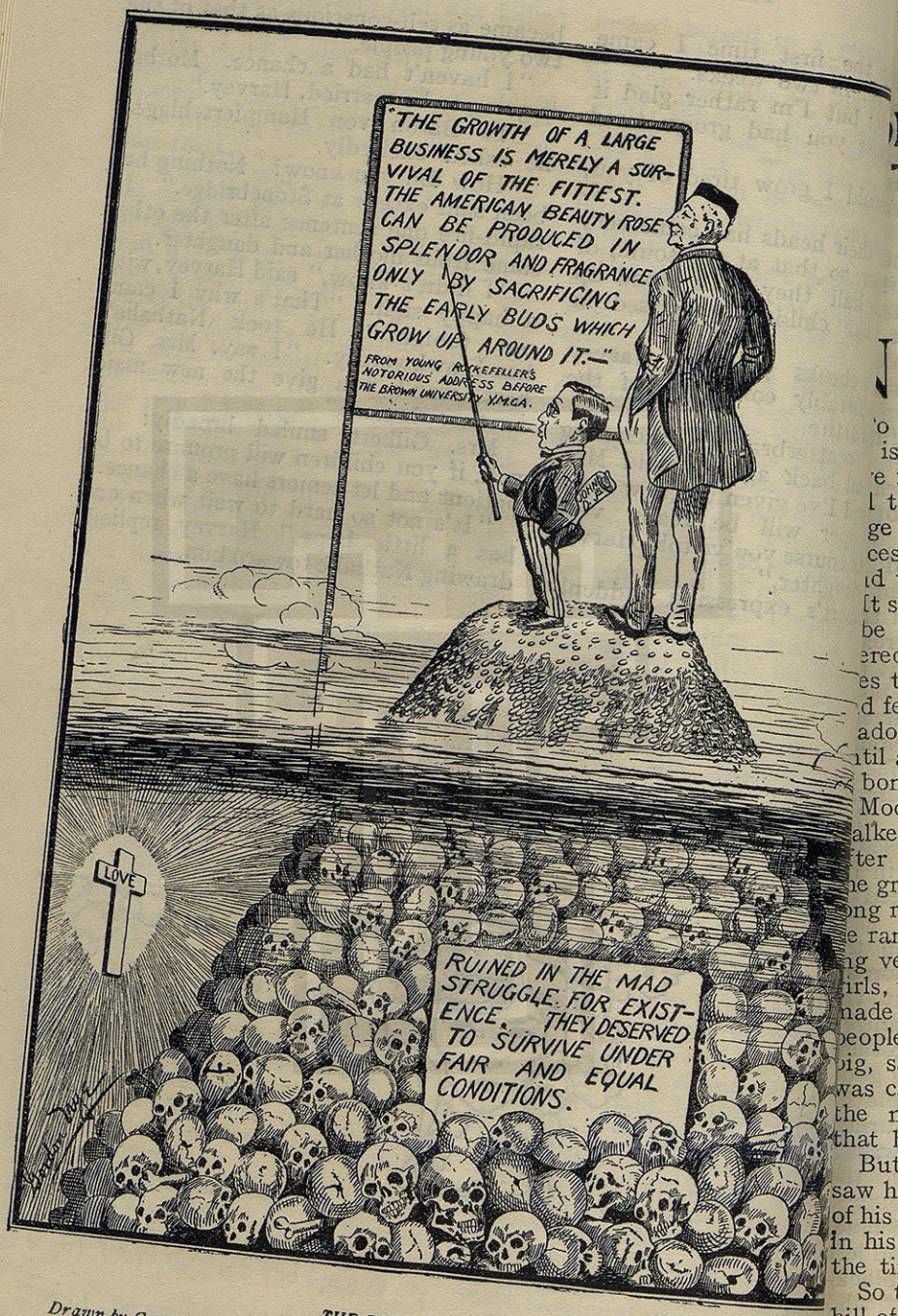
"To Baron von Hampferschlag?" he asked excitedly.

"How did you know? Nothing has been said except at Stonebridge." In rapid-fire one sentence after the other came from mother and daughter.

"I didn't know," said Harvey, with a happy sigh. "That's why I came out tonight." He took Nathalie's hand awkwardly. "I say, Mrs. Gilbert, won't you give the new maid another chance?"

Mrs. Gilbert smiled broadly: "I will, if you children will promise to be patient and let seniors have a chance."

"It's not so hard to wait when one has a little hope," Harvey replied, drawing Nathalie toward him.



Drawn by Gordon Nye. **THE ROCKEFELLER THEORY**

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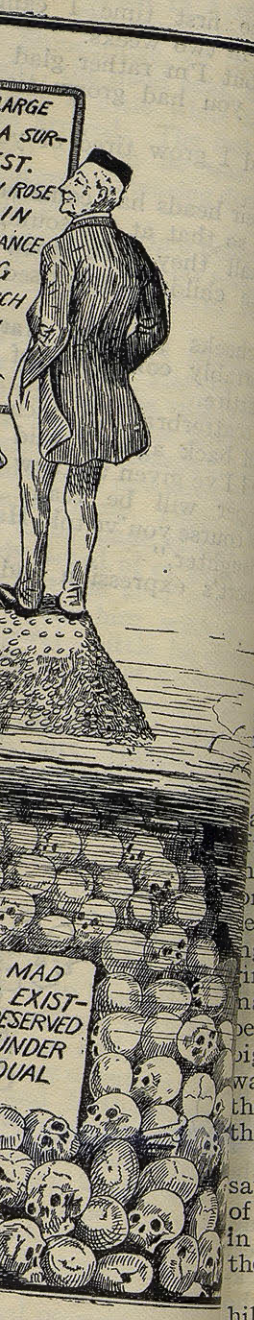

E SINGER OF THE ACHE

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

The Old Omaha Speaks

OW this is the story of one who walked not with his people, but with a dream.

o you I tell it, O White Brother, is it not for you, unless you also e followed the long trail of hunger l thirst—the trail that leads to no ge upon the high places, or the low ces, by flowing streams or where the d wastes lie.

It shall be as the talking of a strange be to you, unless you also have ered down the endless trail, with es that ached and dried up as dust, d felt your pony growing leaner and adow-thin beneath you as you rode, til at last you sat upon a quiet heap bones and peered and peered ahead.

Moon-Walker was he called—he who alked for the moon. But that was ter he had called his pony in from e grazing places and mounted for the ng ride. Yet was there a time when e ran about among the lodges, laughng very merrily with many boys and irls, who played with hoop and spear, nade little bloodless wars upon unseen peoples, and played, in little ways the big, sad games of men. And then he was called by many names, and all of the names, though different, meant that he was happy.

But once his mother and his father saw how that a man began to look out of his eyes, began to hear a man talking in his throat; and so they said, "It is the time for him to dream."

So they sent him at nightfall to the hill of dreams—as is the custom of our people.

Wahoo! The bitter hill of dreams! Many have I seen go up there laughing, but always they came down with halting feet and with sadness in their faces. And among these many, lo! even I who speak—therefore should my words be heard.

And he of the many names went up into the hill of dreams and dreamed. And in through the mists that strange winds blow over the hills of sleep burst a white light, as though the moon had grown so big that all the sky was filled from rim to rim, leaving no place for sun and stars. And upon the surface of the white light floated a face, an awful face—whiter than the light upon which it floated; and so beautiful to see that he of the many happy names ached through all his limbs, and cried out and woke. Then leaping to his feet, he gazed about, and all the stars had grown so small that he looked thrice and hard before he saw them, and the world was shrunken.

And frightened at the strangeness of all things, he fled down the hillside into the village. His mother and his father he wakened with bitter crying.

"How came the dream?" they whispered; for upon the face of him who went up a boy they saw that which only many years should bring; and in his eyes there was a strange light.

"A face! a face!" he whispered. "I saw the face of the Woman of the Moon! Whiter than snow, it was, and over it a pale flame went! Oh, never have I seen so fair a face; and there was something hidden in it swift as lightning; something that would be thunder if it spoke; and also there was something kind as rain that falls upon a place of aching heat. Into the north it looked, high up to where the lonesome star hangs patient.

"And there was a dazzle of white breasts beneath, half hidden in a thin blanket of mist. And on her

head, big drifts of yellow hair; not hanging loose as does your hair, O mother, but heaped like clouds that burn above the sunset. My breast aches for something I cannot name. And now I think that I can never play again!"

And there was a shaking of heads in that lodge, and a wondering, for this was not good. Not so had others, big in deeds, dreamed upon the hill in former times. Always there had been a coming of bird, or beast, or reptile, wrapped in the mystery of strange words; or there had been the cries of fighting men, riding upon a hissing of hot breaths; or there had been a stamping of ponies, or the thin, mad song of arrows.

But here it was not so, and the mother said, "Many times the false dreams come at first, and then at last the true one comes. May it not be so with him?"

And the father said, "It may be so with him."

So once again up the hill of dreams went the boy. And because of the words of his father and mother, he wept and smeared his face with dust; his muddy hands he lifted to the stars. And he raised an earnest voice: "O Wakunda! send me a man's dream, for I wish to be a big man in my village, strong to fight and hunt. The woman's face is good to see, but I cannot laugh for the memory of it. And there is an aching in my breast. O Wakunda! send me the dream of a man!"

And he slept. And in the middle of the night, when shapeless things come up out of the hills, and beasts and birds talk together with the tongues of men, his dream came back.

Even as before the moon-face floated in a lake of cold white fire—a lake that drowned the stars. And as he reached to push it from him, lo! like a white stem growing downward from a flower, a body grew beneath it! And there was a flashing of white lightning, and the Woman of the Moon stood before him.

Then was there a burning in the blood of the boy, as she stoo arms held wide; and he was about as with a white fire, which the face grew down that burned his lips as they and sent pale lightnings through him.

And as the dream woman t run swiftly back up the star who dreamed reached out his clutched at the garments of h he might hold the thing that dearer than life it seemed to h

And he woke. His face was dust. His clutching hands wer dust.

Wahoo! the bitter hill of Have you climbed it, O White B even as I?

And in the morning he to dream to his father, who frown his mother—and she wept. An said: "This is not a warrior's nor is it the dream of a Holy Ma yet is it the vision of a mighty hunter. Some strange new trail boy shall follow—a cloudy, trail! Yet let him go a third tim the hill—may not the true linger?"

And the boy went up again; his was light; his heart sang wildly breast. For once again he wish see the Woman of the Moon.

But no dream came. And morning the pinch of grief was upo face and he shook his fists at laughing Day. Then did he a great Ache walk down the hill toge All things were little and nothing to see. And in among his peopl went, staring with eyes that bu as with a fever, and lo! he w stranger walking there! Only Dream walked with him.

And the sunlight burned the much-beaded tepee of the sky, and it black; and as it burned and bla ened, burned and blackened, he dreamed the strange dream fo no pleasure in the ways of men. O in gazing upon the round moon he find pleasure. And when e this was hidden from him for m nights and days he went about

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drooping head, and an ache was in his eyes.

And in these days he made wild songs; for never do the happy ones make songs—they only sing them. Songs that none had heard he made. Not such as toilers make to shout about the campfires when the meat goes round. Yet was the thick hot dust of weary trails blown through them, and cries of dying warriors, and shrieks of widowed women, and whimpering of sick *zhinga-zhingas;* and also there was in them the pang of big man-hearts, the ache of toiling women's backs, the hunger, the thirst, the wish to live, the fear to die!

So the people said: "Who is this *nu zhinga* who sings of trails he never followed, of battles he never fought? No father is he—and yet he sings as one who has lost a son! Of the pain of love he sings—yet never has he looked upon a girl!"

And it was the way of the boy to answer: "I seek what I do not find, and so I sing!"

And the nights and days made summers and winters, and thus it was with the Singer of the Ache. He grew tall even to the height of a man—yet was he no man. For little did he care to hunt, and the love of battles was not his. Not his the laughter at the feast-fires. Nor did he look upon the face of any maiden with soft eyes.

And the father and mother, who felt the first frosts upon their heads, said: "Our son is now a man; should he not build a lodge and fill it with a woman? Should we not hear the laughter of *zhinga-zhingas* once again before we take the black trail together?"

And because his father had many ponies, many maidens were brought before him for his choosing. But he looked coldly upon them and he said: "The stars are my sisters and my brothers, and the Moon is my wife, giving me songs for children. Soon shall there be a long trail for me."

Thereat a cry went up against him and more and more he walked a stranger. Only the dream walked with him; and he sang the songs that ache.

Harsh words the father spoke: "Does the tribe need songs? Can hungry people eat a silly shout, or will enemies be conquered with a singing?"

But the mother wept and said: "Say not so of him. Do not his songs bring tears, so strange and sweet they are at times? Does a man quarrel with the vessel from which he drinks sweet waters, even if it be broken and useless for the cooking?"

And the father frowned and said: "Give me many laughers, and I will conquer all the enemies and fill all the kettles of the feasts! Let the weepers and makers of tears drag wood with the women. Always have I been a fighter of battles and a killer of bison. This is not my son!"

And it happened one night that the Singer stood alone in the midst of his people, when the round moon raised a shining forehead out of the dark, and grew big and flooded all the hills with white light. And the Singer raised his arms to it and sang as one who loves might sing to a maiden coming forth flashing with many beads from her tepee.

And the people laughed and a mutter ran about: "To whom does the fool sing thus?"

Soft, shining eyes he turned upon them, and he said: "Even to the Woman of the Moon! See where she looks into the North with white face raised to where the lonesome star hangs patient!"

And the people said: "This is the talk of a fool—no woman do we see!"

And then the Singer sang a new song through which these words ran often: "Only he sees who can—only he sees who can!"

So now he walked a fool among his people, singing the songs that ache.

Wahoo! bitter it is to be a fool! And yet, O White Brother, only they who have been fools are wise at last!

And it happened one summer that the village was builded in the flat lands by the Big Smoky Water. And there came snoring up the stream a *monda geeung*, the magic fire-boat of the pale-faces. Up to the shore it swam, and

they who guided it tied it to the sand, for its fires were hungry and there was much wood in our lands.

And all the villagers gathered there to see the magic swimmer of the pale-faces; and among them came the lonesome singing fool.

And it happened that a woman of the pale-faces came forth and stood high up, and looked upon us, smiling. White as a snowfall in the late spring was her face, and her hair was like the sun upon a cloud. And we all stared wide-mouthed upon her, for never before had her kind come into the prairies.

Also stared the fool. Even long after all the people had gone he stared; even until the smoky breath of the fire-boat writhed like a big black serpent out of the place where the stream runs out of the sky.

And then he laid his head upon his knees and wept; for a longing, bigger than the wish to live, or the fear to die, had come upon him.

Very early in the morning, when the sleep of all things is deepest, he arose from sleepless blankets. He called his pony in from the grazing places, and he mounted for a long ride. Into the North he rode, and as he rode he talked to himself and to the silence that clung about him: "It was the Woman of the Moon! Into the North she went, even unto the quiet place where the lonesome star hangs patient. There shall I ride—there shall I ride! For there do all my songs take wings and fly; and there at last their meanings await me. There shall I ride—there shall I ride!"

And the fires of the day burned out the stars, and died; downward and inward rushed the black, black ashes of the night. And still he rode toward the North.

And like the flashing of a midnight torch through a hole in a tepee flashed the days and passed. And still he rode.

Through many villages of strange peoples did he ride, and everywhere strange tongues and strange eyes questioned him; and he answered: "Into the North I ride to find the W of the Moon!"

And the people pitied him, b he seemed as one whose head wa with ghostly things; and they fed

Further and further into the places he pushed, making the spaces sweet and sad with his sin and the winter came. Thin and he grew, and his pony grew lea thin.

And the white, mad spirits o snow beat about the two. And and then snow ghosts writhed up of the ground and twisted and tw and moaned, until they took on shape of her he sought. And eve followed them; and ever they fell into the ground. And the world bitter cold.

