taken by no man and once was enough for me. I 'tend to my business and cook for my boarders and try to make it homelike for them."

"Please be kind enough to excuse your own self, Mrs. Cassidy! I wasn't passing no remarks, and you don't take me up right. I'm sure you're welcome to Mr. McGovern, and much good may he do you, and no more boarders for me—no, thank you!"

"Minnie," said Mrs. Ryan, turning orbs that were startling and almost terrifying upon the excited and gasping Miss Boyle, "you're a common disturber, Minnie, and you ought to remember you was ran out of the flats for it."

"Me ran out of the flats? Me that left of my own accord? Then now you excuse yourself, Mrs. Ryan!"

And from the widow: "I'm sure I 'tend to my own business, and needn't be taken up with a man just because I cook for him, and once was enough for my lifetime!"

Three excited ladies! Mr. Matthews waving hands at them, crying, "Now, ladies! oh, now, ladies, I implore you!"

Miss Boyle and Mrs. Ryan turning to each other wrathfully, but—

"Here's the rocky roads!" Old Mr. Doran leaning out his window, fiddling. "Rocky roads to Dublin, oh!" Gray-bearded old peacemaker playing his liveliest jig, starting up the moment angry voices floated to him.

"Just because I cook for a man—" but Mr. Matthews twirled the widow to a point in front of him. Widow and Mr. Matthews in jig steps. "So please excuse yourself, Mrs. Ryan—" But Miss Boyle scrambling to hook elbows with Mr. Matthews, and Mrs. Ryan hopping up to jig advances to sedate, retiring Mr. McGovern. "Rocky roads to Dublin!"

And Miss Boyle went back to her floor, having amiably parted with everybody; and Mrs. Ryan went away, shaking her head with laughter at the dancing, so that she seemed to be scattering plums broadcast, lingering in the doorway to say, "Yes, Lew'll be back in three months, now. I hope he won't be too proud to know us. He is a little that way, and it ain't good for him to be too successful. But what I say is, if you got it in you, you'll always make your mark in the world." And away with her.

"You don't have to stay in here, McGovern, you know," said Mr. Matthews; "but go out and take a walk or do as you like. You must feel free to do just as you like, now you're one of us."

Mr. McGovern, looking as if rather resenting this supervisory attitude, but then rising and shuffling from the room, going to the front stoop, where Mrs. Ryan was eulogizing her successful husband.

"Him!" said Mr. Matthews scornfully. "Him!" said Mr. Matthews, jabbing his pipe into the little leg pocket of his white overalls.

"But what do you know about him?" the widow asked curiously.

"Oh, never mind what I know or don't know, Mrs. Cassidy. Have I, in so many words, said I know aught wrong about him?"

"Not in so many words," answered Mrs. Cassidy, "but you have intimated as much. He's been in the house come a year now, and, beyond a drop of a Saturday night, which is no more than any good man's fault, who can breathe a word against him?"

Mr. Matthews becoming verbose and floundering in his verbosity.

"'Tis a great human principle I would apply and test him and expose his unworthiness to you," said the gentleman mysteriously. "There's deep secrets in human life, Mrs. Cassidy, and there's great delineations of character to those that can delve into them and solve their puzzles. I may say, Mrs. Cassidy, that there is in all of us those principles which are in all of us. You follow me, Mrs. Cassidy? And being in all of us they're common to the lot of us and they're only known to them that delve into them. You follow me?" Profound gentleman shaking a forefinger, advancing, forcing his landlady up and down along the undulations of the kitchen floor; his

landlady bobbing and staring and turning one ear to him to concentrate her attentiveness. "So, then—you follow me?—so then, them that can delve into the complexities of humanity can apply them, and them are what I've delved into——".

Mr. McGovern returning, having wearied with the absent, but successful Mr. Ryan.

"Oh!" said Mr. Matthews, affable again, "didn't stay long? Well, you can read your newspaper, if you want to. You can sit here and read your paper, now you're one of us."

Mr. McGovern betraying decided resentment; Mr. McGovern sitting down and drawing his lean knees together as if that would help him express his resentment, but—but Mr. Matthews wound the clock! And what a small, but what a speaking act! To wind a clock in any home seems the one significant sign of supremacy in that home. Mr. McGovern said nothing and picked up a newspaper, as he had been given permission to do.

Other evenings Mr. McGovern came home from his work and went past the Cassidy door and halfway to the rooms above before recalling that he lived no longer on the top floor. Mr. McGovern did not yet feel at home.

And he showed that he did not feel at home. Take any evening in the widow's kitchen. Miss Boyle dropping in, panting and gasping on the sofa. Miss Boyle remarking that the weather was warm, or that the weather was cold; trying to appear unconscious of Mr. McGovern, and then:

"Well, how do you like your new boarder, Mrs. Cassidy? Oh, you'll find him out in time and see how cranky he is." Mr. McGovern not retorting, but shifting in his chair uneasily.

And from Mr. Matthews: "You can light up your pipe, if you want to, McGovern."

Mr. McGovern lighting his pipe, as if recognizing permission given by one in anything.

And, "Oh, McGovern, if you'll let me have that chair! I sorter look on it as my chair."

Mr. McGovern meekly surrendering the armchair, and Mr. Matthews, feet up in another chair, making himself comfortable in it.

From Miss Boyle: "Indeed, and if he was as mild as that upstairs, there'd never of been any trouble. Just you wait, Mrs. Cassidy—" Struggling with herself to avoid an unpleasant subject. "Oh, well, what do you think about the agent giving Mrs. Ryan her floor for a dollar cheaper? Serve all alike is what I say. Does the cooking here suit you any better, Mr. McGovern?"

Briskly from Mr. Matthews: "Well, McGovern, you can turn in any time you want to, you know."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," meekly and humbly from Mr. McGovern.

But another evening. Mr. Matthews saying to the widow mysteriously: "Oh, everybody ain't what they seem. Oh, a quiet, decent man, is he? But wait till I try a great human principle, some day, and that's where the test comes in!"

Mr. McGovern was on the stairs. And only one step on the way to the top floor did Mr. McGovern take this evening. Force of habit was weakening in him, and he wheeled back from the first step.

Mr. McGovern coming into the kitchen and taking his coat off.

Mr. Matthews eyeing the coat askance, but saying, "That's right, McGovern; take your coat off and be comfortable."

"'Tis not necessary to tell me!" said Mr. McGovern. "I've got me strangeness wore off considerable, now." Rolling up his sleeves, taking the armchair, saying, "Mrs. Cassidy, if you're ready, I'll have my supper now." For Mr. McGovern was beginning to feel at home.

"Draw up to the table, McGovern," invited Mr. Matthews, though he scowled at the usurped armchair, which he regarded as his own armchair, "and you mustn't act like a stranger with us."

"Again," said Mr. McGovern, "'tis unnecessary to tell me, though me thanks to you for your kindness. But

draw up yourself, and don't be looking so strange, Matthews. 'Tis the social side of a meal that is half its charms; and sit down yourself, Mrs. Cassidy, and don't be bothering waiting on us, but let each one wait on theirselves. Sure, Matthews, man, don't be looking so glum, but be like you was one of ourselves."

'I ought to be!" said Mr. Matthews glumly. "I been here long enough, too."

"And me!" said Mr. McGovern; "'tis always my way to feel a little strange, at first, but the strangeness wears right off."

"So I see!" from gloomy Mr. Matthews.

"Bring it right here, ma'am!" Mr. McGovern to Mrs. Cassidy, who was carrying a platter of good Irish stew from a pot on the stove. "Right here forninst me, ma'am, and I'll apportion it out for the lot of us. Where's your plate, Matthews? Speak up if you want a bit of stew."

"I don't know that I do!" said melancholy Mr. Matthews. "I think I'm feeling somewhat off my feed."

"Ah, well, then, Mrs. Cassidy, so much the more for us two. But you needn't leave the table, Matthews; you can sit here and be one of us, even if you are off your feed."

A melancholy Mr. Matthews all evening, and all evening a lively, dominating Mr. McGovern, until Mr. Matthews thought of the clock. It was an eight-day clock, but every evening Mr. Matthews wound it as a crowning domestic act.

"McGovern," said Mr. Matthews weakly, "you don't have to sit up and bear us company, you know."

And Mr. McGovern's air of aggressive self-confidence had flown. "Why, no —oh, don't be bothering about me," said Mr. McGovern awkwardly. For the winding of the clock had put him back in an overshadowed position in the widow's home.

"If you'll let me have my easy-chair!" suggested Mr. Matthews briskly, all his glumness dissipated by his feeling of restoration to command.

"Not troubling you too much, but that's always been my chair."

"Sure, excuse me for the liberty of monopolizing it!" awkward Mr. McGovern was quite crushed back into strangeness again

"You must feel yourself amongst friends," said Mr. Matthews patronizingly. "Don't stand on no ceremony with us here, but just be yourself. You can go to bed, or you can go out and take a walk, just what you like."

"Why, yes—thank you, sir!" from Mr. McGovern. He had risen from the easy-chair, and he stood faltering between going to the street and going to the front room.

"Just hand me my pipe over there, like a good fellow!" Mr. Matthews stretching back in his armchair, feet up on the sofa, showing very well that he knew which was the dominating boarder. Mr. McGovern meekly handing Mr. Matthews the pipe.

The next evening! Mr. McGovern coming into the kitchen, without taking even one or even half a step toward the floor above. Mr. McGovern coolly taking Mr. Matthews's hat and coat from the nail in the door; dropping Mr. Matthews's hat and coat on a chair, hanging up his own, instead. And Mr. McGovern saying to Mrs. Cassidy: "What! going to bother cooking for us this hot day? Here's some change; would you go out to the delicatessen and bring us in whatever strikes your fancy most?"

"I would, and glad, too!" said Mrs. Cassidy. "'Tis no pleasure standing over a hot stove, a day like this. Had you your mind set on a hot meal, Mr. Matthews?"

"Ah, sure, and he don't count!" said Mr. McGovern, laughing boisterously, but good-naturedly. "Anyway, 'tis two against one." Mrs. Cassidy feeling embarrassed, standing hesitating in the doorway.

"Oh, don't mind me!" from melancholy Mr. Matthews. "I don't count."

And when the widow brought back corned beef and potato salad he refused to eat anything sent for by his rival, but then, unable to explain con-

tinued loss of appetite, made a sandwich, with very ill grace.

Supper over, and Mr. McGovern going to the front room, where he busied himself with his trunk. And back to the kitchen he came, with several large, framed, crayon portraits under his arm.

"I might as well have these hanging on your wall, if you don't mind, Mrs. Cassidy," he said. "'Tis the portraitures of me father and mother, if you don't mind."

"I'd be pleased, and they'd be ornaments to the wall," said Mrs. Cassidy. "If you're not afraid they'll be spoiled by the smoke from the stove."

"Oh, not at all!" said Mr. McGovern, "and I have more portraitures to hang up in your front room."

Mr. Matthews sitting stiff on an uncomfortable chair, his lips moving. Very likely Mr. Matthews was saying to himself, "I don't count!"

"And, if you'll bear with me for saying as much, ma'am," from Mr. McGovern, "I don't think your chairs are fixed so economical of space, here. I'd be much preferring to have the table at the other end of the room, if 'tis all the same to you."

"It is, to be sure, Mr. McGovern," said the widow sweetly, but with an anxious glance at depressed Mr. Matthews, stiff and awkward as ever Mr. McGovern had been.

"So, if you'll move a little, Matthews!"

Mr. Matthews standing up and then not knowing where to go, for, as soon as he turned toward a chair, Mr. McGovern picked up that chair and placed it somewhere else.

"Do sit down and make yourself at home," urged Mr. McGovern, who was very much at home. And then: "Now it strikes me that this chair would make more of an appearance over here," as Mr. Matthews wretchedly stumbled toward a chair.

"Ah, but you have the great eye for effects, Mr. McGovern!" cried the admiring widow, whose indignation would have been boundless had a feminine boarder dared thus to reorganize her home.

"And have you everything in for the morning?" asked Mr. McGovern. "Is there anything you want?"

"There is not," answered Mrs. Cassidy; "there is not naught but a bit of wood to be brought up from the shed."

"Then give me the key!" Mr. McGovern going down to the woodshed, coming back with an armful of wood, which was an act of such agonizing domesticity that Mr. Matthews, stammering that the room was too warm, fled to the front stoop.

"Ah, but this is very nice and homelike!" Mr. McGovern in the armchair.

"'Tis a strange thing, sir," from the widow, "that a man like yourself, with such quiet tastes, never had a home of your own."

"'Tis me nature to be very particular," Mr. McGovern answered. "I have not met the woman would suit me. But you're right, ma'am, me tastes was always quiet and homelike, barring me ambition to have a bit of a store somewheres, for which I got the money laid by, and I'd be thinking of the home and naught else. Sit down and we'll have a chat, ma'am, and don't be bothering with them dishes, for you work too hard as it is."

"And you little dream the care a house is!" said the widow, taking a chair beside her boarder. "You could be busy from morning till night and the half of your work never done; and was I the kind to go gadding about I don't know where I'd be. Ah, yes, Mr. McGovern, 'tis a great pleasure, is a bit of a store. There's people coming in to chat with you all day long."

"Would it be second-hand furniture?" asked Mr. McGovern. "I should say there'd be money in a store like that——"

But Mr. Matthews, who had been unable to remain in the room, was then unable to remain away from the room. Coming back.

"Matthews," said Mr. McGovern, "but 'tis the uneasy mortal you

are! Sit you down and don't feel like a stranger so."

But Mr. Matthews had returned with a purpose. He had returned to restore himself to his rightful rank. Then he would place chairs and tables back in their original positions, and then, with dominion re-established, those flaunting, intruding portraits should come down from the wall. Mr. Matthews striding toward the mantelpiece; he would reduce his rival to humbleness again.

"Oh, Matthews," said Mr. McGovern carelessly, "never mind that; I've already wound the clock."

"You have?" Mr. Matthews demanded fiercely. "Oh, have you?" without spirit left.

"I have that!" said Mr. McGovern. "But you can go to bed any time you want. Be easy and free and don't feel called upon to sit up, just because Mrs. Cassidy and meself are having a bit of a chat—Did you ever see the uneasy like of him!"

For Mr. Matthews had fled.

Mr. Matthews and Miss Boyle meeting on the stoop.

"Why, I thought I just saw you down here," said Miss Boyle.

"Then you see me again!"

"Oh! crowded out?"

"No, I'm not crowded out!" Indignant Mr. Matthews! "Who'd crowd me out? I'd like to see anybody crowd me out!"

"Sorry I spoke!" said Miss Boyle. "I was only thinking of your new boarder. I was only wondering if he was feeling at home yet."

"He's most—most—most damnationally at home!" spluttered wrathful Mr. Matthews. "He's— But would you come around to Farley's and have a little drink, Miss Boyle?"

"Well," said Miss Boyle, "I might have one."

So they went to Farley's and sat in the back room, where Mr. Matthews pressed the electric button in the wall, and kept on pressing till some of his ill-temper was relieved.

"Is he at home?" spluttered Mr. Matthews. "Oh, no, but it's the retiring, timid spirit he has and not a word out of him and not daring to call his soul his own. Oh, yes, but those are the most distinguishable characteristics of him! Why don't you get him back to board with you?"

"Him? Old crank! No, thanks!"

"Why, I only thought you was sore at having him taken from you."

Bartender vigorously rubbing the table with his bar rag, splashing his customers, setting down two glasses.

"'Twas a unneighborly thing to do, and no mistake," said Miss Boyle. "I put him out and, for a million, wouldn't have him back, but 'twas a unneighborly trick to take him from me so, and, for one, I wish he wasn't in the house."

"Listen, then!" said Mr. Matthews, his elbow on the table, his forefinger waving in front of Miss Boyle's Roman nose. "There's other ways for to get him out of the house. This is between ourselves, isn't it?"

"Oh, certainly, and never go no farther, for all of me!"

"Then I know something he's done, and, when Mrs. Cassidy learns it, she'll have him no more in her rooms."

"He has?" Miss Boyle much interested, peering over a schooner's rim.

"Well, 'tis not so much I know something he's done, as I know he's done something. Now, wait! you follow me? This is between the two of us, isn't it? Then this night I'll write a letter to Mrs. Cassidy, telling her of the serpent warming its fangs at her fireside; of the wolf in human disguise; of the vulture and hyena with their parents' portraits on her walls."

Miss Boyle steadily gulping, but her eyes looking deep interest over the rim of the glass. "Why, sure, and he's an old crank," from Miss Boyle; "but is he as bad as all that, I don't know? Why will you be telling her all that?"

"To arouse the suspicions of her against him!" said Mr. Matthews.

"And then?"

"That'll start her investigating and looking up his record. I'd investigate him myself only I ain't never had no steadiness in me for any such detective work. But, out of her own curiosity,

she will look up his record, if I once raise the suspicions of her, and she'll find out what he's done."

"Find out what?" impatiently.

"Find out what he's done!" said Mr. Matthews.

"And what's that?"

"I don't know."

"Aw, such talk! such talk!" Miss Boyle disgusted and rising. "You don't know what he's done? Then how do you know he has done anything?"

"There's the point!" cried Mr. Matthews. "Every man has! That's just it! That's the great human principle I'm working on; which is that every man has something in his past that he'd fear to have found out. I'll rise Mrs. Cassidy, and she'll investigate what McGovern's particular secret is."

"Ho! hum! the men is a bad lot!" said Miss Boyle indifferently.

When Mr. Matthews went back to the second-floor rooms of the old yellow house the masterfulness of Mr. McGovern irritated him highly.

"But never mind!" said Mr Matthews to himself, "I'll fix you!" More masterfulness, under which Mr. Matthews writhed. But Mr. Matthews said: "Oh, just wait!"

The next day was Saturday. On Saturdays Mr. Matthews worked half days, so he was home a little after noon. And he went lightly up the tenement stairs. He blithely entered the Cassidy kitchen, for with Mr. McGovern away working, he might dominate. So, joyously, Mr. Matthews entered the kitchen, and——

"Merciful Father, Mr. Matthews," cried Mrs. Cassidy, "but I've been hearing strange tales of you!"

Blitheness swept away, and consternation instead! "Then she's been here?" the gentleman faltered.

"Honor of Gawd, Mr. Matthews, but I'd never thought it of you!"

"What did she say?" tremulously. "Was the childer with her? How did she find out my address?"

"Don't speak to me!" cried the widow. "The men is all alike! You can't trust nobody! So you bare-faced admit you have a wife and childer you left to shift for theirselves?"

"But I couldn't support them all!" groaned Mr. Matthews. "How long since she was here, and will she be right back? And will I have time to get my trunk packed? She'd shoot me, let alone having the police onto me, Mrs. Cassidy. It'll look bad for me leaving the lot of them in midwinter and not a cent in the house. Was she very wild about it, Mrs. Cassidy?"

But Mrs. Cassidy had run to the hall, and up on the stairs she sat until, having packed his trunk, he hastened, with it on his shoulder, down the stairs.

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. Cassidy was saying to Miss Boyle, "but there's been revelations, this blessed morning, to me! It's a married man he's been all the time and not only married, but got a wife and small childer besides."

"But how'd you ever come to hear word of it?" Miss Boyle asked.

"'Tis that is the queer part of it," Mrs. Cassidy answered. "I did but begin accusing him, just to find out, and there, my dear, he outs and gives his own self away. 'Was she here?' he says, and nobody mentioning such a person. There's the way of the wicked for you! I got this letter this morning and began accusing him, and me not knowing what I was talking about, to see if the way of the wicked would be the way of him—and it was!"

Miss Boyle reading the letter.

"But, woman, dear, this don't say which of your boarders is meant."

Mrs. Cassidy reaching for the letter and carefully reading it. "Why, indeed, and you're right, and does it? But how well I lit on the right one of them and never thought of accusing t'other one. Miss Boyle, in the name of the Lord, what ails you?"

Miss Boyle shaking with billowy laughter. "Did you ever hear the like!" cried Miss Boyle. "But he was right about at least one man having something in his life he'd not want uncovered! Why, woman, dear, though he meant to rise your suspicions of the other one, you've found him out by his own letter."

The Currency Trust

BY FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS

(*Conclusion*)

IT is indispensable to understand what, in financial economics of any country, is standard money. All the money reported in the Circulation Statement is not standard money. There is an economic distinction, as before stated, between standard money and other kinds of money. Standard money has one peculiarity—one distinction—and only one. That distinction does not depend upon the material out of which it is made. Standard money will perform every function that any other money will perform, and in addition will pay a debt over the objection of the creditor. This one distinction—regardless of what may have been its origin in the past or in other countries—is at this time in this country the result of law. It is provided by law that a certain thing shall be accepted by a creditor in payment of debts he holds when the debtor tenders it to him in payment. Such provision of law makes standard money, without regard to the material of which it is composed. It is standard of payment. If the Government can make paper money legal tender—and there is no doubt that it can—it can make it so that in no respect will it differ economically from metallic coins that the same Government has made legal tender. If both are legal tender by virtue of the same law-making power, then both are "standard money." There is no economic reason why every dollar of what is commonly called money cannot be issued by the Government and made "standard of payment," legal tender, money. There is no reason in common sense or in economics why money intended to be used in business ought not to be good enough to pay debts, under any and all circumstances, to any and all creditors.

If it be true, as claimed by the advocates of the single gold standard, that the value of the coin as money depends upon the value of the metal there is in it, then it would be wise to take them at their word. If this claim is correct, then the legal tender quality given to it by law adds nothing to its value, and may without injury be taken away from it. It would be wise to do this, and give that quality to paper currency to be issued by the Government. It would certainly not make the paper currency any less useful in business, nor the coin, if they are correct, any the less valuable as money. Let them be taken at their word, and see how quickly and how loudly they will protest. In this way the hypocrisy of their arguments will be shown, and the utter dishonesty of their present purposes. There is no possible honest reason for decreasing the amount of debt-paying money—legal tender—and putting in its place money that is not legal tender, and that creditors may refuse to accept when debtors present it, and will refuse as sure as fate when they find it will be to their interests to do so.

This is the side of the financial question on which the dealers in, and holders of, credits are preparing a corner on debts with the manifest purpose to rob their debtors. On the other side, production and commerce are being stimulated, and credits are being manufactured, with astonishing rapidity. On the business side, the question is not limited to debt-paying money,

but includes all kinds of money and everything that can perform in any degree the money function by assisting in exchange. On the debt side, it is not difficult to determine with approximate correctness the volume of money to which the quantitative theory applies. On the business side, it is more difficult. It is almost impossible to tell anything about what is the volume of money and money equivalents to which, in determining the activity of exchange, the theory applies, except that it is very large and rapidly increasing. Surprise is changed into astonishment when, in the face of such conditions, it is announced with such assurance by the most prominent and ardent champion of bimetallism that the money question "must remain in abeyance until conditions change." Just what "change in conditions" is supposed to be necessary to revive the importance of the question has not been suggested by any one of those who think it "must remain in abeyance," "because of its decreased importance." The inference is that we must wait for a decrease in the production of gold.

A standard of payment is national. Because it is the result of national law it cannot be international. It has long been recognized that it is not desirable that it should be. If such standard is metallic, the coin is the standard and not the metal. If the standard is metallic, it is subject to another danger quite as serious as decrease in the production of the metal. The coin can only be standard money so long as it remains in the country and under the dominion of the law by which it was made a standard. As a national standard, it cannot be exported. As a metal, it can. If the standard is made out of gold, then the export of gold is equivalent to the destruction of so much of our standard of payment. If we receive gold by importation, it is possible to increase our standard money by coinage of it, but no such increase by importation can be reasonably expected if the reports of the Treasury Department of past imports are to be taken as any indication of what will occur in the future. Since 1835 we have lost by exportation almost $1,000,000,000 in gold. Considerably over half of this has been lost since 1860. During the year ending June 30, 1905, there was a loss of almost $40,000,000. Decrease in the production of gold, for which it seems to be believed we must wait to have the importance of the money question revived, is not therefore the only thing that threatens our supply of the metal, or that will tend to decrease the volume of our standard money, if gold is to be the only thing out of which it can be made. We will be compelled to compete with all nations that want gold to keep the gold we produce at home. Why should our national standard of payment be subjected to the constant danger of decreased production and increased exportation of gold?

The purposes of the financial combination, as already indicated, are to limit the standard to gold coin and to induce Congress to grant to the banks a further special privilege, in addition to the many valuable special privileges they already have, that will enable them to increase bank currency and to create bank credits almost without limit. These purposes are not new. The extent to which they have already been accomplished is sufficient to make ridiculous the proposition that increase of gold production has increased the importance of the financial question. The gentlemen who have made this absurd assertion have admitted that it is known that the advocates of the gold standard intend a crusade against silver now in circulation until it is destroyed as a standard of payment, and its use as such limited to subsidiary coin. They have admitted that it is intended to withdraw the greenbacks and substitute a bank currency. They have admitted that it is known to be intended, if possible, to substitute an asset currency that is not legal tender for all currency, coined or issued by the Government, except gold coin and subsidiary silver. For any man to make the admission that he

has such knowledge, and then assert that the money question has decreased in importance, is a manifestation of a want of knowledge quite as unexpected as the want of knowledge of the relative weights of silver coins.

Mr. Bryan, during and after the campaign of 1904, made this absurd proposition, and asserted that the people cannot understand the question, and that we must wait for an object-lesson and for time to open their eyes, and for events to reveal the purposes of Wall Street. He has asserted that it will be useless to press the question now. Was there ever anything more absurd? It is astoundingly absurd when it comes from Mr. Bryan. Has not evil enough been done that we should wait for more of it as an object-lesson? Time has opened the eyes of some people; and Mr. Bryan claims that his eyes are open. Events have revealed to some people the purposes of the "financial group," and Mr. Bryan claims that their purposes are known to him. If he has the interest in the American people we have believed him to have, what excuse can he offer for not pressing the question in 1904 and since? The purpose of the scoundrels who are delighted to be called financiers has been for forty years proclaimed by legislation they have induced an uninformed Congress to enact. Some people have not understood it; some people have not wanted it to be understood; but it is not therefore less important, nor is the duty of men who have understood it less imperative. What is the duty of a man who has access by voice and pen to the people, and who claims to understand the situation? Resort has been had to every possible method and device that dishonest ingenuity could suggest to confuse, mislead and deceive, that it might be concealed what was the purpose and how it was to be accomplished. In the face of this we are told that the question must remain in abeyance and nothing done.

Whether these leaders of 1896 have intended to do so or not, they have made themselves a party to these efforts by declaring "it is useless to press the subject at present." By what right does any man assert that the people will not consider the question, or, if it is properly presented, that they cannot understand it? Wall Street has not had much doubt about their being able to understand it. The discussions of the period of 1876 were led by a party few in numbers, but were understood by enough people to compel the undoing of a part of what the financial scoundrels had accomplished. The information the people got in 1896 from the Democratic Party was meagre and one-sided, but it filled these scoundrels with terror and caused them to expend millions of dollars to prevent that information from bearing its legitimate fruit. The victory was lost because of bad faith, individual treachery and party blindness. In 1900, when people were beginning to know something about it and were anxious to hear more than they had heard, partisan stupidity permitted the insertion in the Kansas City platform of the declaration that imperialism was the paramount question. This was in effect saying that an imperialistic result was more important than a plutocratic cause. The purpose of this declaration was not candid. It was intended to be, and was made, the basis of excuse everywhere for discouraging and preventing the discussion of the financial question that the masses wanted to hear more than anything else.

In 1904, when it was manifest to everybody, and could not be otherwise than understood by those who had been recognized as leaders in 1896 and 1900, that it was the purpose of Wall Street influences to take possession of the party organizations everywhere and put an end to the discussion of financial questions, a forlorn struggle—one might almost say a pretended struggle—was made at St. Louis to keep the question within range. The result was what everybody expected; what everybody knew it would be. When the struggle had ended in the convention, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne, with other leaders, abjectly submitted to the de-

cree of Wall Street, that the question should not be discussed at all. As if this was not sufficient abasement of themselves, and abashment of their friends and former supporters, Mr. Towne, who attended the convention as a gagged member of the Tammany delegation, accepted an invitation to come to Indianapolis and speak for the glorification of Taggart—a man known by everybody in Indiana to be of a notoriously bad political character, to say nothing worse, the keeper of the worse gambling hell in America, and who had in 1896 and 1900 professed loyalty to what we had hoped was a new democracy, and at the same time kept up intimate relations with its enemies, trying to keep himself solid with both, but actually ready to betray either. Mr. Bryan, who had been the hope of a large independent vote, allowed himself, by a debased and immoral party loyalty, to be tied to the tail of the Democratic donkey, and dragged through Indiana as a decoy, by whose advice it was hoped the voters of the state could be induced to do what he, himself, had promised his friends and his country he never would do. As surprising as was his advice, it was less surprising than his excuses after the election. One of these excuses was that it was the fault of the people that the money question was dropped out of discussion.

The complete surrender of the St. Louis convention to Wall Street, and the admission of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne that gold production had practically brought all the advantages that could have been expected from a return to bimetallism, and that the money question thereby had become of so little importance that it was not worth while to press it, was followed in December by a brief reference to the question by the President in his message to Congress. The recommendations made by the President were in exact accord with the wishes and purposes of the "financial group." This group was then, and is now, made up of men not many of whom have ever in all their lives created a single dollar of wealth; but whose lives and efforts have been given to accumulating what others have created. The President recommended the destruction of all Government legal tender currency and the redemption of silver dollars in gold. This is sufficient to show conclusively that the President has either desired to assist the scheme of this group of scoundrels and that the recommendations were the price of Wall Street's support, or that he had no correct knowledge of the subject concerning which he was making recommendations. His recommendations can in no possible way be made to consist with an intelligent understanding of the subject and an honest effort to benefit the country.

It is most charitable to assume that his knowledge was not sufficient to prevent him from being misled. He gave no reason why the greenbacks should be retired. It must be supposed that he had in mind the usual reason given by the "financial group"—that the greenbacks are a debt and ought to be paid. This was first a department construction under which the larger part of this currency was destroyed. The discussion of 1876 already referred to saved the amount of this currency that we still have. The position it now has is that, while, by the efforts and influence of these so-called financiers, it has been made redeemable in gold at the option of the holder, no part of it can be destroyed. However often this currency is presented and redeemed, it is paid out again. The President's knowledge seems not to have been sufficient to make it clear to him that there was an absurdity almost ludicrous in coupling with this recommendation a recommendation that silver dollars be made redeemable in gold. If both recommendations should be adopted, the remainder of the greenbacks would be destroyed, and silver dollars would be placed in precisely the same position that the greenbacks now are. If greenbacks ought to be paid and destroyed because they are promises to pay gold, there is no reason that is either sensible or honest in the proposition to make silver dollars promises to pay gold. If

greenbacks are promise-to-pay dollars, and are made out of material of little or no value, it is absurd to propose to destroy them and put in their place promise-to-pay dollars made out of material as expensive as silver. Promissory notes are usually written on paper of little value. It would be a most ridiculous proposition to ask to have a law enacted to compel all such promises to pay to be engraved upon silver plates. It would be just as sensible; it would be no more foolish than to ask to have promise-to-pay dollars made out of silver.

The greenback currency, first by department construction, and afterward by law, was made equivalent to demands on the Treasury for gold, and became, as everybody knows, a convenient instrument for getting gold out of the Treasury when wanted for speculative exportation. This operation can be continued endlessly, because the currency is paid out again in the regular course of business. The very same men who were principally instrumental in bringing this situation about have been urging this "endless chain" as a reason for the destruction of this currency. The present situation shows the insincerity of this class of financial freebooters. If the President is not himself one of them, then we must conclude that by deception they have induced him to put himself in the ridiculous attitude of recommending that an endless chain be made out of silver and substituted for the paper chain. This would, of course, be much worse than the other because there would be more dollars in it.

Suppose this should be done, is it not plain what would occur? Precisely the same reason will apply for redeeming and retiring silver dollars, when they are made redeemable in gold, that is now urged for retiring greenbacks. It will then be just as valid an argument against the silver currency as it is now against the greenback currency. It requires no prophet to predict that the effort will be made to drive silver dollars out of existence. This is desired because it will leave their place, and the place of the silver certificates, to be filled by bank currency. It cannot be reasonably doubted that this is the ultimate purpose that is behind the recommendations, whether the President knows it or not. When this is accomplished, the gold standard of payment will have been fully established and not until then. When the President's recommendations are adopted we will have, amplified, the ridiculous situation of one legal tender being redeemable in another. This is not, therefore, the end of the scheme. No one ought to be deceived. The purpose is to get silver dollars out of the way entirely. It is intended to destroy them, not only as legal tender, but as a currency, just as was done by the Act of 1873. This part of the purpose will not come to light at once, but sooner or later it will be disclosed. There is no doubt about it.

On April 6, 1906, the loans and discounts of national banks amounted to $4,141,176,698. It is shown by the reports of the comptroller—a fact to which I have before referred—that during the year 1905 there was an increase of these loans and discounts of over $1,150,000 for every business day. What would be the result if no further increase of such credits should be permitted? What would be the result if all banks should refuse to increase their loans and discounts? What would be the result if an attempt was made to reduce the amount of these credits 25 per cent., or even 10 per cent.? Can any thoughtful business man have any doubt about what would be the effect? Is there any doubt that business depression would follow an attempt to prevent further increase, and that business disaster would follow an attempt to decrease? With such a situation as this, and the fact that the legislation recommended by the President has already been embodied in a bill, and introduced in Congress, and that such bill contains also provisions for an asset currency, and for branch banks, it is almost astounding to have such a man as Mr. Bryan assert that

the financial question is less acute and less important than it was ten years ago.

There is no doubt that it is the purpose of the so-called financiers to secure the destruction of every form of legal tender money except gold. There is no doubt about the banking interests desiring to secure the control of the entire volume of all other currency, and to have such additional special privileges as will enable them to create and inflate credits without any limitation or control whatever by the Government. The entire business of the country will then be done on the credit of banks, currency, loans and discounts. Every form of business will be at their mercy. They can and will exact tribute from every industrial and commercial activity. When silver is made redeemable in gold, sooner or later, as certainly as night follows day, the same group of scoundrels who are now advocating such redemption will demand, and in all probability will secure, its retirement. The metal will be sold in foreign markets where, since 1860, about a billion dollars of our silver production has been sold.

The apparent want of information, and the apparent want of proper consideration of our industrial and financial situation, not only among the masses, but among those in high official position, is such that it is never improper—in fact, it seems almost necessary—to take advantage of every opportunity to discuss the economic purposes and results of bimetallism. Silver and gold are commodities. They are not, as metals, in any modern sense money. They are materials out of which, in accordance with law, money is made, just as lumber is material out of which furniture is made. Lumber has a value in exchange—in the market—as lumber, but when it is converted into furniture it loses its value as lumber, and in its new form has an economic—exchange—value as furniture only. Silver and gold have an exchange value as metals. When these metals are coined, as provided by law, the coins acquire another value—an exchange value—as money. The coins have a new purpose—a new use—and have a new value just as furniture has a purpose and use as furniture, and therefore a new value. The coins do not, however, lose their value as metal when coined as does lumber its value as lumber when made into furniture. *Herein is the difficulty.*

The value of standard money, no difference out of what it is made, has the same *economic origin* as the value of commodities. If the coins are legal tender the money value is increased by the demand there is for such coins to pay debts—that is, as a standard of payment. The value of the material will be increased by this increased demand just as the value of lumber will be increased by an increased demand for the things made of it. But when lumber is made into furniture, and it loses its value as lumber, such value can never be restored. Not so with silver and gold when coined. The metals never lose their value as metals. Because they do not, the coins are subject to change in value in two ways. This is not an advantage as is sometimes claimed, but is a very grave disadvantage, that under bimetallism is in considerable degree mitigated. It is claimed by some that the money value of the coin depends upon the commodity value of the metal in it. This is a groundless and deceptive claim. It is not true under bimetallism, but it is among the purposes of the financiers, without doubt, to bring this about, and at the same time, by limiting the standard to one metal, to increase the value of that metal. At present the silver dollar is—unless the contract to pay provides that it shall not be—the equal of the gold dollar as a debt-paying money. This is because its money value depends upon the law. The commodity value is not supported by the law, and the metal in a silver dollar is not equal in commodity value to the metal in a gold dollar because the commodity value of gold *is* supported by law. These two values are a constant cause of disturbance and injustice as between debtors and creditors. It is

impossible to prevent metallic money from being influenced by fluctuations in the value of the metal. The best device that experience has suggested to reduce this fluctuation to the minimum is the use of two metals at a fixed ratio. To get the full benefit of this device the metals must be treated exactly alike in their use as money, so that when the demand for one metal for all purposes, including its use as money, increases in value, the demand for money will turn to the money made out of the other. This never has entirely prevented the fluctuation, but it has reduced the range of it to the minimum. It has been one of the purposes of the so-called financiers of the world to destroy this control because it has interfered with speculation in the metals, and has in some degree prevented debtors from being robbed.

In 1873, Congress, without knowing it, passed an act that destroyed absolutely the lawful existence of the silver dollar. At the time the silver in a dollar was worth more than the gold in a dollar. When this deception was discovered, a public demand forced Congress to restore it. But here again the schemers got in their work. The dollar was restored, but in such a way that, while the silver dollar remained standard of payment for many debts, the metals were no longer treated alike in their use for money. The range of difference in the commodity value of the metals was, as a consequence, greatly increased. There were relatively few men who knew much about the subject, and this want of knowledge was taken advantage of to deceive and to confuse the people. The advantages of bimetallism were in large degree lost. Every ounce of gold had free access to the mint for coinage, while only a limited amount of silver could be coined. There is a large volume of debts for which silver dollars are still a standard of payment. This has been sufficient to hold the equality of the coins as standard money. For this reason the "financial group" desires to get them out of the way. The President's recommendation, whether he knows it or not, has that purpose. This crowd of dishonest schemers, that are misleading the President, pretend that, because of this difference in the value of the metals, the silver dollar is a dishonest and unsafe form of currency, and that it ought to be made redeemable in gold to make it safe and honest. This, of course, if done, will practically destroy it as a standard of payment. It will in effect compel the nation to furnish gold to pay every debt, for whoever gets silver on a debt can present it and ask to have it redeemed in gold. With silver legal tender out of the way, the value of gold will control the money value of every dollar of our entire volume of standard money. With the silver dollar out of the way, there will be nothing to prevent the perpetuation of the most extensive, far-reaching and disastrous robbery of debtors, public and private, of which history gives any account.

The existing silver standard of payment has been seriously crippled, but it still has some power to protect debtors by holding down the value of gold, as does also the greenback standard. The effect of the President's recommendations, if enacted into law, will remove the last vestige of this safeguard. If there is left only one standard by which debts can be paid, and that standard is made of gold, the value of the standard will be completely controlled by the commodity value of the metal. This value will go up like a rocket, because it will be the only thing out of which debt-paying money can be made, and the amount of available gold will be inadequate to supply the demand for debt-paying money. The amount of gold available will stand against the great volume of the world's debts. The amount of gold available will equal in exchange value all other things of exchangeable value, not only in this country, but in the civilized world.

This is the goal toward which we are urged by the President. This is the goal we will have attained when the Government has ceased to have

any control over either metallic or paper currency; when individual interests shall, as now, control the coinage of gold and the issue of all paper currency has been surrendered to national banks, and is controlled, as it will be, by a combination of Eastern banking capital. When this is accomplished, gold will, to all intents and purposes, be the legal tender by weight, and will be controlled absolutely by the creditors of the world. It will enable the holders of, and dealers in, credits not only to profit enormously at the expense of the world's debtors by an increase in the demand for gold, but will enable them to increase that demand at will to an extent and urgency that must result in such a disaster as no country has ever before experienced.

In furtherance of the purpose to increase the value of debts in the hands of creditors, and decrease the value of property, plans are being made to secure, through an uninformed Congress, and a misled President, special privileges by which, under the stimulation of bank currency and other money equivalents, they can manufacture credits and make public utilities the basis for interest-bearing debts, that in the end must be paid, if it is possible ever to pay them at all, by a standard money contracted to such volume as it is possible so have out of the production of one metal, or so much of it as we are able to retain in the face of the world's competition.

The mistaken belief of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne, and the mistaken recommendations of President Roosevelt, play directly into the hands of the worst set of respectable financial scoundrels that were ever a curse to any country. Unless the people awaken to an understanding of the situation and there is a revolution in public thought, the time will come when they will be "crucified on a cross of gold."

This "financial group" is entirely willing that such friends of the people shall be the instruments of public deception and crucifixion.

The evils of metallism are inherent. Bimetallism has been a palliation of the evils, but it has never been sufficient to remove them entirely. Even with bimetallism the time was approaching when it would cease to be even a protection, when the volume of debts and other demands would increase the demand for standard money until that demand exceeded any possible volume of both metals, and the evils would return, as they did during the Civil War, when the Government was compelled to increase the volume of standard money by the issue of legal tender paper. This currency was the credit of the country used for money and for the benefit of its own people. This has been proved by experience to be the best possible money for any nation such as ours. The credit of a stable nation is the only just and safe standard of payment. It is now proposed to destroy what is left of this splendid currency; that could do and did do, even though damaged in its making by the selfish greed "of the nation's wealthiest citizens," what gold never has done and never will do, and put in its place a dangerous currency secured only by the assets of national banks.

The asset currency proposition has been given form and is laid away somewhere in the congressional files. Two years ago the passage of the bill containing this formulated proposition was recommended by the Committee of the House on Banking and Currency. An argumentative report was submitted with the bill. It is not certain, of course, that when the proposition reaches this or some future Congress it will be in the same form. Judging by past methods in financial legislation, it is altogether likely that this bill was intended, as other bills have been, to feel the public thought and thus to judge how much could be safely, or at least successfully, attempted. However this may be, it discloses the purpose and substantially the plan of procedure, and the bill and the report ought to be carefully considered—but there is little hope that they will be—by every American citizen. The report is full of economic absurdities, of transparent

pretenses and bold-faced misrepresentation. It leaves no room for doubt that the man who prepared it has, by long subserviency to Wall Street, so warped his intellect that he was able to believe his own sophistries. It may be true, although less charitable to say it, that this report is a conscious and premeditated effort to deceive—one more step in the scheme of rascality. The bill abandons all economic learning and all teaching of history, but the report asserts that it is intended to "secure the advantages of experience." It is proposed in the bill to place the national credit under the control of national banks, but it is pretended in the report that this is to protect that credit. Pretending to protect the Treasury Department, it is proposed to take away its power as a department of Government and make it nothing more than an aid to national banks. It is assumed, without reason or argument, that the Government currency is a grievous burden, and it is proposed to give to the national banks a bonus in the way of a most profitable special privilege to carry this pretended burden. The report says the Government ought to be relieved of responsibility, and advises the passage of this bill, which takes from it all power over what the report calls "commercial reserve," that is—if this means anything—over the gold that, according to the scheme, is to be the only money that will, when creditors get ready to demand it, pay debts.

The bill actually proposes to practically strip the Government of all power over its own financial system. Under its provisions the Government would have no power to coin money except at the request of individuals, and no power to issue paper currency except upon the demand of national banks. It reduces the Treasury Department to the position of a collector and disburser, without power to have a financial policy or power to control banks. The report recommends to "simplify its fiscal system" the passage of the bill, and, under the flimsiest pretext, recommends the issue of all money, on which business will be compelled to depend, be turned over to national banks. The whole of this proposed currency, if the plan is carried out, will be a debt due from banks. It will be an interest-producing device that will possess the extraordinary character of producing interest for the benefit of the debtor banks. Oblivious to the fact that foreign trade has not added a single dollar to the nation's wealth since 1873, but that on the contrary our exports, for which we have had no equivalent, have exceeded our imports by more than seven billion dollars, it is claimed that the establishment of branch banks at home and in foreign countries will increase this trade and develop the marine service. The committee does not mention, if indeed it knows anything at all about it, that the branch bank proposition, for which provision is made in the bill, is a scheme in the interest of the Eastern banking combination, and that it will enable this combination more easily to exact tribute from every business and every industry of American citizens at home and abroad. The committee caps the climax of pretenses by the old and often used pretense that the credit of the nation is in danger, and by the same old hypocrisy about our "commercial honor."

This bill was on the files of Congress before the President made his recommendations, and it looks as if he had it in mind. There are some who, when they read what I have written, will say: Surely this cannot be true; surely it must be a mistake or an exaggeration. To any such, all that I can say is, get a copy of House Bill No. 13,363, of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and study it.

This is not all the evil that is contained in that bill. Some things in it the committee do not mention. In the body of the bill is found the machinery of a scheme to put it practically out of the power of the people to free themselves, without great difficulty, from the grasp of the "financial group" which this bill will give. It provides

for abolishing the office of the comptroller and putting in his place a board of three members, each of whom will hold his office for twelve years, one going out every four years, and no one of whom can be removed by the President, if there should be a change of administration. The inference amounts to a certainty, that it is fully understood that when the grip tightens the people will protest, and this preparation is here made to prevent any interference by reason of possible political changes. There would always be two members of the board who would hold over. The Hill bill, introduced in a former Congress, and many provisions of which have since been enacted into law, contained this same provision almost word for word. In the report of the committee on that bill it was frankly avowed that the purpose of this proposed change in the comptroller's office was what I have indicated.

The asset currency proposition contained in the bill is intended to enable the banks to issue a currency without a deposit of bonds to secure it. It is not intended to compel the retirement of currency secured by bonds, although that might be done, and possibly would be done at some time. There is nothing in the bill that would prevent banks from retaining the bond currency and taking out asset currency, provided the aggregate was no greater than the paid-up capital. One of the specific purposes of the bill is to destroy the greenback currency concurrently with the issue of asset currency. The pretense that there is a purpose to relieve the Treasury Department of the burden of the legal tender currency by putting it on the banks is a cover for giving them this special privilege. It is pretended that the issue of this proposed currency is a privilege given to national banks in consideration of their agreeing to provide for the current redemption of the legal tender notes. It will not require much examination of the bill, and the report, to convince any intelligent man that the whole contrivance is a fraud, and that no burden rests upon the Treasury Department by reason of the legal tender notes, or if any does, it is not, by the provisions of the bill, transferred to the banks in such a way that it is any burden to them. No good reason has ever been given why these notes should be redeemed and retired.

If this formulated plan should become a law, it will result in two kinds of national bank currency. One kind will be secured by bonds, and the ultimate security of the other will be the money of national bank depositors. The honesty of intention in the proposed issue of such currency is disclosed by a public utterance of the secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Shaw is said to have expressed the opinion that the asset currency should be so made that, when issued, the public could not tell the difference between it and the bond currency. Think of this from a Cabinet officer! A man only a few degrees above a moral idiot ought to be able to understand the immorality of such a proposition. The whole scheme is tainted with immorality, as will be more fully appreciated when we consider the security for this asset-currency-bank-debt.

More than 62½ per cent. of the aggregate of national bank paid-up capital is now held by the Treasury Department to secure bond currency; and more than 10 per cent. of it is held to secure United States deposits. In other words, about 73 per cent. of the aggregate paid-up capital is already out of the hands of the banks and held by the Government. It cannot be reached by any lien against assets. Banks thus encumbered can receive an amount of asset currency, if the plan of this bill is carried out, equal to 10 per cent. of their capital each year until the aggregate of bond currency and asset currency equals the paid-up capital. According to the provisions of this bill, or of any proposition for asset currency that has yet come to light, it is intended that the currency shall be a first lien on the assets of the bank issuing it. In the event of the bank failing it is provided

that "The United States Treasury Department shall recover from the assets of said failed bank an amount equal to its outstanding asset currency."

Under such a scheme who, in the name of reason and honesty, furnishes the ultimate security for this currency debt of the bank? What constitutes the assets of a bank? Not capital alone, but everything that is reported by the bank under the head of resources. This includes the money of depositors. On April 6, 1906, the aggregate paid-up capital of the 5,975 banks then in existence was $819,307,406, and the resources or assets $7,760,617,682. The liabilities, exclusive of capital, surplus and undivided profits, were $6,289,945,394. Of this amount it appears that the liability to depositors was about $5,000,000,000. The banks have in their hands, as part of bank assets, that amount of money belonging to depositors. It ought rather to be said that they owe their depositors that amount, for they do not have that amount of money on hand, and cannot have any such amount for the reason that it is largely in excess of the "General Stock of Money in the United States." The deposits are five-eighths of the aggregate assets, and are of course covered by any first lien against bank assets. If asset currency is secured by a first lien against assets, less than 27 per cent. of the capital can be covered by it, because 73 per cent. of it is held by the Treasury Department. No bank fails with its capital unimpaired. When a bank fails it is because it has lost its surplus and a part at least of its capital. The ultimate security for this proposed currency will, without doubt, in every instance, rest upon the money of depositors. As security for the bond currency the Treasury Department has in its possession the equivalent of every dollar of such currency. It will hold nothing with which to pay the asset currency. The Government will hold no collateral security for it, but will hold a first lien against bank assets for the benefit of asset-currency holders. This currency will be, as any bank currency is, just as much a debt—a liability—as the debt due depositors. There is no equitable reason why the holders of this currency, or of any bank currency, should have any preference over depositors. If, as a matter of public policy, it is necessary for the Government to guarantee bank currency to the holders of it, it ought to be done directly. The honesty of the plan to secure bank currency by the credit of the Government, and provide for the Government reimbursing itself out of bank assets, is questionable. It is unjust to bank depositors and other bank creditors, whether that currency be secured originally by bonds or by a lien against assets.

Every dollar of bond currency now outstanding rests upon the credit of the Government. This will be true of the proposed asset currency. In both cases it is the credit of the Government loaned to the banks at about the cost of issuing the currency.

The special privileges granted to national banks are very profitable to them. The business men of the country must surely understand that the holders of bank currency, whether secured by bonds or a first lien on assets, are nothing more than preferred creditors of banks. The Government protects the currency holders, not at its own expense, but at the expense of other creditors of the banks; at the expense of the business community depositing in the banks and doing business with them. If public policy requires that the credit of the nation shall be used to secure bank currency, it is difficult to understand why it will not be better, in every way less complicated, much safer and more in accordance with business honesty for the Government to issue the currency without any intervention of the banks. Why should the credit of the country be used for the profit of banks at the expense of the Government and of private business interests? The administration is making investigations and bringing suits to relieve the people of the evil and the injustice of com-

mercial and industrial trusts, but seems to be wholly oblivious to the fact that the recommendations made and legislation proposed will, if enacted into law, create a currency trust with more power for evil than all other trusts combined.

For now more than a year the general public has heard very little about asset currency. Now and then we have been entertained by press reports of official twaddle about an emergency currency—for which there is no necessity, and that can have no purpose, except to aid the New York stock gamblers—and about an elastic currency that is as impossible of attainment in finance as perpetual motion in mechanics. We shall, in all probability, hear more about asset currency in the near future. The crusade is about to begin. Literature is beginning to arrive from New York. The first is a pamphlet by Mr. Johannsen on "The Proper Rate of Taxation for Asset Currency." Who he is no one knows, except possibly in New York. On the back of this pamphlet is printed the commendation of Mr. Youngman, not much better known, but who describes himself "Editor *Bankers' Magazine*." Who pays for the printing of such papers and for the postage in sending them out can be inferred. No such information, however, appears upon the publication. One thing is certain—judging by the past—such publications are sure harbingers of what will be attempted in the Congress following their circulation.

White Magic

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

I SEE from this bleak house of mine,
Across the flats the salt pools shine,
Now white as frost, now red as wine.

I hear the slow tides climb and fall,
And in the cloud the wild ducks call;
Days gloom to night, and that is all.

Yet once of old, Love found a way
To make this House of Memories gay
As May—and festivals in May!

Often So

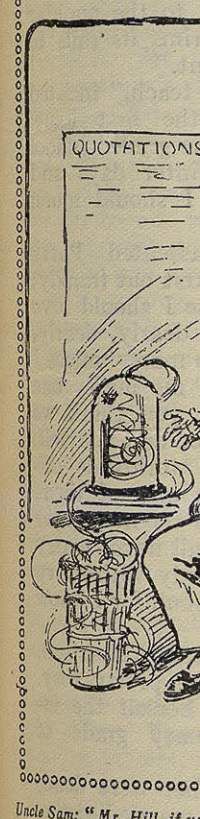
"PA, Cupid is the god of love, isn't he?"

"That is the usual belief, my son."

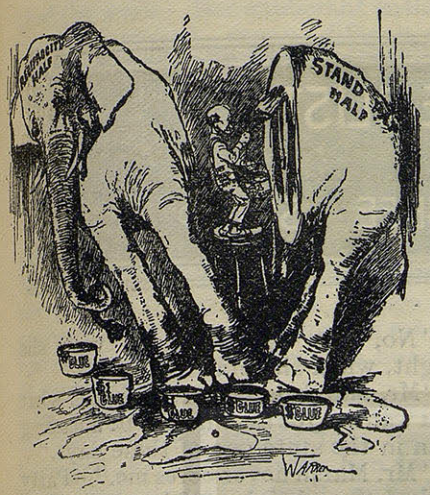
"Then it is cupidity that makes people marry, isn't it, pa?"

"That is generally the case, my son."

A Task fo
Warren, in Boston Herald

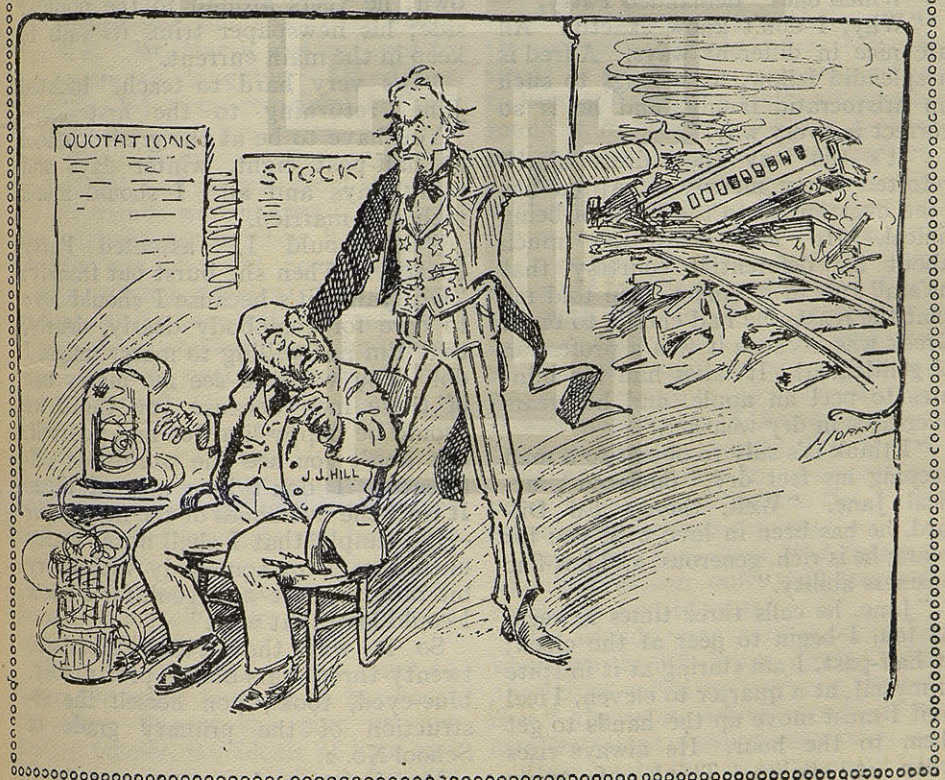


Uncle Sam: "Mr. Hill, if y
scenes like
Morris, in Spokane S



A Task for the Gods
Warren, in Boston Herald.

Miss Democracy: "Oh, Goodie, I knew he wouldn't stay down long."
Handy, in Detroit News-Tribune.



Uncle Sam: **"Mr. Hill, if you would keep your eyes less on Wall Street and more on your roadbed, you would have fewer scenes like that."**
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Not every love-story has a hero.

"IT will be dreadful to teach in that stuffy schoolroom, I do wish you would get married," said Jane Lacy, with the frankness of an intimate friend. "With three nice men in love with you, it seems a shame for you to ruin your looks and your health by teaching. If you would only marry—" she paused.

"Which one?" demanded Patty.

"Why, I don't know exactly. All are nice in different ways. Alfred is a splendid fellow, he belongs to such an aristocratic family, and he is so correct in every way."

"It's the way they dress him!" retorted Patty merrily. "Alfred has been overtrained to the point of being finical. He has heard so much about his deferential courtesy that he's all run to manners. He told me that the reason he had chosen to teach Greek was because it was a profession of gentlemen! It takes him ten minutes to peel an apple, and he wears overshoes in dry weather."

"I think it's silly to object to a man keeping his feet dry," declared practical Jane. "Well, there's Ed Dillard, he has been in love with you for years; he is rich, generous, and has fine business ability."

"Jane, he calls three times a week. At ten, I begin to peer at the clock; at half-past, I am staring at it in spite of myself; at a quarter to eleven, I feel as if I must move up the hands to get them to the hour. He always rises when it strikes. Think of going through life with that torture every evening!"

"You wouldn't have to spend every evening at home *en tête-à-tête*."

"No, but one ought to wish she might, when she married."

"Mr. Marsh is clever, if that is what you want. Joe says he will be a leading man in the state one of these days."

"Mr. Marsh never bores me." Patty looked thoughtful. "I love to talk to him and he has a delicious sense of fun. I like him—but I don't admire him. He hasn't convictions of his own; he veers around to the popular side; his newspaper trims its sails to keep in the main current."

"It's very hard to teach," insisted Jane, returning to the first issue. "You have to be at the graded school at half-past eight, winter days and rainy days and all. I should much rather be married."

"So should I," assented Patty heartily. Then she burst out frankly: "Oh, Jane, it's because I should love to care for somebody dearly, dearly, that I'm not willing to marry unless I do! You want to see me marry one of these men because you think we should be happy like Joe and yourself, but don't you see the worldwide difference? I don't love any of them. It isn't the overshoes or the newspaper—it's simply that I shall never marry until I care for somebody with every bit of my heart and soul, for I know I could love that way."

So it was that Patty Morrison, twenty-three years of age, pretty, rosy, blue-eyed, took upon herself the instruction of the primary grade of School No. 2.

Her father and mother were dead, and she lived with a married sister, whose increasing family meant a diminishing purse, so that Patty felt she must be self-supporting. At first she

liked the work. Her exuberant enthusiasm conquered many difficulties; she loved children and succeeded well with them.

The inevitable rebound came, and in the sixth year, when September struck in, she felt as if she could not take up the daily routine of school. Her work had been changed, so that the arithmetic classes fell to her. All day long she taught arithmetic, until she loathed the very sight of figures or the drone of the multiplication table. She came home at night with a bundle of papers to look over.

At Christmas Ed Dillard came to see her. He had moved to a larger town and she had not seen him for a year. She studied herself critically in the glass—the daily roses that used to bloom in her cheeks had not been hardy enough to withstand the late hours that her work entailed. She was twenty-nine, and she looked every day of it. Mr. Marsh was engaged to the governor's daughter. Alfred was married. Ed alone remained faithful to her, and his constancy touched her. She thought of the years of work ahead, and she was tired already. All her friends were married; she was the only spinster in their book club, the only one who was not "settled"—with varying degrees of happiness and success, it is true, but still "settled."

Several had children, Jane had three—and oh, how every fibre of Patty's being yearned for them! There is many a mother who has never borne a child, and Patty's soul was tenderly, deeply maternal. But she never spoke of this now, nor of any of the innermost longings of her heart, as she had done once to Jane.