Wahoo! the snow ghosts that we low, O White Brother!

And the time came when the po was no longer a pony, but a quiet b of bones; and upon this sat the m who walked for the moon. Then the strength go out of him, and turned his sharp face in to the Sou He sang no more for many days, his body was as a lodge in which a woman lies dead with no mourn around. And at last he wakened a strange lodge in a village of strange

And it happened that when the gre things pushed upward into the s again a young man who seemed ve old, for he was bent, his face was thi his eyes were very big, hobbled ba into the village of his people.

And he went to a lodge which wa empty, for the father with his frowni and the mother with her weeping ha taken the long trail, upon which com no moon and never the sun rises—bu the stars are there.

Many days he lay within the lon some lodge. And it happened that maiden, one whom he had pushed aside in other days, came into the lodge with meat and water.

So at last he said: "I have sought and have not found; therefore will I be as other men. I will fill this lodge with a woman—and this is she. Hence-

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forth I shall forget the dream that led me; I shall be a hunter of bison and a killer of enemies; for after all, what else?"

And this he did.

So all the village buzzed with kindly words. "The fool has come back wise!" they said.

And as the seasons passed there grew the laughter of *zhinga-zhingas* in the lodge of the man who walked no more for the moon.

But a sadness was upon his face. And after a while the dream came back and brought the singing. Less and less he looked upon the woman and the children. Less and less he sought the bison, until at last Hunger came into that lodge and sat beside the fire.

Then again the old cry of the people grew up: "The fool still lives! He sings while his lodge is empty. His woman has become a stranger to him, and his children are as though a stranger had fathered them! Shall the fool eat and only sing?"

And a snarling cry grew up: "Cast out the fool!"

And it was done.

So out of the village stumbled the singing fool, and his head was bloody with the stones the people threw. Very old he seemed, though his years were not many. Into the North he went, and after a while men saw his face no more.

But lo! many seasons passed and yet he lived and was among all peoples! For often on hot dusty trails weary men sat down to sing his songs; and women, weeping over fallen braves, found his songs upon their lips. And when the hunger came his strange wild cries went among the people. And all were comforted!

And this, O White Brother, is the story of the fool who walked for the moon!

The Magic of the Invisible

BY GEORGE E. WOODS.

I SEE not the brook—I hear it—
All of a summer long;
Under a brake of roses
What is a brook but song?

A woman is she when with me,
And sweet to my heart's desire;
But when she is absent from me,
She is spirit—and dream—and fire!

His Waterloo

"UH-YAS, and dar was Brudder Borax Jones," reminiscently said old Brother Smoot, "he was allus pompousin' around wid a chip on his shoulder and noratin' dat he could whup a di'mon'-head rattlesnake, and let de varmint have de fust bite. But—uck!—bime-bye he mar'd a saddle-cullud, red-headed 'ooman—dem red-headed wenches ain't common, but when yo' finds one she's sho'ly like what dey say old Gin'l Sherman done said war was!—and, muh suzz, atter dat yo' could take a turkey-tail feather and drive Brudder Borax plumb into de creek wid it! Yassah!"

The Farmer Landlord

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

THE farmer landlord is becoming an important factor in our society. His influence grows yearly more measurable. His position in our economic life is apparently assured. His existence, like that of any absentee landlord, is a threat to rural prosperity.

The underlying causes for his appearance in our life are twofold—social and economic.

The past decade has been one of great general prosperity. In this prosperity the farm has shared in large degree. Crops have been good, prices have been good, and as a result of this, coupled with increasing population and decreasing free lands, the value of farming properties has steadily risen throughout the Mississippi-Missouri Valley. This rise in farm values, while it is, from the industrial standpoint, a mere watering of valuation, enables the farmer to increase the rental of his land, and thereby secure to himself a good income without the necessity of personal labor.

It is an economic truth that rental will absorb all the laborer will bear. If he cannot obtain other lands, if he does not know of better opportunities, or knowing, if he cannot avail himself of them, the owner can fix a rental which will leave the tenant only an average of fair wages. The average rental value of a Western farm is approximately fixed by the loaning rates of money. That is, a $40 per acre farm should return to its Missouri Valley owner from 6 to 8 per cent. net.

In practice this is somewhat modified by the "shares" system of renting. Briefly, this is as follows:

The owner furnishes the la seed, and pays one-half the th bill.

The renter furnishes the labo all expenses incurred in runni farm, the seed bill and threshi as before stated excepted, and re in return one-half the crop, eit the machine or in the elevator.

This is a common and simple of land tenure. Farther East, dairying and stock-raising are le industries, the terms are more inv but the essential principle is the —the return to the owner of the la possible rental with the smallest p ble cash outlay. It will be gene admitted that land tenure in the gr growing West is fairly equitable. free lands are too near, the popula is too mobile, the opportunities better oneself are too many for owner to demand excessive rent With us the cash system is little kno partly because it involves extra on the part of the tenant, and pa because the owner can gain m in a term of years, by the "shar system of renting.

Yet favorably as we tenants situated, the fact is that the own gets considerably more than an eq share of the farm's income.

Look at it a moment. The farme owning a half-section of land wi house and barn, the total valuation which is in the neighborhood of $6,00 rents this land to a man with a famil Seed costs him possibly $300. Allo $200 for taxes and repairs to building The threshing bill will depend, course, upon the crop, but at a fa average his share will not exceed $29

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en he has invested for the year s than $7,000, but say $7,000 for our rpose of illustration.

On the other hand, the farmer has vested himself, his tenant, his hired oor and his machinery. The value these is not so easy to determine, but rough approximation may be made. irst, then, the farmer himself. The arning value of himself and wife is ot far from $45 per month. This apitalized means, at current loaning ates of money, a money valuation f $4,000. His teams, machinery, ired labor and living expenses will oot up not far from $3,000 additional. In other words, his invested capital equals that of the owner, with this difference: much—one might say all—of his capital consists of perishable matter, the value of which rapidly deteriorates.

Now as to returns. When the threshing machine is gone the owner takes, on a fair average yield, one-half of 3,000 bushels of wheat and one-half of 2,500 bushels of oats. The wheat sells for, let us say, 75 cents. Then his account stands as follows:

By 1,500 bu. wheat at 75c. per bu.	$1,125.00
" 1,250 " oats " 25c. " "	312.50
Total income	$1,437.50
Charged to threshing	$250.00
" " taxes, repairs and seed	500.00
Total outlay	$750.00
Net income	$687.50

A pretty fair return for $7,000 invested.

Now for the tenant. His account will stand something after this fashion:

Total income	$1,437.50
Charged to threshing	$250.00
" " living	500.00
" " hired help	300.00
" " sinking fund	300.00
Total outlay	$1,350.00
Net income	$87.50

That is the story, reduced to cold figures, of the result of the labors of the tenant farmer. That gives, in a nutshell, the economic reason for the existence of the farmer landlord.

Tenants get ahead financially, but how? By doing two men's work, by curtailing living expenses, by working their little boys and girls on the gang-plow and the drill. Perhaps it is necessary—and perhaps it is not.

A reply right here to those who would criticize these figures and deny their value. They are figures striking a fair average of running cost and returns to landlord and tenant as the writer knows them and has taken them from his farming records. They show just what the landlord claims—that he can make as much by renting his farm as he can by farming it himself, and save himself the labor and the risk involved in actual farming.

The economic argument for the existence of a farmer landlord class is strong in its final appeal to the pocket-book. What shall be said of the social causes?

When a farmer finds himself growing well into the forties, with boys and girls of high-school age about him, when he realizes that education is to play a constantly more important part in the problem of getting a living, when he sees his old neighbors renting their farms and moving into town he grows uneasy. He begins to wonder what it would cost to live in town; how it would feel to jostle shoulders with the banker; how it would feel to see his boy a business man, his girl a society woman. He begins to see his own life as a sort of grind. The glamour of the town is over him. In general his wife and children are eager for the change. It is made. The house in town become the home. The farm becomes a place from which the annual income is drawn.

The farmer in town is not, socially, a success. Perhaps I ought not to say that without some qualification. What I wish to make clear is this: No matter how well received he may be, no matter how welcome to society, there is always a feeling of being ill at ease. Culture is a deep thing. The farmer may be cultured, but the superficial polish that marks "society" he has not, and seldom succeeds in getting. He has detached himself from the one

calling he knows, without finding a place in the idlers' world. Books, music, art, the drama, do not as a rule mean very much to him. He would rather sit on a grocery counter and tell horse-swapping stories than dress for an evening party. I really do not know of any other man so much to be pitied as the farmer, still hale and strong, who tries to content himself with an idle life in town.

Whatever may be the ultimate effect, socially and in a business way, upon his family, removing to town is a bad thing for the farmer. He rusts out. He is without occupation for brain or hands. He is one of earth's idlers—and the fact galls him. He putters around his little garden, playing at farming. He becomes an "odd jobs" man. Perhaps he has his club where he and his farmer cronies live over, between the long silences and the pipes of tobacco, their part in the history of the West. His dream of social life is nothing but delusion—and all too late he knows it.

These, then, the reality and the dream, are the things which attract men from the farm cityward. And so long as the dream continues to flaunt its vision of social enjoyment, and so long as the hard business fact of financial independence and release from grinding labor holds true, just so long will men vend their goods, rent their farms and move to town.

The remedy for this admittedly undesirable condition of affairs is not to wage war against rentals. The better remedy is to widen the social life of the farm. The postal department reports that the rural mail routes are largely accountable for the heavy deficit in that department. I think it is not too much to say that the Government could well afford to maintain the rural mail routes even did they not return one cent of revenue to the postal funds. There are some things, the vital assets of a nation, which you cannot place in the budget balance. That is one of them. The telephones, interlacing neighborhoods, have done much to break down the old feelings of isolation and of clannishness. They are more than mere business. They, too, help to broaden the sphere of interest, and to enlarge sympathies. The trolley is bringing him the advantage of city life without its drawbacks. Where it does it becomes part of a great current that compels quickened thought, higher thinking.

And yet! The results are meagre! After all is said, it is but the hunger of the soul—that urges us in mature years to exchange comfort for plantation. And all the rural mail, the trolley lines, and the telephone do not feed that hunger. We must do more. Educate the boy to the meaning of the beauty of country life; educate the man to the fact that the farm is the best place where he ever may live. Educate both to broader ideas. Lay broader and deeper the foundations of our present public school system. Put life into it. Teach the beauty of rural life. Do not stint the measure that is given to the farm children. All the richest of song and of history and of science is none too good for the children of the farm, the farmer, more than other men, needs culture; the farmer, more than other men, lacks it. And culture is life process.

If the tendency toward absenteeism of ownership of our farms is to be checked we must find not only the causes that impel men to leave their homes and fields to the care of others; we must also find the remedy—a widening of the outlook upon the world.

In time we will come to look upon farming as it really is—a noble vocation, full of beauty, of opportunity, of chance for culture. Then men will not leave the farm for the city because of the advantages offered by the latter. Rather, the reverse will be true, and men will find true enjoyment and pleasure, as well as profit, in the cultivation of their own farms.

When?

When we make farming a profession. When we make the farm the centre of culture.

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BORROWBY—
GRIMSHAW—

The Politician: According to Bobby Jonks

F a skunk was a noise instead of an odor you could kick him once and hear him for two miles and several days, but a politician wears a bland smile and warmly shakes your hand whether he knows you or not.

One nice thing about the skunk is that there are so few of him. He is so self-respecting that he never hunts you up to thrust his unwelcome presence upon you, while 'most any time when you are going through the woods a-whistling and otting not you are liable to encounter a congressman-at-large. That is what known as paying too dear for your whistle. A politician will say anything and o anything to get elected, declaring at the top of his voice that he was born etween two hills of corn, as it were, and would rather be right than be President, hen in reality he is in no more danger of being either or eyther, as the case may e, than me and you are this minute, but the little animal I have just mentioned emains silent but ominous, giving and asking no quarter, and defying the navies of the world, so to express it. My Uncle Bob says, as far as he is concerned, he'd ather be wrong than be a member of the legislature, and if that be treason make he most of it—which I say is right!

Politicians kiss babies; there are many less babies to the square foot nowadays than there used to be, and much more politicians. From this we should suspect that politics is fatal to the young and ought to be prohibited, like whisky and the oil of tobacco. Patrick Henry said, as for him, give him Liberty or give him Death, and they gave him one or the other, or both—I forget which, now. John Hancock was a great man. He didn't talk loud, but he could write louder than 'most anybody of his time. The names of the rest of the fellers that signed the Declaration of Independence merely look like citizens on foot, and then here comes the big, portly signature of John Hancock in carriages, and you never remember any of the rest of them at all.

Once there was a little boy who defined "demagogue" as "a vessel for holding wines and other liquors," and everybody laughed at him. But, all the same, he was nearer right than the folks that made a mock of him, for the word comes from "demi," meaning half, and "gog," to nod; and we all know how pleasantly a politician will nod when the demijohn is mentioned. If I was as smart as some older people I could name, I'd look it up in the dictionary before I laughed at an innocent little boy!

You'd naturally think that the skunk was a spoiled child, but in reality he was born so, while the politician is first honest and then "the Hon." This is all I know about the skunk—I mean, the politician.

Chopping Him Off

BORROWBY—Ah, Grimshaw! May I see you apart for just a moment?

GRIMSHAW—Don't come apart. Was born in one piece.

A CURE FOR THE GOLD FEVER

BY

ALICE LOUISE LEE

JO SLEEPER sat in his room reading a small but aspiring Wyoming sheet, the Meeteetse *News*. The article which held his attention was a short and glowing account of a new mining camp in the Shoshone Mountains, five thousand feet nearer heaven than was Meeteetse, although both were located in Big Horn County.

". . . . the stranger is surprised," he read, "to see the buildings which have recently been erected in Miner's Camp, stores, hotels and residences that would be a credit to a much older camp—there is a better promise of good ore here than existed in the Black Hills—capital is flowing into this new mining region at such a rate that it behooves would-be investors to hurry up if they want to get in on the ground floor. It is a beautiful, happy and healthful camp and is here to stay."

"I wish it was not," commented Jo grimly.

Laying the paper aside with a deliberation which characterized all his movements, he took his square, beardless face between his hands and thought. He had never caught the gold fever himself, but his nearest neighbors had, and the result was not satisfactory to Jo. He had no objection to Mrs. Power's taking charge of a boarding-house in Miner's Camp. He had not the slightest objection to Mr. Power's prancing attendance there on his wife, but he did object to Wyoming's swallowing up the third member of the Power family.

"It'll be too rough a place to take Georgie to," he remarked bluntly to Georgie's parents as he sat on their porch the following afternoon.

"Rough!" echoed Mrs. Powe you mean the people, Jo, you kn gallantry and reverence Weste have for a woman is proverbia was the sixth time Mrs. Powe made the same remark in Jo's li "Will writes me"—Will was a W cousin, who, as local manager Miner's Camp Mineral Compan responsible for the flitting o Powers—"that Georgie will be a addition to the society of the plac will be greatly to Georgie's adva to go as well as ours."

Mrs. Power spoke firmly. She nothing if not firm, being the reve her husband who, as she ofte marked, was ready at any minute fly off the handle, and tell everyt he knows!" She gave out only portions of knowledge as would dound to the credit of the family.

Mr. Power sat now in the ea chair on the porch, his eyes round anticipation of investments in mines, his confidential tongue che by the presence of his wife, his s nervously tapping the floor. He casionally passed his fingers in a flur manner over his head, thereby di ranging the few hairs carefully plaste across the crown by frequent ap cations of Hosford's Hair Restorer.

"Pennsylvania," pursued M Power evenly, "is a good place to born in and die in, but if a body wa to amount to anything between tim the West is the place for 'em to live and invest in."