"An old maid is bad enough; let me keep it to myself if I'm a sentimental one," she thought.

Often she dreamed of her lover to whom she might have given her heart unbidden. Should she give up her maiden fancies, her ideals of love and living, and take Ed Dillard for her husband?

A few days before, the writing-teacher had come into her room to set some copies, and as she wrote down, "To thine own self be true," she said, "That's a nice line, and all in monosyllables!"

Patty had turned aside not to betray a smile, and had forgotten the incident. Now she seemed to see again the words written before her, incisive, penetrating, their beauty not obscured by hackneyed use.

Her heart was heavy as she refused to marry Ed Dillard, but her soul felt as if a load of possible treachery had been lifted.

The years went by, one like another. Pretty, plump Patty Morrison was forgotten, thin and prim "Miss Patience" had taken her place. Only her serene blue eyes gave a clue to her old friends' statement, "Patty used to be so pretty, can't you remember?"

She was angular and flat-chested now, and for twenty years she had taught arithmetic in School No. 2. In the summers she rested, if she felt very tired; or she went to a summer school to keep from getting rusty, though she found it increasingly difficult to keep up with new methods. Her salary enabled her to help her nieces and nephews, and perhaps her greatest joy lay in the fact that the two boys owed their college education to her. Some of her old friends were very fond of her, but with most of them there was a touch of patronage. When Jane gave an elaborate luncheon she felt that it was rather nice of her to invite Patience. It was not because of the turned black dress and shabby bonnet, but because "Patty has grown so tiresome; she never talks of anything but the graded school or her sister's children."

How could she—poor Miss Patience, who had known only that treadmill through a score of years?

Her friends were very good to her when her health broke down. The physicians called it "nervous prostration," the name which covers divers manifestations of overspent vitality.

Fortunately the attack came in the summer, but doctors' fees had made deep inroads upon Miss Patience's slender purse, and she was glad when Sep-

tember began and she could go to work. A few days before school opened the new superintendent called. He was suspiciously jaunty and smiling.

"Ah, Miss Morrison, good morning! I have been distressed to hear of your illness. In fact, it was the main cause that determined me to change your work to something less—er—engrossing than mathematics. I wish you to take the primary work in School No. 3. The walk to the school is longer, but I am sure the exercise will prove a benefit."

"And the salary?" asked Miss Patience quietly, her thoughts on the bills that were still unpaid.

"It is—er—ten dollars a month less than what you have been receiving."

"Did I not give satisfaction where I was?"

She was thinking of the pleasant teachers with whom she had been associated for years. She shrank from the strangers of School No. 3.

"Well, since you insist upon it," replied the young superintendent, with some hesitation, "I think you gave too little oral work. Too many papers, entirely too many!"

Instinctively Miss Patience put up her hand to her glasses. They also bore testimony to the "many papers" over which she had labored faithfully these many years.

The school was on the outskirts of town, among the factory population, and she found her new position a hard one.

One night as she sat in her room, utterly weary, a card was handed to her. To her surprise it bore the name of Mr. Edward Daingerfield Dillard.

She was glad to see him, though she wondered whether she would have recognized her girlhood friend in the pompous, stout gentleman whom the state papers always called "a financial magnate." She asked about his work, and felt interested in the great success that had attended it. He told her that he had decided to buy his old homestead and build a magnificent residence there. He had been living in New York, but since the death of his wife and the marriage of his only daughter he had grown tired of the city and had come back to his birthplace.

In quite the old way he talked about himself; at ten Miss Patience caught herself stealing glances at the clock; at half-past ten she was counting the ticks; the stroke of eleven saved her from nodding outright.

Miss Patience represented a distinct quantity in Dillard's prosperous life. She was the only thing he had ever wanted—and wanted very earnestly—that he had not obtained. How she must regret that youthful folly! It was with a benignant sense of his own magnanimity that he wrote the next day and asked her to marry him.

It was raining dismally when Miss Patience came back from school. She was changing her bedraggled skirts, when a young girl entered hurriedly.

"Oh, Aunt Patty, would you mind darning my white silk stockings? You do it so beautifully, and I should ruin them." She tossed them on the bed as she spoke. "Here's a letter for you."

Miss Patience bathed her tired eyes, and holding the stocking close to see it well enough, darned back and forth in tiny stitches. She did not pick up the letter until she had finished. It was probably the receipt from the druggist.

Twice she read the contents of that surprising letter. She closed her eyes and tried to picture the glorious possibilities within her reach. No longer to be patronized by old friends nor slighted by superintendents many years her junior; no more days in School No. 3, surrounded by ill-smelling factory children! A beautiful home, a carriage, exquisite soft clothes such as she had always wished to wear, and which would keep her from looking—as she overheard someone say—"Fifty, if she's a day!"

How amazed the town would be when she became the wife of its one millionaire! How much she could do for her sister's family, and for the many poor people to whom she gave now, though so scantily in comparison with what Mrs. Edward Daingerfield Dillard could give! She lingered on the pros-

pect—but underneath she heard the insistent voice of that conscience whose promptings she had followed all these years.

She had refused Dillard in her youth because she did not love him. She did not love him now. Was her womanhood weaker than her girlhood? Was the long struggle of years to go for nothing?

Her answer astonished Dillard more than any event of his life. She never told anyone of his offer.

"They would think me crazy," she thought, with the smile that had belonged to the old Patty. "If one could decide a thing once for all and have done with it! My life seems to have been a series of decisions."

But a deep, new peace had come to her, and she wondered sometimes why Dillard's offer had been the temptation that it undoubtedly was. She flung herself with more ardor into her work among the factory children, delighting in the sure seed she saw growing in soil that had seemed barren.

When Dillard married one of the prettiest debutantes of the season, and Patience heard the congratulations lavished upon the young girl, whose head was turned by the "brilliant match," she felt only a tender pity for the child who had parted so early with the ideals which are our best inheritance.

Miss Patience had taught for several years at School No. 3 when an epidemic of grippe swept the town. When she finally succumbed to the disease the doctor declared she had been resisting it too long, in her effort to keep on with her work and to help a young teacher who was ailing.

She realized that the end was near, and the nieces and nephews who hung around her bedside felt their eyes grow dim at the look of expectation, of exaltation, on her worn face.

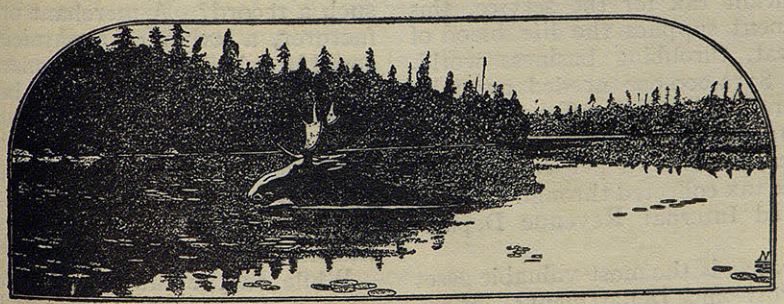
Many of the little children missed the kind gaze of the near-sighted blue eyes. Her old friends felt glad they had been so good to poor Patience.

To one person she remained an unsolved enigma. Mr. Dillard looked around his palatial residence, at the pretty wife who enjoyed it as any reasonable woman would do, and wondered.

"Poor Patty! She must have been a little touched!"

He followed the way of the world in putting down as eccentric those qualities which he could not understand. How should he have understood, when not one of the people among whom Patience Morrison had lived her simple, unpretending life had recognized that she was of the fibre of which martyrs are made, to whom the material is less than the spiritual, the abstract principle everlastingly above the concrete gain. The stress and duress of life had not made her confuse the symbol and the reality.

They called her "an old maid" in half-contemptuous pity, for it needed a larger love, a deeper insight than theirs, to see that the word covered a long, brave adherence to a lofty ideal.



The Railway Mail Service

BY DAVID A. GATES

THE Post-office more than any other part of the national Government comes near touching every citizen. Few persons there are who do not do business to a greater or less extent with Uncle Sam's Post-offices. Interfere with the mail and you seriously affect the business of millions of people. Telegraphic and telephonic services are too expensive for anything but emergency business. The United States Mail is by long odds the cheapest and most reliable means of communication.

When the merchant does not receive his business letters promptly he is disturbed. Let the farmer's magazine or weekly paper fail to reach him in time for Sunday and he knows that something is wrong. If it happens the second time he will make complaint, and there is an investigation. Probably it will develop that some unit in the Post-office Department has failed to do his duty, and there is a suspension or a removal. If something of this kind does not occur, not one man in every thousand will stop to consider how really good and indispensable a thing the Post-office Department is. Levying a comparatively insignificant tax for the service, this department supplies the life blood of the great, throbbing business world. Of the $170,000,000 needed annually to operate the Post-office Department, 91 per cent. comes from postal revenues; the other 9 per cent. comes from the tax collected through the Customs and Internal Revenue Department.

And what is the most valuable asset of the Post-office Department? What is the most necessary part of this machine that runs so smoothly and makes so little noise that we seldom think of it as running at all? It is the postal clerk. Ability is required in the distribution and the handling of the mail at the Post-offices. But it takes something more than ability to do the work of the postal clerk. The service he performs calls for integrity, intelligence and courage of a high order. Nerve, pluck, energy, endurance, the men who handle the mail on Uncle Sam's mail trains must have plenty of these.

Last fiscal year the 12,110 postal clerks in the United States handled 18,122,903,880 pieces of ordinary mail matter and 41,648,933 pieces of registered matter. They made 1,638,860 errors, an average of a little over 135 errors to the clerk.

On first blush the number of errors may look big; but when the work done is considered the million and odd errors become insignificant. For every error in the handling of mail by postal clerks 10,602 pieces were handled correctly. Correct 10,602 and incorrect once! Where is the business man or the professional man who can boast of such a record? A merchant or manufacturer, a lawyer or a physician who could be relied on to hit the mark more than ten thousand times before he missed it would be considered a success by his fellow-citizens. Even a minister of the gospel whose mistakes were over ten thousand times apart would feel justified in claiming a clear title to mansions in the skies.

While on the subject of errors it is interesting to note how rapidly the

postal service has grown in proficiency since it was divorced from politics. In 1890 there was an error for every 2,834 pieces of mail handled correctly. After that there was a rapid and steady improvement until 1897. Since 1897 there has been practically no improvement in the number of pieces carried to the error.

In carrying and distributing the eighteen and a quarter billion pieces of mail matter the 12,101 postal clerks worked on 197,353 miles of steam railroad, cable and electric car and steamboat lines, and traveled, either alone or in crews, 260,210,225 miles. In addition to the miles traveled by mail clerks in the Railway Mail Service, there were 116,373,812 miles covered by the Closed Pouch Service, via railroads, steamboats and electric lines. The total increase of mileage of every kind in 1905 was more than ten million miles over the previous year. The number of miles of railway and steamboat lines covered by the Railway Mail Service increased, in 1905, 5,321 miles over the previous year.

The equipment of the Railway Mail Service consists of cars used exclusively for the mail and apartments on railway cars, electric cars and steamboats. Last fiscal year there were in use 1,015 full cars, 2,708 apartment cars and 115 apartments on steamboats, making a total of 3,838 cars and apartments in use. The full cars are used on through mail trains—the apartment cars on local trains. Two or more clerks work the full railway Post-office lines; a single clerk usually looks after a local line. A number of exclusive mail trains made up of three or more full cars employ a force of from six to seventeen clerks. The line employing the largest number of clerks, seventeen, is one of the runs on the New York and Chicago R. P. O. over the New York Central Railroad.

All equipment is provided by the railway or steamboat line carrying the mail. The full cars and apartments are built, however, according to specifications furnished by the Post-office Department. These specifications have for their object the building of cars and apartments in such manner as to combine carrying capacity and strength; anti-telescoping features looking to the protection of the clerks in case of wreck have received special attention.

Discouraging though it may be, it is nevertheless true that, judging from the record, there has been little improvement in railway mail equipments during the past thirty years. When we take a look at statistics we are confronted with the startling fact that year by year the number of casualties in proportion to the number of clerks employed has steadily increased. Between July 1, 1875, and July 1, 1805, an average of 6,300 postal clerks were employed. During this period 190 clerks were killed, 1,439 seriously injured and 3,350 slightly injured—total, 4,979. The first ten years an average of 3,203 clerks were employed. The casualties were 28 killed, 182 seriously injured and 244 slightly injured—an average of 1 casualty to every 70 clerks. The next ten years the average number of clerks employed was 6,480. The records show for this period 62 fatalities, 592 serious injuries and 808 slight injuries; total, 1,462—a casualty a year for every 44 clerks employed. Then comes the last ten years of the period ending July 1, 1905, with an average of 9,217 clerks employed. There were 100 fatalities, 665 serious injuries and 2,298 slight injuries; total, 3,063 casualties—1 a year for every 30 clerks employed.

The record for the three years from July 1, 1902, to July 1, 1905, shows how steady the increase in casualties has been. The average number of postal clerks employed during that period was 11,214. The casualties foot up for the three years 51 killed, including 3 substitutes, 293 seriously injured and 1,132 slightly injured; total casualties, 1,486—an average of 1 casualty a year to every 23 clerks employed. Annually a postal clerk was killed for every 660 employed, and 1 was either killed or seriously injured for every 97 employed. During the ten years from July 1, 1875, there was a casualty a year for every 70

clerks employed; during the last three years there was a casualty to every 23 employed. Last fiscal year the percentage of fatalities and serious injuries was higher than the percentage of casualties of every kind in 1880.

The greatest number of clerks killed any fiscal year was in 1904, the number being 18 clerks and 2 substitutes. Five is the largest number killed at one time, that number having been killed June 26, 1897, in a wreck on the Wabash Railroad, at Missouri City, Mo. A like number was killed in a wreck on the Southern Railroad at Danville, Va., September 27, 1903.

The postal car is usually immediately behind the engine, hence it is not surprising that the percentage of killed and maimed among postal clerks is high. For many years the Post-office Department has been endeavoring to induce the railroads to give the postal car a more favorable position in the train. The rates paid for carrying the mails are said to be much higher than those paid by express companies, and this higher rate ought to purchase a higher class of service. But the rule that when Uncle Sam goes into the market he gets less for his money than any competitor finds a striking illustration in the service rendered the Post-office Department by the railroads.

The serious question is, what has caused this increase in percentage of casualties among postal clerks; also cannot something be done for the men who handle the mails? The postal clerk is one of the most important of Government employees. The army might disband, the soldiers might quit fighting "booze" and go into the more profitable business of raising cotton and corn, and the country wouldn't know it. In case of war a voluntary army would come out of the fields and shops to fight the nation's battles. But the postal clerk, the brave postal clerk who rides the fast-flying mail trains, who faces the storms of winter, the landslides of spring and the heat of summer, who in devotion to duty does not find an equal in one soldier out of every ten, without *him* business would stagnate and commerce would pretty nearly be at an end. Without this important factor in the Railway Mail Service to bring buyer and seller together seed-time and harvest would be of little consequence.

It may be noted in passing that postal clerks are not the only persons who have fared badly at the hands of the railroads. In recent years there has been a remarkable increase in the percentage of casualties to passengers on railroad trains. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads in 1897 carried 489,445,198 passengers. Of these they killed 222 and wounded 2,795—a casualty for every 162,229 passengers. In 1904 they hauled 715,419,682 passengers. Of these they killed 441 and wounded 9,111—a casualty for every 74,897 persons hauled. In seven years the casualties increased from 1 to 162,229 passengers, to 1 to every 74,897 passengers. The chance of a passenger being hurt in a railroad wreck increased over 100 per cent. between 1897 and 1904. Inasmuch, therefore, as the increase in persons killed and maimed by the railroads does not apply exclusively to postal clerks, but applies to passengers as well, it is evident that the railroads have increased their killing capacity in a general way and that they are not directing their attention specially to the extermination of postal clerks.

With railroad consolidation, continuous lines and fast schedules have come an appalling increase in the killed and wounded of every class of persons who have anything to do with railroad trains. Whatever advantage may have come to mankind by the elimination of time and space has been paid for in blood. The railroads have been successful in making fast time, likewise have they been successful in increasing the number of widows and orphans.

But returning to the postal clerk; when the ability necessary to do the work of a postal clerk, the class of the service and the dangers that are incident to it are taken into consideration, there is probably no class of men on

earth as poorly paid as are the men who work on the railway mail trains. Certainly there are no other Government employees so poorly paid. In other branches of the Government service there are men drawing salaries equivalent to $1,500 a year who couldn't hold the job of an $800 substitute three days.

The average letter-carrier, who often hasn't an earning capacity in the business world of $50 a month, receives a salary that amounts to as much as that received by the man who does the health-destroying, nerve-racking work on the trains.

The pay of the postal clerk ranges from $900 to $1,500 a year, the average being about $1,150 a year. After he has deducted from this the expense incident to travel, has paid for poor accommodations at cheap hotels, there is left for his wife and children a scant living. Laying by anything for old age, when the Government is through with him and has turned him adrift on the world, is out of the question. Each year the cost of living, like the danger incident to the work is increasing. Everything but the postal clerk's pay is going up, up, up. He receives the same pay now that he did twenty years ago, when a dollar bought more food, more clothing, more of all the necessaries of life by 25 per cent. than it does today, when trust prices prevail.

Until a few years ago the law made no provision for a postal clerk who was disabled or killed while on duty. The moment that his car took a plunge from a bridge to the bottom of some river, his pay stopped, provided he was killed. The Government did not even go to the expense of raising his mutilated body, but left it where it went down for the fish to fight over. Now a different rule prevails. If a postal clerk is injured while on duty he is allowed his salary for a year. If, at the end of that time he is still disabled to such an extent that he cannot return to work, he is dropped from the rolls, and if the unfortunate clerk has no one upon whom he can rely for support, then it is "over the hills to the poorhouse."

The law also provides now that in case of death from injuries received while on duty the clerk's legal representative shall be paid $1,000. That is a step, but a very short one, in the right direction. A human life at $1,000 *per* is pretty cheap. The legal representatives of the twelve postal clerks who were killed last year received $12,000; they ought to have had $60,000.

But the point will probably be made that the clerk or his legal representative has a cause of action against the railroad company which injured or killed him. Of course, if he can prove negligence on the part of the railroad's employees. If what the laws call an act of God, or some agency independent of the railroad, is responsible for the wreck, the railroad company pays nothing. As the privilege of killing people is one of the few things that railroads are willing to leave to the Almighty, or someone else, when a few dollars are involved, they never fail to let the responsibility be placed where the "*evidence*" may show it belongs.

A statement of the cost of operating the Railway Mail Service will contain some interesting figures. Last fiscal year the cost was as follows:

Steamboat service	$685,591.25
Electric and cable car service	521,825.79
Mail messenger service	1,221,903.25
Special facilities on trunk lines	134,693.87
Railway Mail Service	13,285,242.94
Railway car and transportation service	44,893,960.82
Total	$60,743,217.92

This was a little less than one-third of the cost of maintaining the Post-office Department. The cost of the city free delivery, rural free delivery, star routes, carrying foreign mails, wagon service in cities, mail equipments and pneumatic tube service aggregated $53,500,000.

The $13,285,242.94 cost of the Railway Mail Service includes the salaries of a general superintendent and his

assistants, of eleven division superintendents and the assistants, clerks, etc., necessary to do the clerical work in the offices of eleven division superintendents and of 12,110 postal clerks who ride the mail trains and handle the mails.

The offices of the division superintendents are located in Boston, New York, Washington, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, St. Paul and Fort Worth.

The 12,110 postal clerks work under the immediate direction of these division superintendents. The Fifth, the Cincinnati Division, has supervision of the largest number of clerks—2,000.

Frequent efforts have been made the past few years to prevail upon Congress to pass legislation for the relief of postal clerks. It would seem that any fair-minded man, after due consideration, would agree:

First, that postal clerks are not paid sufficient salaries. Second, that the railroads do not furnish such accommodations as the Government pays for; and third, that some permanent provision should be made for old and disabled postal clerks and for the families of those who are killed in the service.

Certainly, when the importance and character of the service performed are taken into consideration, the pay of the postal clerk would seem to be inadequate. The Government ought not to pay for what it does not get, but it ought to pay for what it *does* get. It is not paying postal clerks for the service they are performing. The compensation of postal clerks can be increased indirectly by providing an allowance for expenses while on duty, or directly by adding to the salaries now paid.

It is said that the Government pays a much higher rate for car and transportation service than that paid by the express companies. If that is true, why not *compel* the railroad companies to give what the Government pays for? Why should the postal clerk's car be given the most dangerous position in the train, so that if there is a wreck his chances of escape are the least of anyone on the train? Isn't the life of the faithful and courageous man who serves the public so well as dear as that of the passenger in the Pullman palace car? If Uncle Sam pays for the highest class of service, why not make the railroads give in return what it pays for?

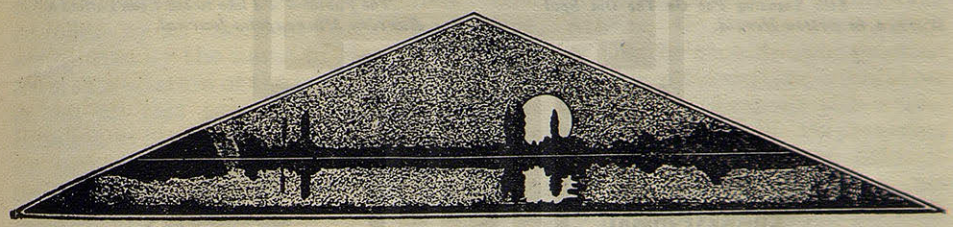
A great many people become hysterical when the pensioning of employees in the civil service is mentioned. Little complaint is heard to the payment by the Government of $145,000,000 a year to ex-soldiers and their widows; the ex-soldiers are many, their name is legion and their votes count, hence the dollars are voted to them in cartloads, but a howl follows any mention of pensioning employees in the civil service. Indiscriminate pensioning of persons who have been in the civil service would unquestionably be wrong, and in fact, for the sake of argument, it might be admitted that, with the exception of postal clerks, no class of civil servants is entitled to pensions. But that the Government ought to provide for men who have been disabled or who have grown old in an extra-hazardous service—a service which of itself has a tendency to destroy the health of the man who performs it—needs no argument. A man who has gone forth year after year, doing a dangerous duty, in order that the country might receive that which was almost as necessary as rain and sunshine, is entitled to as much consideration as the man who fights his country's battles. And the family of the man who goes down to death at his post of duty on a mail-car is entitled to as much from his Government as the family of the man who is killed on the firing line. There may not be as much romantic glory in the one as there is in the other, but there is as much real service to the country.

The railroads are being paid $45,000,000 annually for furnishing cars and for transporting the mails. It is estimated that a good part of this is loot. The lootage is placed by some

at $10,000,000; by others it is put down as high as $30,000,000. Whatever it is, it represents the excess of what the service is really worth. The railroads do not earn it, but they need it to pay the interest on watered bonds or dividends on watered stock, hence they go after it and they get it.

One item of the forty-five million dollars is the charge for the *use* of the cars and apartments that hauled the mails. Last year this item was $5,509,044.65. During the same period the railroads *paid* the Armours over $3,000,000 mileage on refrigerator cars used in handling perishable freight, and permitted them to rob the people ruthlessly of many millions more in excessive refrigerating charges. For the *use* of each of the 3,838 cars and apartments carrying the mails the Government paid $1,435, and each car and apartment earned an average of over $10,000. By building and owning its own cars the Government could save a considerable part of the five and a half millions paid for *use* of the railroad companies' cars. By reducing the transportation charges to what they are actually worth millions of dollars more could be saved.

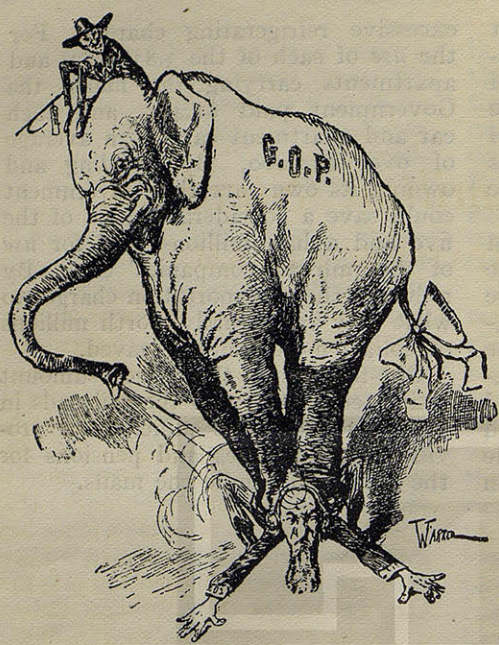
One-fourth of the lowest amount estimated as going to the railroads in over-pay would be sufficient to provide ample salaries and pensions for the men who handle the mails.



In After Years

BY G. E. W.

IN after years we learn to know
How futile were our hopes and fears,
How trivial. And God doth show
In after years
How empty now and fraught with tears
The gifts we prayed Him to bestow.
Our lives speed on; when darkness nears
We hear His voice call soft and low,
A voice that sounds to him who hears
Like some great river's ceaseless flow,
In after years.



Still Standing Pat On The Old Spot
Warren, in Boston Herald.

John D.—"We should all know each other better."
The Public—"I'd like to but I can't afford it."
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal.

Russia—"'Scuse me, I just called to find out when I'm due for another outbreak."
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Alexander Hamilton Stephens

BY ZENO I. FITZPATRICK, A.B., A.M.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born Feb. 11, 1812, in what was then Wilkes, but now Taliaferro County, Georgia, near the town of Crawfordsville. It is a remarkable coincidence that he and his most intimate friend, the illustrious Robert Toombs, should have been born in the same county. Mr. Stephens was born of poor, but honest and highly respectable parents. He sprang from Irish stock and was fond of boasting of the fact. His parents named him simply "Alexander." He was prepared for college by an excellent teacher and worthy man by the name of Hamilton, and in appreciation of the interest taken in him by this preceptor he added Hamilton as his middle name. He was not named for Alexander Hamilton, the noted New York statesman and financier, who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, as many people imagine. Our subject belonged to a different school of politics from the distinguished New Yorker.

Mr. Stephens's father was a poor man as to this world's goods. He was a humble but efficient teacher and owned a small farm, which upon his death was sold and invested as a patrimony for his children. Mr. Stephens often told his friends that his share in his father's estate was four hundred dollars. Years after his father's death Mr. Stephens bought the old homestead and was the proud possessor of it until his death. Mr. Stephens was always extremely proud of the rugged honesty and good standing of his family, and was ever sympathetic and affectionate to the humblest member, however distantly related to him.

Mr. Stephens's first instructor was his father; but then he was a mere lad. After his father's death the youth was in the habit of attending Sunday-school regularly and promptly. His cheerful disposition, his bright mind, his constant politeness to all and his frail and sickly body attracted everyone to him. These were the things that caused his father's friends to place him in Professor Hamilton's school. Later the same traits prompted some ladies, members of the Presbyterian Church at Augusta, to propose to give him a collegiate education at Franklin College, Athens, Ga., with the understanding that he should, upon graduation, become a Presbyterian minister.

In college Mr. Stephens was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, as indeed he was all through life. After he had completed his sophomore year he decided that he could not become a minister of the gospel. He made up his mind at that early date to become a lawyer. Immediately after this well-considered determination he promptly notified the charitable and kind-hearted ladies who had furnished the money to defray his expenses that he conscientiously felt he was not called to preach, and requested them to release him from his promise to do so, stating that he had used four hundred dollars of their money and declaring that he was ready to repay them, but frankly avowed that it would take every cent of his meagre patrimony to reimburse them. He informed them that he would be under many obligations to them if they would wait on him until he should complete his collegiate course, for the money. To this request they cheerfully yielded. Mr. Stephens then se-

cured the four hundred dollars, all his father left him, and by a most rigid economy and self-denial went on through the junior and senior classes and was graduated in the summer of 1832, sharing the first honor with William H. Crawford, Jr., son of Georgia's distinguished lawyer and statesman, who was at one time candidate for the exalted office of President of the United States, and would have been elected, in the opinion of many, but for the unfortunate malady that seized him in the midst of a most active and heated campaign.

Young Stephens was full of pride. After having been graduated and chosen valedictorian of his class, he was fearful that he could not appear on the rostrum to deliver his speech at Commencement, because he had exhausted his supply of funds and was unable to bedeck himself in the regulation broadcloth coat. But a well-disposed friend generously advanced the necessary cash, the proper garment was purchased and he spoke and won applause and fame as a youthful orator.

Then the question uppermost in his thoughts was how speedily to gain money enough to cancel his debts to his benefactresses. He obtained the position of assistant teacher in an excellent male school in the then small town of Madison, the capital of Morgan County, noted for its famous red hills, beautiful women and wealthy planters. Here we find the young pedagogue earnestly laboring to "teach the young idea how to shoot." While he gave entire satisfaction as an instructor and was received in the best Middle Georgia families and well treated by all, the drudgery and close confinement of the schoolroom was galling to him in the extreme, and all the rest of his life he confessed to his friends that existence in those dreary days was a burden and that he was very unhappy.

After joyfully leaving Madison, young Stephens, through the intervention of his classmates, the young Lecontes, obtained a situation in the family of their father, a ripe scholar himself, and a large planter and owner of many slaves in Liberty County. Here, with congenial spirits and more favorable environment, Mr. Stephens was happy. Here, too, he did splendid work in preparing the young sons of Mr. Leconte for college. One of these was the justly celebrated Joseph H. Leconte, the eminent college professor and the author of a well-known and much used work on geology. Mr. Stephens was ever proud of the splendid achievements in the world of letters of his former pupil. The writer, while traveling in California in 1899, met this lovable and gentle scholar at the University of California at Berkeley, not far out from San Francisco. He informed the writer that he had always been as proud of his famous preceptor as the latter could possibly have been of him. He spoke in the highest terms of praise of Mr. Stephens's character and great intellect and ability, and declared very emphatically that he had always regarded Mr. Stephens as one of America's greatest and safest statesmen, and sagely remarked that the South had greatly erred in not following his advice concerning Secession and the Civil War.

We next find young Stephens a law student. He borrowed books from Mr. Quinea O'Neal, at that time ordinary of the new County of Taliaferro, and without the aid of any instructor studied the dusty legal volumes and in the almost incredible space of six weeks was ready to be admitted to the bar after having passed a fine examination in open court with that mighty Georgia jurist, Joseph H. Lumpkin, as a member of the Committee on Examination. Judge Lumpkin congratulated him most heartily and predicted for him success in his chosen profession. Mr. Stephens was ever grateful to his noble friend, Mr. O'Neal, for the use of the county's law books, and afterward received him in old age and hoary locks and tottering steps as an honored permanent guest in his home at Liberty Hall, always reverently addressing him as "Par-

son." He treated him as a father, furnishing him a comfortable room and board at his table, as well as suitable clothing and even tobacco. Very soon after becoming a lawyer Mr. Stephens was elected to the legislature, having defeated in a warm political contest a Mr. Janes, an influential and wealthy planter. Mr. Stephens at once took a high stand as a legislator, and among many other useful measures strenuously advocated the policy of state aid to Wesleyan College, the first institution for the higher education of females in the world. He also took a bold and aggressive stand for the building by the state of that magnificent property still owned by Georgia, the Western & Atlantic Railroad, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, Tenn.

Stephens grew rapidly in reputation as an able lawyer, wise politician and safe man generally. He soon became the idol of the people of the old Eighth Congressional District, and in 1842 he was elected as a Whig to Congress. At once he took an active part in the proceedings of the House and was recognized as an admirable debater and eloquent orator, and became a leader upon the floor. He was continuously a member of the House of Representatives until the year 1859, when he voluntarily retired to private life at Liberty Hall, his home, so well named and known, where he was wont to dispense open-handed hospitality. His home at Crawfordsville, in a large grove of grand oaks, was for many, many years the Mecca toward which all, the rich and poor, the high and low, bent their steps; some to learn wisdom at his feet, and others to get needed rest and food. He always kept a tramp's room. So here could often be seen at his hospitable board the proud, aristocratic, imperial Toombs, and the poor, despised wanderer, both, in far different ways, enjoying their sojourn at "Little Aleck's."

When Mr. Stephens left Congress in the fifties, he told his friends that he had heard the rumblings of the coming storm, that he saw the wreck ahead, and that he had simply alighted from the onrushing fury at the first and most convenient station. He had quitted his beloved Whig Party, and united with the Democratic Party, which he had so often and fiercely assailed. When twitted about this he would laughingly say that he had brought the Democrats to him. While Little Aleck represented the old Eighth District in Congress, he was greatly loved by the voters, and became absolutely invincible. He was never defeated before the people for any office he ever asked of them. This writer heard him say more than once that Ben Hill and other great orators and debaters would meet him on the stump for the avowed purpose of defeating him and choosing another in his place, and he always was returned to Congress by increased majorities. For the purpose of showing how great a lawyer he was, we will tell how Mr. Stephens managed two noted cases in court, the one on the criminal side, and the other on the civil.

The first was the much talked of case of the State *versus* Willet, and was tried in Greene Superior Court in the early fifties. Judge Thomas G. Lawson, of Eatonton, himself a wonderfully strong lawyer, described this celebrated case in detail to the writer. Lawson was then at Mercer University in Penfield, Greene County. So were young Willet, a brother of one of the teachers of that excellent institution of learning, Professor Joseph E. Willet, and a young man named Janes. Willet was poor and possessed no worldly goods, while Janes was a member of that well-known and very wealthy family whose various members resided in their ante-bellum palaces amid their broad acres and countless slaves. Willet and Janes were classmates and bosom friends. They were as Damon and Pythias, boon companions. They had an engagement to call to see two young ladies together. Late in the afternoon before the time for this visit they had a game of marbles, and for some reason had a boyish quarrel and then a fight.

Young Willet drew a penknife and stabbed Janes, killing him instantly. The Janeses, elder brothers, father and uncles of the dead boy, had Willet put in jail and vowed that they would have him convicted and executed, if money could do it. They employed, my recollection is, R. Toombs, F. H. Cone and Howell Cobb, and earnestly endeavored to get into this splendid array of legal talent Mr. Stephens, but he had made a resolution not to appear against any man on trial for life. The defense had next to no money and had got only one lawyer, then a youthful limb of the law, Augustus Reese, of Madison. Friends visited Willet in jail and urged him to employ other and more eminent counsel. His invariable reply was that he had no money. His brother, Professor Willet, finally decided to see Mr. Stephens. He told him of his young brother's unfortunate predicament, and telling him they had but little money, begged him to assist Reese. Stephens cared nothing for money, but in reality he was anxious to appear in defense of that poor boy and to measure strength with his brother giants engaged for the prosecution. Judge Lawson said the whole county was wild over the case. The college faculty brought the entire student body into the chapel and said that they positively forbade any of the students attending the trial except the witnesses who had to go. But the boys were on fire to be present at the trial of their friend and fellow-student. They were threatened with expulsion from college if they should go. They had an independent meeting of their own and resolved solemnly to go in a solid body, knowing that the authorities could not afford to expel the whole school. So they all to a man went day after day for the solid week which the trial occupied. Judge Lawson said that this was the grandest legal battle that he ever saw or ever expected to see. In some way, it is needless to say how, Mr. Stephens got the conclusion. Reese spoke first for the defense and made a good speech. Then came the erudite and brainy Cone, who tore Reese's argument into shreds. When he concluded his mighty effort Lawson said things looked dark and foreboding for the boy prisoner at the bar. Then spoke Howell Cobb, and he made a masterly and terribly strong speech, and all imagined they could see the fatal rope around the poor boy's neck. Then the fiery and thundering Toombs took his stand before the jury and painted in words that burned the base ingratitude of poor Willet, who had wilfully murdered his friend and daily companion, who had lavished his money freely upon him, and had times innumerable lent him his fine horse and buggy to take young ladies to ride, and had shown him many similar favors. When the powerful orator and marvelous lawyer concluded everyone saw poor Willet's body dangling in the air between heaven and earth. Toombs finished about three o'clock on Thursday. Mr. Stephens arose and, telling the presiding judge that he was physically tired, requested him to adjourn for the day. This was done. That afternoon and night the case was the sole theme of conversation. The general opinion was that Little Aleck, with all his eloquence and power with a jury, would be unable to stem the tide seemingly about to overwhelm his unfortunate client. For the entire week the court had been meeting at an unusually early hour. The following day Stephens concluded for the defense. The matchless orator and advocate soon had the judge, jury and immense throng completely under the spell of his resistless eloquence. He showed how the boys had been friends and loved each other—that Willet could not possibly have had malice; that he had in a sudden fit of passion struck his beloved associate with a small knife, not intending to do him bodily hurt, but had most unfortunately slain him. He pictured the prisoner as penniless—without influential friends. He vividly portrayed the wealth and great power and influence of the large Janes family; he complimented the distinguished lawyers on the other side for their able speeches, but said that all

were hounding the poor boy to death. Then Mr. Stephens described graphically how prisoners in olden times were accustomed to flee for their lives to the cities, once within whose protecting walls they were safe from all harm. The sympathetic man and convincing lawyer concluded with words like these: "Gentlemen of the Jury, here comes the boy running for his very life, hotly pursued by a horde of angry bloodthirsty and wealthy relatives of the lamented dead youth, and by an array of lawyers unsurpassed in the country for eloquence and power. This fleeing prisoner, gentlemen, is rushing with headlong speed for the City of Refuge, and I need not tell you that you twelve constitute that blessed asylum of safety."

The jury, after receiving the charge of his Honor, retired and in a few minutes returned the verdict: "We, the Jury, find the prisoner not guilty."

The other case, a civil one, was the important will case of DuPre, of Oglethorpe County. This will was contested on the ground that it did not comply with the requirements of the law. It was conceded by all that the testator had the will drawn up as he wished it; that he himself signed it and the three necessary witnesses signed. But it was said by some that, before DuPre signed, one of the witnesses went into an adjoining room just for a moment to get a drink of water. When he returned DuPre remarked to him that he had signed, and the witness replied that he knew his handwriting, and he himself then signed. The will was admitted to be regular and drawn up according to law with but one impediment, the testator and all the witnesses had not signed in the presence of each other. This, then, was the point in controversy. Gen. Robert Toombs and Hon. B. H. Hill were employed to break the will, and Judge Linton Stephens was retained to defend it. Some of the witnesses in court swore positively that all the witnesses to the will had signed in each other's presence, while other court witnesses swore that the witness who left the room for water had not seen the others sign. This apparently trivial matter was the issue in this will case involving three hundred thousand dollars. The case had been tried two or three times in the Superior and Supreme Courts, when Judge Linton Stephens died. At that time Alexander H. Stephens was dreadfully afflicted with rheumatism and had to go around on crutches. He was not engaged in the practice of law at all, but Judge Stephens's widow, after frequent appeals to him, prevailed upon him to take the place of her deceased husband in the case. Thus it came about that Little Aleck, as the people of Georgia affectionately called him, after many years' absence from the court-house, was again pressed into service as a lawyer to represent the interests of his beloved brother's widow and orphan children. It must have been a sight to the good people of Lexington and Oglethorpe County generally to behold their favorite orator, lawyer and statesman, slowly and painfully hobbling up the court-house steps on those crutches to win a fee for his loved ones! We can see them now, wild with delight over his reappearance among them after so prolonged an absence. But the old "warhorse," once again in the arena of his former triumphs, was eager for his last legal battle with Toombs and Hill, foes worthy of any man's steel. The case was gone over again and all three of the great lawyers, of course, made able arguments and eloquent appeals. But we are concerned more particularly with Mr. Stephens's management of the case. We have been reliably informed that he made a great speech and concluded by frankly admitting that the testimony of the witnesses was conflicting, then raising his shrill voice to a high pitch he exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the Jury, after mature consideration of this case, I give it to you as my deliberate and honest opinion, both as a lawyer *and as a man* that DuPre and all the witnesses signed that will in accordance with the law."

The jury brought in their verdict, going with "Little Aleck" and sustaining the will.

This writer has traveled all over the United States, from Boston to San Francisco, and wherever he has been, men, upon learning that he was from Georgia, would say that his state had produced many great statesmen, but they considered Mr. Stephens the state's wisest and safest leader. They would usually remark in effect that Stephens's speech against Secession was almost like prophecy. It may be said now that everybody sees the wisdom of Stephens's position when he declared that the South had the right to secede, but it was inexpedient. He contended that the North would overpower the South because it had more men, more money, a better navy, and, above all, the South had the whole world against her on account of slavery. Again Stephens showed his statesmanship when he so zealously urged his people to remain in the Union which they had helped to form, and fight, if fight they must, under the old flag. All can readily see now that if this course had been adopted, many friends of the South in the North, and especially in the West, would not have fought against her. The North had been taught by Webster and others to believe in the Union, just as the South had been prepared by Calhoun and his allies to believe in State Rights.

Another suggestion by Stephens was the very essence of wisdom and foresight, and that was that the South should call upon her patriotic sons, the wealthy planters, to turn over their cotton to the Confederate Government and take its obligation to pay them in the future. Then England, which was clamoring for cotton, was to be informed that it was owned by the Government and she could get it by coming after it. England would have sent her ships accompanied by gunboats for this cotton. Stephens's plan was to sell the cotton, put the proceeds in the Bank of England, and buy a navy. He also advised, in the beginning of the war, that able-bodied negroes be drafted into the army, and officered by white men and given their freedom. He said the North would use them thus if the South did not. This was done by the North. The position taken by Stephens just prior to the great Civil War made him very popular at the North, which regarded him as the South's ablest statesman. But later, when he had followed his state, after it had disregarded his advice, and had become second officer in the newly established Government, the North thought he had repudiated his own position and thus showed weakness. Gen. R. E. Lee acted exactly like Stephens. All their lives these distinguished men had been taught, and wisely taught, to give their allegiance to their states. Mr. Stephens, during the war, became unpopular in the South. Many thought he had antagonized the Government at Richmond, and, consequently, was not a loyal man and true patriot. He was sharply censured for quitting the capital and repairing to his home at Crawfordsville. He said many times to the writer that the Richmond authorities would pay no attention to any suggestion from him, and as he was not chosen chief, his self-respect prevented him from remaining among those who would not listen to him, and so he went home to Georgia and let the administration have its own way, unmolested by him.

Much has been said about the celebrated Hampton Roads conference between President Lincoln *et al.*, and Vice-President Stephens *et al.* Just what was said and done will be a subject of controversy for many years.

This writer, honestly endeavoring to give a fair, unbiased and truthful sketch of his old teacher, warm personal friend and favorite statesman, deliberately makes the following statement concerning this question, and he bases it absolutely and entirely upon various talks with Mr. Stephens at Liberty Hall. Mr. Stephens and his fellow-commissioners had no authority from the Richmond Government to

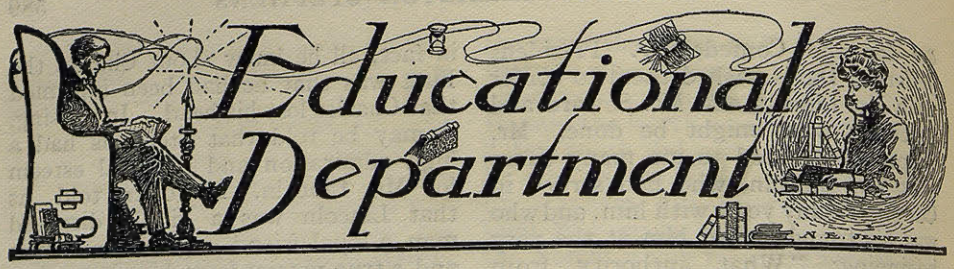
act for the Confederacy. President Jefferson Davis wished them to confer with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward and ascertain what might be done. Mr. Stephens repeated to me many times that Mr. Lincoln, who had served in Congress many years with him, and who was his friend, asked him at the very beginning: "What authority from Jefferson Davis have you to *do* something at this meeting?" Mr. Stephens said that he had to tell him he had no authority at all. Then Lincoln politely told him that his mission amounted to nothing, and that he had as well stayed at home. The impression made upon the writer during a stay of eight months as a boarder at Mr. Stephens's home, famous Liberty Hall, was that President Davis, while himself a great statesman, was somewhat jealous of Stephens, and that was the true reason why Mr. Davis would never take any kind of advice from him, although the people had made him second in office, and, furthermore, Davis was unwilling for Stephens in that conference to make any reputation as the man to bring about a cessation of war.

This is a mere fraction of what the writer could say of what Stephens told. Mr. Stephens said that old Abe Lincoln, here as elsewhere, had to get off his jokes. It was very cold when Mr. Stephens and his party boarded Lincoln's boat. Mr. Stephens had on two overcoats. Mr. Lincoln's warm, comfortable room soon caused Stephens to take off his greatcoat, whereupon Lincoln smiled and winked at Seward. By and bye Stephens took off the second coat, and Lincoln could restrain himself no longer, but laughingly said that Stephens was the smallest nubbin for so many shucks that he ever saw. At another time Stephens said that he, in arguing some point, referred to an old English authority in the time of King Charles the First. Lincoln, interrupting him, told him if he wished to discuss English history he must address his words to William L. Seward, that he himself knew next to nothing about it, and in fact, all he knew about Charles the First was that he had been informed that Charles lost his head. In passing, it may be told that Stephens had a high admiration and personal esteem for Mr. Lincoln. He often told us that Lincoln was a kindly disposed man, a loyal friend, a great statesman and a true patriot from his view point.

One of the finest traits in the character of Aleck Stephens was his great love and devotion to his half-brother, Linton Stephens. The older brother was eleven years the senior of the younger. Aleck had become quite prominent and was making money when Linton became large enough to attend school. He took great pains in having Linton properly prepared for college. While Linton was at Franklin College it was Aleck's custom to write to him almost daily for the purpose of encouraging him in the pursuit of knowledge and in aiding him in his more difficult studies. After Linton was graduated at Athens Mr. Stephens secured the services of the celebrated jurist and scholar, Judge Storey, as Linton's instructor in law. He later was graduated in law at the University of Virginia. Linton was then taken into partnership with his brother and soon became an able lawyer. At a comparatively early age he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State by Governor J. E. Brown, and made an enviable reputation on the bench. Mr. Stephens, having educated Judge Stephens, looked upon him as much a son as brother, and was ever very proud of him. The two Stephenses and Gen. Robert Toombs were as close and intimate as friends could be. The general was ever ready to do anything in his power for either. The two brothers loved the great and fiery old statesman with a devotion rarely seen.

They were loyal to him upon all occasions. Woe be unto that person who said aught against Toombs to either of the brothers! Such a one would have a fight upon his hands.

To be Concluded.



VIROQUA, WIS.

Watson's Magazine, New York.

I see it is one of the talks of the country and in your Magazine to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to elect senators by ballot of the people. It appears to be considered that the United States Senate is in the way—that a two-thirds majority of that body is needed and cannot be had. This may be true, but I notice the present Constitution provides that the Congress, "*two-thirds of both Houses*, may propose amendments." Now why does not this mean two-thirds of both Houses on joint ballot? In that case the people can elect representatives enough to overpower the Senate vote if it is combined against the amendment. The Constitution does not say two-thirds of *each* House. I think two-thirds of both Houses means two-thirds of the Congress without regard to the majority of either House. Am I not correct?

—— ——.

I am a farmer and may not have correct ideas of law or logic.

ANSWER

The suggestion which you make as to the meaning of the Constitution when it says "two-thirds of both Houses of Congress" is very interesting. The construction heretofore placed upon that language has been that it meant *both Houses* acting in their separate capacities as *two different legislative Houses*. My own opinion is that this construction is in accordance with the intention of the framers of the Constitution, for the reason that amendments to the Constitution are in the nature of legislation, and all legislation was intended by the framers of the Constitution to be passed by the *two Houses* in their separate capacities.

The truth is that our forefathers distrusted the people, and they tried in every way, consistent with the concealment of their purpose, to make their distrust of the people effective.

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AMERICUS, GA

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR: Will you please inform me, through the columns of your Magazine, the difference in belief between the Democratic and the Populist parties?

I have had your Magazine for some time, and have learned that it is the best one I have ever read.

The good you are doing through the medium of your Magazine cannot be estimated.

—— ——.

ANSWER

The question propounded in the above letter puts me where Waller is supposed to have had the hen. It would be easy for me or anyone else to tell the difference between the Populist Party and the Democratic Party if I knew for certain what the Democratic Party is. The People's Party was organized in 1891 and it has stood for the same purpose ever since. Before it had been organized an educational movement had preceded it. The Farmers' Alliance had conducted this educational movement among the country people, the Knights of Labor had conducted it among the city people. In the country, the Farmers' Alliance movement was almost entirely composed of those engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the cities, the Knights of Labor movement was conducted almost exclusively by the wage-earners, employed in all of the various departments of mechanical industry. After years and years of educational work, the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance and of the Knights of Labor came together and agreed upon a joint movement against special privileges as represented by modern capitalism. Thus, the People's Party had its origin in an educational movement, which, from the beginning, relied upon its appeal to the intelligence of the voter. Every member of the Farmers' Alliance movement knew what he wanted, and why he wanted it. The creed of the Farmers' Alliance was the same everywhere. In like manner, the Knights of Labor had its invariable plea, and every member of the army of wage-earners who joined the Knights of Labor had an intelligent purpose in doing so. The purpose of the Knight of Labor in the South was the same as that which actuated his comrade in the North, East and West. Consequently the Populist movement grew out of the uniformity in creed and uniformity of purpose among all of its members. The Republican Party, in its origin, was practically as coherent as the People's Party. A great educational reform movement preceded the political organization and when a citizen announced himself a Republican everybody knew what he stood for. Even now, when a citizen announces himself as a Republican, it can be safely assumed, in most instances, that he stands for the tariff, for national banks of issue, for the gold standard, for a large navy and standing army, for a liberal expenditure of public money for Internal Improvements, for Imperialism—that is to say, for the holding by the United States of a colonial empire

wherein the people are allowed no voice in their own government.

Now, when we get to the Democrats, we are at sea. There is no coherence of creed or purpose. There is nobody who has authority to say what is orthodox. On the tariff, the members of the Democratic Party range all the way from approval of the McKinley and Dingley schedules down to absolute free trade.

On the question of finance, there is the same difference among Democrats. On the question of the navy and the army, the colonial possessions, the national banking system and Internal Improvements there is the same variation in creed and purpose. An Eastern Democrat is, in all essential respects, a Republican. The late Judge Parker was never able to tell anybody wherein he differed from Mr. Roosevelt on any question of governmental policy. If Mr. Parker and Mr. Cleveland represent orthodox Democracy, I would say that there are no differences between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party that are worth a contest. We do not need *two* parties who hold the *same purposes and the same policies*. Therefore, if Democracy is properly expounded by such men as Parker, Ryan, Cleveland, we had just as well dispense with the cost and trouble of a Presidential campaign. On the other hand, if the Democratic Party is represented by W. J. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan should succeed in getting his ideas adopted by the Democratic convention in 1908, then it might be that there would be no very great difference of purpose between the Democratic Party and the People's Party. Mr. Bryan has declared that he is more radical now than he was in 1896. He has not yet specified, so that we may know what he means by radicalism. He has declared himself in favor of the governmental ownership of railroads, but the plan which he proposes is absolutely impracticable and perhaps destructive of the objects aimed at by those who advocate public ownership of public utilities.

To say that the Federal Government shall own the trunk lines, while the State Government owns the local lines is, in my judgment, mere nonsense. At the present time there is no such thing as a local railroad. Nowhere can you disarrange local lines without disturbing the traffic *system*.

In short, I cannot tell our correspondent what the difference is between the Populist and the Democratic parties because nobody knows what the Democratic Party is to stand for in the next election.

MADISON, ARK.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Please answer this in your August or September number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Some time past a few moneyed men of Forrest City, Ark., bought from the Levee Board a good deal of land, in the Levee district, which, from what I can learn, needs draining, and our congressman, Mr. Macon, is advocating an appropriation by the Government to drain this land for a few who own it. No one but just a few would be benefited by the appropriation, for just a few own the majority of the land in the Levee district, and they are men who are considered rich, but not as rich as John D.

Now would it be right to take the people's money and use it to benefit three or four men just because they want the land drained? This is what I want you to answer. What if I bought, say, a lake in the woods and wanted to build a concrete pier in it large enough for a brick dwelling-house? Just because I owned it would it be right for the Government to appropriate to me four or five hundred thousand dollars to satisfy my wants? Of course they pay taxes, but I do, too, and just because they are rich is no reason why they should be honored any more than I was or would be. Is it right?

Yet I have sense enough to know a man who has the coin in the bank has more free rights than one that hasn't a one-cent piece. I am under the impression Mr. Macon will lose a good many friends and votes on that drainage question. Now if the land was in blocks of 40s or 50s, owned by the majority of the population of the county and state, it would be different.

ANSWER

It may be that Mr. Macon will secure an appropriation which, in its effect, will drain the land of private landowners, but if he does, he will have to cover up his design in such a way as to disguise it. Congress does not appropriate money for the improvement of private property. Necessarily, however, private property is frequently benefited by public improvements which the Government makes for its purposes. This is unavoidable. Where the appropriation is made with an eye single to public benefits, no one can justly complain if incidental benefits are derived from this public improvement by private landowners. It is only upon the theory that the entire Republic is benefited by the improvements made upon rivers and harbors, public buildings and grounds, that the Government takes the money of the taxpayers and expends it upon court-houses, post-office buildings, custom houses, dock-yards, harbors, rivers, levee embankments, harbor dredging, etc.

It very often happens, of course, that there is a private scheme within the public scheme, and that those favored individuals who have what is called a "pull" are able to influence the appropriation of public money in such a way as directly to improve private property. So far as I know, however, no public funds have ever been spent to drain the lands of a private corporation or a private individual; and if Mr. Macon succeeds in doing this, as you apprehend, he will hear from it at some future election, after the people of his district get on to the facts.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

I have read every number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE and am at times puzzled to know where you get some of the many things you publish.

The greatest surprise was in your August number, on page 290, when you say in answer to Nashville, Ark.: "The silver dollar, irrespective of the price of crude silver, has always been worth a dollar for the simple reason that the law makes it a good dollar in payment of *all debts public and private*. In law a silver dollar does all that a gold dollar will do, hence they are *legal equals*."

These two propositions are astonishing for the reason that they give silver more than any other man that I know claims for it.

Is it not a fact that the demonetization act of 1873 took from the gold dollar its legal tender qualities, and is it not a fact that no law enacted since by Congress has ever restored that legal tender quality?

The Sherman purchasing act did not do it; neither did the repeal of the Sherman purchasing act. I may not have all the data at hand, but I know of no other silver legislation since the act of 1873.

Should you have any other acts of Congress on the subject I would be pleased to have you publish it together with the true Sherman acts.

Respectfully,

——— ———.

ANSWER

The statement in the Magazine to which you refer is strictly accurate. It is not a fact that the law of 1873 or the law of any other year took the legal tender quality away from the gold dollar. The act of 1873 dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins, but in a short while the trick was discovered and the silver dollar was restored to its place in our coinage. I mean, of course, the standard silver dollar, and not the trade dollar. The silver dollar which is now in circulation was absolutely full legal tender under the law just as gold dollars are, and the number of them was largely increased last year in the manner stated in the Magazine. The Act of Congress passed during McKinley's administration requires the Government to maintain the gold standard. Consequently, it has been the practice of the Secretary and Treasurer to exchange gold dollars for any other kind of money which might be presented for exchange or redemption. He even redeems silver dollars with gold dollars. Those that believe in the Populist theory of finance think all this very absurd. The swapping of one dollar for another dollar seems to be mere child's play when we remember that any one of the various kinds of dollars would not be a dollar if it were not for the legal tender quality conferred upon them by law. The amount of gold in the gold dollar would not be at a valuation of 100 cents were it not for the stamp of the Government, and the legal tender law which is back of the stamp. If you want to make a test of this proposition at some time, take a $20 gold piece and melt it. Then take the gold and carry it into the market and experiment upon the difference between what you can do with twenty silver dollars and the lump of gold. The experiment will open your eyes to many things.

LUDOWICI, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: You will oblige me by naming the Governors of Georgia, since 1849 to the present time, in the next issue of your Magazine. Inasmuch as I am a subscriber to your Magazine, I take pleasure in saying it is the grandest piece of literature I have ever read.

——— ———

ANSWER

1789, George Walton; 1790, Edward Telfair; 1793, George Matthews; 1796, Jared Irwin; 1798, James Jackson; 1801, David Emanuel; 1801, Josiah Tattnall; 1802, John Milledge; 1806, Jared Irwin; 1809, David B. Mitchell; 1813, Peter Early; 1815, David B. Mitchell; 1817, William Rabun; 1819, Matthew Talbot; 1819, John Clark; 1823, George M. Troup; 1827, John Forsyth; 1829, George R. Gilmer; 1831, William Lampkin; 1835, William Schley; 1837, George R. Gilmer; 1839, Charles J. McDonald; 1843, George W. Crawford; 1847, George W. B. Towns; 1851, Howell Cobb; 1853, Herschel V. Johnson; 1857, Joseph E. Brown; 1865, James Johnson; 1865, Charles J. Jenkins; 1867, Gen. T. H. Ruger; 1868, Rufus B. Bullock; 1872, James Milton Smith; 1877, Alfred H. Colquit; 1882, Alexander H. Stephens; 1883, Henry B. McDaniel; 1886, John B. Gordon; 1890, William J. Northern; 1894, William Y. Atkinson; 1898, Allen D. Candler; 1902, Joseph M. Terrell.

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WELCH, I. T.

Editor Watson's Magazine, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Moved by the information in the June number of your Magazine that the national banks had received a deposit loan of $66,000,000 from the Secretary of the United States Treasury upon the security of "Chicago Sanitary Bonds," and said $66,000,000 does not draw any interest whatever, I wrote to the honorable Secretary of the Treasury to borrow $500 upon real estate first mortgage on eighty acres of land located here in Indian Territory with or without low rate of interest for a period of time not to exceed five years. I herewith inclose his reply, dated June 30, 1906. To which I responded and asked him to quote me the law authorizing him as Secretary of the Treasury to loan public funds to national banks or give the name of said act and the section number.

I received letter dated July 17, 1906. Now will you please quote Section 5153 of Revised Statutes of United States in "Educational Department" of your Magazine and give *your opinion* on same? If you should desire my letters to the Secretary of the Treasury, I will supply copy of same, as I preserved copy at time of writing him.

I approve of your suggested platform so far as I am informed. But plank number 2 I confess I do not understand sufficiently to express an opinion for or against.

With best wishes for success,

——— ———.

P. S.—Of course I had not any idea I could borrow any money, but why I should not be on an equality with national banks is the question.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 30, 1906.

DEAR SIR.

There is no authority in the Secretary of the

Treasury to make public loans except with the regular fiscal agents of the Government, to wit: national banks. Personally, I am not able to make the loan you speak of, and I do not know of anyone engaged in the loan business in Indian Territory. I think if you secure it at all, it will needs be from some local people who may be engaged in that business. I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you.

Yours very truly,
L. M. SHAW.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
WASHINGTON, July 17, 1906.

SIR:

In reply to your letter of the 6th inst., you are informed that the authority of law under which the Secretary of the Treasury designates national banks as depositaries of public moneys and deposits moneys therewith is contained in Section 5153, Revised Statutes of the United States.

Respectfully,
C. H. KEEP,
Assistant Secretary.