"A man might settle down in th slow country and starve, really starve interpolated Mr. Power, bouncing abo in his chair.

Looking at Mr. Power's attenuate figure one might have taken his word

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erally, but the substantial form of his rty-year helpmeet proved them ly figurative.

"Georgie," continued Mrs. Power, r words flowing undisturbed under r husband's excited remarks, "will ve opportunities in the West which e lacks in the East."

What thos eopportunities were Mrs. ower did not state, but Mr. Power d, the moment she had disappeared to the kitchen. He hitched along the oards until he could lay a confidential and on Jo's shoulder.

"We want her to marry rich, Jo," t a rasping whisper. "We're ectin' to make a little pile ourselves ff the boarding-house and investin' the ame in the mine—that's for old age—ut we want Georgie to marry rich. he woods are full of rich old bachs ut there, Jo, and a pretty girl can have er pick. Plenty of rich men, plenty."

This information also was adapted from he letters of the sanguine Western ousin. "And," finished Mr. Power, there ain't anything too good for Georgie."

"I agree with you," replied Jo, steadily shaking the twitching hand from his shoulder.

He sat on the edge of the porch, his hands clasped about his knees, gazing down the narrow valley flanked by low, fertile hills. Here and there were groups of trees waving lazily in the breeze. Fields of sprouting grain, green with the June rains, lay on either side of a winding creek. Up from the west rolled fleecy clouds sweeping shapeless shadows beneath them across the valley.

"I wonder," said Jo under his breath, "if you'll see anything better than this." Then he rose, drawn by a sound from the orchard. A sweet, girlish voice was singing "The Old Kentucky Home."

"I'll find Georgie," he said briefly to Mr. Power. Jo's words were always brief. His strength lay in his actions.

At the kitchen door stood Mrs. Power and a neighbor. "I intend to keep plenty of hired girls," Georgie's mother was saying, "for I intend that Georgie shall have every social advantage in the place. She sha'n't be tied up in the kitchen. I can afford to hire help with a houseful of men payin' nine a week for board." Her voice ceased as her sharp eyes followed Jo through the short lane and into the old orchard.

Under the early harvest tree in the grass, a row of green apples spread childishly around her, sat a girl singing blithely. "Hello, Jo!" she called merrily.

His only response was a smile, and had he known it, the girl never came so near loving him as when he smiled. All that was good and true in his nature appeared in his smile, and no one else coaxed so many from him as did Georgie, light-hearted, fun-loving, scarlet-lipped Georgie.

"Ge-or-gie," came her mother's peremptory tones from the back porch. "Ge-or-gie, come here at once."

The girl laughed roguishly. She knew why her mother called, and she knew that Jo knew. The smile disappeared from his lips and his eyes hardened.

"Are you going?"

"Of course," laughed Georgie, holding up her hands for assistance in rising. "When my mother calls I must go."

Jo lifted her to her feet and then stood holding both her small hands tightly. "Georgie, will you stay with me?" he asked simply. "I want you."

It was an oft-repeated question, but one Georgie could not meet with her usual coquetry. It always stirred her deeply to see the pleading in the man's dark eyes, the wistfulness in his clean-cut face and feel the tenderness which overflowed toward her in his manner, but never in his words.

Therefore she replied gently, "I wish I cared enough, Jo, indeed I do!"

There was no urging. He dropped her hands, saying quietly, "It's not your fault that you can't, Georgie."

The tears sprang to her eyes as they walked along in silence. She was never so womanly, so true to herself as when she was with Jo.

At the orchard gate they stopped.

"I've been thinking, Georgie, that it is possible the West may disappoint you. If it does, I want you to remember that your old home is waiting for you, with or without me, as you choose."

Jo had purchased the Power homestead just as it stood. The boarding-house, so wrote the cousin, contained all necessary furnishings.

Georgie impulsively laid her hand on his arm. "There's no one quite like you, Jo; I'll remember."

Two days later the stage was being heaped with the Powers' personal effects, while the elder Powers bade their neighbors a joyful farewell. Fragments of Mrs. Power's speech reached Jo as he assisted the stage driver with the baggage. "Homesick? Of course not—nine dollars a week. I shall make arrangements to take more at once—Georgie—the society life of the place—gallantry of Western men—investment in my cousin's mines—" Into his wife's steady speech Mr. Power continually and excitedly butted. Mr. Power was in his element. He was clad in a new suit and a white waistcoat, his hair a shade darker than usual owing to a compound dose of Hosford's Hair Restorer. He could scarcely wait until the stage started, so anxious was he to set out for the land of gold mines.

"Good-bye, Jo," he called finally, and his tone held a note of pity for the man he was leaving in possession of the old homestead.

As the stage rolled away, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Power glanced back, but Georgie looked around with wet eyes and waved her hand at Jo, who smiled gravely and then turned back into his new possessions. With a great loneliness in his heart he made a circuit of the rooms, many of which were familiar to him. Upstairs there was one which he decided should remain untouched. It opened on the front balcony and was furnished in blue and white, Georgie's favorite colors. It was as dainty as the girl herself, and when Jo closed the door and backed up against it, looking around, the blood burned his cheeks and a strangling sob forced through his throat. The curtains tied with blue ribbon, the mull dresser cover, the clean wallpaper with its blue forget-me-nots all spoke a language to his loyal heart that smote hard on his loyal heart. Approaching the white-robed bed he stooped and touched his lips to the pillow. As he arose, a scrap of paper lying on the floor caught his eye. It was a bit torn from a letter in Power's writing.

. . . men in the West . . . courteous and gallant. We envy Georgie . . .

Jo read with smarting eyes. Jehu screwed up his face. He crushed the paper in a stronger fist. "Hotels in the West he locked the door. "It was've yet to hear Uncle Josh's boarding-'Almost, Jo!' with her," he Powers'. Better go "and now it will never be ood grub there and those gallant Westerners around retty girl." The mother will be sure to write whisky-flushed face about them!" he ended bitterly. 'Don't strike her tr

But to his surprise Mrs. Power you want to be rig not write immediately. atest style. But if dragged itself to an end and a good six-shooter, fo followed, equally tedious to Jo, Jo opened his lips f until early December did the ex but a blast of wind su letter arrive the contents River Cañon carried were totally unlike Mrs. Power, and he bent his head letter was a masterpiece of vagu As they crossed t

"There's nothing about Power driver asked sudde Georgie, nor gallantry—nor inv old Dude?" in gold mines—no, nor anything, said Jo in bewilderment after he it.

The last was the only definite tence in the letter and that he re several times. At the second rea he raised his eyebrows. An idea b to dawn on him. When he had re the third time he whistled and aloud: "No, I won't—but I'll take to you!'

The sentence was abrupt. "Jo you suppose you could send me a of greenings from the old tree un Georgie's window? I always have apple dumplings Christmas and I ca get apples here that taste like the ho ones."

That illuminating sentence star Jo West five days before Christm A delayed train stalled him in Chica

enty-four hours, morning before the Cody stage mbed into the M "Goin' up to the ked the driver, ga his four broncos ssenger out of th e. Jehu wore ch hose inside pocket e contents of whic s tongue.

"No," replied Jo. verting to the arti ews, he inquired, otel in Miner's Cam Jehu screwed up h er. "Hotels in th ve yet to hear Uncle Josh's boardi Powers'. Better go ood grub there an retty girl." The whisky-flushed face Don't strike her tr you want to be rig atest style. But if a good six-shooter, fo Jo opened his lips f but a blast of wind su River Cañon carried and he bent his head As they crossed t driver asked sudde old Dude?" "Who?" in astoni "Old Dude Power. with a bald-faced ve throat collar. Gosh have got out of good that fool and give to plaster over his cro his girl the boys wo of their lives with t round. But say! t hustler when she's ali "Alive!" echoed Jo The driver shook tude don't agree with her by for repairs mo The rest of the jou plished without furt Up rose the mountains narrow cañon until t ens, leaving only a st

enty-four hours, and it was not until morning before Christmas that he the Cody stage at Meeteetse and mbed into the Miner's Camp stage.

"Goin' up to the diggin's to stay?" ked the driver, gathering up the reins his four broncos and regarding his ssenger out of the tail of a roving e. Jehu wore chaps and a fur coat hose inside pocket contained a bottle, e contents of which unduly animated s tongue.

"No," replied Jo. Then, his thoughts verting to the article in the Meeteetse *ews*, he inquired, "What's the best otel in Miner's Camp?"

Jehu screwed up his left eye in won- er. "Hotels in the diggin's! Well, ve yet to hear of any. There's Uncle Josh's boarding-house and the Powers'. Better go to Powers. Get ood grub there and see a damned retty girl." The driver turned his whisky-flushed face on Jo and grinned. "Don't strike her trail, though, unless you want to be right in fashion, the atest style. But if ye do strike it, git a good six-shooter, for you'll need it!"

Jo opened his lips for an unwise reply, but a blast of wind sucking down Wood River Cañon carried away the words, and he bent his head to the gale.

As they crossed the meadows, the driver asked suddenly: "Ever meet old Dude?"

"Who?" in astonishment.

"Old Dude Power. He struck camp with a bald-faced vest on, and a cut-throat collar. Gosh! The Lord must have got out of good dirt when he made that fool and give him sixteen hairs to plaster over his crown! If 'twan't for his girl the boys would have the time of their lives with that old merry-go-round. But say! the old lady's a hustler when she's alive."

"Alive!" echoed Jo.

The driver shook his head. "Altitude don't agree with her. Heart lays her by for repairs most of the time."

The rest of the journey was accomplished without further conversation. Up rose the mountains on each side of the narrow cañon until they cut the heavens, leaving only a streak of tempestuous sky between. With his eyes on the mountains and his thoughts on the driver's words concerning Georgie, Jo was finally aroused by a swing of the stage around a wooded curve and before him lay—not the Miner's Camp of the Meeteetse *News*—but the real camp in its winter ugliness and forlornness, a few dirt-chinked log cabins huddled beneath tall Spar.

The driver indicated a shack standing apart from the rest and smacked his lips. "Saloon's full. Boys are all in to celebrate—tomorrow's Christmas, you know. And here's the Powers'," he added, drawing in his leaders in front of a long, low cabin, "and there's the Dude himself!"

The door of the shack was open, and in it stood a man whom at first Jo did not recognize on account of his protruding waistcoat and thin white hairs guiltless of Hosford's Hair Restorer.

Then, "Why, Jo Sleeper!" cried a familiar voice, and this caricature of the old-time Power rushed out to greet his guest effusively, well-nigh tearfully. "What brought you out here?" he inquired, wringing the other's hands. Without awaiting a reply his tones sank to their confidential key. "Jo, I want to tell you before ma gets hold of you. Don't come to this—" he glanced furtively around and then approached the young man's ear, while the word burst out with a relish—"*damned* place to get rich. There ain't any gold here, for sure. These fellows just work on and on thinkin' there will be, some time. They're plumb gone quartz crazy. Jo, instead of gettin' rich here, you'll be apt to get *fat!*" This last was spoken in bitterness of spirit. The climate had agreed with Mr. Power to the extent of seventy-five encumbering additional pounds of flesh.

Jo sought to check this confidential torrent by leading the way to the shack. Inside the door he paused and glanced round, barely suppressing an exclamation at the bareness which met his eyes. This, then, was Georgie's setting—the natural log walls uncovered and unornamented, the bare, uneven pine board floor, the rough home-

made chairs and benches, the unblacked heater, whose pipe stretched crooked upward through the roof in place of a chimney. Hardship and discomfort were represented everywhere.

A few men sat around silently viewing the newcomer. They were a few of the quartz-crazy boarders awaiting supper. The remainder were over in the saloon. Jo sat down beside the box stove and held his hands to the warmth, his eyes wandering from a door behind the long oilcloth-covered board table to a heavy dark curtain, which divided the room behind the stove.

"Ma is in there," Power whispered. "She'll see you after supper. She's ailin' worse than usual today. Guess it's because tomorrow's Christmas 'way out here." The remark was ambiguous, but Jo, nodding, thought he understood as his host disappeared behind the curtain.

Presently the door behind the table swung back and, in the doorway, her hands full of dishes, stood Georgie—an altered Georgie. There was not a vestige of color on her once rounded cheeks until she glanced up and saw Jo. Then the blood rushed rich and red to her face and the dishes dropped on the table with a clatter.

Her confusion was but momentary. Instantly she raised her head with a dignity he had never seen in her and came forward with outstretched hand. "I am surprised—Jo—and glad to see you." She spoke quietly and turned at once to the men. "Supper is ready. Sit here, Jo." Then under cover of the noise of moving shoes and chairs she explained in a low tone. "I am obliged to stay in the kitchen while father waits on table. We have no help."

That his meeting with Georgie had produced a sensation among the men Jo felt rather than saw. It seemed to him that the atmosphere was charged with emotional dynamite, just ready to explode. He thought of the stage driver's warning and glanced from face to face around the table while Mr. Power, an apron enveloping his ample form, his face red with humiliation, supplied the lacking waitress.

The boarders ate hurried most in silence, leaving the house one by one. volume of drunken sound saloon told of their destination camp, generally orderly let itself loose for the ces Christmas.

"Listen, Jo," whispered P the last man had departed good fellows enough most but holidays the prospe ranchmen come in from all then it's awful. Of cour danger to us—I'm not afr his teeth were chattering— shoot for fun, just smoke up in the saloon and blaze at they come across promisc when you think there ain't a this side Meeteetse, thirty mi and if there was he'd be drunk——"

"Father," Georgie's voice on the torrential whisper. mother's supper. She wants after she eats it. Will you her?" Then she sat down and pretense of eating her own There was an expression of hension in the big, tired eyes w raised to Jo's and a drawn look them that went to his heart.

He looked at her hands, crack red, and then around the room late, ill-lighted, unhomelike little girl," he whispered, cover hand as it lay on the table. here is hard for you."

Tears filled the girl's eyes. not withdraw her hand at on stead, she looked away with a her breath that sounded like a Jo, who raised her unresisting against his cheek, repeating, little girl."

When she answered him her was not quite steady. "Yes, hard here with mother sick. W get no help—but all that, Jo, is difficult to bear as—some other th

Joe's thoughts flashed back ag

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Jo glanced aroun
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Presently, in a

stage driver's comments and to the
hosphere which enveloped the men
he table, but he asked no questions.
Jo! Jo Sleeper!" called a weak
ce from behind the curtain. "I've
shed my supper. Come here."
Just behind Georgie was an un-
tained window, and as Jo rose he
w a man flash out of sight. "Oh,"
claimed Georgie beneath her breath.
e, too, had caught a glimpse of the
ruder. She pushed her chair back
stily. "Go in to mother, Jo. I—I
n afraid of my shadow tonight, I
ink." She laughed nervously.

Mrs. Power was sitting up in bed
aning against her pillows, her hand
eld to her left side, breathing hur-
edly from the excitement of seeing
er old neighbor. She was emaciated
nd yellow-skinned. Her eyes, unnat-
rally large, shone feverishly as she
alked.

"Jo, don't you go back to Penn-
ylvania and tell 'em how we're situ-
ted," she implored, with a vestige
of her old domineering pride. "It'll
be different by and bye when I get
used to the altitude. Georgie won't
have to work so hard then—and we'll
lay something by to invest when my
cousin strikes gold——"

"Lord!" burst out a voice behind
Jo. Mr. Power had pushed aside the
curtains. "Invest! We won't ever
have anything to invest along of the
awful prices here and gettin' a doctor
from a hundred miles away and——"

His wife quelled him with a severe
glance as she continued: "In time
we shall probably be able to secure
help——"

"There ain't a woman within thirty-
five miles except ma and Georgie," Mr.
Power interpolated obstinately.

Mrs. Power's fingers picked at the
blankets. "Then we can look more
like home here." Her voice lingered
on the word "home."

Jo glanced around the curtains and
cramped space containing two beds,
and thought of the dainty, airy blue
and white room opposite his own. It
was just as Georgie had left it.

Presently, in a voice intended to
appear careless, Mrs. Power asked:
"Does the old place look natural?"
But she turned a face to Jo which was
filled with unmistakable longing as
he spoke of the crops, of the fine yield
of greenings on the tree outside Geor-
gie's window, and the slight changes
his housekeeper had made.

As he talked, sounds from the saloon
became louder and louder. "The boys
are having their—their fun," explained
Mrs. Power apologetically. "They
don't do that regularly, but it's Christ-
mas Eve, you know," and Jo, arising,
refrained from any question concerning
the gallantry of Western men.

As he dropped the curtain behind
him, followed by Mr. Power, he came
face to face with Georgie. She was
pale, but her eyes were blazing. A
shawl lay over her shoulders and her
hair was wind tumbled. Impulsively
she laid her hand on Jo's breast and
pushed him back.

"You are in danger, Jo," she whis-
pered. "If the men were sober there
would be no trouble, but they are all
drunk. Go back with mother. You'll
be safe there."

At her first words Jo came to a
standstill and looked down at Georgie
while Mr. Power noiselessly slipped
between the curtains again and slid
under his wife's bed. Outside of the
shack arose vague sounds. Georgie
moved between the window and Jo,
speaking in a low, rapid tone, while
the blood colored her white face:

"I must tell you plainly, Jo—
they're in a jangle over me, jealous,
although I've never given them cause
to be. There have been threats of
shooting among themselves. I've been
dreading tonight and tomorrow on that
account, but someone saw you through
the window as we sat at the supper
table and they're all drunk and against
you." There was a confusion of low
sounds outside and a smothered laugh.
"They put it that they are going to
take you out for some fun—Jo, you
must not fall into their hands. They're
armed and drunk. You don't know
what that means here."

Once more she tried to push him

back, but she was pushing against a rock. Outside a call arose: "Hey, Dude, send that tenderfoot out here. We want to give him a taste of a Western Christmas. Send him out!"

With a low cry Georgie stepped back and blew out the light. Instantly a shout of drunken derision went up and guns were hilariously discharged, while the cries of "Send him out, Dude!" were redoubled.

The moon struck a shaft of light across Georgie's pleading face. Jo found her hands and drew her to him. "Georgie, is there someone in particular here who——?"

"No—oh, no!" she interrupted in breathless vehemence.

Without further words he released her and swiftly relighted the lamp. Then he stepped to the door and drew back the bolt.

"Jo, Jo," came in a sharp, fear-smitten whisper behind him, but he was out.

Bareheaded, cool, collected, he stood in front of the door and held it shut with one hand regardless of the attempts to open it from within. He faced a dozen armed men suddenly sobered by the audacity of his appearing.

"Well, men," came his calm, slow voice, "what do you want of me?"

There ensued a silence. What did they want? They would have known had they been obliged to drag him from some hiding-place, pale and trembling, but what did they want of a man who faced them as coolly as though they wore Christmas toy pistols?

"We want to know what you're doin' here?" a gruff voice finally inquired.

Oh, yes! That was really what they would like to know. A dozen more inquiries arose. "What're you doin' here?"

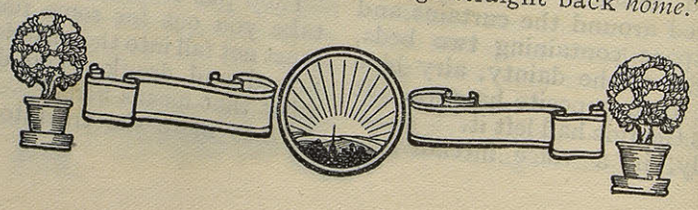
Jo's voice was even more deliberate than usual. "I'll tell you, men, and you are the first we've taken into confidence. I am here to marry Georgie Power." The pulls from other side of the door suddenly ce "We will be married in Cody tomo evening, and after spending some in Southern California with her fa and mother, we are all going hom Pennsylvania."

He paused. The silence bec oppressive. Then quietly and wi note of finality, "Good night, fri and a merry Christmas to you all."

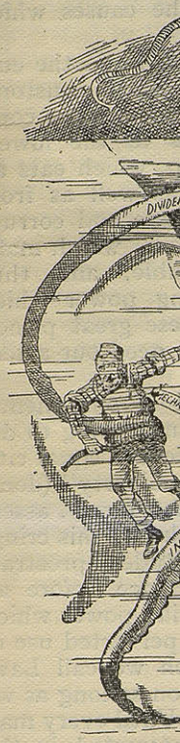
Another pause while Jo waited hand on the door latch. Sudden of the gruff voice turned on his and started across the cañon follo by the others. Jo stood motio until the last man had departed be he re-entered the shack.

On her knees beside her moth bed he found Georgie, her face bu in the blankets. Stooping silently laid a caressing hand on her head. front of the bed sat Mr. Power, his disarranged by reason of contact the slats of the bed, giving vent to jointed, but delighted, remarks, wh were overridden by his wife's sto tones.

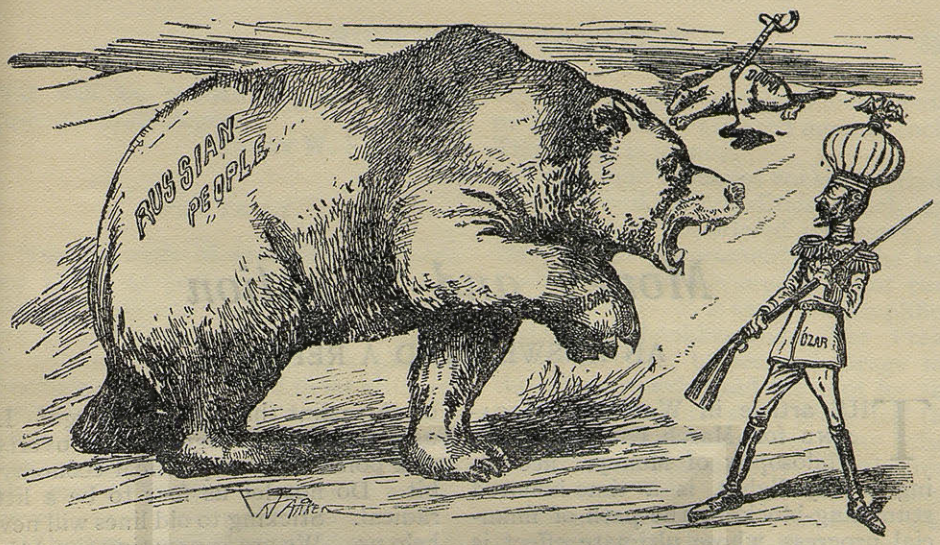
Mrs. Power was sitting bolt upri on the edge of the bed, her eyes shin and her voice ringing with a ne born strength. "Seems to me you have kept this pretty still! But th young folks don't consult their pare as they did when I was a girl. I if you're going to take Georgie to to Pennsylvania—as long as she's we've got—folks would think it qu if we didn't go along," a great re spoke through her tone. "Georg hand me my clothes. We've got a sig of packing to do if we get off tom row. Pa, get my shoes down fr that beam over the bed, and stop yo talking. Jo, you and Georgie can go California if you want to, but pa and will go straight back *home*."



Warren, in Bosto

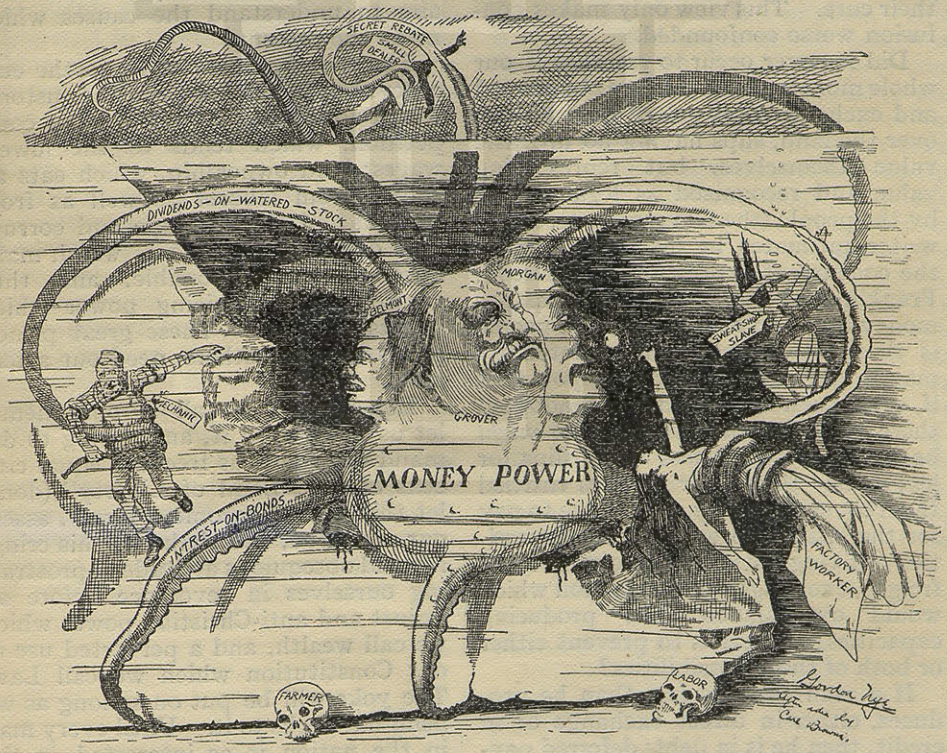


Gordon Nye, afte



Will She Avenge Her Cub?

Warren, in Boston Herald.



Destroy the Money Trust and All Trasts Will Die

Gordon Nye, after Carl Browne.

Money and Taxation

AN ANSWER AND A REPLY

THE article in WATSON'S MAGAZINE for March entitled, "The Philosophy of Money," according to my lights, is a time-honored stumbling-block in the path of financial progress, whose ultimate effect is but to discourage the people from any hope of ever bettering their condition, since, not being their cause, it cannot be their cure. This view only makes confusion worse confounded.

Did it never occur to you that if our whole monetary system were abandoned and exchange slips galore were floated over the land, slips having no intrinsic value themselves, but representing value and recognized as legal tender by the people (the Government), as the writer intimates in his quotation on the concurrent expression of Jefferson, Franklin and Paine, that "good paper money based on the credit of the people is the best money ever invented by man," did it never occur to you that if even such a system were adopted there *might* be some people who *might* be forced to accept less credit slips (or less money than their services entitled them to; or that they *might* have to pay for the chance to work or the necessities of living (rent for a piece of land, freight, exchange, etc.), extortion which would overbalance their producing capacities? What is to prevent either or both of these possibilities?

If a man receives less than he produces, either in direct exchange or in credit, then he is in debt; deferred payments are the result. The article says, "The cause is the inadequate volume of the debt-paying instrument." An absurdity! Can anyone be more lucid on this point than Henry George? Let us get out his "Progress and Poverty" and polish up our political economy a bit. Do not let us fear to be a little radical. Sticking to old lines will not help us. We are in new times and require new expedients. We have the big questions before us, and if we do not see the future clearly, let us at least aim to understand the causes which make the present.

The remedy does not lie in the currency, but in the laws and the customs which admit and permit of labor competition, which tends to the low wages; land ownership, which eats profits from laborer as well as the tenant; and the red tape and corruption of the Government, which makes vast monopoly possible, and which create the tyrannizing power which profits on labor. These great principles and many others, need our attention.

Equal rights to all is our theme; let us work upon it, and daring to demand our rights as free and equal citizens of our "Land of Liberty" (don't let this phrase become a farce), assert our manhood, and shake off this cringing and obsequious attitude of prostrating ourselves in reverence before an unjust and anti-Christian power which we call wealth, and a perverted use of our Constitution which we call Law. The yoke will be put on so long as we bend our necks to it. Until every man in the nation is as interested in the welfare of his country as he is in that of his own home and fireside, I say we have and can have no United States but conflicting states, and every fire-

side will be robbed of its peace in proportionate degree.

HENRY W. EUSTIS.

THE REPLY

For the sake of argument, suppose we admit as just and correct Henry George's plan to take land values for public revenues. Suppose we look at it simply as a fiscal policy, a plan of taxation, without regard to its ultimate object: access to the land upon the basis of equality. Can it be put into successful operation without regard to our money system? I do not so believe.

Whether we call it "ground rent," "unearned increment," or simply "land value," the thing Mr. George purposes taking for public revenues is an ideal, intangible thing. As such, it cannot be delivered to the taxing power. Something else—an equivalent—a tangible, material thing must be delivered instead.

Now, taxes may be paid "in kind," where the levy is made upon articles of wealth, as, for example, under the tithing system; but not so in the case of land values. The lot upon which stands the Flatiron Building has an ever-increasing value; yet but little in the nature of commodities is produced there; and of the services rendered, few would be of use to the Government, Federal, state or local, if payment "in kind" were the rule.

Payment of taxes "in kind," being impracticable under our highly developed system of division of labor, it becomes necessary for Government to designate some particular thing which all must deliver in payment of the "ground rent,": "unearned increment" or "land value" assessed against each. This thing is money.

But public revenues consist in those services and commodities which are necessary, or considered necessary, in carrying on government. In the last analysis, public revenues do not consist of money—it is merely a simplified system of bookkeeping. The President's services, horses and forage for the army, powder and big shot for the navy, timber and steel plate for the navy yard—these and the many other services and commodities are the real revenues. Were those who furnish them not reimbursed in some way they would be the real taxpayers.

But they are reimbursed—and in the very thing which is designated as the only solvent of tax levies: money. And so the circuit is complete. And if it be "good paper money based on the credit of the people," as Jefferson, Franklin and Paine agreed, it is undoubtedly "the best money ever invented by man," for the obvious reason that it gives no special privilege to the producer of any commodity whatsoever—not even to the producer of silver and gold, as is the case under free coinage of these metals.

Can Mr. Eustis apply the single tax without reference to the money system? If he can, we might admit his broad statement that "the remedy does not lie in the currency, but in the laws and the customs which admit and permit of labor competition, which tends to the lowest wages; land ownership, which eats all the profits from laborer as well as from tenant," etc. If he cannot do this, he has failed to score.

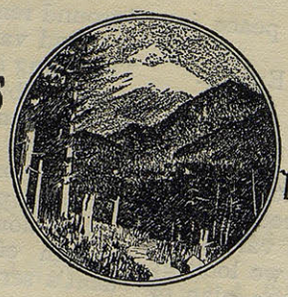
C. Q. DE FRANCE.

Her Confession

GLADYS BEAUTIGIRL—I do not understand how Jack Rushington, crippled as he is with rheumatism in his right shoulder, could have kissed you against your will?

DOLLY SWIFT—My dear, a handsome fellow like Jack Rushington could have kissed me against my will with both hands tied behind his back!

THE DOCTOR'S STORY



BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CHAPTER X

"LOOK here, Mr. Hotchkiss," I said, the next morning after breakfast, "I'm a little uneasy about the responsibility I've taken in this house. We can't go ahead with that operation without consulting some of Mr. St. John's people. Suppose he doesn't pull through."

Hotchkiss stopped his nervous walk up and down the veranda, and frowned thoughtfully.

"His only relative, besides myself, is his father's sister, and she has lived in Dresden for a dozen years. As far as responsibility goes, Harry seems to have taken the thing into his own hands. There's no one to consult that I know except his wife, and she is barred."

"Miss Ellis," I suggested.

"Georgia's a nice girl, a very nice girl, Dr. Pierce. I like her as well as I like any woman, which isn't as much as it ought to be, perhaps. But if you don't want to tell Harry's wife, don't tell her best friend. It would slip out some way. As for the operation, it's Harry's privilege to make a decision that means more to him than to anyone else."