ANSWER

The statute to which you refer authorizes the secretary and the treasurer to deposit public funds in certain national banks. These deposits are, for all practical purposes, loans of public money to private corporations. In this way the favored national banks enjoy the perpetual use of more than $60,000,000 belonging to the American people. No interest whatever is paid for the use of this money. For some years the amount has not been less than $50,000,000. Consequently, the Government of the United States has confiscated at least $50,000,000 belonging to all the people and has given it to the favored few who run the national banks which the Government has selected as its pets. Of course, the Government could withdraw the money if it chose to do so, but inasmuch as the Government does not choose to do so, but allows that huge sum of money to remain in the hands of the pet banks from year to year, the practical effect is to take away the property of one class of citizens and to give it to another class. Both old parties stand committed to this vicious and illegal practice.

The Coronation

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

RED leaves are fluttering down the forest ways;
And silence deep is brooding over all,
Save when, at times, some lonely wood-bird's call
Comes fraught with memories of vanished days.
Along the lane the sumac torches blaze;
From orchard trees ripe yellow apples fall;
And eastward, far away, a mountain tall
Looms through the blue, its summit capped in haze.
I know not why, but autumn's golden prime,
When corn-lands brown are set with stacks of sheaves,
And beech burrs spill their nuts upon the ground,
Seems, evermore, that sweet fulfilment time
When Nature's kindly hand a chaplet weaves
Wherewith, at last, the waning Year is crowned.

Its Status

"WHAT is a temperance lecture?"

"Why, it is something, my son, that is regarded as a treat in New England and an insult in Kentucky."

HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.

THE Home Department welcomes contributions that will make woman's life brighter, broader and more useful. We, all of us—you as well as I—are the editors of "Home"; let us make it as good and helpful as we can. Suggest subjects for discussion.

Don't worry about "not knowing how to write." We aren't trying to be authors—we're just women trying to help one another.

Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller, WATSON'S MAGAZINE, *121 West Forty-second Street, New York City.*

PRIZES

Every month there will be a prize of a year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution under each of the following heads: the subject for the month, "Interest of Everyday Things," "Heroism at Home," "Recipes, Old and New," "Various Hints," and one for the best general contribution outside of these. No two of the six prizes will be awarded for the same contribution, but one person may receive more than one in a single issue by sending in more than one prize-winning contribution.

November Number.—The interest and value of dictionaries and encyclopedias. How to use them. Almanacs and other references. How to be self-reliant instead of helpless when you want to know something.

December Number.—Christmas. Origin and history. Customs in other lands and times. Our present Christmas spirit. Good Christmas presents and how to find them.

January Number.—The care of our bodies. Exercise, breathing, ventilation and fresh air, bathing, massage, and so on. Food, drink and clothing will be left till later.

February Number.—Child labor. Its extent in this country. Who is responsible for this evil? How can it be done away with? On whom can we women exert our influence to suppress it? What methods can we use? What has already been accomplished?

Child Labor

The topic for February was suggested by one of our Georgia members, and it is certainly an excellent one. Here is a crying evil, crying with the pitiful voices of tens of thousands of little children whose bodies, minds and souls are being crushed to death by the inhuman brutes that devote their lives to making money, no matter what it may cost others in blood and suffering. Here is an evil that should appeal particularly to every woman worthy of the name. We can't do anything? *Can't* we! Merciful powers, do you know what women have already done to crush this evil by individual effort and by organizing? We women form nearly one-half the population of this country. Suppose forty millions of women rose up and said to the men, "Do this!" or, "Stop doing that!" Would it produce any results? Of course such an uprising will never take place, *but the power is there!* Would one million women have no effect? Would a thousand women in one town be a tremendous influence? Would one or two or three women in every home be a powerful influence in any question affecting city, state or nation? It depends on the women themselves. There is no possible question of their power if they care to use it.

I happen to know that the Georgia woman who suggests this topic for our Department understands the evils of the child labor system better than most of the rest of us, and I will gladly turn over to her the management of our February number, helping her in any way I can. I fear, however, that for once the plea of "busy" is fully justified, and that she *really* has almost no time even for things that call forth her deepest interest and tear her heart with sympathy and indignation.

But whether she can take charge of the February number or not, and collect letters, opinions and facts from other people in charge of the field, the idea for that number is hers, and every one of the rest of us ought to help in every possible way to make it the very best issue we have had. She will do all she is able to do. If the rest of us do the same, we can take pride in the results. Those of you from Georgia in particular should be able to furnish interesting con-

tributions, since the matter of child labor has so recently been up before the people of that state and the Georgia Legislature has just passed some strong laws against this criminal evil. Other states have passed laws against it, and those of you who live in states that have not can furnish even more vital information and have also a splendid opportunity to organize and show woman's power to better humanity and crush out one of the worst conditions of our day and civilization.

Read to Rest

One of the best ways in all the world to rest is to read an interesting book. Sleep rests and restores not only the body, but the nerves, the mind and the soul. In sleep we can forget our worries, our irritations, our troubles, and that is why, since the world began, men and women have blessed Sleep, "the restorer," and written songs in her honor.

Now a good book will do for us much the same thing as sleep. In some ways it will do even more. The book must interest us, whether history, biography, poetry, fiction or anything else, and to produce really valuable results it must not be trash. One must use judgment in selecting a book to read for rest. Avoid the tragic and the harrowing, the morbid and the dull. To rest you it must interest you, and to bring best results it should amuse and cheer, not depress.

Why does a book rest you? Because it takes your mind off your troubles and makes you live in another life for a while. Because in reading it your body is resting, and so are the portions of your mind and soul that your daily life wears the hardest. Because it calls into play the other portions of mind and spirit, exercising and developing them, and she who develops all sides of herself, instead of letting some things perish from neglect, is not only a broader, wiser and better woman, but a happier and *more comfortable* one.

Exercise and Health

It is a more or less unexplained fact about women that they generally do not understand their own physical bodies and are ignorant of some of the simplest laws for taking care of them and keeping up their health and strength. Have you ever tried taking gymnastics for five minutes every night and morning, or both? Don't laugh, you who do hard physical work most of the day, for it will only prove my point that women don't understand their bodies. If you have worked all day over a washtub or at some other muscle-tiring task, then the very thing your body needs before you try to make it rest at night is a limbering up by means of a few light exercises taken without dumbbells or apparatus of any kind. It will untie the kinks in overworked muscles, start circulation in those other muscles that have not been used perhaps for many days, restore the general balance, start your lungs to breathing deep, tend to prevent stiffness the next day and send your body to bed far more ready for thorough rest than if it had not been scientifically exercised. Housework is more likely to be mere exertion rather than *exercise*. There is a world of difference. One wears out the body; the other builds it up. It is in confusing these two utterly different things that most of our trouble lies.

If you are just generally weak, you are likely to be surprised by the health and strength you can gain from *judicious exercise*. Most of our bodily ailments come from some neglect or violation of Nature's laws. If we turn to her for help, Nature herself will show us how to lessen these ailments or overcome them entirely. You can learn much by your own experiments, and among the numerous books upon this subject there are many reputable and safe ones, but the advice of your family physician is a wise thing to test by. He may be an old fogy and know nothing about it, but he may prevent your going to excess or adopting wrong methods. On the other hand, he may know a great deal and be a strong advocate of common sense exercise and care. If you have never examined into the subject, it is perhaps best to read up first and then go to your doctor with enough information to ask practical questions and have him show you how, and to what extent, general rules apply to your particular case.

But this belongs to our October number.

Here is an extremely interesting article that reached us too late for our first Civic Improvement Number and was inadvertently left out of our second. There is much to be gained from reading it and thinking it over. And, Southern women, note well the closing paragraph.

Mrs. Fant sent this article to us as it appeared in some other publication. Unfortunately its name was not on the pages forwarded, and we are therefore unable to give more definite credit.

To Mrs. Fant goes the prize for the best general contribution.

Civic Improvement in South Carolina

By Mrs. Rufus Fant

The great tidal wave of civic betterment that has been sweeping over this country of ours is causing thoughtful men and women to stop and study Nature. All great artists go to her to learn her secrets, knowing it is her hand that paints the most perfect pictures. Beauty predominates in all her works; the sun-kissed autumn leaves dancing in the breeze, the snow-capped mountain peaks, the rushing waters of her mighty rivers, all tell a tale of beauty.

The human heart, sometimes glad, some-

times sad and weary with the trials and burdens of life, cries out: "Give me beauty!" One's surroundings are a strong factor in character building, and the lives of men are influenced by the atmosphere in which they live. In some work it is difficult to reach the masses; not so with the work of the civic associations. The masses throng the streets and public places, and if they find refreshing spots of living green, tropical plazas with luxuriant foliage, beautiful flowers with brilliant color, it will create within them a love for the esthetic.

Through uplifting and refining influences the human soul will turn from the creature to the Creator.

Strong belief in the ennobling and uplifting influence of trees, plants and flowers, and a desire to reach the men, women and children of our town, was the reason the Civic Association of Anderson was organized, April, 1904. In the beginning we determined to interest ourselves in beautifying and improving our town. Realizing that environment has much to do with the formation of character, and that Nature is ever ready to soothe and calm tired overworked humanity, we turned our eyes to see what we could find in the busiest portion of our town. We found many handsome buildings, paved streets and a large barren spot that had been used for a street over seventy years. We at once asked the city council to allow us to do as we pleased with that hard, barren spot. The council granted our request, and in four weeks' time we had our walks and beds laid off, had set nearly one hundred plants, using cannas, caladiums, alocasias and bananas.

The result was far beyond our most sanguine expectations. The cuts will give you a faint idea of its growth and beauty at different periods. In September the "barren spot," with its carpet of living green and its magnificent bananas (measuring from fifteen to eighteen feet high), with the cannas, alocasias and caladiums for variety, was a grand and beautiful tropical plaza—the admiration of all. We have now two thousand yellow crocuses nestling here and there among the grass.

Our Association will more than double its work this year. A portion of North and South Main Street has a handsome $1,800 iron fountain erected to the memory of Gen. Robert Anderson, and Court Square has been beautified.

We have been more than repaid for our work, because we have given joy to all. From one of South Carolina's millionaires to the bootblack on the street we have heard expressions of praise.

Ours is only a small beginning, for we in the South are just awakening to the necessities and grand possibilities of our own Southern land.—*Exchange.*

* * *

Through a mistake it was not announced in our September number that the prize for the best general contribution outside the other prizes was awarded to Mrs. Margaret Graeme Nonell, of Georgia, for "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Rules the World," and that the prize for the best story of "Heroism at Home" went to "Self-Sacrifice," also from a Georgia woman.

OUR FRUIT TREES

We have seen how nearly all our common fruits came, centuries and thousands of years ago, from miserable wizened little wild fruits somewhere in Asia, and that they attained their present palatable and very various forms through tedious cultivation by hundreds and hundreds of generations of men. Gradually they crept westward into Europe and Africa, under the care of savage and nomad, Assyrian and Israelite, Persian and Arab, Greek and Roman, Celt and German, by pagan, Christian, Mohammedan and Druid, until they, like men, have circled the globe, and today the United States sells fruit to China.

But how do we come to have so many hundred different varieties of a fruit—of the apple, for instance—if they were all originally one kind and a very poor kind at that? And how could such a miserable beginning result in such luscious fruits as we have nowadays? Surely not from just watering and pruning and common care?

There are three things to bear in mind if we seek the answer.

1. The first is that all our fruits (except those native to this country and growing wild like the blackberry) are entirely *artificial.* Nature didn't make them as they are. Man did it. In every cultivated fruit there are two great tendencies struggling against each other. One tendency (Nature) urges it to return to its original wild form; the other (cultivation) urges it to progress along the paths Man has mapped out for it. The poor fruit is never sure which of these things to do.

This struggle between the two tendencies began almost as soon as cultivation did. Man began to notice it when he found that the seeds of his cultivated fruits did not produce trees and fruit like those they were taken from. Often the second generation, grown from seed, followed the first tendency and "reverted" to Nature and the wild state. In other cases it tried to follow the second tendency and grew into something that was like neither its parents nor the wild state. The cultivated seeds lost their "*fidelity to sort*" or kind.

But in most instances the fruits grown from cultivated seeds were poor and useless, in a few cases out of thousands there would be one that, while it was different from its cultivated parents, was neither wild nor poor, but as good as any they had, or better. It was a new variety, resulting merely from *chance* and the confusing struggle in the fruit between Man and Nature.

From this rose one system of improvement and development. Men have learned the process of "selection." Out of several thousand trees raised from seeds one or two turn out valuable. The seeds of only these few are planted for the next generation, since they have shown a tendency to improve rather than to "revert." And so for each following generation, always planting the seeds of only the best trees. Thus men assist chance in creating good new varieties. But this is very slow work.

2. The second fact to note carefully is this. If the seed lost its "fidelity to sort" how could they get any considerable number of trees? Suppose one seed of many did produce a tree bearing valuable fruit, what good would one tree do and how could they get any more trees of the same kind from it if the seeds weren't reliable?

Well, luckily they discovered long ago that if the *seed* lost its "fidelity to sort" something else didn't—the *inner bark*. The inner bark on a twig, if given a root to keep it alive, will always produce fruit exactly like that from the tree from which it was cut. From this discovery arose the practice of "grafting." Shoots are cut from the good tree, an apple, say, and jointed on to the cut-off trunk or root of apple trees raised from almost any kind of apple seed, in such manner that the inner bark of the shoot or "scion" fits to the inner bark of the seedling or "stock" and the sap flows through as if it were one piece. This makes a tree whose trunk and branches are of the desired variety, but whose roots are of "any old kind" of variety. And the fruit is always of the desired variety like the shoot or "scion," the root practically not affecting the nature of the tree and fruit for which it furnishes food. The sap from the root has to flow through the inner bark of the shoot grafted on to it and so changes its nature.

"Budding" is another kind of grafting in which only a single bud of the desired variety is inserted into the little seedling stock, this bud growing into a tree on the seedling's roots.

That is how men solved the problem of multiplying a single good tree into many. That is how our tree nurseries produce hundreds of thousands of trees of any variety they choose. For one tree will cut up into a great number of little shoots or a still greater number of buds.

The old Romans understood fruit-tree grafting, and Pliny records seeing a single tree bearing several kinds of fruit.

3. A third point. About three hundred years ago "cross-breeding" was discovered. The old way of making new varieties by "selection" was both slow and limited. "Cross-breeding" is more rapid and seems to have nearly limitless possibilities.

On page 590 of our June number the parts of a flower are explained. To produce seeds the yellow pollen from the stamens must come in contact with the pistil and fertilize it. In cross-breeding man takes the pollen from the stamens of *one* variety and puts it on the pistil of *another*. The resulting seeds produce a tree or plant which, while resembling both parents, is different from each of them—a new variety. By combining cross-breeding with selection wonderful results are obtained in a comparatively short time.

Thus, if one variety of apple has a delicious taste and another variety is noted for its keeping qualities, the two can be cross-bred and the result often made to combine those two good qualities.

The art is even yet in its infancy, but wonders have been accomplished already, especially by Mr. Luther Burbank, the "California Wizard." Seedless oranges, apples, plums and other fruits; the plumcot, made from a plum and apricot; a new fruit made by crossing the blackberry and raspberry; the Shasta daisy, a huge flower made from a Japanese, an English and an American daisy, and many other marvels have already been obtained. While not every two varieties will cross successfully, in some cases even different species will do so, occasionally even different genera. The future holds great promises.

By these processes, cross-breeding, selection and grafting and budding, man is able to produce new improved varieties and species of fruit (each new one is copyrighted, by the way) of various flavors, keeping qualities, size, times of ripening, thickness of skin, texture of meat, color, hardiness, etc., and to produce as many specimens of any one kind as he pleases, despite the fact that he cannot depend on the seed.

Take a look at the fruit trees in your own yard. If they are not too old you may be able to see, close to the ground, a ring or bulge showing where they were grafted or budded at some nursery. If it is a pear tree you are examining it is pretty safe to say the roots came from France and the top from New York State, possibly via Ohio. If an apple, the root or stock probably came from Kansas, the top from some other part of the United States. If an apricot or nectarine, the roots are the roots of a peach or plum from France or Tennessee. Dwarf pears have quince roots. Quinces are an exception and, not being so highly cultivated as most of the other fruits, are raised from seeds, the seeds coming from Europe. The roots of most plums and cherries are imported from France, and the roots of peach trees generally come from seeds brought from the mountains of Tennessee to the various nurseries in New York, Ohio, Kansas, Nebraska and elsewhere.

All this is only an outline of this interesting subject. The fruit trees you see every day have a wonderful history. Isn't it striking that half of one of them may have been born in France, the other half in some part of our own country and the two

halves joined together in another part of the United States? Trees are made the way a carpenter builds a house! And think what their history has been!

* * *

How about the special prizes for contributions to "Recipes" and "Various Hints"? It is such an easy way of winning a year's subscription, especially the former. And it won't be long before we are wondering what to get our friends for Christmas—indeed, if you would like a subscription to the Magazine for that purpose it is high time already to send in your recipe or hint.

THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS

WE want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil, and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside.

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2. If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department or tell us where to find it. Always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

Though we have received many letters for all other parts of the Department, we have had only one for "The Interest of Everyday Things." This is a little surprising, for it is really one of the best things we have in our Department. It does its good in a quiet way, but it is helpful nevertheless. You use a great many implements and materials in your daily routine. They have long since lost all interest to you except as means to a necessary end. Yet every time you handle one of these familiar things you are handling something that has been bound up with the history of the human race for many years, for centuries perhaps, maybe for even thousands of years. During all that time this thing was being changed and improved until it became as you see it now. How crude it was once! Take flour, for example. What a difference between our flour now and that of our grandmothers or perhaps even of our mothers. How very different from that used by the Children of Israel in Egypt and the Holy Land in Bible times! What a tremendous change since people dressed in the skins of animals, fought among themselves like the savages they were with rough weapons of wood and stone and ground the knotty little kernels of wheat between two rough stones until they had enough coarse, gritty meal to mix with nothing but water, pack into a clumsy cake and roast before the fire or bake on a hot stone! And people have been using some kind of flour for thousands of years—the Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, Medes, Chinese, Afghans, Israelites, Egyptians, Phenicians, Greeks, Romans; all the wild and savage peoples who, centuries ago, swept in great devastating hordes from Asia west into Europe, conquering, destroying, supplanting, settling down to remain forever or being in turn destroyed by the hordes that followed them, all these had their crude flour—Huns, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Suevi, Alans, Vandals, Tartars, Magyars and all the rest; so did those of the Mohammedan faith, called Saracens, Turks, Moors, Arabs and many other names, who swept heathen and Christian alike before them till they had conquered Constantinople and all Southeastern Europe, Asia Minor, all the north of Africa, nearly all of Spain and only by one of the greatest struggles of history were kept from overpowering all of the civilized world; all these had their coarse flour and crude handmills as they roamed and fought and mixed and laid the foundations for Europe and its people as they are today. As you look back through the centuries and picture to yourself all these successive peoples in Asia, Europe, Africa and North and South America, what a long and varied line of women, white, brown and black, stretches out in all climes and under all conditions, grinding grain between two stones, tending a crude water-wheel or belaboring some pitiful little donkey doomed to do the actual work.

And now think of our own times, the great wheat lands, the wonderful mills, the rail-

roads and all the things concerned in getting you this flour. Suppose it could speak—what a wonderful story it could tell! If only it could tell you about its ancestors and family genealogy! Or if it would just tell you where it came from itself—had Government scientists developed the seed from which it sprung? Where had it lived and grown—in Ohio, Kansas, the South, the Northwest, Canada? What kind of men and women had tended it? Did it help raise a mortgage or was it part of a poor crop that only tightened the shackles of debt? What is the country like there where it grew up? Where was it sent to be milled? To Minneapolis? Did the Trusts get hold of it? Where did it travel after it was ground into flour? Perhaps it has seen more of the world than you have yourself. When did the local dealer get it? How much did *he* pay for it? What fixes the price of flour, anyway?

Well, the value is not so much in anything you have learned or may picture to yourself about flour as in the *habit of mind* you are cultivating. You are learning to make play out of work without hurting the work. The more interest you have in a thing, the better you will do it. You are broadening your life—reaching out beyond the narrow confines of your everyday routine. Your body is tied to one place in the world, but you are teaching your mind to free itself and fly to other climes among other people. The first time you fly you may not gather much of value, but you have made a beginning and had some mental exercise. Next time you will glean a little more. Later you will learn to fly farther and more easily. In time you will find yourself another and a happier and more useful woman. If you let your imagination have free play for a while you will encounter many things of interest about which you wish to know more. One thing leads to another. You may find a gold mine of happiness for yourself and others.

For "Knowledge is power," not only a power in material things, but also in those of the spirit. Who can do most for her children—a wise woman or an ignorant one? For her husband? For everyone with whom she comes in contact? *Think!*

There are several reasons, I suppose, why you have not responded to this one part of our Department. I think the chief one is that you hadn't quite realized how much good you can do through contributing to "The Interest of Everyday Things." Another reason is that there was no special appeal for items along this line. Another, that such items are not always easy to get unless you know where to look for them. Another, that the little articles under this head have been appearing each month without effort on your part and you just let well enough alone.

Now I don't mind doing the work, so far as the trouble is concerned. But I am only one woman! If one woman can do a little, a lot of us can do a great deal. And one of the best things our Department can do for any of us is to give us the *opportunity to work together* for the good of all the women who read it.

Where to find items? Well, you probably know some already if you will just search around in your head. And how do you suppose *I* find them? Goodness! You didn't imagine I just knew all those things about wheat and flour and brooms and so on? No indeed! I had to browse around among encyclopedias and dictionaries and magazines and books as well as turn my memory inside out. It was pleasant and interesting work, and I'll be glad to do more of it, but, as I said, I'm only *one* woman. All of us together can accomplish so much more!

Now as to the notice at the head of "The Interest of Everyday Things." The offer of a separate prize for items under this head speaks for itself. Keep your eyes and ears open for items or short articles. And don't forget to send in clippings and to tell where to find good articles along this line.

Carpenters' Squares

The large steel squares used by carpenters are such a common tool that perhaps few know when and where they were first made, and how they came to be used, or even give the matter a thought. The making of them is a great industry now, but when the last century came in there was not one in use.

The inventor was a poor Vermont blacksmith, Silas Howes, who lived in South Shaftsbury.

One dull, rainy day a peddler of tinware called at his shop to have the blacksmith fasten a shoe on his horse. These peddlers traveled up and down the country calling at every farmhouse buying everything in the way of barter. This one had a number of worn-out steel saws that he had picked up in various places. Howes bargained for them, shoeing the peddler's horse and receiving the saws in payment, and each thought he had made an excellent trade.

His idea was to polish and weld two saws together, at right angles, and thus make a rule or measure superior to anything then in use. After a few attempts he succeeded in making a square, marked it off into inches and fractions of inches and found that it answered every purpose that he intended it for.

In the course of a few weeks he made quite a number during his spare hours. These he sent out by the peddler, who found every carpenter eager to buy one. Soon he found orders coming in faster than he could supply the demand. One of his steel "squares" would sell for $5 or $6, which was five times as much as it cost him.

He applied for and obtained a patent on his invention so that no one else could de-

prive him of the profit it gave him. It was just after the war of 1812, and money was scarce and difficult to get. But he worked early and late, and as he earned money he bought iron, and hired men to help him. In a few years he was able to erect a large factory and put in machinery for the making of squares, which by this time had found their way all over the country and had made their inventor famous.

Such was the small beginning of a large and important industry. People came miles to see the wonderful forges, the showers of sparks flying from beneath the heavy hammers, and listen to the din of the thousand workmen.

Silas Howes lived to be a millionaire, and he did a great deal of good with his money. Squares are still made on the spot where the first one was made more than ninety-five years ago.

—*From the Congregationalist.*

HEROISM AT HOME.

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

EVERY month the Department will publish a little story of heroism *in the home*—not any one act of heroism, but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice *in everyday life*. It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over 500 words.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE *sent to any name you choose.*

The October prize for the best story of Heroism at Home is awarded to "Aunt Betty," though both the other stories are excellent and the lives protrayed in them admirable.

Aunt Betty

Her head was drawn to a bowed position, and her face marred by a terrible burn received in babyhood, but the patient, brave spirit was sweet and fair.

If her youth was embittered because she knew that girlish hopes and dreams were vain for her, she never complained. In middle life she contracted a prosaic marriage which could promise nothing but added cares, driven to it probably by the natural longing which most women have for a home of their own.

After her husband's death, who was an invalid for several years, she returned to her youngest and best loved brother's, and at the time she was seized with her last fatal sickness was nursing him with a cancerous affliction, as she had a sister in long years past.

During all her long life she served others, nursed the sick, cared for motherless little ones; and I like to think that in her last sickness she herself was tenderly nursed.

Christ said, "If any man desire to be first he shall be servant of all," and truly "Aunt Betty" closely resembled her Lord in that she was not ministered unto, but ministered to others, and I believe she will have a chief place in heaven and that the bowed head is now erect, and the patient, marred face glorified.—*Georgia.*

All for the Love of Mother

Many an evening after school hours as I was engaged in my janitor duties in a great university, did I stop and look with sadness upon a little cottage that stood in a cluster of trees several blocks from me. It was the home of three persons—a mother, her son and an old negro servant who had almost become an heirloom in the family. Just as often as I looked in that direction I found little Jim, my faithful hero, with his broad straw hat perched far back upon his head, carefully hoeing a luxuriantly growing garden, which was so much better than those of his neighbors that it seemed his broad smile and sweet, gentle voice must have some magic power over the tender vegetables that made them spring quickly into maturity. These marketable vegetables did not represent the sum total of his labor; to the rear of the house was a pile of many cords of wood split up ready for the consumer.

To a casual observer this lad of sixteen would have appeared to be the most contented of the contented. But was he? Indeed not. Within his youthful body there burned a noble ambition. He was a child of poverty. Nevertheless he nourished a hope that some day he might raise himself to such a standing socially that he could demand for himself the respect of his more fortunate neighbors. The massive university buildings in the near distance held for him such a chance that the evil in him pleaded strongly for him to go his way and reap the advantage of an education. "Other

poor boys marched from its portals each year to occupy positions of honor in the business world," he would say in his mind, "therefore, why can't I go there, work my way through and release myself from poverty's clutch?" All such thoughts as these were pine-knots to feed Jim's burning ambition. Truly did his heart rebound with joy as he conjured up the sunlit future of his imagination; but, thank God, there was something to him dearer and far more to be desired than fame or riches—the love of a mother.

Jim, knowing it to be impossible to realize his desire and at the same time do his duty toward his mother, determined to suppress it and to devote his time to bringing sunshine into his mother's sick-room. Often as he sat by her bedside and felt the motherly kiss upon his brow, and often while he was engaged in menial labor to supply her wants, his mind reverted to childhood days when her love was thrown about him as a cloak which protected him from all evil and danger. Quick did he realize that all his kindness and care were a meagre recompense for her tender love and guardianship. For hours after he returned from his work he would read stories to her. Often she would ask him not to worry himself reading to her, but to lie down and rest. Then his broad face would become shaped into a smile and with a gentle voice he would say, "I am not tired, mother, and I think it a pleasure to read to you." Thus through the continued efforts of Jim this little cottage became the brightest star in the constellation of surrounding homes because it was the dwelling-place of that which alone can make a home—love.

After being in bed six years his mother partially recovered, and today Jim holds an important position. May he continue to be successful, for there can be no greater hero than the boy who fights the battles of life for his mother. The world should pay homage to such a boy.—*Texas.*

Alice

In one of the pleasant neighborhoods of the upper part of the City of New York is a cozy home in an old-fashioned house. In the pleasant second-story front room sits an invalid mother wan and thin from suffering and long-continued illness. As we first see her she is saying, weakly and somewhat querulously, "Isn't it time for my medicine? Where is Alice?"

"Yes, it is time," says another daughter who sat in the room. "Let me give it to you, mother darling."

"No, no. Where is Alice? She knows best just how to give it."

As she finished speaking a cheery, pleasant voice partly spoke, partly sang: "Here I am. Time for nurse?"

For she was nurse and homekeeper and all, this bright, dainty girl, or rather young woman, one of a large family. The rest had married and left home. All were dear, loving, dutiful children and ready to do all they could for an idolized mother, but Alice, though a teacher in one of the large city schools, attended to her school duties and cared for her sick mother with only the help of an incompetent kitchenmaid, teaching all day and hurrying home again to sit up night after night, never taking rest or pleasure during one of her mother's more serious attacks. She was also companion to her father, whose first question on coming in the house is, "Where is Alice?" She was loved by a very worthy man and had been engaged to be married for several years, but although her friend urged her to marry him, she felt that she could not attend to her invalid mother as she needed and deserved by doing so. And when some person told her mother that she was putting off her marriage on her account it made Alice very angry. She spent all her time and lavished all her money on her mother, and when the mother died a few weeks ago the family was afraid the loss would be so great that she would break down. All her youngest days have been spent in caring for her mother. Now she is broken in health and spirits. It will take years to regain her strength and she can never gain the years that are lost, but she is satisfied that she did what was for the best.—*New York.*

VARIOUS HINTS.

EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Various Hints."

The prize this month goes to Mrs. Afton, of Kentucky.

To Remove Mildew

Mildew spots may be taken from linen by wetting them, rubbing in powdered chalk and exposing to the air. Diluted hartshorn will do the work on woolen goods. A weak solution of chloride of lime will free most fabrics of mildew, but will fade certain colors.

Mrs. Lucy H. Afton, Kentucky.

Polish for Nickel Plate

Sift the finest coal ashes through muslin.

Dip a soft cloth in kerosene, then in the ashes; rub hard. Dry and polish with a woolen cloth.

Mrs. Adoniram Stevens, New York.

Boiled Water

Drinking water in many places is not fit for use until it has been boiled to kill the germs. Those in doubt as to the length of time it should be boiled will be interested in knowing that half an hour is, according to scientists, a safe period.

Mrs. Allan T. Henry, Michigan.