"I'll be glad when it's over," I said fervently. "With the best intentions in the world, the two sides of the family are deceiving each other; Mrs. St. John's brother and cousin are ranged with her to conceal something from the other party, which seems to include, as you said the other day, an invalid, an—pardon me, I am quoting you—'an antediluvian fossil and a bit of a boy. We seem bound to get the worst of it.'"

Hotchkiss chuckled.

"Has Harry ever mentioned again the man who visited the car the night you lay over on the sidetrack?"

"Never," I said. "He has never referred to it, and he has never mentioned the fact that he saw Georgia Ellis the same night, when she took something from one of Miss Martin's bottles."

"For a good reason," he said assuredly. "For the best of reasons. He never mentioned that visit because it never occurred."

"You mean—?" I gasped.

"I mean," he replied enigmatically, "that Miss Martin is probably subject to nightmare."

I had not thought of such a possible solution before—not the solution the little man's words suggested, but the implication in his voice. Was it possible that Miss Martin had devised the story, with some object which I could not even surmise? And there was the incident of the box which I found in her bedroom.

"I'll venture to say," went on Hotchkiss, "that Harry has left her a tidy sum in his will."

"Not only that, but he intends to double it."

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "it's a very clever piece of work, and well carried out, but we'd better get rid of Miss Martin. If it was anyone but Harry, I would say let the thing go on until we could catch her red-handed. But I'm fond of Harry—he's a good boy—and we'd better dispense with

the lady in the cap before she makes another error in his medicine."

"But the other things," I objected—"the light in the tower, the shriek, and the man who came to the car that night? Even granting that Miss Martin would commit a crime of that nature—which seems incredible—what do you make of these other things?"

Hotchkiss had been watching a flat stone near the edge of the veranda, where on sunny days an agile slate-colored salamander was accustomed to sun himself. Now with stealthy steps he stole down, his soft felt hat in his hand; but in the instant of the hat's descent, the little lizard had disappeared, and with a grunt of disappointment its would-be captor turned and came back.

"I would like to investigate the towers," he said, as if no interruption had occurred. "I heard Ellis and Miss Georgia arranging to go to Carson for some things, and Mrs. St. John is with her husband. By the way, I saw the clerk last night who filled your prescription, and he almost fell behind the counter when I told him I wanted to talk to him about the medicine he put up for the young lady from Laurelcrest. It seems Millard had been threatening him with the penitentiary. He declares that he filled your prescription exactly——"

"So he did," I interrupted.

"And, moreover, that they haven't a pink box in the store. Therefore, whoever exchanged those boxes had brought the poison from the city, and only waited an opportunity to administer the stuff."

"But if it should have been Miss—the person you suggested, why the capsules? Why not any of the drugs she had with her—the strychnia, or the chloral?"

I am afraid I fell in the estimation of Mr. Hotchkiss. He stopped poking with his pencil at a little bag of spider's eggs securely fastened in an angle of the wall, and turned to me sharply.

"You have the popular conception of crime," he sneered. "Why use a piece of wood from the woodpile when you have a revolver in your pocket? Why? Because any tramp could have used the wood, while the revolver at once incriminates you. The criminal worthy of the name avoids the obvious. Any member of the family could have made the exchange in the boxes—any drug-clerk be blamed for the error. Without such a possibility, the blame would have fallen on the nurse at once."

"But she raised the alarm."

"For one of two reasons—remorse, which is unlikely, or fear, which is probable."

It seemed plausible, and however unpleasant the task might be, I felt that it was necessary to send Miss Martin away at once. With our lack of proof against her it would be impossible to give anything like the true reason, and after her assiduous attention it was most difficult to trump up an excuse of any kind.

A groom drove up with the post-bag, and Hotchkiss sorted out the mail. "Four for Miss Georgia, mostly masculine writing," he said, "although in these days when women use stub pens and spread all over the sheet, and men use fountain pens and write small for fear the ink gives out, it's confusing, sometimes. Here's a letter—two—for you, and one for somebody with a name between a cough and a sneeze. George, take this back to the housekeeper—it's probably for that Polish housemaid. And a telegram for me."

One of my letters was from Franklin, saying that there was a vacancy on the visiting staff, and I was being spoken of for the position. I don't mind saying I felt a trifle set up about it. There were a good many older men than I who would have given up almost everything but their hope of salvation for a position on the staff there. The other letter was from Jamieson. In small, cramped writing he acknowledged receipt of my letter, and begged to say that he saw no reason to change his opinion of Mr. St. John's case. Also, that he regretted that a bad attack of gout had convinced him

that he would be better for a rest, and he would be at Wiesbaden about the tenth.

So my letter had gone—after all! And the unpleasant duty of telling Dr. Jamieson that his patient had decided to make a change in physicians was now no longer needful. It was one thankless task unnecessary.

"Fifty-three," said Hotchkiss thoughtfully. "I had no idea pink boxes were so popular with the drug trade."

"Fifty-three what?" I asked.

"Fifty-three drug-stores in the city where they sell powders and capsules in pink boxes," he said disgustedly. "I hope there's a difference in shade, anyhow. You'll have to get that box for me, Pierce."

I agreed to make the attempt, and with the prospect before me of a stormy interview with Miss Martin, I went into the house.

At the foot of the big staircase I met Georgia Ellis. She was drawing off her gloves, and her face was flushed and troubled.

"Are you not going for your drive?" I asked, as she drew out the gold pins and took off her hat.

"I have decided not to go," she said. "I—I have a headache."

I thought she avoided my gaze, and it dawned on me, all at once, that she, like Mrs. St. John, was looking thin and worn. With a sudden impulse I held out my hand.

"Won't you let me help you?" I asked. "It's—it's more than I can stand to have you in trouble, and not be able to do anything."

She put her hand in mine, and it lay there for a moment. I wanted with all my heart to stoop and kiss the small fingers, but as if she divined my thoughts she drew it away quickly.

"I won't force a confidence," I said. "You have said it is not yours to give. But if I can do anything——"

"If I could trust anyone, I could trust you."

"Come out on the stone bridge," I suggested. "The air will help your headache, and I need an adviser."

She came willingly enough, ubstitute, if ei
was a new and pleasurable t ohn has a nur
have someone to take the in employ. She sh
We went slowly under the trees woman—not a g
the lawns were covered with "Miss Martin
leaves and the borders, save wh shment was alm
chrysanthemums glowed near th "It is necessa
ter of the hedges, were bare and b "While I prefer
"I am always sad in the aut of the doubt, the
she said. "The trees are b circumstances co
their children, and the poor old in medicines the
looks so shabby and tired." thing, the presc
"It is time for Grandmother N filled at the pha
to sit by the chimney," I said. proper box turn
has reared a large family this summ pink box with th
We walked on in silence to appeared. Then
bridge. Below, the little river St. John's sympt
tered and splashed; the nasturti tin's room, I cam
along the rail had been nipped by empty."
frost, and hung their flaunting yel She still leane
heads. Georgia rested her arms on her eyes fixed o
cold stone, and drew a long breath. and whites of th
"I am going away," she said slow water below. B
"I'm going back home, Dr. Pie had been nervous
back to Kentucky." the flower-boxes
I was silent with sheer surprise. and her face was
"The worst of it is," she went "And one—n
dully, "that I ought not to go; tha box in her room,
ought to stay here. But I cannot the silence becam
cannot!" "Not everyon
"Not soon?" I asked, my voi tive. Miss Mart
sounding strange and unnatural to m aged; she has t
ears. She was going—going out of m he would not live
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would never see her again—never s me.
that proudly uptilted chin, and th "And she kno
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squared my shoulders and looke her a certain am
across to where the greens of the mou will. You see we
tains were beginning to show splotche "A motive tha
of red and yellow. also," she said bit
"Very soon," she said sadly. "I ficiary, to a certa
am running away from something I will. Why don't
ought to do, something I have given "I would as
my word to do—and that is beyond my mother," I said fe
strength. I am deserting," she said She stood up
with a forced laugh. "Did you say around, looked st
you needed an adviser?" "Nevertheless,
"Yes, I need an adviser. I would world seemed to
like to have a friend, too," I hazarded. pieces under my
She made a little impatient gesture Dr. Pierce, you
and I hurried on. Martin away. T
"I am going to make a change, Miss error—was *mine!*
Ellis. Miss Martin will leave this box instead of the
evening, and I want you to suggest a She moved qui

substitute, if either you or Mrs. St. John has a nurse you would care to employ. She should be a responsible woman—not a girl, and——"

"Miss Martin going?" Her astonishment was almost dismay.

"It is necessary," I said doggedly. "While I prefer to give her the benefit of the doubt, there were some peculiar circumstances connected with the error in medicines the other night. For one thing, the prescription was correctly filled at the pharmacy in Carson—the proper box turned up later, when the pink box with the poison capsules disappeared. Then, while looking for St. John's symptom chart in Miss Martin's room, I came across the pink box, empty."

She still leaned over the balustrade, her eyes fixed on the changing blues and whites of the sky reflected in the water below. But her fingers, which had been nervously tapping the edge of the flower-boxes, stopped suddenly, and her face was frozen and set.

"And one—might have—put the box in her room," she stammered, when the silence became oppressive.

"Not everyone would have a motive. Miss Martin is poor and middle-aged; she has thought, perhaps, that he would not live long——"

"Do you think that?" she flashed at me.

"And she knows," I went on, ignoring the interruption, "that he has left her a certain amount of money in his will. You see we have even a motive."

"A motive that would apply to me also," she said bitterly. "I am a beneficiary, to a certain extent, in Harry's will. Why don't you suspect me?"

"I would as soon suspect my mother," I said fervently.

She stood up then and, turning around, looked straight in my eyes.

"Nevertheless," she said, and the world seemed to shatter and fall to pieces under my feet. "Nevertheless, Dr. Pierce, you must not send Miss Martin away. The error—it was an error—was *mine! I* gave you the pink box instead of the yellow one!"

She moved quickly across the bridge then, and I followed her. At the end she paused again. "Don't come with me," she said half-hysterically. "Don't ask me what I was doing with the other box—don't ask me anything. But for heaven's sake don't go away, doctor; whatever happens, don't leave these unfortunate people alone."

"But you are deserting," I said. "If I promise to stay, will you?"

"I cannot!" she shuddered.

"Tell me something," I pleaded. "Let me help you, as I wanted to before. The secret is safe with me. Wouldn't it be better to let me know it, whatever it is, than to have me going blindly along, stumbling over things I cannot understand, and not knowing whom to trust or distrust?"

"I cannot tell you," she repeated, "but if you will promise to stay, I will stay, too. I—I'm not a coward, whatever you think me."

"I think you everything that is good," I said gravely, "and I want you to know that whatever in the world you ask me to do I will do it, if the doing is possible."

"You are very good," she said, with a faint smile.

Then she left me, with my heart jumping like a triphammer, and the glow of her smile tingling all over me.

CHAPTER XI

THE following day was Sunday. St. John had slept fairly well, and had been taken in a wheeled-chair to the glass-inclosed veranda which opened from his dressing-room. From here he commanded a view of the drive, as it swept around toward the stables, and I found him amusing himself by watching the horses. The coachman, dressed in livery to drive the ladies to church, was supervising the showing off of the horses below their owner's window. Grooms and stable-boys were running around, leading stocky little cobs and slim, deep-chested hunters, while now and then a pair of shining carriage horses, stepping together, their heads proudly up, went sedately down the

drive and back again. It was a sight to make a man's eyes sparkle, to watch that procession of beautiful horses, the younger ones frisking in the frosty morning air, the older ones moving with dignity, their muscles leaping into play under their polished skins.

St. John turned to me with shining eyes. "They've been my best friends," he said. "Next to my wife, almost my only friends."

We were both silent, watching the parade below. Finally the grooms led away the last horses, and the drive was deserted. St. John turned to me impulsively.

"You're keeping something from me, Pierce; I see a change in you. You're not sleeping, for one thing, and I'll venture you're not eating. What's the trouble?"

"There's nothing wrong with me," I said, trying to look unconcerned. "If I'm looking out of sorts, it's probably because I have been hunting imaginary troubles, and, not having your powers of imagination, I can't find them."

"You medical men make a specialty of covering a non-committal answer with a smother of words. Look here, Pierce, you were going to help me in this thing, and you are not doing it. You're trying to keep things from me, with a mistaken idea of shielding me, and instead, I am worrying more over the things I conjure up than I should over realities. Haven't you learned anything?"

I had foreseen this moment, when I gave my promise of secrecy about Ellis; I had feared it ever since, but now that it had come I was entirely unprepared.

"I am convinced there is a mystery," I said at last desperately, "but it seems to concern Georgia Ellis as much, or even more than your wife. I imagine that, when we have sifted the thing down, we will find less cause for anxiety than we think."

"You have learned nothing more about the man who visited the car that night?"

"Nothing," I answered truthfully enough, for while I might surmise that the man was Ellis, I had no abs proof of the fact.

"There's something else, P if ever you run across a fellow pro around the place here—a tall dark-eyed and sallow—I want yo let me know at once. It's unli but it might happen, and in su case I must know at once. If can't come, send a message."

"A tall man, sallow and dark-ey I repeated mechanically.

"Yes—you won't find m strangers around here, and he's slig stooped, so you will know him easi

It was Ellis, beyond doubt. I simulation had always been hard me, and now I found myself stamm ing like a schoolboy.

"But why—what—why should prowl around here?" I asked.

St. John twisted himself in his ch until he could face me squarely.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "th every family has some sort of skelet hanging away; it happens that have one. It is not a particular grim affair, but it is a thing I am n at liberty to mention. I can tell yo however, that the man I have de scribed is my wife's brother, and th fiancé of Georgia Ellis."

St. John's pale face seemed to grow blurred and indistinct against its pi lows. Then I pulled myself togethe and managed to find an excuse fo leaving the room.

The fiancé of Georgia Ellis! She loved him, then. She would marry him some day, and they would go away together, while—I stumbled to my room and threw myself into a chair Well, it was all over; what use was am bition now, or hard work? I didn't want to succeed; I didn't want any thing—but the girl I loved, and who belonged to another man. I sat there for an hour probably, in that condition between rage and black despair which is a man's substitute for tears. I heard the carriage start, taking the ladies to church, and watched Ellis go off for one of the long walks he took almost daily. I looked after him with a jealousy not unmixed with con-

tempt. It was a blow to my self-esteem that I was defeated by so sorry a rival, for it seemed to me a feeble and almost shameful thing to hide, as he was doing, behind the petticoats of two women, living on the bounty of a man who despised him, and trading on the sympathies of the women who loved him. I gritted my teeth at the thought; I had even some wild idea of going down to his native state and hunting up the strange "politics," even in that country of political feuds, that could compel a man to hide in the mountains of Maine. But my hands were tied. St. John relied on me, and Friday would see either the beginning of a new lease of life for him or the end of everything.

In the midst of a reverie that was becoming painful Hotchkiss knocked at the door and came in. He was plainly excited, and he went directly to the window and watched Ellis as he tramped along a footpath which led toward the hills.

"Keeps out of sight of the west windows, doesn't he?" he chuckled.

I grunted some sort of a reply. Levity seemed out of place that morning, even levity as mild as that of Hotchkiss.

"It might be a good opportunity," he said, wheeling around suddenly, "to investigate the tower room this morning?"

I was willing, but not enthusiastic; the things I did know had faded into insignificance beside the one appalling fact that I did not know. However, anything was better than inaction, so I got up and drew a long breath.

"I suppose it's the best time," I said without enthusiasm. "Have you the keys?"

"I have some skeleton keys," he said. "We can get upstairs, always providing that there are no bolts."

"Bolts?" I asked curiously. "Why bolts, which would have to be pushed from the other side?"

Hotchkiss sat down then, and pulled out his little notebook, turning over the pages rapidly.

"Now," he said, "let's go over this thing coolly. In the first place, we will grant these girls a secret, which they are doing their best to hide. They didn't want to come here, for one thing. Why? Not because Ellis was here, for he is the brother of one and the cousin of the other. If he was hiding here, alone, they would be anxious to be with him. Well, in spite of all they can do, St. John insists on coming, and comes. The night the car lies over at the sidetrack Ellis comes down to consult with his sister. She has telegraphed him that they are coming, and it is necessary to take additional steps to guard this—this secret. Now—the family arrives and all goes well. It is easy to hide things from a sick man, and you and I and the nurse are told some cock-and-bull story which we swallow as a hen does a caterpillar. But there's a hitch some place. The secret, so well concealed, has a voice, and the evening of the day you arrive there's a shriek from the tower room overhead. There's been trouble of some sort; the three conspirators hurry to the tower room and pacify the secret. Georgia hears you downstairs, and being the bravest of the three—Ellis has no nerves—she undertakes to go down and throw you off the scent. In some way Mrs. St. John's arm has been cut and the blood is on Georgia's sleeve. She tells you a brave little lie about cutting her arm with a paper-knife—and you believe it."

I had been growing more and more excited as he went on. Now, I seemed to see the whole situation in a glance.

"Then there's a fourth person!" I exclaimed. "Someone whom it is necessary to confine up there, and who may have escaped and——"

"Not too fast," he cautioned. "It's probable that there is a fourth to the trio who are, as you said before, banded together against St. John, you and myself. And I'm not prepared to say that this fourth person may not have been responsible for the attempted murder of St. John. But Georgia's attempt

to take the responsibility would look like it."

"Then there's only one solution," I said eagerly. "The man, whoever it is, who is shut in the tower room is a maniac. Nothing else would explain that inhuman shriek and the murderous impulse. Great heavens! what a risk for the women to be running. Why, it must have been an attack of some sort that injured Mrs. St. John's arm."

"There's another thing that I have not yet mentioned," he went on, again consulting his notebook. "The night your friend Dr. Carter came up—last Friday, I believe—you will remember that I arranged to find him some sort of a luncheon."

"Yes. Go on," I said impatiently.

"Well, I went back as quietly as I could to Saunders's pantry, and as I pushed open the swinging-door I almost struck Mrs. St. John. The light was on, but she seemed to have had her hand on the switch button, and, as I opened the door, she turned it out. But she was not quite quick enough, for I had time to see a tray in her hand. She passed me with some little remark, and went upstairs. Now, you know that in itself is proof of a secret with an appetite. Had she herself wanted anything to eat she'd have sent that French maid of hers down to get it. It's the first time I have ever known of her going near the kitchen."

I began to have some scruples about investigating the upper rooms. What affair of ours was it to attempt the discovery of a secret that these people were guarding so carefully? Suppose we did discover a prisoner in the upper story, what then? Could I walk down and say to the women that I had discovered their precious secret—that I had obtained by force the confidence they refused to give me?

Hotchkiss, however, had no scruples.

"It *is* our affair," he said firmly. "It is a duty to save those girls from a possibility of harm, and besides, no matter of sentiment should keep a murderous lunatic from an asylum; St. John has had one experience: you or I may be the next. They are cra these insane."

Ellis had long disappeared fr view, and time was passing. W this new view of the case, that Geo might be in danger, I was eager for search. Hotchkiss got up and sor over his skeleton keys.

"This," he said, "will open the sta case in this wing. It's not likely will get much further, but we'll what we can. Have you a revolver

I had, a 38-calibre Colt, and I sto it in my pocket. Then we we quietly out and along the corrido There was a Sunday calm all ov the house. The white-capped hous maids, who were usually polishin the floors and flourishing dusters alon the halls, had disappeared. No on saw us as we fitted the key into the white door of the staircase and turned it.

The door opened at once. Abov us stretched the stairs, gleaming and bare, while a stained-glass window a the head threw red and blue and orange shadows on the white walls. It was rather cheerful than otherwise—there were no dark, shadowy corners with possibilities lurking in them; no cobwebs, no barred windows, no hollow groans. On the contrary, as we reached the top of the flight and turned to look around us, we found a scene very similar to the one we had left. There were the same long, broad corridors with shining floors and bright rugs; there was the same beautiful woodwork, the same vista of doors. The ceilings were lower, possibly—the rugs less costly, but the impression of cheeriness and sunlight was the same.

"I forgot to say," Hotchkiss said in a low tone, "that I learned from Harry that the rooms over yours are the hospital suite. The architect provided an isolation of rooms in case of contagious disease. It includes a bedroom, dressing-room, bathroom and the tower alcove. There is a dumbwaiter, too, leading to the basement."

I nodded, and we went together toward the closed door which led from the dressing-room into the hall. It

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Hotchkiss gav
glance round—at
the stand nearby
half full of water,
pointed to the co

was locked, as was the door next, which led from the bathroom. Hotchkiss fumbled nervously with the keys, and his thin lips were quivering with suppressed excitement. He reminded me irresistibly of a fox-terrier who has chased a rat to his hole, and stands guard there, every muscle tense, and its stub of a tail quivering with excitement.

Finally I took the keys, and, after a few minutes' cautious manipulation, I succeeded in unlocking the dressing-room door. I scarcely care to repeat my sensations as I opened it, inch by inch, and looked in. I expected a rush, a shriek, perhaps a blow—anything but the silence and emptiness that greeted us.

I pushed the door entirely open before we went into the room, and our progress was slow and extremely cautious. A minute sufficed to show the emptiness of the dressing-room. Beyond its few pieces of furniture, a shaving stand, a chiffonier and a large wardrobe, it contained nothing but a chair or two. The bathroom was also empty. Here Hotchkiss pointed triumphantly to signs of recent occupancy; the soap in the nickel soap stand was soft and partly used, while a half-dozen towels lay round, incontrovertible evidence that the neat housemaids of the rest of the house had no access here.

The door from the dressing-room into the bedroom was not locked and here we exercised the greatest caution. If our theory held, the object of our search must be either in that room or in the tower alcove which opened from it. I am rather ashamed to confess that I was covered with cold perspiration when I put my hand on the knob of the door to open it. The pressure of the Colt in my pocket was comforting. I threw the door open and looked in. The bedroom, like the others, was empty.

Hotchkiss gave a comprehensive glance round—at the tumbled bed, at the stand nearby with a water bottle half full of water, and a glass, then he pointed to the corner.

There, as in the rooms below, portières hung over the entrance to the tower alcove. Convinced that the mystery, secret, whatever it might be called, lay beyond the curtains, I summoned my courage—it's a question of moral, not physical courage when you are about to face the unknown—and drew the curtains aside.

We faced, not the circular alcove with small, high windows that we had expected to find, but instead a heavy door, closed and locked.

Hotchkiss stooped down and examined the fastening. It was a square bronze plate, very heavy and without a keyhole, while a very small knob, perhaps an inch and a half across, proved its nature. Hotchkiss turned it once and listened to the click. With all my experience in such matters, I knew it to be a combination lock. The room in the tower was as safe from intrusion as a banking vault, and the mystery was as far from solution as ever.

There was no sound from beyond the heavy door, and we tiptoed out and locked the door behind us. Then we went softly down the stairs again and into my apartments below.

For an hour we discussed the various aspects of the case. Whatever doubt there might have been before, there seemed room for none now. There was a prisoner in the tower room, a prisoner who was restrained by force; more than that we knew nothing. And as we talked we realized that there were some things still unexplained. How had the prisoner succeeded in obtaining the poison, and how succeeded in exchanging the pink for the yellow box?

CHAPTER XII

Ellis came back late in the afternoon. I chanced to meet him on the stairs, and was shocked by the change in his appearance. I had little reason to like him, but his ghastly face aroused my professional interest.

"What's wrong, Ellis?" I asked as

he tried to brush past me. "Are you ill, or have you had bad news?"

"It's a combination of both," he said, avoiding my eyes, "only I'm not ill; I'm simply worn out."

I let him pass me then, and went on down the stairs, but was certain I heard him go to the locked staircase, and later I had proof of it. He did not appear at dinner, and when I mentioned his altered appearance I intercepted a quick exchange of glances between Georgia Ellis and her cousin—glances full of consternation and dismay. If Hotchkiss noticed anything, he did not say. He went on at length with the life history of a small, green snake that he had once hatched in a chicken incubator, and which he declared had learned to beg for food, and dinner passed off rather well.

Hotchkiss and I took our afternoon smoke in the billiard-room, he, in his characteristic fashion, pacing up and down with his hands behind him, while I aimlessly knocked the balls about and chewed at the end of my unlighted cigar. After a while I stopped, and going over to the fireplace, broached the subject that was never out of my mind.

"I have just learned," I said, with what I considered a fine assumption of indifference, "that Miss Georgia is engaged to Ellis. Did you know it?"

"Bless my soul, no!" he said. "Why, I—you will excuse an old man, Pierce, and it's none of my business, but I had an idea that you and Georgia had fixed things up between you."

"Well, you were wrong," I said gruffly. Then, half-ashamed of my humor, I went on more civilly: "For one thing, I'm not an eligible in any sense; I've nothing but my profession, no money——"

"Neither has he," interrupted Hotchkiss, "and no profession, either. Lives on his sister's bounty. I'll be blessed if I can understand women."

"He's a handsome devil, too," I went on, touching on that delicate topic of appearance which we all profess to scorn. Hotchkiss started to interrupt me again, but I hurried on. "Anyhow, it isn't a question of either money or looks; the girl loves him. You deny it," I challenged him. "I how often they are together; to see is to see the other. They drive, read——"

"Nonsense," said Hotchkiss. "I have the tie of a common interest common secret—that's all. I tell if I was a young fellow and in love wouldn't want to see contempt in girl's eyes, and there's contempt the most of the time."

The door into the hall opened to mit Saunders and closed behind him He was looking at Hotchkiss and noticed that his face was as white his spotless shirt-front.

"We've heard them again, sir," said, half-leaning against the do "They're worse than usual, and the that minds the furnaces has fainted away, sir."

Hotchkiss threw away the end of stogie—he smoked Pittsburg stogies and the very smell made my hair rise and started for the door.

"Come on, Pierce," he called over his shoulder. "We are going settle the Laurelcrest ghost."

He was manifestly excited. There was a new erectness in his narrow shoulders, a triumphant inflection his voice, and with the prospect of action my spirits lightened. Saunders led the way to the back of the house and we followed close on his heels. Through the breakfast-room, past the servants' dining-room, and back to the big tiled kitchen, where a dozen of the house servants were gathered in a subdued, whispering crowd. Every light was turned on—the room was as bright as daylight, and a copper kettle hummed cheerfully on the big range which filled one side of the room. But the atmosphere was tense with horror, and there was fear, the awful, wide-eyed fear of the unknown, on every face.

On the floor in the centre of the room lay the grimy figure of the furnace boy, a lad of about nineteen, now partly conscious, but refusing to get up, and lying crouched there in abject terror. I bent over him and felt his pulse, which was galloping furiously.

"He's been that way since he came up," said the cook, a slim little woman. "He just fell through that door there and rolled over on the floor. Once before he came up that way, yelling that there were ghosts in the cellar, and I ain't been down there since."

The crowd huddled closer together, and one of the housemaids began to whimper. Hotchkiss went to the door the cook indicated, and slipped back the bolt. Quick as thought Saunders was before him, his hand on the knob.

"For God's sake, don't go down, Mr. Hotchkiss!" he said shakenly. "There's something wrong, sir. The house is haunted; the doctor can tell you about the shriek we heard one night, and there's something moaning now, in the cellar, under the east wing."

"I hope there is," said Hotchkiss cheerfully. "Come on, Pierce. Is it lighted down there, Saunders?"

Saunders muttered something which we construed as yes, and throwing open the door, Hotchkiss was about to lead the way down.

I stepped ahead of him, however, with the feeling that however ghostly the sounds might be, there was a chance that physical strength would be needed, and that my bulk was better fitted to meet a sudden onslaught than Hotchkiss's slender frame. Hotchkiss turned at the door to the open-eyed crowd behind us.

"Not a word of this," he said threateningly. "Get about your business, all of you. Turn out some of these lights and go back to your rooms—play cards, anything—say your prayers if you want to, but not a word of this upstairs. Saunders, will you come down, or will you wait here?"

Saunders hesitated between Hotchkiss's scornful smile and the shadows of the basement stairs. Then he gulped once or twice.

"I think I'll not go, Mr. Hotchkiss," he said weakly; "my nerves are bad, and I'd be no use, sir."

We started down alone, then, and smiled as we reached the foot of the stairs to hear the door softly closed behind us. Cut off suddenly from even the feeble support of the kitchen, the situation was decidedly eerie. The cellars dimly lighted, white-walled, stretched around us in a decreasing perspective of lights and black shadows; our steps echoed hollowly on the cement flooring, and from some place in the distance came the muffled whir of the machinery in the engine-room. We went there first, skirting around the dynamos which lighted the house, peering back of the big engine which chilled the refrigerating-room, and then, beyond, to where the big force pump, gleaming with brass and dripping, with oil, sent water up through the house. There was no one around. The old Scotchman who tended the engines was upstairs with the rest of the terrified household, and we went on alone, through the laundry and the big drying-rooms; through the big empty space reserved for the unbuilt swimming pool, and into the unused places beyond, where our footsteps sounded hollow in the emptiness and where only an occasional light here and there accentuated the shadows. We were in the room under the east wing, and were about to give up and go back, when we heard a sound. It was inarticulate at first, growing louder gradually, until it sounded like a muffled human voice, and ending with a wail that faded slowly, slowly into a quivering silence, and left our nerves throbbing with its acute anguish.

"Great heavens!" I gasped. "Where was that?"

Hotchkiss pulled himself together with an effort, and stared around him. The sound had been followed by a silence which to our strained ears was pregnant with possibilities. The rhythmic beat of the engines sounded faintly in the distance, but around us was gloom and quiet, and I could hear the blood rushing through my ear drums.

"There's somebody hiding around here," said Hotchkiss, his voice sounding sepulchral in the silence. "Where there's a voice there's a throat to pro-

duce it, that's certain." He began to move cautiously around the walls and I followed him. Together we examined every corner without result. Then Hotchkiss stopped and looked round.

"This must be under the hall," he said thoughtfully, "and the dark corner there is beneath the tower. By Jove," excitedly, "I know the whole thing now. Have you matches?"

I had half a dozen or so, and with the aid of one, carefully shielded with his hand, we groped our way into the gloomy recess he had pointed out. It was as he had surmised; the semi-circular wall showed that it lay beneath the tower, and with his unoccupied hand Hotchkiss pointed to a small doorway in the stone.

"The dumb-waiter to the hospital suite," he whispered. "Listen."

The match flickered and went out, and as I fumbled for another a laugh issued from the partly open door. A horrible maniacal laugh that seemed to come from the obscurity around us, and that froze the blood in my veins. Then silence again.

I think I should have run had not Hotchkiss found an electric lamp near and turned the switch. In the light that followed we were ready to face anything, and we waited expectantly, close by the door of the shaft, for a repetition of the sounds. But none came. After perhaps thirty minutes of tension I sat down on the cold floor and tried to make myself comfortable while Hotchkiss took out his notebook and made methodical entries.

An hour went by, two hours, and not a sound from the tower room had come down the shaft. Hotchkiss had brought a chair from the engine-room and dozed comfortably, waking up now and then when his head dropped with a jerk, then dropping off again. I got stiff after a time, and tried walking up and down for a change, always, however, with an eye and an ear for the little door in the wall.

I thought over a good many things in that long vigil; of the difference between myself as I had left the hospital a few days before, and the G Pierce of the present, wildly in with a girl who loved another conspiring against her for the disc of a secret she was helping to g busying myself, in other words, other people's affairs; not even em frank with St. John, who trusted and assisting in his deception of wife as I assisted her in deceiving Truly it was not an enviable posi and with St. John's operation appro ing and the discovery, which seem imminent, of a murderous ma in the tower room, I began to feel the position was scarcely bearable.