To Mend Iron Pots

Here is a receipt we have often used for a solder with which to mend holes in iron pots and other utensils. Two parts of sulphur and one part (by weight) of fine black lead; heat the sulphur in an iron pan over the fire till it begins to melt, then add the lead and stir until all is well mixed and melted. Pour on an iron plate or smooth stone to cool. Cut into suitable sizes and apply to hole with a hot soldering-iron. Often it is a good plan to close a small hole with a copper rivet using the solder.

Mrs. Emma N. Perkins, Illinois.

RECIPES, OLD AND NEW

EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Recipes, Old and New."

From a collection of recipes that dates back almost to "war time" we shall give a few every month just as they stand in the old hand-written book that has come down to us. Along with them occasional new recipes of the present day will be given.

Tapioca Pudding

Four tablespoons of tapioca soaked overnight. One quart of milk. Boil the milk and pour it over the tapioca; when nearly cold add two tablespoons of sugar well beaten with the yolks of four eggs. Flavor lightly with lemon or nutmeg and bake an hour in the oven. When done and cooled pour on it and spread smoothly a frosting made of the whites of two eggs beaten and half a pint of powdered sugar. This serves as a sauce. It may be used without the frosting if a little more sugar is added to the pudding and the whites of eggs may be spread on and slightly browned.

Pastry

One teacup of lard, four of flour, one teaspoon of salt and enough barley water to make it roll, half a teacup or less if possible. Make it up quickly and roll as little as possible. Make it in a cool place and use very cold water.

Macaroni and Cheese

Boil the macaroni till soft and drain it. Lay alternate layers of macaroni and Parmesan cheese or finely grated ordinary cheese in a baking-vessel, preferably a casserole. Use nothing else, though a very little milk or even water may be put in the bottom of the dish to prevent drying up if the cheese is very old or the oven very quick.

Corn Bread

One quart cornmeal, one quart milk, four eggs well beaten, a good heaping teaspoon of salt, a good tablespoon of lard, mixed together. Then put in four good teaspoons of baking powder and stir not too much. Grease your pans and bake about twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Taffy

Six pounds sugar, two cups water, two cups vinegar, two cups cream, the broken whites of two eggs and a little lemon to flavor. Skim when it first boils.

Russian Salad and Dressing

Cut up olives and pickled beets (flavored, if possible, with bay-leaves) and pour these and green peas over a foundation of lettuce, romaine or escarolle laid on plates ready to serve. Proportions and size of pieces to taste. Small pieces of cauliflower may also be used. For a dressing use three parts olive oil to one of vinegar (wine vinegar is better than that from cider), adding to the oil, before the vinegar is put in, salt and pepper to taste. Many will prefer a smaller proportion of vinegar. Paprika (Hungarian pepper) is better than the ordinary kinds, lending a very distinctive taste. Fresh lemon juice may also be used instead of vinegar or even along with it.

THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.

Under this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the work of a great man. There is no rule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful leads to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

Be Strong!

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on. Tomorrow comes the song.

Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

A Great Head

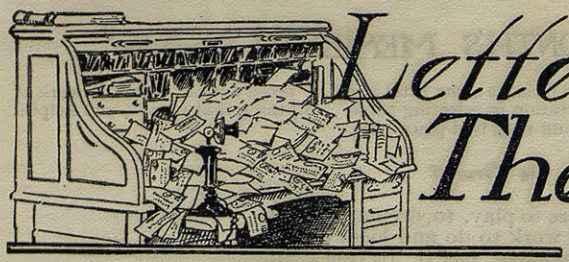
"I AM absolutely certain," said the worried-looking man, "that I locked myself in my room last night, stuck a nail in the keyhole, and fastened down all the windows, and yet when I awoke this morning my pocketbook containing $94 was missing. I don't see how anyone could have entered the room during the night, for I found all the fastenings intact, and I begin to suspect that I arose in my sleep and robbed myself."

"You are undoubtedly a somnambulist!" replied the bulging-browed young attorney. "And—by George!—say, that has in it the making of one of the most unique cases in the entire history of jurisprudence! Why, my dear sir, I can get you sent to the penitentiary for five years, at the very least, if you just say the word!"

Something to Live Up to

"HAS this calf a pedigree?" inquired the prospective purchaser.

"Well, I'll tell you how 'tis," replied honest Farmer Bentover. "His father hooked the liver out of a lightning-rod agent, throwed a presidin' elder up on top of the barn, and busted up the automobile that ran over him and broke his back; and his mother chased a lady elocutionist into a well, and kicked three ribs out of a hoss-doctor. And if that ain't pedigree enough for a ten-dollar calf, I don't see how me and you can do any great amount of swappin'!"



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY

FROM HON. A. L. BRICK

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:

I mailed a letter to you, prior to receiving your last one to me. In that letter I explained that I did not have a record until the day before containing the speech. I had to telegraph for it and the data I had prepared on the speech is in a box containing my Washington papers, which has gone astray in the mail and has not yet been received. The Post-office Department is now searching for the box, but up to this time it has not been located.

I made quite a thorough examination of reports of the Post-office Department and of the *Congressional Records*, and talked with officers of the Post-office Department and members of the Post-office Committee, and old Congressmen, and did the best I could to get a full run of what was done from the start to finish in the development of rural free delivery. Until I looked over the *Record* the morning I wrote you I had not noticed in the paragraph on page 9596, beginning with, "The first seed was sown when Hon. Mr. Bingham, the Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in the Fifty-first Congress—a Republican Congress," that there was a mistake, and one which is embarrassing to me, because I find it is printed in small type, and therefore on the face of it is a quotation, when parts of it should not have been quoted, and was not intended by me to be quoted.

General Bingham's bill was for the extension of the free delivery system, and that part of the paragraph should have read that the appropriation of $10,000 was for experimental extension of the free delivery system. Now this is the way it ought to read.

The first seed was sown when Hon. Mr. Bingham, the Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in the Fifty-first Congress—a Republican Congress. This resolution, which called for an appropriation of $10,000 for experimental extension of the free delivery system in rural towns and villages, passed the House and Senate and became a law. The experiment was a success, as is shown by the report of the Republican Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

"In its infancy it was pounced upon by the Democratic Party, a party that has an unbroken history of never missing an opportunity to try to throttle the life of every infant industry that may be so unfortunate as to meet it upon the great highway of progress. In making appropriations for the Post-office Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the sum of $10,000 was appropriated for the purpose of making experiments in the rural free delivery of mail." (I think this latter should be in small type indicating a quotation.)

I believe, Mr. Watson, this answers your first, second, third and fourth propositions in your letter of July 20, which is your last letter to me, and taken in consideration with my other letters to you fully explains the reason for the statement, "The first seed was sown when Hon. Mr. Bingham, the Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in the Fifty-first Congress—a Republican Congress."

But I also explain this later on herein as well as in former letters.

Now, as to your fifth question, in which you state your contention "that rural free delivery so-called, under Hon. John Wanamaker was confined to the limits of towns and villages and did not operate in rural precincts at all." I don't think I ever made any statement about Mr. Bingham's personal attitude upon the subject of rural free delivery. I certainly did not know, having never talked with him about it, just what his full intentions were. My contention was that he introduced a resolution for the extension of free delivery in rural

towns and villages, and in talking with persons familiar with the experiments made at the time, I discovered that here and there, I do not say in all of them, but here and there they got outside of the precincts of the villages and towns into the country, and that that gave the idea of rural free delivery. Now I talked with a number of persons acquainted with the conditions at that time while I was investigating the subject and making my notes, and they said that this was done in places where experiments were being made in small towns and villages, and that while these experiments were being made they did get outside of the towns and villages here and there into the country. I cannot say how far, but in common fairness to you, who have been fair with me, I would say that it was to a limited extent, and it was this which caused the idea to sprout.

Since receiving your last letter I sent for Mr. Wanamaker's report, and I take it that Mr. Bingham's resolution was probably incited by Mr. Wanamaker, from all that I can now understand, and that Mr. Wanamaker, before the money became available, talked about its being the inception of rural free delivery, and evidently had rural free delivery in his mind from the very start, and he said in his report of 1890 that in carrying out the experiments under that resolution they would have mail delivered, say, within a radius of two miles. And further he said in thinly settled rural districts it had been proposed to ask school-teachers to distribute mail to pupils authorized by their parents and neighbors to receive it, and then he said that no doubt a dozen different devices could be tried.

As I say, in making these experiments it has been my creditable information that they did go outside of the town and village limits into the country, and that that was the intention of Mr. Wanamaker, and in his report he said that that was what he intended to do, all of which shows that rural free delivery was his object in 1890, when the resolution was passed bearing Mr. Bingham's name.

Now, Mr. Watson, I believe this answers your questions as propounded by your last letter. I certainly have intended to answer them as explicitly as it was possible for me to do. You will see from the quotations from Wanamaker's report, and from my investigations, why I made the statement that the first seeds of rural free delivery were sown in the Bingham resolution.

In my former letter to you I gave you the credit for your resolution later on.

Sincerely yours,

A. L. BRICK.

Hon. Tom Watson, Thomson, Ga.

I send parts of Wanamaker's report in answer to your letter herewith, and make it a part of my response.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The error into which Mr. Brick falls consists in confusing the R. F. D. of Mr. Wanamaker with the R. F. D. *as we now have it.*

It was conceded during the debate in the Fifty-second Congress that Mr. Wanamaker had put in operation a system of Rural Free Delivery. But it was also conceded that the Post-office Department *had construed the words to mean country towns and country villages.*

Mr. Brick will see that this is so, if he will examine the *Congressional Record* of the Fifty-second Congress. General Bingham, as before stated, was present when the matter was discussed, and took part in the debate. There was no dispute whatever about the facts. *Everybody* conceded that Mr. Wanamaker's R. F. D. was experimenting in towns and villages. Hence, the wording of my Resolution requiring that experiments be made OUTSIDE towns and villages, and hence the statement of Chairman Henderson, of the Committee of Post-offices and Post-roads, putting the House upon notice that if it passed my Resolution it would be enacting NEW LEGISLATION.

Mr. Brick is altogether wrong in saying that the official report on the success of free delivery of mails OUTSIDE towns and villages was based upon experiments made under the Bingham Resolution.

No, *No*, NO!

The first experiment on Rural Free Delivery *as the country now knows it* was made in the mountains of West Virginia, under the administration of William L. Wilson, and by virtue of my Resolution and two similar ones which followed.

If Mr. Brick will examine the Government report, now published in book form, he will realize how far he has gone astray in attempting to make the Bingham Resolution the cornerstone of the stately edifice now known as the R. F. D. system.

FROM A FRIEND

Taylor McRae, Fort Worth, Tex.

I have followed the canvass in Georgia for the last three months through the columns of the Atlanta *Journal* and have read with interest your speeches and letters in defense of yourself against the attacks of partisan Democrats, and also your advice to Populists as to what their course should be in the primaries. I am a Populist and have been one through all of the heat and strife of the past; was a delegate to the St. Louis convention in 1896 that nominated you for second place on the ticket, having been selected by the convention which nominated myself for congress at Kerrville, Tex. I have never faltered in the faith, but have hoped that the day would come when all of us Populists might find some party that was advocating our principles and with which we might act honestly and without fear of betrayal. As I said before, I read

over your advice to our people in your state, and after thinking the matter over I concluded that you were right and that as our leader we were bound to follow your advice when our own intelligence indicated to us that it was the true course to pursue. I am growing old, am now nearly sixty-two, and the hot blood of my younger days has been somewhat cooled and I am better able now to hold myself in check and consider the matters coolly and without prejudice. I have advised our boys of what you said to your Georgia brothers, and while they hate a Texas Democrat very bitterly, I think they were convinced after a talk that your course was the best. We have little hope here of ever building up the party again, and it seems to me that with the great strides the people of all parties are making toward our platform, it might be well for us to hold ourselves independent and fight with the crowd that come nearest holding to our views. I do not mean to attach ourselves to any party, but throw our votes to the one which has a man upon a platform nearest ours, and who is a man that we believe to be honest and who will stand for what he promises if elected.

I would be pleased when you have a moment that you can conveniently spare to let me have some of your ideas upon the present situation. Mr. Hearst seems to be nearer us than any man before the people, and again he is so bitterly hated by the machine Democracy that he must be hurting them somewhere below the fifth rib. Whatever happens believe me to be your friend ever. Col. H. L. Bently and I are warm friends.

A LADY'S DAMN

Mary D. Jensen.

After reading very carefully "Letters from the People" and the editorials, I feel that there is a something lacking somewhere and in the kindest manner possible I will suggest a few things that in a little superficial way I think might improve the whole. Now a letter writer who wants to see his or her name printed will be apt to say things that have no foundation in fact, and some of them would not know a brain if it came up and made signs, so please don't give us so much of that kind of thing without a little leaven. Now this is the truth, Great Editor Man, and see that you write it fair. Any man or woman who thinks the editor of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE a profound thinker and such men as Henry George, Louis Post, William Loyd Garrison, Tom L. Johnson, etc., "superficial" is a damn fool!

Hoping this will be in good time.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Yes, Mary, your letter came "in good time."

I trust that the correspondent whom you very properly size up as "a damn fool" will mend his ways before it is everlastingly too late. Good-bye, Mary.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

J. Dan Woodall, Sr., Barnesville, Ga.

Commenting on your platform for 1908, will say: If we reach the point of "Public Ownership" of public utilities, we believe "State Ownership" would be a great deal safer and better than "Government Ownership." State sovereignty is to be desired above feudal sovereignty in every matter possibly consistent with public interest.

Pending the agitation of public ownership, I'm in favor of capitalizing the railroads at $20,000 per mile and limit their dividends to 8 per cent., take away their charter where roadbeds and rolling stock are not kept in substantial condition.

If anyone doubts your charge of negligence against the Southern Railway, let him go to Oliver Springs, Tenn., and examine the Southern's roadbed through that town. I spent two weeks in above named town last month, June, 1906. Being apprehensive of the Southern on account of its reputation for wrecks and poor equipments, I preferred the W. U. A. and C'm Son., which landed me at Oakdale; balance of route, some twenty miles, I traveled by the Southern. After arrival I noticed the smallness of the rails and the alarmingly decayed condition of the crossties—some of the ends of the crossties, from the track-irons out, were so rotten that there was no distinct body of them left; others so shelly that you could tear them asunder with your hands. Six passenger and as high as ten to fifteen freight trains passed over this road, we were told, every twenty-four hours. Returning from Oliver Springs we came by a Louisville & Nashville accommodation freight to Knoxville, thirty-five miles, and then via the Louisville & Nashville passenger to Atlanta, changing cars at Marietta. If all the railroads in Georgia were capitalized at $20,000, made to pay tax on that amount, allowed to make a dividend of 8 per cent. on that amount, passenger rates reduced to one cent per mile on an accidental policy basis, elected as to amount of policy by the purchaser, relieving the taxpayer and the railroad companies of the cost and troubles of damage suits, I think it would go far toward adjusting the railroad problem.

FROM A REPUBLICAN

C. A. Buck, Rushsylvania, O.

I have read the July number with unusual interest, but your suggestion for a political platform appealed to me stronger than any one thing in it. I have always been considered a strong party man, of Republican persuasion, and have generally advocated its principles during my extensive experience in country newspaper work. But I've been getting weak in the faith for

wo years or more, until now I care little or a party name. It is men and measures or me hereafter, regardless of partisan consideration. May you prosper in your good work.

A PROPOSAL

E. A. May, Poplar, Cal.

I heartily subscribe to your published platform. I think it would be a good idea to print a large number of them on small slips of paper just large enough to fold once and go in an envelope. Then let every person advocating them buy 500 or 1,000 and send one in every letter he mails. It would publish them and make people think about them.

A VICTIM OF NATIONAL BANKS

John W. Adams, Arthur, I. T.

I have just been reading the July number of your Magazine. Your suggested platform would be hard to beat, I think. What you have said of National Banks is timely. Here they charge us from 15 to 30 per cent. interest for the use of money. I know because I have paid it. The law allows only 8 per cent., but they beat the law by adding the interest to the face of the note. TOM WATSON'S is doing much to open the eyes of the people. Go on and talk louder and more if you can.

The "Free Lectures to Washington Negroes" is a pointer for the South. Such practice is indeed a gross practice. The white people of the country ought to be proud to get at such information, and ought to remember it on election days.

A CONVERT

W. R. McClanahan, Thomas, W. Va.

I beg to offer the following suggestions to your political platform for 1908:

Paragraph 5 should have a clause as to price paid for any property, especially when bought from the Trusts.

Paragraph 9 should provide a severe punishment for all public men that have betrayed the trusts placed in them by their constituents, and a disbarment from any office of trust or honor.

May success crown your efforts for the good of the people.

A heretofore Republican.

THE PANACEA

W. T. Anderson, Bowling Green, Ky.

In answer to your request for a line on your proposed platform, will say good enough for anyone. Nothing bad about it, but I have thought for some time that the Initiative and Referendum is a sufficient platform for any party. That is the key that unlocks the chest which contains a panacea for all our national ills. With it the Prohibitionist can secure his hobby if he can get a majority of the votes. The Socialist can force a divide-up provided he can secure the most votes. The devil will never be whipped till all his enemies combine their forces in the fight.

I am for Watson in 1908.

AN INDORSEMENT

W. J. Hull, Greston, Ga.

I fully indorse your 1908 platform. I would be pleased to support you on that declaration of purposes, and if there is not something done in that line, the corporations and railroads will take this country. It seems that the reformers could unite on something like that and carry the country. Yours for reform.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

T. C. Wright, Gadsden, Ala.

I have read the July number of your Magazine and must say I am well pleased with it. I have been in the reform movement since 1892, and am in for the war during my natural life.

I notice your platform and can only add one thing—that is, the Initiative and Referendum. With that it would be O. K.

I heard you speak at Gadsden, Ala., 'way back in the nineties, when you were first a candidate for Vice-President, and have been an admirer of you ever since, and have been proud to cast my vote for you at every opportunity and hope to have that pleasure again, as I have never scratched a ticket opposed to organized hypocrisy and never expect to. Go on with the good work. There are scores of the old guard in Alabama still with you.

AN ABSOLUTIST

A. Hilton, Alexandria, La.

Just received in the last day or two the July number of your Magazine in which you make a platform for 1908, and ask that a line be dropped you. Now I will make my platform, viz: "*Absolute Free Trade* with all the world and the Single Tax upon the value of land to support all Government." My platform is shorter than yours and would do a great deal more good. The Income and Inheritance Tax would not be needed. Ask Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, if he does not agree with me, etc. I am eighty-two and a half years old and getting feeble in body, but I can think yet.

A SUGGESTION

W. F. Hogue, Marion, Ala.

I think your platform for 1908 is all right, and I suggest Bryan and Watson for the ticket. What do you think about it?

GRADUATED PROPERTY TAX

W. V. Marshall, Berlin, Pa.

Referring to your proposed platform for 1908, would not plank 3 be vastly improved by substituting the graduated property tax for the systems you specify? I think so, and for these among other reasons:

As to the graduated income plan, it conforms to the principle that the taxes should be imposed in proportion to the ability to pay. So does the graduated property plan.

Thus far the two systems are alike, the one answering as well as the other; but beyond this they differ, with everything against the income method and in favor of the graduated method.

The income tax will not prevent the overdue concentration of wealth. Even if the mighty money makers were compelled to give up, in the form of Government revenue, a little larger share of their extraordinary profits, they would not be prevented by the income tax from continuing their combinations. And as long as they can continue them, they can harvest back the extra sums they pay out as tax, by twisting the screws a little tighter at the one point to make up for what they must yield at the other point.

The graduated tax does not permit them to recoup themselves in this way, for its special function is to prohibit monopolistic combinations, and if the capitalists cannot go into these combinations they will be without the machinery for making up to themselves the extra taxes they will, under the proposed system, be obliged to pay.

The inquisitorialism and prying into private affairs necessitated in the assessment of an income tax would render it so obnoxious as to bring about its repeal, whence we would be where we are at present.

No extra inquisitiveness would be required in the graduated method, because the taxes would be levied in the same manner as they now are—upon the lands, mines, manufactories, stores, and other plainly visible properties, the values of which can be ascertained without prying into the peculiarly private affairs of individuals.

Those who reported their incomes fairly would be brought into unfair competition with the dishonest who resorted to concealments, lying and perjury to avoid divulging what were their real incomes.

There could be little opportunity for misrepresentation and evasion in the case of the graduated property tax, for it has to deal, like our present direct system, with the visible properties themselves instead of with the invisible profits of properties.

Then why not abandon the income plan for this more improved method of laying the taxes in proportion to the ability to pay? Why not seek a method that will work to the end of righting the present distorted state of industrialism while working to the other object?

As to the inheritance tax, why adopt the position of condoning an evil for pay?

And why employ a measure that leaves exploitation to speed rampant until the exploiter has ended his race of grab and get?

Why legalize a plan that renders immune the undying rival-crushing and thieving trust?

Why use a system that unaffects the colossal monopoly either directly or indirectly in ownership interests so distributed that no one member is sufficiently wealthy in his own right to materially feel the tax?

Why not abolish the business of rivalry-crushing by any one man or set of men, in any one or set of forms, by graduated property-tax, inducing to competitive and honest methods, on the part of all, and by all from the beginning to the end of their industrial careers?

Why not prevent the hurts, rather than permit the same and then look to be recompensed on account thereof at the grave?

As you offer your platform as a suggestion I move to amend by substituting the graduated property tax for the taxes proposed in plank 3 and ask, "Why should not the amendment be adopted?"

ENTHUSIASM FOR DIRECT LEGISLATION

Jerome C. Swihart, Rochester, Ind.

I have just finished reading your suggestive platform for 1908, in your Magazine, and as a Democrat and best of all an American citizen, I heartily indorse the greater part of it. That which I do not indorse I do not understand or have not given it sufficient thought to intelligently pass judgment upon it.

I am particularly infatuated with the first clause, namely, "Direct Legislation; election of all officers by the people; and the right of recall." If this clause could be adopted by the people, it would be equal to a second Declaration of Independence, and would effectively make good the utterances of the immortal Lincoln, "That a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

If a public office is a public trust, why should not the people pass upon who shall fill the office?

If after electing an individual to a public office, the public should consider that the public could be better served by his recall, why should not that power be vested solely in the people? When public officers are indebted to the people for the position which they occupy, and when they must answer directly to the people and not the interests for their official actions, then, and not until then, will they secure the greatest good to the greatest number, which is the prime object of civil government. I cannot conceive of anything which would bring about the much desired reform so quickly and effectively as the adoption of this clause, and I candidly believe that the political party which supports it will crown their efforts with success.

ON TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY

E. W. Ferguson, Jr., Long Pine, Neb.

You ask your readers to write you concerning their opinion of "A Political Plat-

m for 1908." In general I think it is od, and very good. Nor would I suggest y radical change except in the second ink. There is no argument for tariff of y kind that can stand before investigation. believe I am not alone in this view. I elieve that more people have read and cepted the truths of Henry George's Protection or Free Trade" than have llowed him on the "Land Question." At ast, the advocates of "Tariff for Revenue ly" can only claim that it is a means of aining a revenue, apologize for it, and pology does not make good argument. et us denounce "Duty on Imports" and dvocate "Income and Inheritance Tax" in eu thereof. Then we will have something e can defend from start to finish. I elieve that you will find it is only the ld Bourbon-Democrat that advocates Tariff for Revenue," it being a sweet orsel to roll under his tongue. The ounger generation of reformers have their oubts of its efficacy or else are pronounced Free Traders."

Your advocacy of Direct Legislation; oing away with Federal Courts; Municially Owned Utilities; Government money, reenbacks without the exception clause; ostility to the National Bank System; overnment economy; Opposition to an exensive navy; and Colonization; Ship and ail subsidy; and advocacy of Parcels Post, avings Banks and extension of Rural Free elivery meet my heartiest approval.

VERSE COMMENT

D. H. Welch, Winchester, Ill.

In reply to your suggestion on platform, would say in regard to plank number six of he financial question, all money to be reated by the Government to be full legal ender for all debt, public and private, every ollar to be at a parity—the gold dollars, the ilver and paper. Then we can pay our ebt. Then we will have sixty or seventy ollars per capita. We may well say that e have no money in circulation. Money on't circulate. Checks are the only things hat circulate now. Go to the bank, give our note, then check your note out. No pecial objections to the platform. I lways thought the Omaha Platform was too adical, but I never made any kick. I hink your suggestion on platform good nough. No change of name. People's Party.

A TICKET FOR 1908

J. E. Scanlan, Bee Branch, Ark.

In your July number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE you set forth a National platform that all the people would be benefited by such form of Government. I hope you will produce this same platform in your August number and keep it standing, headed as follows:

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1908
William R. Hearst, of New York
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT IN 1908
Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia

I have always been a Watson man, but the Populist Party and its leaders are not a class of glory for themselves. We believe in the greatest good to the greatest number. The fact of it is all reform parties work for the interest of the masses and not for class legislation. I believe with such a ticket and platform we can elect the next President and Vice-President. Mr. Hearst is as honest and brave as you are and all the people who have known you for years know that you come up to the standard of reform.

THE PLATFORM AND OTHER TOPICS

R. T. Butler, Cincinnati, O.

I would substitute for article No. 2 of your platform "All articles manufactured or controlled by a trust on the free list." But if you think this is not broad enough and that article No. 2 should stand, then I suggest at least that the last four words "and for revenue only" be left off. This is an old and meaningless Democratic phrase that has been worn threadbare in years gone by until it rasps on the ear of many voters when they hear it spoken. Then, too, when we once get a properly graded income and inheritance tax, which you properly provide for, we will need no tax on imports "for revenue only."

Then I would add one more article favoring a graded land tax. The article in "Letters from the People," July Magazine, under head of "Does It Mean Tenant Farming?" is illustrative of the necessity of such provision. The income tax would not cover the necessity for the reason that the great fortunes that already exist in the country, when they are no longer allowed to be used in exploiting the country, would be converted into lands in million-acre tracts to be used as deer parks and hunting grounds that would practically bring no income, so that the income tax could be avoided. This is now done in England.

Now, as I am not writing this for publication, but simply in hope that it may take up some of your spare time and keep you from wandering through the woods and lanes and writing some more of those pastoral editorials that make a man feel that he is once more a barefooted boy, and with pants rolled up and a fish-pole in hand is just ready to start down to the creek past the old swimming-hole, where, after taking a swim, he is to go on and fish in the old mill-pond, I want to ask you a question or two. If you want to answer in the Magazine you can do it by publishing the questions only. If the Advance plow sells in this country for $18 and is sold in South America for $9, it is pretty good evidence that there is at the very least $9 profit in its manufacture.

That being the case and there being plenty of field and plow timber in this country, what is to hinder anyone from going into the business of making plows just like the Advance plow?

I do not understand that there is any patent to protect the Advance plow, so one can be made just like it and sold, say, for $12 or $14, which ought to catch the farmers' trade and stop the sale of the Advance at $16. You know we Populists believe in the law of competition and of supply and demand. If there is a plow trust and that trust should put prices down to cost of production to kill competition, then the article I suggest in place of article No. 2 in your platform would remedy the evil if free trade would remedy it.

One of the evils the American consumer suffers from is the undue importance he attaches to a name on trade-mark. For instance, if some man makes a plow exactly like the Advance and as good in every particular or even better, he is yet unable to use the name "Advance" on his plow, and for this reason and no other the average buyer will of his own accord pay two prices for the "Advance" and be happy over it.

CRITICISM OF THE PLATFORM

Edwin Lehman Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.

You publish "A Political Platform for 1908" composed of eight extremely large planks, upon some of which the people will be neither ready to vote nor to stand till 1912, and some of which will be impossible of adoption before 2008, and then you say: "What do you think of it? Drop us a *line*." Assuming that the humor of the request is unconscious and that you do not object to *two or more lines* upon such a large subject, I will comply with your request.

If you really wish to suggest a platform upon which members of all parties except anarchists may stand, provided said members be honest men, I respectfully suggest the following modification of your platform for 1908:

Strike out all planks but the first and rewrite that as follows:

The Honesty Party's Platform for 1908.

The nomination of all candidates of whatever party to be in legalized primary elections whereof the absolutely necessary expenses shall be paid from the public treasury, whether city, county, state or national, and all other legitimate expenses borne by the candidates and their friends whereof full report and publication shall be made. The same regulations to apply to the final elections. Bribe-takers and bribe-givers to be forever disqualified from vote and office both in primary and final elections, and any informant giving evidence which shall secure the conviction of any bribe-taker or giver shall receive from the public treasury a sum equal to the bribe given or taken by the convicted person.

All ballots or votes for all candidates to be secret ballots and no voter to be held accountable to any person or organization for his vote.

All candidates shall announce prior to primary election their platforms and be subject after election to recall by their constituents for violation of their announced platform, or for conduct unsatisfactory to a majority of their constituents when expressed in a legalized primary properly called for such expression.

To such bodies of men elected under the above platform you may safely leave the discussion of all questions of public interest and their enactment into suitable legislation.

Until we do have an "Honesty Party," which can call for and exact obedience in all emergencies from a majority of the members of all parties irrespective of party lines, none of the things you are fighting for are obtainable. With such an honesty party all of the things you are contending for worth while will be obtained as soon as the people are ready for them.

Nominations dictated by bosses, and secured by fraud or the money power, are the curse of the hour. All platforms and all planks should give way to securing the honest expression of the people's will in this year of coming grace, 1908.

THE WATSON PLATFORM

John Wood, Chicago, Ill.

In regard to the political platform for 1908, I would suggest the following addition to your proposition number one: "Direct nomination of all candidates for public office at the primaries. The primaries of all parties to be held on the same day and all the voters of each political subdivision to vote at the same polling place." If ever you had participated in the primaries of Chicago or any other large city where the grafting bosses of the different parties are hand in glove, you would surely realize the great necessity for a strong and powerful hand to insure to the people an even break on primary day.