It was about midnight when Hot kiss roused himself and got up yawn

"Our friend has gone to sleep," said, nodding toward the closed do "I'm going upstairs to see if there light in the tower windows, and to a book. Then you can doze and take my turn at watching."

I sank into his chair and watch his disappearing frame as he we toward the stairs, then, with my le stretched out and my hands in pockets, I went on with my usual flections. Suppose the operation w a success and St. John began to g around again? What would become Ellis? What would they all do wi the prisoner in the tower room What would I do if this unknown should attack and injure Georgia Ellis

A slight sound attracted my atten tion. It was a scraping like the heel a boot on a board, and at first I coul not locate it. Then, all at once, I knew. It came from the shaft of the dumb-waiter, and even as the con viction forced itself on me I saw the handle of the door turn and open about an inch.

I raised in my chair and leaned forward, ready to spring. My heart seemed to have stopped and every nerve centered in one ominous object— that slowly opening door. And then the lights went out. Not gradually, but suddenly, leaving me in utter blackness, my eyes straining, my tongue dry, my hands clutched and tingling. There was perfect silence—

then a sudden shriek close by me. I think I shrieked, too. Then there was a rush, a wave of air as a body ran past me, a far-off moaning call, and silence.

And I sat in that black darkness, unable to find my way out, with that awful shriek ringing in my ears, with flashes of light streaking the darkness to my overstrained eyes, while I shivered with the cold terror of the unknown.

November

BY FLORENCE A. JONES

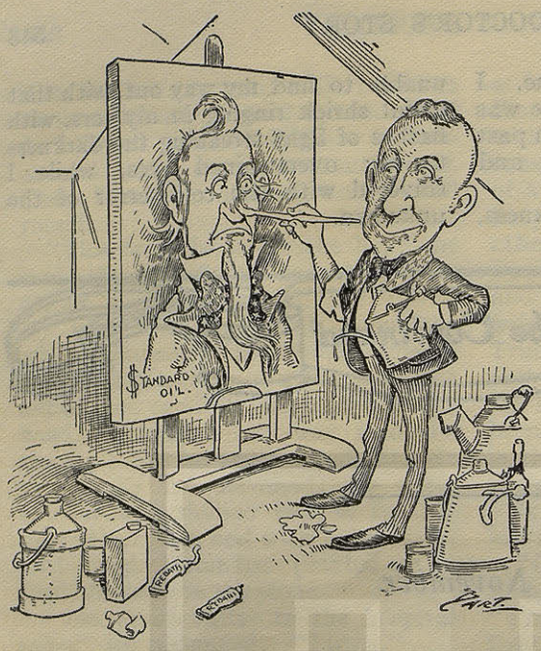
BARE boughs and stormy, wind-swept skies,
A red trail blazed across the West—
Sure promise when the daylight dies,
Of snowflakes on an empty nest.

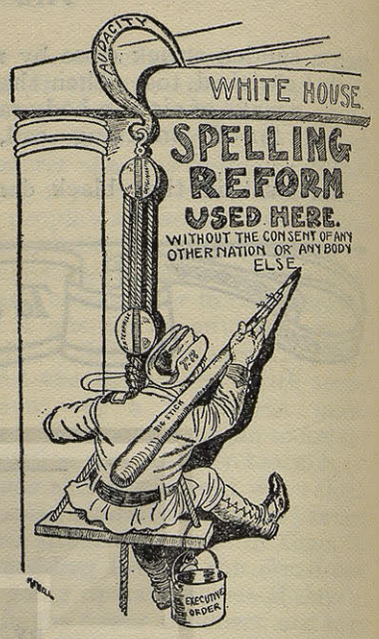
Hung on the far horizon's rim,
Above the distant wooded height,
Just as the last red bar grows dim
A red star gleams out on the night.

Ah, heart, what tho' the day must die?
And what bare boughs and empty nest,
And what a gray November sky
If one red star shine in the West?

A Reasonable Fee

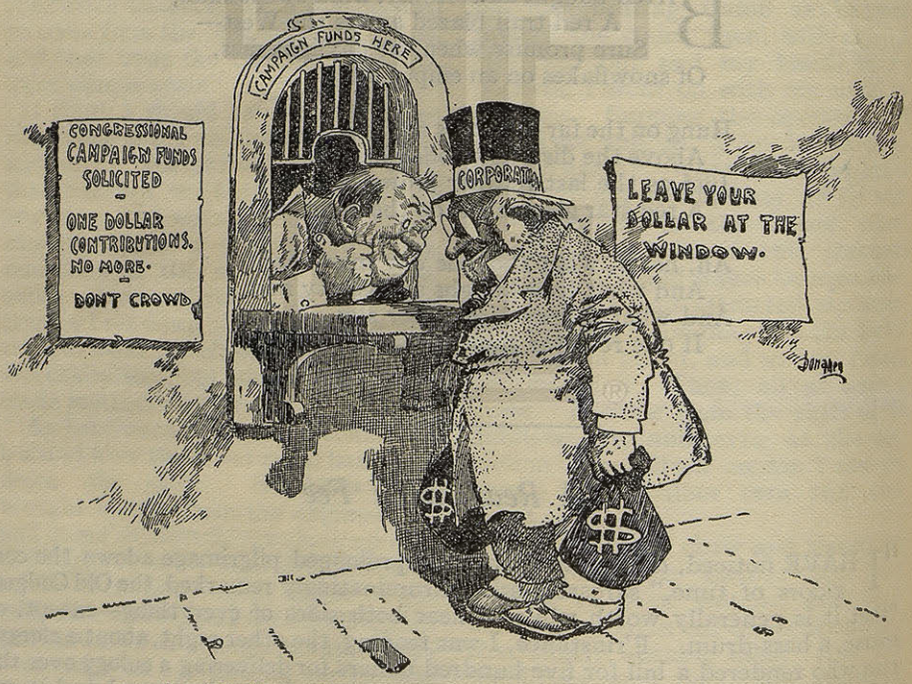
"I HAVE noticed, during my somewhat prolonged pilgrimage adown the corridors of time," sarcastipessimistiruminatingly remarked the Old Codger, "that it is generally worth while to hear both sides of everything—except, of course, a bass-drum. F'rinstance, I was reading, the other night, about a clergyman who rendered a bill for five hundred dollars for delivering a eulogy over the remains of a prominent citizen. I bucked and faunched quite a good deal in my righteous indignation, until I read onward and discovered that the late lamented had been a United States senator. Then I thought to myself that that was a little enough price for the laceration of the preacher's conscience."



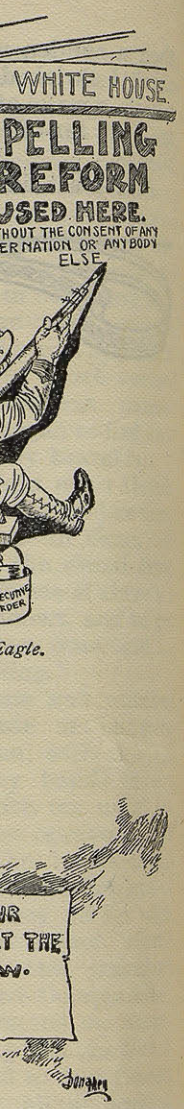


Portrait in Oils by an Old Master
It is reported that Uncle Sam has been done in oil by Mr. Rockefeller.
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal.

Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.



Man at the Window: "'Scuse me, you'll have to go round to the back door."
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



An Attic Populist

BY ERNEST HOLLENBECK

ONCE more in the evolution of man is that Divine Tragedy, The Birth of Liberty, being enacted. This time Russia is the stage, her people the dramatic stars, the world a rapt spectator. May Liberty, child of the spirit of discontent, born in a nation's agony, christened with the sacrificial blood of martyrs, survive the dread ordeal!

The history of great constitutional revolutions has not always been written thus in blood. Roll back the tide twenty-five centuries and we find the conditions of ancient Attica quite similar to those of Russia in the last century. By the beneficent genius of one man a constitutional reform was introduced whose power for good is the leaven of political freedom in this lumpish world.

By the unwritten constitution of Attica, her people were divided in four tribes, each tribe tracing its lineage back to a common ancestral god. Emerging thus from the mists of legend, history finds the family as the unit of social, religious and political life. Families were united in *gens*, which were in turn combined in *phratries*, thirty families in a gens, three *gens* to each phratry.

These gens and phratries bound the people in social and religious ties, which found expression in ceremonial rites and social festivals that had their origin in the cradle of the race beyond the barriers of primal myths.

Their early political organization comprised a union of heads of families in *naukraries* which were combined into *frittyes*. Each naukrary levied and distributed public funds and furnished its quota of men and materials for war. Half a century later this ancient constitution was subverted and Attica territorially divided into *demes* (from *demos*, people, country, from which we derive "democracy" and "democrat"), to which our townships are lineal descendants. The popular assemblages of Greece were the source of our township annual meetings.

It will be seen this political organization of ancient Attica was for state purposes, while the union of homes and hearths in gens and phratries was for religious purposes in honor of a common ancestral god; for mutual aid and defense; for common burial rites and cemeteries; for rights of marriage, and for community of property in certain cases. Each family had its religious and funeral rites in which only the family might participate. Festivals in honor of the gods were insistent, and religion was interwoven with their lives at all hours and on all occasions.

In ancient days the tribes were ruled by kings whose names and deeds have well-nigh all perished from tradition. Then came arkons for life as chief rulers, succeeded by arkons for ten years, of whom there were seven. Then the number was increased to nine and the term of tenure limited to a year. These mighty political evolutions occurred during a century and a half of historical twilight, between the night of myth and the day dawn of Attic history, B.C. 683. A history written in red upon the spirits and intellects of the human race.

Out of this chaos of war and rapine, gods and heroes, of men arrogating to themselves undue portions of the rewards of life because of their divine ancestry, loom up the giant forms of

capitalist and proletarian, distorted as by some mirage of history. The capitalist is seen making the laws, enforcing the laws, executing the proletariat for petty crimes, selling him, his wife, his daughters, aye! and his sisters also, for his paltry debt. Selling him to direst slavery, his female kin to the most degrading servitude, and worse!

The theory of the unwritten law was that lesser offenses deserved death, and no more severe penalty could be meted out to greater crimes. The six petty arkons sitting as courts of examination, or trial for petty misdeeds, and the three chief arkons sitting as courts of high jurisdiction, enforced laws and penalties with rigor, and even the supreme court, the Senate of the Areopagus, could enforce no less penalty for homicide of any degree than death or exile and confiscation.

Under the laws of Draco, the first to be committed to writing, these harsh laws were to some extent modified. As men emerged from the larval stage of liberty, these social and political penalties became so intolerable that the poorer classes of the population mutinied.

The lands were mostly owned by the rich and farmed by the slaves, or by the poor on shares. Small landholders were almost universally oppressed by mortgages, the sign of which was a stone pillar on the land, inscribed with the amount and lender's name. Even the free laborers and artisans were rapidly falling into the clutches of the sharpers to be eventually sold as slaves with their families and immediate female relatives.

These conditions paralleled those of France before the Revolution; of Russia today; of the United States in the trust-conquering future. France baptized Liberty in bluest blood. Russia is in the throes. Will Russian freedom perish ere her birth? Will our Liberty die of the assassin's thrust? Perhaps the man for the hour will rise even as Solon rose for Attica.

Solon, aristocrat of the most aristocratic Eupatrids, having acquired great prominence, was called upon to avert the common danger. Given sole power, he endeavored, honestly, to reform abuses instead of making himself despot, as was hoped by the rich.

The most urgent need was relief for the poor debtors. Solon at once canceled all contracts in which the debtor had borrowed money on the security of his land or body. He provided funds to redeem the financial slaves from foreign bondage and bring these exiles home. He forever forbade the pledging of the body of the debtor and the sale of citizens for debt. This gave great relief to the small debtors and may well be contrasted with the far-reaching and disastrous results of the decision of Chief Justice Marshall on the inviolability of contracts, as set forth in the Dartmouth College case (see "Monarchy Within the Republic," WATSON'S, July, August, September and October, 1905).

Though this relieved the host of small debtors, it threw added burdens on the debtor class next higher by destroying their sources of revenue. To relieve these debtors he recoined silver and debased it so that 100 drachmas contained no more silver than 73 drachmas of the old coinage.

In 1896 we heard the echoes of those old-time money monopolists shouting "Calamity Howler!" "Fifty-cent Dollar!"

Fortunately there were no newspapers in those days to augment ill-will—only orators, and pre-incarnate Bourke Cockrans demagoging first on one side, then on the other, according to the pay accorded a soldier of fortune.

The debased coinage threw off 27 per cent. of the burden and entailed that amount of loss on the class of ultimate and richest creditors, much to their discontent at first. Subsequently, they rejoiced with the others, for prosperity came to all.

This revolution was quite unlike that of our day in which the immemorial silver standard was subverted by gold, in the interests of the creditor class and fixed incomes. But the results are remarkably coincident, for,

as the debased coinage of Solon resulted in relief to debtors, so the intense activity in gold mining and production stimulated by the gold standard has resulted in an enormous outflow of gold, far surpassing the yield of both precious metals a decade ago. This enormous inflation of metallic currency has resulted in exactly the conditions feared by the gold advocates, if silver were not excluded from the mints. The price of money is cheapened, as shown in the rising cost of labor and the commodities of life by 50 per cent. in recent years. The fixed-income people are being enslaved by their sceptre of gold! And the vast golden veins and arteries of the Andes still unbled! It is a question of years only when high finance will demand closure of the world's mints to gold. Then you'll see the banker greenbacker with a paper standard and his hand in control of the press lever!

Other "anarchist" measures of Solon were dividing the people into four classes in respect to property and income. The first class with incomes of 500 drachmas or over; the second with 300 to 500; the third with 200 to 300, and the fourth with less than 200 drachmas income, by far the greatest numerically. The first three classes were subject to direct tax; the fourth only to indirect tax, of which duties on imports was chief. The first historical graduated income tax!

Under the Solonian constitution the arkons were elected by the fourth class from candidates belonging in the first class. They were liable to review and censure in the popular assembly of the fourth class after their term of office had expired. A feature that might well be introduced in our polity. Just imagine a mass meeting of New Yorkers sitting as a court of review on Depew and Platt! Think of some of our M. C.'s defending their action in a popular assemblage acting and voting as a court!

Solon constituted a preconsidering Senate of 400 to formulate measures to be considered in the popular assembly and with other powers. This probouleutic Senate and popular assembly is in fact the first recorded application of the initiative, referendum and imperative mandate.

Solon prohibited export of agricultural products and built up a home market by encouraging artisans and manufacturers. He regulated marriages and funerals, wills and descent of property. He was the first great emancipator, ranking with Lincoln, Alexander II of Russia, and Dom Pedro of Brazil. He forbade selling female relatives and punished offenses against the integrity of women. He extended the right of suffrage, prohibited slander and evil speech against the dead. He modified the rigor of exacting laws and severely denounced neutrality in civil strife.

Individualism, inherent in the Greek race, received its highest development in Attica under Solon, its prophet-priest.

Philosophic individualism is an ideal condition of society in which the individual knows the right, thinks right, wills right, acts right for right's sake, fearing no punishment, hoping no reward. Obeying only the laws of The Good, The Beautiful, The True.

Democracy is a practical application of Individualism as modified by human ignorance, hopes, fears, passions and aspirations. Solon and the Attic constitution are but the day dawn of Democracy, for which Populism is but a synonym.

The demands of Populism today are the voices of the past ringing down the corridors of time, so far do human efforts lag behind the footsteps of fleeting centuries.

It may be news to many of that mighty host of millions who followed silver to defeat in our day that two thousand five hundred years ago a mighty campaign was fought along similar lines to a peaceful finish, and that even the rich and creditors came to admit its beneficent results. Yet so it was, and the result of the Solonian laws, canceled debts, free silver and 27 per cent. debasement, greater power for the common people in elections

and assemblies, resulted in peace, prosperity and an upward march toward a grandeur in art, intellect, democracy and power.

A volcanic eruption of human rights whose force was felt through the ages in Greece, Rome, Venice, Germany, England, America and France, wherever the classic literature and political philosophy of Greece was taught in school or cloister cell.

The genius and probity of Solon have permeated all Occidental civilizations to this day, a power for right.

Could one believe in the transmigration and reincarnation of souls, it were easy to conceive a Rienzi, a Luther, a Cromwell or Pitt, a Danton, a Patrick Henry or Count Tolstoy, as some ancient Populist of the Solonian era, thundering at the despotisms of wealth and power. One might even conceive a Watson, a Bryan, a Teller and a Stewart, fighting a losing battle for silver, as they fought a winning fight for silver in the long ago. Each and all giving freely of life, time, talent and strength to press the car of Freedom to its shining goal.

Let us trust that Russia may clasp the ikon of hope and justice, not with crimsoned hands, and guided by some Solon of today, rise to realms of liberty among the morning stars!

Life

BY Z. S. HEMENWAY

A STRIP of earth for thorn and flower growing,
A glimpse of heav'n afar
O'ercast by clouds with rainbow colors glowing;
A night, a grave, a Star.

Consolation

"I YEAHS 'em specify, fum time to time," ruminatingly remarked old Brother Medlicott, with sage waggings of his nappy head, "dat yo' kin find a bright side to everything if yo' will only look keerful enough. And, uh-'zaminin' the prognostication fum dis point and de tudder, it 'pears to me like dar mought be suthin' to it. F'instance, now, sah, in de little matter of gwine to hell, if yo' *has* to go dar; for one thing, yo' don't need to be uh-skeered to death de whole time about bein' burnt out in de night, and den ag'in, nobody will keep uh-pickin' and uh-pesterin' at yo' to refawm yo' ways or yo' will sho'ly go down to de Bad Place, bein' as dar ain't no udder location, bless goodness, whuh yo' kin possibly backslide to and fall intuh—uh-kase, sah, yo' am right dar on de flat bottom and kain't go no deeper, no way yo' kin fix it!—nussah!"

The Happy Family

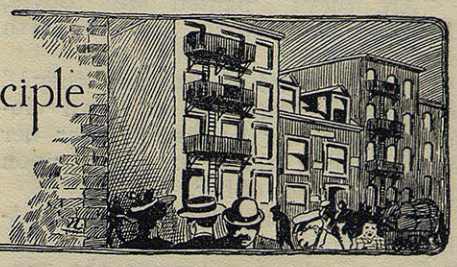
MR. SCRAPPINGTON—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON—No such thing! If it wasn't for you there would never be any quarrels in this family.

A Great Human Principle

BY

CHARLES FORT



A THREE-STORY frame house. An old yellow house. Clapboards patched here and there and the patches painted when put up, so that the front of the house was tessellated with squares, some vivid, some dull, some of almost obliterated yellow paint. Brick sidewalk and a paling fence between it and the house. Worn-out grass behind the fence, and creeping out in tufts between bricks. Weather-worn shutters, some open, and some tied shut with dangling pieces of clothes-line. Tenement region of New York.

On the top floor lived the Boyles; second floor, Mrs. Cassidy; first floor, Mrs. Ryan—no polyglot house here, you see; not a Schwartzenheimer nor a Tortolini in it, but straight Boyle, Cassidy, and Ryan from top to bottom.

Top floor. Early in the morning. Mr. Boyle had gone to his hodcarrying, but Mr. McGovern, the boarder, who worked for Stolliger, the plumber, was waiting for his breakfast. Miss Boyle, a large, panting person, with the profile of an overfed Roman Emperor, was preparing breakfast. And Mr. McGovern was not beautiful: in his boyhood he had been a jockey, and the print of a horseshoe ran along one cheek to his nose. If you should not be well acquainted with Mr. McGovern, it would be almost impossible to have him say a word to you, but let him become acquainted and feel himself at home and his diffidence would be less marked. He was "good," the neighbors would tell you. "As quiet and decent a man as you'd care to meet," they'd tell you.

In the Boyles' kitchen. An undulating floor, for the old house had settled; stove that inclined so that when one part of a frying-pan was full of lard the other part was dry and smoking; green-painted walls with stovepipe holes in them, and the holes stopped with green-painted beer-can covers; bare floor with loose boards that squeaked and rattled when trodden on. With a spade and a pickaxe and a crowbar on his knees, Mr. McGovern sat at the table, which had a newspaper on it for a tablecloth, fretting because breakfast was not ready.

"Too bad about you!" said Miss Boyle.

She boiled coffee, and boiled half a dozen eggs in the coffee, which is a very good way to economize with the fuel. Half-a-dozen eggs, in a bowl, set before Mr. McGovern, who rested his elbows on the tools on his knees, and tapped an eggshell.

"I hope they'll suit you!" said Miss Boyle. "I hope we can have one breakfast that'll suit you!"

Mr. McGovern cracking an egg. "They're too soft," complained Mr. McGovern.

"Are they?" Miss Boyle snatching the bowl with five eggs in it. And right at his forehead she threw an egg. A splashing and a dripping of yellow down Mr. McGovern's astonished countenance!

"Are they?" panted Miss Boyle. An egg to an eyebrow.

"Minnie Boyle, me curse on you!" said unfortunate Mr. McGovern, sitting still, too astonished to dodge a third egg, which burst on his nose and dripped beautiful golden nuggets down his collar.

"Are they?" panted Miss Boyle, throwing the fourth and the fifth eggs.

"There, now! Now, are they?" she panted. And she sat down violently, throwing her apron over her head, wailing aloud her views upon his ill-treatment of her.

Mr. McGovern's yellow lips alternating in rolling between his teeth. Mr. McGovern glancing toward the window; but he was a man of self-control and did not throw her out; besides she was too heavy.

"Minnie Boyle, me curse on you!" repeated Mr. McGovern. Then he rose from the table, tools hugged under one arm, and felt his way to the door, and seeing yellow, went down yellow stairs to a yellow sink, where Mrs. Cassidy was filling a pail.

"Honor of Gawd, Mr. McGovern, what's happened to you?" said Mrs. Cassidy.

"'Tis Minnie Boyle has me in this deplorable condition!" said Mr. McGovern, feeling for the faucet. "Me curse on her!"

"Ah, no, Mr. McGovern, I'd not say that! There's not a day's luck for them that calls down curses. But, in the name of the Lord, and the good, decent man I always found you, what did you do to her?"

"He's an old crank!" wailed Miss Boyle, still sobbing with his ill-treatment of her.

"Ah, hush, you, Minnie Boyle! And you, Mr. McGovern, would you come down to my kitchen and I'll have the soap and water on you." She was a red-cheeked woman of fifty; expressionless face, bright eyes that stared at the floor and head that bobbed at the floor when she spoke.

Mr. McGovern attenuating egg yolk with handfuls of water, but still dripping yellow, following her to the kitchen; pickaxe, spade and crowbar thumping with him, down the stairs.

"Didn't my two eyes tell me it I'd never believe it of Minnie Boyle!" said the widow. "Ah, but you must have plagued her in some way. Ah, but 'tis no way to treat any decent man." And she was taking his coat off. And she cleaned the coat, and, having an iron on, she pressed it for him.

Mr. McGovern standing very stiff, still biting first one lip and then the other, his eyes rolling wildly. "Have you a room idle, Mrs. Cassidy?" he asked.

"I have not a room," said Mrs. Cassidy. "I have the half of a room, which is my front room, which I let out to two gentlemen, which the half of it is now occupied by Mr. Matthews, and the two beds in it. But sure, I'd not take a boarder away from a neighbor, and Minnie Boyle'll be the first to tell you her sorrow at mistreating you so."

"Was it to save me," said Mr. McGovern solemnly, but lifting his hand so high that there was a marked hiatus between his vest and his trousers, "another night I'll not pass beneath her roof!"

"Well, then, I have the half of a room," said Mrs. Cassidy, "if you would submit to share it with Mr. Matthews, who is a very sedate and respectable gentleman."

"I will that!" said Mr. McGovern.

"Then sit you down and have a bite to eat and a sup of coffee, before you go to your day's labor."

And that is how Mr. McGovern became Mrs. Cassidy's boarder.

But there was trouble, later in the morning. Miss Boyle had been robbed of her boarder; and Miss Boyle gasped and panted with indignation, as she thought of the widow's unneighborly conduct. Miss Boyle coming down the stairs, silent until passing Mrs. Cassidy's door. Then:

"It'll be the sorry day for some people when they interfered with their neighbors! It's a true saying you don't know who your friends are, and can't trust nobody nowadays." Miss Boyle to the front stoop, and turning around to go back to her top floor. Silence from her until passing the widow's door, and then:

"If some people would mind their own affairs, 'twould be the better for

them, and I'd be long sorry to do some of the things I see did all around me."

"What do you mean, Miss Boyle?—and I'd not call you Minnie—" Mrs. Cassidy's door opening; Mrs. Cassidy, with bright eyes in her dull face, staring at the stairs, her head bobbing at the stairs. "If you're looking to stir up trouble, Miss Boyle, you've come to the wrong quarters."

"I wasn't mentioning no names," panted Miss Boyle. "Let them it fits take it to themselves if they want to."

Screech from the first-floor tenant: "Minnie Boyle's a common disturber! Don't you mind her, Mrs. Cassidy. She's been run out of three houses as a common disturber."

"Where's your old man today, Mrs. Ryan?" a panting jeer from Miss Boyle. "Think where your old man is and then keep pretty quiet and don't open your mouth to others."

Loud slamming of first, second and third-floor doors! Miss Boyle standing close to her back window and jeering out at the first-floor tenant; Mrs. Ryan, with her head out her window, shrieking up frantically; Mrs. Cassidy staring at a backyard clothes-pole, chanting monotonously.

An old man appearing at a window of the house opposite.

All three ladies expressing their bitterness and hatred.

Old man tucking a fiddle under his chin and playing.

Sudden lull in the warfare; desultory attacks, then angry accusations ceasing.

Mrs. Ryan seizing a broom and waltzing around her kitchen with it; Mrs. Cassidy, her dull face very serious, starting a solemn jig; Miss Boyle clapping her hands and her massive body swaying.

For the old fiddler was playing, as he often played, when there was trouble in the neighborhood, "Praties and fishes is very good dishes!" Whole neighborhood in terpsichorean ecstasy! Ah, 'tis a rousing old tune indeed! Indeed and it is that! "St. Patrick's Day in the morning!" And Miss Boyle and Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Ryan are very good friends again—and if a bit of the drop then came in to be shared among the three of them, why, sure, that is nobody's business!

But, though Miss Boyle seemed reconciled to the loss of a boarder—"Old crank and good riddance to him!"—Mr. Matthews took most unkindly to the acquisition of a boarder.

Mr. Matthews coming home to dinner and learning that he was to have a roommate. "'Tis Mr. McGovern, from upstairs, and not like a stranger brought in to you," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Quiet, decent man that he is, and never a word from him and scarce open his lips to bid the time of day to you."

Mr. Matthews, in white overalls, his face spattered with white, was a whitewasher; a man of fifty; wore a shabby suit of clothes, when not in white, but wore shirts that were broadly and glaringly pink-striped. He brushed his hat and shined his shoes; he was shabby and was fifty, but had not given up all interest in his appearance. His nose was rather ruddy and bumpy, but once it had been of strong, straight mold, and Mr. Matthews was still good-looking; an affable, jaunty, verbose man.

"Him!" said Mr. Matthews, not at all affably. "You got him here?"

"Yes," said the widow, "but what of it? You say 'him' in such a funny way. Do you know aught against him?"

"Perhaps I do and perhaps I don't—" began Mr. Matthews.

But steps on the stairs! Steps passing the door and going halfway to the floor above. For Mr. McGovern was a creature of habit, and, even with his mind occupied with the morning's sad occurence, he went halfway up the stairs he vowed he never should tread again. Mr. McGovern hurriedly descending to the second-floor kitchen. And great affability from Mr. Matthews!

"So you're now one of us, Mr. McGovern? That's good, and I'm glad to share my room with you, and you must make yourself right at home here. Take your coat off, now, and be

comfortable." Mr. McGovern feeling not at all at home; Mr. Matthews feeling so thoroughly at home that his manner was decidedly proprietary. "If you'll just sit over here, where you'll be out of the way, Mr. McGovern!" and Mr. Matthews helped prepare supper. Went down to the sink and filled the kettle; cleared off the kitchen table; then kicked off his shoes and stepped into slippers. Mr. Matthews was very much at home, but Mr. McGovern was a stranger, silent, awkward and self-effacing. Table set, and, from Mr. Matthews:

"Draw up and be one of us, Mr. McGovern! Well, how's the day gone with you?"

"That's right!" said the widow. "Let the both of you chat; I do like a little chatting about me."

"Much like any other day," was Mr. McGovern's answer; knees wriggling and shoulders wriggling.

"I like to hear you chat, because then I don't so much miss the bit of a store I used to have," said Mrs. Cassidy.

"Did you?" Mr. McGovern interested so that he ceased wriggling. "That's what I always been wanting to go into and been laying by a little for."

Mr. Matthews noting this interest and saying hurriedly, "Oh, well, stores is pretty dull talking."

"Oh, no, but go on and chat!" begged Mrs. Cassidy. "I do miss my store, I do! When I had the store there was chatting all day long, what with customers and other storekeepers coming in. I do so miss the chatting of it!"

Miss Boyle thumping down the stairs; pausing on the landing and looking into the kitchen. Into the kitchen came Miss Boyle, and sat in a rocking-chair. Very hard did the lady try to seem unconscious of her lost boarder; with her left and right hands up right and left sleeves, she patted her huge arms and tried to glance about casually, but the lost boarder fascinated her. "Old crank!" Miss Boyle panted amiably. Mr. McGovern bending low over a pork chop.

Mrs. Ryan scurrying up the stairs; for in this meeting of former landlady with ex-boarder there might be something worth hearing. On Mrs. Ryan's long, sharp nose were spectacles that made her a person of most uncanny appearance. For the spectacles were of magnifying power so great that when turned full upon one the lady's eyes were increased to the size of plums.

"How's your husband getting along?" asked Miss Boyle, striving to resist the fascination of her lost boarder.

"Oh, fine!" from enthusiastic Mrs. Ryan, turning eyes like nightmare eyes upon Mrs. Boyle. "They've promoted him twice since he's been there. Oh, yes, I'm proud of the success he's making. His behavior would carry him anywheres. Lew always was a superior man and got his superiority recognized."

Widow clearing away supper dishes, at which Mr. McGovern gazed, as he twitched and shifted and wriggled. "So your husband is getting along all right then, Mrs. Ryan?"

"Fine!" cried enthusiastic Mrs. Ryan. "They say they never had anybody like him. It isn't everybody could advance themselves like he does. From the very first day they took notice of how superior he was."

"When does he get out?" asked Miss Boyle.

"Why, half of his six months is up already. Yes," proudly, "they've promoted him twice, and now he's a trusty in the Harlem Police Court and only in his cell night-times, when he goes back to the Island. Lew always was a ambitious man and'd make his mark anywheres."

But Miss Boyle could no longer sustain the effort of her resisting. "Well, Mr. McGovern, how is your supper digesting? I don't hear you making no complaints here, like there always was for my cooking. Just wait till the strangeness wears off and Mrs. Cassidy won't be so taken with you!"

"Excuse yourself, Miss Boyle!" widow chanting and staring, "but I'm not