As a substitute for proposition number three I would suggest the following: "Exempt from taxation all labor values." You are liable to conclude from this that I am a strict adherent of the theory of the "Single Tax." I wish to disabuse your mind of this idea by explaining that out of a total revenue necessary to pay the municipal expenses of the City of Chicago, amounting to nearly twelve million dollars, more than six million dollars were raised by license fees of all kinds. It is my opinion that all license fees should stand or be fixed as the people should determine, but I do not think that the owner of land should have his taxes increased because he has been energetic enough to build a house one story or ten stories high upon that land. I do not believe

s right to make the taxes of a man who s cleared a farm in the forest one cent ther than the man has to pay on the same ce of land immediately adjoining. The me argument that applies against the taxa- n of improvements on land also applies ainst the taxation of personal property with additional argument that ninety-nine out every hundred men who pay personal xes are perjurers. Therefore taxes on e improvements on land, on personal operty and on incomes necessitate an pionage into strictly private affairs that very disagreeable to the American spirit independence, encourages perjury, and ove all is a tax on the energetic man who ves things and who is the cause of all of the crease in land values all over the country. feel absolutely sure that all of the owners great fortunes whom I know it is your rpose to reach with an "income tax" ill antagonize with far greater energy the roposition to exempt labor values from axation, because they realize very well that he enactment of such a law would im- ediately increase the taxes of all unused oal, iron, oil, lumber and other valuable nds from 500 to 1,000 per cent.

I wish you would ask for the views of your readers on this question. I do not think a discussion would hinder the progress of radical democracy.

In regard to proposition number four, I wish to plead that I am probably not as well posted as I ought to be. If you think there are enough of your readers in my position to justify a thorough explanation of this plank, I wish you would in the next issue. Here is the way I stand: I know that the present United States judges are the creatures of corporations because they would not have been confirmed by the United States Senate if they had ever been known to possess views antagonistic to corporate greed. Therefore, I always thought they should, like Congressmen, be elected by the people in the political division over which they may have jurisdiction. Now, if these judgeships were abolished, before whom would those persons be tried who are guilty of the violation of United States laws?

I do not think at the present time there could be an improvement on the balance of your platform.

NOTE BY EDITOR:

Congress could create courts to try and punish violators of Federal laws. In other words, Congress has the power to limit the power of the lower Federal courts, where the devilment originates.

MICHAEL BAKUNIN

Wilbur F. Bryant, Ponca, Neb.

A few days ago I picked up a copy of your Magazine (April, 1906), in which I noticed an article on Michael Bakunin, who is called a Russian Populist by the writer of the article.

Now there is much in this article which is interesting and very much with which I would fully agree, but an intelligent and well-informed writer cannot afford to be inaccurate in historical statements, for if he is, people are likely to distrust any other statement which he may make.

The writer of the article referred to says that Bakunin was in prison in the Castle of Schlüsselburg in 1849 and that he died in the dungeon of that castle. It is very doubtful if Michael Bakunin ever saw the inside of the Castle of Schlüsselburg. He was tried by the German Government and sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was then turned over to the American Government, which went through the same process. Finally he was given over to Russia, his native country. He was in prison for a time at St. Petersburg, but was finally banished to Eastern Siberia. He obtained leave to settle as a colonist in the Amur country and escaped through the United States to Switzerland. Leaving out the details of his subsequent life, it is sufficient to say that he died peacefully in his bed on the first day of July, 1876, twenty-seven years after the writer says he was consigned to the Castle of Schlüsselburg. By the way, Bakunin was not turned over to the tender mercies of Russia till 1850 instead of 1849.

FROM A REPUBLICAN

Pierre DePew, Nyack, N. Y.

Although I am a Republican, still I am liberal in my views, and agree with most of your views as expressed in your political platform for 1908.

1. Direct legislation of all officers except President. This should, however, be modified in present form.

2. Necessaries of life on free list. I agree with you on this point, that duties should not be for protection, as we have too many monopolies now.

3. Income and inheritance tax. O. K.

4. I agree in the suppression of all Federal courts.

5. Public ownership and operation of public utilities.

6. Money system changed. I approve of this and No. 5.

7. I agree with the sentiment of this, except naval expenditures should not be stopped, but should be made lower. I think that our colonies are essential to the nation, and that the Philippines should not be free, as they are not as well fitted for self-government as are the people of Porto Rico.

8. I agree entirely with the points in this and with postals savings banks, if they can be safely managed.

Can you inform me as to the address of

Senator La Follette, as I would like to write for his speech on railroad rates?

Do you know where I can obtain the following books: "Protective Tariff Delusion," by Mrs. Marion Todd, and "Pizarro and John Sherman" and "Right of Woman," by the same author?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mrs. Todd could probably furnish the books. They are out of print. "Who's Who in America" gives Madison, Wis., as Senator La Follette's address.

INDORSES WATSON PLATFORM

John M. Kellogg, Fall River, Kan.

I indorse your plank platform for 1908. I think that it is a sound creed, sound enough, honest enough for any honest, patriotic American citizen to be in favor of. I think the People's Party ought to adopt your platform at the 1908 convention. Then pull together for the reforms formulated in Hon. Thomas E. Watson's platform until we get them made into law. Then if the people want more reforms, it will be time enough to strike tent and march further.

DIRECT LEGISLATION IN OREGON

A. D. Cridge, Echo, Ore.

Your platform is all right enough, but if you would cut out the last seven planks it would be better. With Direct Legislation the people can get the other planks—if they want them. Without Direct Legislation they will get stones instead of bread from any Congress the plutes will permit to be elected.

Here in Oregon the people are still voting for Abraham Lincoln—that is, they think they are—and the state is from 14,000 to 35,000 majority Republican on National candidates and questions. They elected and re-elected a Democratic governor. The first time because of a scrap among the followers of the Elephant; the second time, June 4th, last, because Governor Chamberlain stood up and fought like Andrew Jackson for the spirit, as well as the letter, of the Direct Legislation amended State Constitution, against a lot of Republicans who laid a scheme to do away with it. The Republican candidate was a pretty good man, too, but he had sneered at public ownership and was coy in indorsing Direct Legislation, and Republican plutocrats whispered too loud about some deep-set scheme to do away with the blankety-blank Referendum and Initiative. With the help of the Insurgent Republicans, who are Lincoln-bred and Democratic in principle, Chamberlain held the fort last time, and he is pretty sure to do it again.

The people of Oregon went, the same way Maine did for Governor Kent several decades ago, for the Referendum and the Initiative. They are still for it. They extended its principles by additional amendments adopted by enormous majorities on the 4th of last June. They adopted two years ago, by the Initiative, a genuine primary law, and this time they elected their own United States senator. He is accused of being a bad man and a plutocrat. I don't know that he is any better than some who are worried over his delinquencies, but this is certain: that when the undismayed W. S. U'Ren, the father of Direct Legislation in Oregon, needed help and needed it like the Arkansas farmer needed his six-shooter after carrying it twenty years without using, Jonathan Bourne came to the front with the help that helped carry the amendment through two successive legislatures. It had to go through two in succession in order to be submitted to the people. Bourne might have done like other millionaires at that time, and bought steam yachts or established a private den of infamy with the money. He fought for the election of the United States senators by the people long before it was popular in Oregon, and all that he ever did that his enemies howl most about was try to be elected senator by the legislature some years ago, and using the methods then in vogue and still relied upon when rich men desire to be admitted to the den of forty thieves beneath the dome of the Capitol at Washington. Bourne is the first of a procession of men to sit in the United States Senate as the untrammeled choice of the people.

He will sit alongside of such men as La Follette and Tillman when he gets there. If he don't, they'll hang him when he gets within rope's length in Oregon.

Well, what I was going to call your attention to, Tom Watson, was this—the people of Oregon are right up and coming every time for Direct Legislation, but they are shy on the other planks of your platform. They are very much like other people in other states, too. With Direct Legislation the people can get anything they want. They can be rallied quicker for that than anything else. He got leading men, rich and poor, in all parties to take off their coats for Direct Legislation. They wouldn't pull together for anything else under heaven. Some of them have never pulled together since, and never will. The people roll the names Referendum and Initiative under their tongues flippantly, without difficulty; now they are used to it.

I don't see but what your platform is all right as far as it goes, but the first plank means all the rest, if the rest are wanted. Whoop it up for Direct Legislation. It scares the plutes worse than publicity does a packing-house trust. Try it.

ANTI-SOCIALIST

John White, Hot Springs, Ark.

Your Magazine is a timely instructor against the nonsense of collectivism and social ownership. Your reasons are un-

answerable and convincing to all who read them. I say "nonsense," because the advocates of Socialism would turn the world back, blot out civilization.

AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR US

Henry B. Ashplant, London, Canada.

The extent to which popular delusions are firmly held and indorsed by well-educated men is strikingly shown in that most interesting pamphlet on "Progress or Revolution" from the virile pen of Goldwin Smith, much commented on recently by reviewers. On page 27 appears the following remark in criticism of a certain school of fantastic money theorists, viz: "*A paper dollar is not money, but a promissory note, payable by the bank of issue, at which, when the note changes hands, gold passes from the credit of the giver to that of the taker.*" This belief is no doubt sincerely held by the venerable educationist who thus places on record a statement expressing a delusion which commands popular acceptance to the disadvantage of its victims. Whatever might be true outside the Dominion of Canada, here a paper dollar is certainly money; it, however, certainly is not true that a bank-note, issued by a Canadian chartered bank, transfers gold from the credit of the giver (bank) to the credit of the person receiving the bank-note. As a matter of fact, verified by our chartered banks' published statements (few "business men" understand a bank statement when they read it, so that literary men may be pardoned similar weakness), for the right to issue a bank-note the Canadian chartered banks transfer 5 *cents* on the dollar *only* of gold security to the people of Canada, on a loan basis bearing 3 per cent. interest. The balance represents confidence and a transfer of no gold values whatever; the original capital stock of the shareholders, being transferred into gilt-edged securities such as Government bonds, *is not available as gold to transfer* to the credit of a bank-note holder. Goldwin Smith as a foremost thinker and educationist evidences the *extent* to which most intelligent public men are victimized by a popular delusion that is the greatest asset of our capitalist system. It is quite true that a bank-note issued by a Canadian chartered bank has the same purchasing power in circulation to absorb a product of labor as a gold dollar possesses in circulation; that is why it is so easy to be deceived. If a citizen gives a "promissory note" to a chartered bank for, say, an accommodation (at par) of $100, and gets over the teller's counter $50 in gold, and $50 in bank-notes equals $100; or issues his checks against an account for that amount, every one of these dollars can absorb the same volume of labor products (both brain as well as muscle products) when they get into circulation; the paper dollar controlling as much of a business man's property assets as the gold dollar does. While this is true, it does not, however, mean that "*when bank-notes change hands gold passes from the credit of the bank to that of the note-holder.* What it does mean is the exact reverse, viz, that in return for its bank-notes, worth a gold value of 5 cents on the dollar, there is transferred to the bank a mortgage on real property, or a bill payable that has to be satisfied in products at full value, in *gold or its equivalent in labor products*, for a sum equal to the face value of the bank-note, and every 5 per cent. bank-note is charged at 100 cents against labor products by the business man who puts it in circulation. If Goldwin Smith and our brain-sweated business men once firmly grip the enormity of the fraud and its influence to evolve inevitable conflict between the puzzled brain-worker and the wearied man of brawn and muscle robbed, by connivance with this method, of more than 50 per cent. of his product, and charging the crime to his indignant employer, who is liable to the bank to redeem his notes payable at their face value in labor products, there will likely "be more doings" in the sphere of "high finance." Little wonder that Canada is fast settling down to the social stratifications with *financial* lines of demarcation, common to Europe and the United States. Why should Canada foster such an importation of foreign "*finance* immorality" and develop its abominable and avoidable fruitage? We in Canada can secure "Progress" free from violent "Revolution" if we will; if we, however, proceed on present lines violent revolution will be an inevitable result, for an educated brain will soon guide impassioned brawn and muscle to justified abolition of a *visible* enemy to social welfare. Such an enemy among others is the Chartered Bank of Canada, but not more so than the national banks of the United States are to our neighbors, or the finance institutions of Europe back of the Russian autocracy (and other autocracies) are to the Russian people, who will ultimately free themselves. If we in Canada who boast so much do not get a pace on the Russian peasant will show Canadians how to secure freedom, while we are busy fastening on our own industrial limbs the shackles that both Russia and Japan give evidence of intention to throw overboard.

SPELLING REFORM

H. Clark, Sodus, N. Y.

A word regarding spelling reform.

The movement's slow progress is due as much to the mistakes of its advocates as to the indifference of the public. And it is for the purpose of calling attention to their chief mistake that this letter is being written. That mistake is the attempt to bring into use new characters for sounds not now having characters of their own. This is done on the supposition that there must be a separate character for every sound—a sup-

position not well founded. A little reflection will show that there has long been in existence a better method of spelling—here called the digraphic method—which is as simple and as phonetic as the character-for-every-sound method. Manifestly, if two characters can represent three sounds without confusion, there is a saving of labor for teachers, pupils, typesetters and typewriters.

Nothing but utter confusion can follow any enlargement of the alphabet, and best of all no such enlargement is needed. Regularity is the great desideratum and that can be fully attained with the 26 letters we now possess. With that end in view, I have worked out and here present a simple plan of spelling reform based on our well-known 26 letters and 12 carefully chosen digraphs. All necessary sounds—38 in number—are thereby represented and that phonetically and without confusion of any kind. Furthermore, with three, or possibly four, exceptions no special liberties have been taken with the letters. In almost every case they will be recognized as representing their best known sounds. The letters *c*, *q* and *x* are the three principal exceptions alluded to. It will be seen that the ordinary use of these three letters in such words as *sivil*, *kweer* and *aks* is entirely unnecessary. As it happened that there were three other sounds out in the cold, I arbitrarily assigned them to these letters. They are the sound of *ch* in *porch*, *a* in *far*, and *u* in *hut*. These words therefore become *porc*, *fqr* and *hxt*. *Q* is also taken to represent *o* in not. *Ey* represents *a* in *hate; ai*, *i* in *kite; yu*, *ew* in *few;* and *dh*, *th* in *thy*. The consonant *w* being merely the unaccented sound of *oo* in *good* may properly also represent the vowel sound, as *e. g.*, *stwd* for *stood*. By simple changes like these in the use of the letters we now have, English can be spelled phonetically and the irregular spellings which have annoyed and hindered every boy and girl who has ever studied English may be wholly eliminated. Many words, it is true, would be lengthened under this plan, but the total number of letters employed would be lessened as will be seen in the following beautiful poem taken from the *Outlook*. Instead of 437 letters there are now 408, a reduction of over 6 per cent. The reduction in the average English discourse would be less than that—perhaps only about 2 per cent. Study what I have said above and see if you can read this poem. It illustrates, I believe, a sane mode of amended spelling which both young and old would readily learn to read.

ST. FRANSIS AT SAN FRANSISKO

Ai met old leen St. Fransis in x dreem
Weyding nee-deep thru dhi ashez xv
Dhx solz dhat hee wqz helping xp tu hevn
Wxr bxrnt awr rxng out xv dhx raidhing flesh.
Sed ai, "Hwen neer x thouzand qr engxlft
In sxdn indiskriminet distrxkshxn,
And haf x milyxn homles qr, ai no
Dhis rqtn wxrld most blakli iz akxrst."

"Hwen heeroz qr az kountles az dhx fleymz;
Hwen simpathi," sed hee, "haz opend waid
X hxndred milyxn jenxrxs hyuman hqrts,
Ai no dhis wxrld iz infinitli blest."

Rqdman Gildxr.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

H. M. Messenger, Lakewood, O.

Your editorial in August WATSON'S on the Railway Mail Clerk will cheer 12,000 persons at least. You cannot know how your words in praise of the R. P. C. and for his better protection will advance our cause against danger of our work.

Our national organization, the Railway Mail Association, has agitated this question and petitioned and resolved. What good we have done we don't know, except that the questions of steel cars and adoption of the Block Signal System have been kept before the Department at Washington and the people of the country as well. We need steel cars. They would do us the most good. Recently at Burbank, Ohio, the Erie Fast Mail took a tumble down the embankment, the mail car, an *all steel* one, the first in commission (and put on as an experiment), turned over three times and was only scratched and *the mail clerks were entirely unharmed.* This surely was a test. The baggage car, a wooden affair, was completely demolished!

It is true that our business is considered extra hazardous by some companies. All the New England companies will write Postal Clerks. The Union Mutual, Vermont National, State Mutual, Massachusetts Mutual, John Hancock and Connecticut Mutual. All these have solicited me for endowment and twenty Payment Life and seemed glad to get the business. But note the exception they make—some of them.

After reading Allen L. Benson's "Good Insurance and Bad" in July WATSON'S, I decided to add term insurance to what I had. Accordingly, I sent postals to ten companies having agencies in Cleveland.

The State Mutual, Phœnix Mutual and Washington Life said they did not issue term policies to Postal Clerks. The Massachusetts Mutual, Northwestern Mutual, New York Life and Equitable, of New York, did not respond at all. The Connecticut Mutual did not answer for ten days. So out of the bunch just three would talk business at all. Those that responded, but would not write term insurance, were more than willing to sell me Endowment or Straight Life.

The John Hancock agent assured me his company would accept me, but when my medical test was sent in they refused the application because my mother died four

ars after my birth, and they weren't sure
at I might get consumption—some time!
've always felt they would not have been so
arful if I had applied for a "Gold Brick"
olicy.

The Mutual, of New York, offered a seven-
een year deferred dividend policy, which I
ould not have at all.

So all that was left me was the National
Life, of Vermont. They offered me a ten-
ear, non-participating, non-renewable pol-
cy for $12.09 a thousand, which I accepted
gladly.

The Provident Life and Trust and Penn-
sylvania Mutual would not accept me at all.
The Union Central charges 20 per cent.
more.

So I found that nearly all the companies
would write Postal Clerks for expensive in-
surance, but did not care to do business on a
term basis.

LET THE PEOPLE AWAKE

J. S. Stewart, Gratis, O.

For fully thirty years I have spent time and money trying to get the people to see their own and possess it. Voted for Watson in '96 and did a lot of work. Threw home office aside trying to secure for the masses their rights. Organized in this county (Pueblo) number 45 of the Farmers' Alliance and have seen the people blindly turn their backs on their real friends, accepting in their stead worse than gamblers for gain—August Belmont, John Sherman, Ernest Seyd & Co. Today it is the railroads, Standard Oil, coal mines, etc.

I am 63 years old (and would like to see the changes 37 more would make) and, of course, recollect well the leaps and bounds of business among men of small means from the close of our unhappy strife until the reinstatement of the blacks, together with the enslavement of the whites, in 1873. I witnessed again the tightening of the chains in 1893 and the effect of the calculating, cold-blooded dealers in human life and have noticed their blighting effects on the progress of mankind, which will continue to retard the progress of and blacken with the clouds of their hell the efforts of unborn generations.

I cut clear of the so-called Democratic Party when Grover was nominated the second time, as it was then plainly given out by him that the party favored the contraction of our currency, which was only another way of saying, "Damn the people," or "Huh, one-half the people can be hired any time to shoot the other half," along which line the slaveowners are yet acting and always will, if they can hoodwink the people in the future as successfully as they have during my life.

No sane and honest man will say we have enough money to develop and carry on our industries as we should and would if we had. So, to cut my story short, for the sensible development and maintenance of our splendid country, we must have more money, as much as *all* the people need. Remove double interest possibilities, repeal special privilege laws, remove double taxation, notably that on realty sold and not therefor, cut down official salaries to a living only while in office, penitentiary insurance officers taking in any manner more of a salary than $2,000 per year and legitimate traveling expenses, take over the public utilities to the Government and guard their honest care by plain laws quick to administer punishment of dishonesty, and do away with all combines whether of money or labor under severe penalties, maintain all humanitarian organizations and remind the people continually that we are fully 3,000 years behind our privileges and that it is by their thoughtlessness, cunningness, dishonesty and ignorance that this great slaveholding clan are enabled to hold on to their power which greatly impedes humanity's onward, upward, God-given right of a higher civilization.

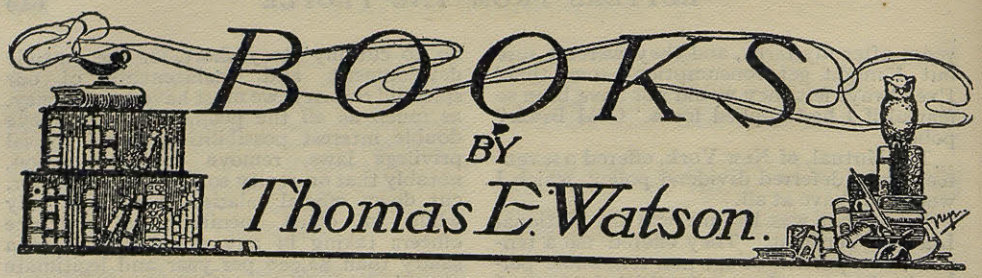
Yours for the swift success of right.

POPULISM THE REMEDY

W. L. Hays, Sterling, Col.

I write this to say that I am in hearty sympathy with your work and have supported the party since its formation in '92 until the last Presidential campaign when I voted for Parker on the Philippine question. I regard the holding of those people as subjects to our authority and our domination as a national crime and as a renunciation of the principles of our Government; and the more apathy the public conscience shows on the subject the more the enormity of the crime looms up before my vision.

I feel like approving President Roosevelt in his tinkering at reform; but the best thing he ever proposed was a mere makeshift and, if ever so successful, all the good it would do would be merely temporary and would finally leave the public utilities corporations more firmly entrenched. I apprehend that after trying every expedient that can be proposed by any member or members of that party, they will finally come to see what the People's Party saw in 1892, and conclude like sensible people that the only way for the public to protect themselves is for the public to do its own work and own its own property. Public ownership of public utilities, the initiative and referendum and the imperative mandate adopted as the fundamentals of our Government is where they will all land after a while; but in the meanwhile our really great men must put in their time educating the people, while schoolboy statesmen like Roosevelt and politicians and corporate tools like Aldrich and Depew run the Government.



[NOTE.—Reviews are by Mr. Watson unless otherwise signed.]

"The Bible, the Baptists and the Board System." By J. A. Scarboro. Price one dollar. J. A. Scarboro, publisher, Fulton, Kan.

Religious books are sometimes considered dull by those who are hard to please. There are some unreasonable people who would rather split rails than to wade through Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," or Baxter's "Saint's Rest," or Taylor's "Call to the Unconverted." Fortunately, however, the number of readers thus hard to please is comparatively few. Most of us appreciate ecclesiastical literature very highly, and I remember with vivid distinctness the impressions which as a boy were made upon my plastic mind by Parson Brownlow's "Great Iron Wheel Examined." "The Iron Wheel" was written by the great Baptist divine, Elder J. R. Graves, but I never read it. Brownlow's Examination of Graves's book was so exceedingly comprehensive in its nature that the reader felt content to stop where Brownlow left off.

The book whose title heads this review is the most interesting religious work which has come into my hands in many a long day. The manner in which Brother J. A. Scarboro "goes after" other Baptist brethren is refreshing in the highest degree. The facts set forth in this book are important. The purpose of Brother Scarboro was to expose the methods of the convention Board system of Foreign Missionaries. To say that his attack is direct, his statements positive, and his arraignments powerful, is to put the case with great moderation. The general impression made upon the mind of the reader by the evidence which Brother Scarboro has accumulated is this: That the Board which controls Foreign Missionaries is in danger of going the road which all close corporations have traveled. Our poor human nature is just so constituted that no set of men can be intrusted with too much power. In such cases selfishness, tyranny, favoritism and corruption will develop. If the tens of thousands of individual Christians whose contributions from year to year support foreign missions should read this book there is no doubt whatever that the golden stream would be shut off until some explanation is given which satisfies the mind of the average man the Board has not been guilty as charged in this book.

Listen to this paragraph from page 116: "Down in Texas they (the Baptists), had a great convention; they prayed for the Spirit and announced His presence; then they turned to and, in violation of the constitution, unseated a representative of an association, libeled him in doing it, and then changed the constitution to fit the action. *They turned him out because he continued to criticize extravagant salaries, nepotisms and sham reports.*"

If these charges are true, then some reform work is necessary for the good of the denomination and of the Christian world. If, on the other hand, the charges are false, they should be refuted in order that hereditary Baptists, like myself, should not have their minds disturbed and their reflection disordered by statements of that character. Consider this statement which I find on page 132: "*Just as Catholic Bishops peremptorily dismiss pastors and missionaries, so the Baptist Mission Boards dismiss missionaries.*" If that statement is true it will give a painful shock to every member of the great Baptist denomination. If the statement is not true, there should be a refutation which will carry conviction throughout the land. In Chapter VII of the book Brother Scarboro gives a narrative of the manner in which the Board has treated Rev. A. J. Diaz, an Apostle of Cuba. This chapter was an eye-opener to me, as it will be to all who read it.

In Chapter VIII there is an account of the manner in which the Board has treated Rev. J. S. Murrow, the great Missionary, whose lifelong work has been productive of such glorious results in the Indian Territory.

In that connection, the reader must pardon me for relating an experience out of my own life. In the year 1874, at the close of the sophomore term in Mercer University, I was adrift in the world, and was looking around to find work to do. Having sold at auction a few books in the City of Augusta, I had gone down to Lawtonville, in the County of Burke, where the Baptists were holding an Association. At this gathering of the people I hoped, by making diligent inquiry, to learn of some neighborhood where I might open a country school to teach the children during the day, while I studied law at night. I remember that it

was the glorious Indian summer-time of the year, but I recall no incident more vividly than that of a Baptist missionary who was in attendance upon the Association. As an illustration of what could be done by faithful work among the red men of the West, he had brought with him to Georgia an Indian chief, who had been converted to Christianity under his ministrations, and who had himself become a Minister of the Gospel. Thirty-two years have passed and gone since then, but with absolute clearness I recall the earnest, honest, intelligent face of the white missionary, and the labored speech, in broken English, of the Indian chief as he struggled to address his white brethren. *The name of this devoted missionary was J. S. Murrow.* I now learn, with profound pain, that this Soldier of the Cross, who for nearly forty years has devotedly borne the banner of Christ among the red men of the Indian Territory, has been subjected to heartbreaking humiliation by a Convention Board, sitting in Atlanta, Ga., and evidently puffed up to the bursting point with the supreme importance of its own "brief authority."

Chapter IX is head-lined like this, "*Convention Board System guilty of Conspiracy.—Libeling a Baptist Preacher and Editor who Plead for Reform and Exposed Evils.—Violating Constitutional Rights.—Trial and Conviction Without Evidence.—Crushing the Disturber.*"

It has been the custom of this Magazine to take no part in religious controversies. That rule will not be departed from, but as a hereditary Baptist and a warm sympathizer with those who are engaged in good work in every field, I earnestly call the attention of the Baptist denomination to the arraignment of the Board system made by the Rev. J. A. Scarboro.

Studies in Socialism. By Jean Jaurès; with translator's introduction by Mildred Minturn. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

A book calculated to arouse considerable ire among those dogmatists who, as Bernard Shaw declares, believe in the "antiquated" ideas of Karl Marx. And one sure to make a favorable impression in the ranks of those who, intelligently or otherwise, oppose Socialism. Jaurès himself is an Opportunist or Reformist in method and believes in getting all he can as fast as he can along the line of reform, never, however, losing sight of the ultimate aim of Socialism: The collective ownership of the means of production and democratic operation and management by the workers.

Jean Jaurès, a successful bourgeois (*when shall we see the proletarian movement headed by proletarians?*), is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and also editor of a Socialist daily paper, "*L'Humanité*," in which the "studies" in the present volume originally appeared. He is fortunate in having a translator who knows something more than mere turning of French sentences into English. The translator's introduction, covering 88 pages, gives a more comprehensive view of Socialism than the Jaurès essays themselves.

"Although Socialists differ upon many points," says the translator, "they all agree upon the following main definition:

"Socialism is the doctrine that the means of production (that is, capital, land and raw materials, or, in other words, all wealth which is used for the creation of more wealth) should not be owned by individuals, but by society."

On the question of distribution, the translator says: "The Socialists do not hope to distribute wealth equally among all the workers, or on the basis of the needs of the different individuals. What they do hope to do is to distribute it in such a way that men will be rewarded as nearly as possible in proportion to the services they perform." Equality of distribution without regard to services rendered would mean Communism, although some Communists hold to the motto, 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.'

"There is also a division of opinion among the Socialists," continues the translator, "as to the administrative organization which is to manage the collectively owned wealth. Some believe that the ownership of the means of production should be vested in the nation and administered by a trained bureaucracy; others have the ideal of a less centralized politico-economic system, under which the commune or township would be the principal owner and employer of labor; others imagine associations of producers, each group owning and controlling the plant at which it works itself; while still others think that the future society will be a combination of all these forms, some property being vested in the nation, some in local government bodies, and some in the organized trades."

In passing, it may not be amiss to quote Edward Bellamy's opinion on this point ("Equality"; Appleton, 1897):

"Do I understand" (asked Julian) "that the workers in each trade regulate for themselves the conditions of their particular occupation?

"By no means" (answered the superintendent). "The unitary character of our industrial administration is the vital idea of it, without which it would instantly become impracticable. If the members of each trade controlled its conditions they would presently be tempted to conduct it selfishly and adversely to the general interest of the community, seeking, as your private capitalists did, to get as much and give as little as possible. And not only would every distinctive class of workers be tempted to act in this manner, but every subdivision of workers in the same trade would presently

be pursuing the same policy, until the whole industrial system would become disintegrated, and we should have to call the capitalists from their graves to save us. The regulation and mutual adjustment of the conditions of the several branches of the industrial system are wholly done by the general government."—pp. 55-56.

"But such discussions," says Jaurès's translator, "have, after all, an interest which is chiefly academic; they cannot become of practical moment for many years."

The "pressing practical question" which Miss Minturn sees "that touches Socialists very closely and divides them very bitterly," is the Method—the steps Socialists should take to establish Socialism. "Upon the question of Method, as it is called, European Socialists are separated into two schools; the one, followers of the great militant, Karl Marx, are called Revolutionists, Marxists, or Orthodox; the other, Opportunists, Reformists, Revisionists, Fabians." Here in America these schools are represented by the Marxist Socialist Labor Party, with Daniel De Leon at its head; and the Opportunist Socialist or Social Democratic Party, headed by Eugene V. Debs. Substantially all the American Socialists are of the Opportunist school.

"The Revolutionary Socialists do not necessarily believe in the use of force to obtain their ends. Indeed, as Jaurès points out, the partisans of the General Strike are the only ones who hope to win by other than legal political methods. But what they do believe in is the possibility of establishing the Socialist system in its entirety, after they shall have obtained political power"—a sort of birth, like the hatching of a chick from an egg, as distinguished from the continued growth of a tree.

"The Reformists, on the other hand, think that the coming change is too complex to be instituted as a whole. Their ultimate ideal is the collective ownership of capital, but they believe that they can best reach that ideal by introducing reforms gradually as the strength of their party and economic conditions admit, instead of hoping to apply a cast-iron dogmatic system as a unit."

Only a passing glance can be given to M. Jaurès's chapters, "The Socialist Aim," "Socialism and Life," "The Radicals and Private Property," "Rough Outlines," "After Fifty Years," "Revolutionary Majorities," etc. His style is pleasing, clear, convincing. In defending his Opportunism he, in the chapter "The Question of Method," ridicules the idea that the proletariat will acquire power suddenly because capitalism cannot longer maintain itself.

"It is not," says M. Jaurès, "by an unexpected counter-stroke of political agitation that the proletariat will gain supreme power, but by the methodical and legal organization of its own forces under the law of the democracy and universal suffrage. It is not by the collapse of the capitalistic bourgeoisie, but by the growth of the proletariat, that the Communist order will gradually install itself in our society. Whoever accepts these truths, which have now become necessary, will soon understand the precise and certain methods of social transformation and progressive organization which they entail. Those who do not completely accept them and those who do not take the decisive result of the proletarian movements of a century very seriously; those who revert to the Communist Manifesto so obviously superannuated by the course of events, or who mix remnants of old thought that no longer contain any truth with the direct and true thoughts suggested by present reality, all such Socialists condemn themselves to a life of chaos."

C. Q. D.

The Cities of Spain. By Edward Hutton. With 24 illustrations in color, by A. Wallace Rimington, A.R.E., R.B.A., and 20 other illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A book of charms and irritations. The writer's faults are so many and so flagrant that they would condemn him utterly were it not for his many excellences. A felicity and delicacy of expression, a soul that feels deeply and vividly, an interesting personality, a familiarity with the art of many lands that adds much to his presentations, a rather unusual breadth and individuality of view—these, in spite of extravagances and failures, not only raise the volume decidedly out of the ordinary, but make it altogether worth while for certain moods and certain temperaments.

In his conclusion the author writes: ". . . In this book, as ever, I have only ventured to speak of myself, of myself if you will, apropos of Spain. . . . It is the art of Literature that I practice, and by my achievement or failure in this art I am to be judged." Behold in these few words the book and the man. Nay, behold them both in the single letter of a single word, for it is indeed "Literature," not literature, that the man practices in this, his book. Not as an adequate illustration of the distinction between the two, yet as throwing a tiny ray of light, it might be suggested that his use of "only" in the quotation above, while it may be allowable under the inevitable license of "Literature," is hardly sanctioned by the usages of the word as spelled without a capital. A small matter, truly, and not in itself worthy of mention, yet—illuminative.

His request, nay, his demand, that what he has written shall be judged not as a book of travel sketches, but as an exposition of himself in which "facts" concerning Spain are "not to become of too much importance," is eminently right and just. Yet it is hard to forego the whimsy of wondering what Maupassant, ardent advocate of this same canon of criticism, that the writer is to be judged solely according to his intention,

would have felt after reading these three hundred pages done into honeyed purple with a faint suggestion of yellow background.

The trouble, it would seem, lies in the author's having set forth his emotional impressions in prose rather than poetry. It would have been better to put into verse even his philosophy and didactics than to compel the medium of prose to convey the outpourings of his heart and the riot of his senses.

As either prose or poetry it must prove too great a demand upon the reader's responsiveness. First and worst, there is no relief, no light and shade. Bits of it are exquisite and the description of his disagreeable railway journey in the beginning might be termed even masterly, but as one reads on, emotions and sensibilities, even the most unused, are called upon again and again so that the effect, though at first renovating, pleasurable and almost inspiring, soon becomes bewildering, fatiguing and fruitless. To him Nature and every inanimate object is vividly personified; the impressions of one sense are to be expressed thoroughly only by translation into terms of another; all the world is but an extravagant expression or reflection of human emotion. We can bear with him through the "passionate flight of arches," the "unlimited desire of its height," a city's "hands lifted in prayer," "lucid streets," buildings "like thoughtful prayers, perfectly expressive, or like the immense laughter of youth, or like the gorgeous unfulfilled boasts of a young man," and hundreds and hundreds of similar descriptions, according to our particular abilities, for nearly every one of these might, alone, be excellent in its proper place. Unhappily, they only too often are *not* in their proper places and in the awful aggregate are both overwhelming and futile. The writer lacks the sense of proportion, without which there can be neither true Literature nor true Literature, Art nor art. It is well enough to enjoy the grapes of a locality, but if one describes them as "grapes more precious than uncut stones" there is likely to be some difficulty when one wishes to pay proportionate tribute to something really stupendous in architecture or to the very soul of a people. Needless to say that, lacking a sense of proportion, he is utterly devoid of any sense of humor, without which there can be no—well, many things.

The natural results of this lavishness are repetition of epithet and a groping after terms of even more fulsome praise or more complete damnation. When Don Quixote, and, later, Shakespeare's Miranda, is spoken of as "my dear darling" the feeling aroused is something akin to nausea. The imagery is often drunken, at times even Bacchanalian, with an undercurrent of sensual unhealthiness now and then coming unpleasantly near the surface. His style certainly has nothing of the ascetic dignity with which he characterizes Spain. There is, too, monotony even in his feelings, and his proclivity for rhapsodies on the desert, the "large few stars," the hour after sunset, etc., etc., becomes wearisome.

In his opinions, Mr. Hutton is most decided, which is both good and bad. That his judgments may at times be hasty or based on too slight foundation will now and then occur to the reader. For example, his intense dislike for Americans suggests that though a certain type of our tourist abroad deserves all that can be said against him, this type is not the universal one, not even of those Americans who do not stay at home, and that the other types, either in strange lands or on their native heaths, are likely to be overlooked exactly because they take care not to make themselves prominent. It recalls that other Englishman with similar opinions none too courteously expressed to whom it was finally suggested that he had perhaps been unfortunate in his letters of introduction. Again, the author's attitude toward the Spanish bull-fight, while one of the broadest and most thoughtful we have encountered, is weakened by the fact, a weakness in this case frankly confessed, that he is constitutionally incapable of appreciating "sport" in any form. It is also something of an index to the man himself.

Those more interested in the subject-matter than in the style will, of course, find a Spain as seen by another, not as they have seen or would see it. Whether or not one is dependent solely upon Mr. Hutton's impressions for one's own concepts, the book, despite its extravagances, should be a pronounced help toward a full understanding of the Land of the Dons. The architect, especially if he has himself covered the ground, and, in lesser degree, the lover of art, will find much both to dispute and to enjoy.

A. S. H.

The Land of Pardons. By Anatole le Braz. Translated by Frances M. Gostling. With 12 illustrations in color by T. C. Gotch and 40 other illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This altogether delightful book on the famous and picturesque religious festivals of the people of Brittany, written as it is by one who is both Breton and artist, will not only completely win the hearts of those who have seen Brittany, but should charm even the veriest stranger. For it is not only the Pardons themselves that form its contents, but the customs, legends, history, the very soul of that unique branch of the Celtic peoples which has held so bravely, so tenaciously, to its traditions and racial integrity that even today the strenuous efforts of the French Government to Gallicize the Bretons have made but comparatively small headway against their stubborn resistance. True, the French language is gradually spreading throughout "Armorica," and since Anne of Brittany's marriage to the French king the

Breton's sturdy and hereditary independence has been gradually weakening, the educative methods of modern civilization conquering more surely than the mere brute-force of ages past, but still it is the Breton tongue that opens all doors, it is the Bretons who most vigorously champion the Church against the State (just as in the times of the Vendée they were the last upholders of the Royalist cause and as in antiquity they clung most firmly to the old Druid worship), still they hold to the old ways, the old costumes, the old beliefs, a people pitiable and magnificent in their loyalty and their patient, ever-enduring hope.

To those who have themselves witnessed some of the almost numberless Pardons and may feel more or less familiar with the country this love-labor of M. Anatole le Braz will prove a tremendous surprise. They will find that they have seen only from afar, and that they have not begun to comprehend.

In his preface the author, quoting from Le Goffic, sets before us this idea of the Breton Pardon:

> They have remained unchanged for over two hundred years, and nowhere else will you find anything so deliciously obsolete. They have no resemblance to other festivals. They are not pretexts for feasting, like the "Flemmis Kermesses," neither are they revels like the Paris fairs. No! their attraction comes from a higher source. They are the last vestiges of the ancient Feasts of the Dead, and there is little laughter in them, though much prayer. . . .

Speaking in his own person:

> Only toward evening, when Vespers are over, do the festivities begin. And what simple pleasures they are; how innocent, how primitive! The good folk flock together in the shade of the walnut trees, on the greensward, beneath the spreading elms. And there, under the eyes of the girls, seated demurely on the surrounding slopes, the youths challenge one another to wrestle, to race, to jump with the long pole, while the old men look on and applaud. Last of all the dance unfolds its mystic circles, serious yet lively, with an indescribable harmony and simplicity in its rhythm, that reminds one of its sacred origin.
>
> The home-goings in the dusk are exquisite.

Again:

> One can never understand what an important position the Pardon of his parish or district occupies in the mind of the Breton, unless one is born of the race and has known the legends from childhood.
>
> As a little one he is led to the Pardon in his beautiful best clothes, and the old folks seem like fairies who bathe his face in the fountain, so that the power of the sacred water may be to him as a suit of diamond armor.
>
> Grown a youth, it is here that he ties the knot of friendship with some pretty one, beside whom, not so very long ago, he sat, a mere child, at catechism. Lately she has increased in grace as he in vigor, and now he engages himself to her, giving himself over entirely, without set phrases, in a furtive clasping of hands, in a look.
>
> All the dearest and most sacred emotions of his life are connected with this poor house of prayer, with the mossy inclosure planted with elms or beeches with the narrow horizon bounded by a hawthorn hedge, and with the mystical atmosphere perfumed by incense.
>
> When at last he grows old, it is to his Pardon that he comes to watch the joy of the young, and to taste, before leaving this world, that short rest which the good genius of the place, the tutelary saint of his clan, has prepared for him.

The volume is devoted to five typical noted Pardons—the Pardon of the Poor (Saint Yves), at Minihy; of the Singers, at Rumengol; of Fire (Saint Jean-du-Doight), at Traoun-Meriadek; of the Mountain (Saint Ronan), at Loeronan; of the Sea (Sainte Anne de la Palude), at La Palude.

Everywhere are interwoven the fascinating old Celtic legends, harking back to the times when the Druids held sway, and embodying the soul of a people. It is a book of fairy-tales for grown-ups as well as a contribution of more solid worth.

The illustrations are excellently chosen and —rare thing!—some of the colored ones, in addition to being true to life in their lines and unusually happy in effect, reproduce the colors of the originals. The index at the end is a most commendable addition.

A. S. H.

Cities of Northern Italy. By Grant Allen and George C. Williamson. In two volumes. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Those who have been wise and fortunate enough to travel in Europe with one of Grant Allen's former books as guide and educator will need no more than the above announcement to send them in quest of the present volumes. Grant Allen, by a rare combination of literary excellence and common sense, stands out as a pioneer among those who write of the cities of Europe for the benefit of tourists. To those who can never have the privilege of travel his books will not only perhaps come nearer being a substitute than any others, but will in any event prove a delightful as well as an unusually instructive pastime.

One is reluctant to apply the term "guide-book" to books so admirable in conception, purpose, structure and culture, and, though in the last analysis they must be so classed, they are guide-books only in the highest sense of the word and stand apart. The purpose, as set forth in the introduction to the "Cities of Northern Italy," is not to direct the traveler through the streets of an unknown town or to give information about cab-fares and hotels, but "to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting and minor arts of the towns he visits."

There is a glorious absence of the "technique of the studios and the dialect of the modeling-room." "What I aim at is

ther to expound the history and meaning each work, to put the intelligent reader such a position that he may judge for mself of the esthetic beauty and success the object before him." Ordinarily e writer who discourses on works of art ther slavishly repeats the dicta of eminent thorities or, if he ventures at all upon iginality, too often bases everything upon e ridiculous hypothesis that art is a thing tached from the world whose expression is. How refreshing the point of view at beholds works of art, not as the prodcts of this or that artist, but as "material nbodiments of the spirit of the age—ystallizations, as it were, in stone and onze, in form and color, of great popular thusiasms!"

Grant Allen died before he could comete the present book, but he had advanced r enough for his friend, Mr. Williamson, ho had to some extent worked with him d was familiar with his purposes, to nish the work from his copious notes. No mall credit is due Mr. Williamson, for, hough one may at times find fault with s use of English, it must be remembered at it is one thing to write one's own book, d quite another to write another man's. The first volume is devoted to Milan one; the second to Verona, where is the est brick architecture in Italy; Padua, hich represents Giotto's best; Ravenna, mous for its mosaics, and Bologna, redot of Francia. One is almost tempted to y that the traveler in Italy "cannot ford to be without it," and everyone, hether traveler or stay-at-home, would e the better for reading it, for "Italy is the chool room of the world," or, as it is less indly said in a recent article by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, on "The Novels of Mrs. Wharton," it is "the country where humanm, culture, art, may most rapidly be *ot up*." And surely Italy, as here represented, makes good these claims.

In cover, typography and general appearnce the two volumes are exceptionally leasing, and the illustrations are both umerous and excellent.

A. S. H.

Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine and the Loire Country. By Francis Miltoun. With many illustrations reproduced from paintings made on the spot by Blanche McManus. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"This book is not the result of ordinary conventional rambles, of sightseeing by day and flying by night, but rather of leisurely wanderings, for a somewhat extended period, along the banks of the Loire and its tributaries and through the countryside dotted with those splendid monuments of Renaissance architecture which have perhaps a more appealing interest for strangers than any other similar edifices wherever found."

Mr. Miltoun's books have already won their place with the millions of Americans interested in anything that deals with the rich store of knowledge, culture and charm to be drawn from the old countries of Europe, and this latest addition to the series will find immediate favor. The idea of opening with a general survey of the territory is most commendable, and affords the reader opportunity to assign proper values and proportions to material that would, without some similar device, naturally be difficult of intelligent and thorough absorption. The book itself is delightful and, one might say, comfortable. For there is no breathless rushing from place to place, and no habit of dreary pauses for cloying rhapsodies that defeat their own end. Perhaps there is for many a trifle too much dwelling upon architectural aspects, but surely there is excuse for that, when the subject-matter is the chateaux of the Loire. There is, moreover, ample measure of history and legend of the customs and character of the people, of the appeals of the country itself and of all else that goes to make the Loire-country a Mecca for the traveler. Best of all the author and the artist have their heart in their work, "and the heart giveth grace unto every art." Those who have visited the "Chateaux country" will find the pleasure and profit of their journeyings immeasurably increased by a ramble through Mr. Miltoun's pages; those who have this land of heart's desire still before them will make the reality the more delightful by the reading, and that multitude who cannot hope will, since it is a substitute or nothing, find in this book a most happy one.

The illustrations, many of them in color, are charming, and the numerous maps and diagrams form a valuable contribution to the general worth of the book.

A. S. H.

The Undying Past. A Novel. Herman Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. John Lane Co., New York.

Herman Sudermann, the famous German dramatist, is not familiar to Americans as a writer of novels. We have learned that the original of this book, "Es War," was written long before the stage successes that have made him known throughout the civilized world. Sudermann withheld the book from publication for ten years after he had written it. A whole generation of our "novelists" rise and fall forgotten in that period.

As one goes through the pages of "The Undying Past" further comparisons occur to the reader. He realizes that he is reading a novel, not a hodge-podge of "thrilling incident," "vivid characterization," "breathless suspense," "unusual plot"—and all the other stale ingredients noted in a complimentary sense, by sophomore critics, anxious to have quoted in advertisements their say

about the latest best seller. Also, we venture to say that the average reader of new books will find himself enjoying one of the lost pleasures of reading, for the simple reason that "The Undying Past" is actually a novel—not a great novel, but one of force and distinction.

R. D.

Lady Baltimore. By Owen Wister. With illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey and Lester Ralph. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Lady Baltimore" is so far superior to "The Virginian" that through it Mr. Wister steps into a new rank among writers of English and American readers. His former success proved a "best seller" and may represent one phase of our country's many phases, idealized to a most considerable degree, but "Lady Baltimore," while it idealizes less, is yet infinitely more delicate and sympathetic, and presents so much broader a view of the elements composing our national life that some enthusiastic critics have gone to the extent of proclaiming it the long-heralded "American novel." Not that, perhaps, but a book that does hold up to view many of the problems, sympathies, opinions and interests of present America and, as a piece of fiction, claims in the highest degree that much-abused adjective "charming." Especially does it claim eminence as a just and sympathetic picture of the South, made more forcible by the constant juxtaposition of the Northern point of view. It is American to the core and its tone is pleasantly optimistic with unshakable faith in our country's fair future.

In it there are lessons for the North, the best the South contains being portrayed by loving hands, and other lessons for the South, which may well benefit by the contrast of the North's gentle blood and better feelings with the *nouveau riche* and the vulgarity and narrowness that too often lead the Southerner to believe that he has neither friend nor understanding and appreciative countrymen on the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line. For both North and South there is the lesson of a common interest in a common country.

There may at times be a slight superabundance of letters and discussion, considering it as merely a story, but the interest cannot flag and he who begins will finish. Mr. Wister's hand is sure, his purpose high and never obtrusive, his humor true and delicate, his atmosphere delicious and his discrimination exquisite. The love-story moves surely and gently to a natural ending, and every character in the book stands out, not only a living person, but one whom there is both profit and pleasure in knowing. Nowhere is there awkwardness, nowhere a jarring note. For once a "popular" book deserves its popularity—and more.

A. S. H.

The Bitter Cry of the Children. By John Spargo. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," writes an introduction to Mr. Spargo's book, in which he says he counts himself "fortunate in having had a hand in bringing this remarkable and invaluable volume into existence." Then Mr. Hunter explains how it happened.

Undeniably "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is a remarkable book, and one that should be read by the every day man and woman as well as by those that make social conditions their study. Mr. Spargo is wrought up about the condition of the working child, and, in general, about the condition of the children of the poor. At times his feeling is perhaps too evident for effectiveness of argument; but there is no escape from the mass and variety of statistics on which he founds his plea for reform.

The agitation against the inhumanity of child labor is now under way and, though its progress may seem slow, nothing can stop it. On the other hand so painstaking and heart-reaching a study as "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is certain to make more insistent the underlying need for this particular and most vital reform.

R. D.

The House of Cobwebs. By George Gissing. To which is prefixed The Work of George Gissing, An Introductory Survey by Thomas Seccombe. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

In each of these fifteen stories is the sound of Gissing's dominant note—money. In nearly all of them it is the dominant note of the story itself; in all, its powers as a factor in life are reflected from the author's own bitter struggle against poverty. It would seem that he could nowhere catch a glimpse of the world except through the muddy glass of coin of the realm—a point of view easily maintained, since civilization were impossible without its medium of exchange, and altogether justified, since he could write his truth in no other way. It is, furthermore, within certain bounds, a far more severe arraignment of present conditions than any direct attack could hope to be. There is both pain and shame in seeing how the bodies, minds and souls of men and women must find destiny in jingling bits of metal, and Gissing does not show us that other and occasional picture of man rising superior to circumstance, glorified, not stunted or besmirched, by the conflict. It was not his own experience, for though, in a way, he triumphed, it is hard to agree with Mr. Seccombe in his introductory survey that the man's work did not suffer from an existence ceaselessly cramped and tortured by poverty. There was that in Gissing which would have found artistic expression in spite of anything short of phys-

impossibilities. His want concentrated almost entirely upon one limited field; lends itself more readily to belief that, even allowing for his classical bent, freedom of circumstance would rather have given him a wider choice of material than it would have rendered him diffuse or futile. As his actual life shaped him for the one thing, so could kindlier circumstances have shaped him to some other which would have had also the advantage of being his own choice and so have been, in the last analysis, probably a truer and more adequate expression of himself. It may be said that he has a broad outlook, yet it is from only one window of a tower that he looks out upon the world—upon the other windows he turns his back. It may even be claimed with some justice that the intense feeling resulting from his life's limitations rendered him something of a partisan in the field he made his own.

In most of the stories of the present volume the essential impression common to all is the deforming influence of the lack of money, or the desire for it, upon natures of a finer mold and latent possibilities. It is seldom physical suffering that is emphasized, except as a side issue, but one stares at the anguish of refinement chained to the vulgar, of better things crushed under an unliftable weight of sordidness, of souls twisted awry by the screw of want. In "The Pig and Whistle" this note is almost absent, yet it is a considered, though not a considerable, factor. In "Miss Rodney's Leisure" it is sounded only as part of the accompaniment. In "A Lodger in Maze Pond" and "The Riding Whip" it is more pronounced, though only a sub-motif. Less audible in "Humblebee," it is none the less a keynote. In the others it makes itself heard above all the harmonies and discords.

Mr. Seccombe's excellent introductory survey of Gissing and his work leaves little to be said except where one may venture to differ slightly in opinion. It is difficult to agree that Gissing shows no sense of humor. While it is nowhere prominent and always merely one of the sidelights he turns upon his material, it is nevertheless frequently discoverable, generally with a flavor of acidity. Gissing had too clear a perception of the proportion of life to be entirely lacking in this quality.

He has been denied the dramatic quality; certainly there is nothing of the melodramatic. May it not be that the dramatic is only relentlessly repressed? At least there is furnished constant incentive for the reader to supply the dramatic. Perhaps this is the better accomplishment of the two.

Again, it would seem that Gissing is not so wanting in plot and structure as he is accused of being. It is a weak point, to be sure, from both the artistic and the popular point of view, and one finishes most of the stories in the present collection with a feeling of incompleteness. They more often than not impress one as fragments from longer works. There is no plot among these that could satisfy merely in its action and all at first glance suggest a study or character sketch rather than a trim and tidy short story. The incident, phase or step of character development may be in a way insignificant, and the structure is generally built with an eye to the material itself rather than to an iron-clad adherence to rule, but it is none the less there and it may be that the form of the true short story is approximated more closely than in many tales that meet both popular and carelessly formulated artistic requirements.

There is too much strength in the material and too much felicity and finish in the style for one to pause long over a question of mold, and one is likely to read this book with an avidity creditable to the most formally perfect productions. In vital knowledge of most of his material, in his repression and compression, his exquisite nicety of word and in his ability to present living characters and realized situations and conditions, there is that which, while it cannot raise George Gissing to a level with the few best, insures him a place far above the multitude.

A. S. H.

Gabriel and the Hour Book. By Evaleen Stein. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

In this instance a monkish legend is used as the background for a sweet and plaintive child's book. "In those days—it was four hundred years ago—printed books were very few, and almost unknown to most people, for printing presses had been invented only a few years, and so by far the greater number of books in the world were made by the patient labor of skilful hands; the work usually being done by the monks, of whom there were very many at that time." So the chronicler indicates his theme and the period, then proceeding to tell a story that ought to please and inform youthful minds. The illustrator has not caught the atmosphere of the period as well as the writer has. Adelaide Everhart's color pictures have the medieval air, if a cigar-box picture has it. If not—?

R. D.

Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass.

In this volume are grouped the following: "From the Book of Myths"; "From the Green Book of the Bards;" "Songs of the Sea Children;" "Songs from a Northern Garden"; "From the Book of Valentines." Let us say right here that we like nearly all the poems in the book, liking the last sheaf the least; and, often in the other pages admiring, to the point of marvel, the lithe-ness of line, the sure music of rhyme and

rhythm, the absolute intimacy with nature that breathes in the poet's voice unfailingly.

Now we shall cite an opinion of Bliss Carman's work, recently published in the London *Times:*

". . . He has that quality of which we have noted the lack in the poetry of most of his predecessors, a youthful gaiety and bravery. It seems, indeed, as if his country might be acquiring at last the power to express in poetry that enterprise, that adventurer-spirit which has hitherto been reserved for its affairs. . . . He is never sentimental, never afraid of passion any more than he is afraid of showing the learning and the mastery of his art that he too often misuses. And, if that temper be sincere, it may be the forerunner of an awakening, an outburst of poetry greater than any that America has yet produced, a poetry that shall be worthy of a great nation, and of the greatness of her earlier poets."

Finally, hear what the poet himself says, in a quaintly humorous preface, as modest as it is unabashed:

"It is a hearty old saying that good wine needs no bush. Why, then, should the master of a roadhouse hang out a sign letting folk know there is good drink within?

"Consider the feelings of the landlord, poor man. At once nettled and abashed, he exclaims:

" 'Pray, why should I stick a bough over my door? My tavern is well bespoke for miles about, and all the folk know I serve nothing but good, honest liquor—and mighty comforting it is of a cold night, when the fire is bright on the hearth, or refreshing on a hot day, either.'

"'Nay, but,' says the stranger, 'how should a traveler know of this? You must advertise, man. Hang out your sign to attract the passer-by, and increase trade. Trade's the thing. You should be doing a driving business with a cellar like yours.'

"'Huh,' replies the taverner, 'I perceive that in the city where you come from it may not be a mark of character in a man to rely wholly upon merit, but that if one would insure success, he must sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men, as the Word says.'

"'Tut, man,' says the stranger, 'look at your friend John Doe under the hill yonder. Does a wonderful business. Famous all over the country for his home-brewed ale, and his pockets lined with gold.'

"'Yes,' says the host, 'John Doe is a good, thrifty man, and as a fine a comrade as you'd wish to find, selling his hundred thousand bottles a year. But the gist of the matter between us isn't all in quantity, I'll be bound. Quality is something. And as for myself I would as soon have a bottle of wine as a keg of beer any day. Wine is the poetry of life, in a manner of speaking, and ale, you see, is the prose—very good to get along on, but no sorcery in it. Three things I always say, a man needs have—meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And that's no such easy matter in a difficult world, I can tell you. 'Tis wine that gives a man courage and romance, and puts heart in him for deeds and adventures and all manner of plain, wholesome love. And that, after all, is the mainspring with most men, hide it how they may. For whatever was done that was worth doing, and was not done for a woman or for the sake of a friend, I should like to know?'

"'Maybe I hadn't thought of that,' says the stranger. 'You must have tasted some rare wine in your time.'

"'Not so much,' says the other, 'but I was born with a shrewd taste for it, you may say. Moreover, I came of a people who were far farers in their day, and have been abroad myself more than once. So it comes you find the foreign vintages in my bins. There's some Greek wine I have, sir, that's more than a century old, I'll wager; and a rare Moonwine, as they call it, picked up in an out-of-the-way port, that will make you forget your sorrows like a strain of music; light wines from France, too; and some Heather Brose, very old and magical, such as the little dark people used to make hereabout in the times of the Celts long ago—and very good times they were, too. It is not these days that have all the wisdom ever was, you may be sure.'

"'You are not such a bad advocate, after all,' remarks the stranger. 'You speak very invitingly.'

"'Step inside,' says the landlord."

R. D.

A Shropshire Lad. Lyrics. By A. E. Housman. John Lane Company, New York.

A book of unusual charm and distinction is "A Shropshire Lad." We select two of the lyrics of which it is made up, and offer them as evidence of the qualities we emphatically attribute to Mr. Housman's product:

"'Is my team plowing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

"Aye, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plow.

"'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?'

"Aye, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"'Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?'

"Aye, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep;
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep

"'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

"Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose."

"Far in a Western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

"There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marveling why,
Halts on the bridge to harken
How soft the poplars sigh.

"He hears; long since forgotten
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

"There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs."

R. D.

In Colonial Days. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

These stories of the Old Province House at Boston acquaint one anew with the warm and fecund imagination, the delicate and firm style of the great New England novelist. The book is handsomely made and ought to serve admirably for gift purposes. The illustrations are good.

H. E. V.

Born to the Blue. By Florence Kimball Russel. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

A good boy's story of army life and adventure, evidently written by one fully informed about her characters and their surroundings. Healthy in tone, and stimulating to the youthful mind.

E. C. L.

Lover's Pleading

BY G. E. WARD

WILD roses hidden in the hedge
Surrender to the lips of June;
White lilies cloistered in the sedge
Permit the kisses of the moon.

And oh! my heart desires your love
As never June desires a rose,
And never the pale moon above
Such passion for a lily knows:

And yet your love I vainly seek;
Unto my love no love replies;
No blush gives answer in your cheek,
No passion lightens in your eyes.

Ardent as June I watch and wait;
Pale as the moon I pace your sky;
O Lady! be compassionate,
Kiss me and love me, or I die!

Every time one thinks about the tariff on lumber and wishes to express his feelings he finds the English language incapable of furnishing him the proper word. The average man has found out that "cussing" does no good after twenty years of effort, as far as that tariff is concerned. What forest lands remain in this country are fast passing into the control of trusts and big mining companies. The Hecla Copper Mining Company, which is part of the Rockefeller Copper Trust, owns 90,000 acres of forest in Michigan and is constantly acquiring more. The cry of Shaw and his followers is "stand pat" and make no change in the tariff, although there are almost inexhaustible forests in Canada from which we could get lumber and preserve our own timber lands.—*The Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

Do the laboring people know that Governor Higgins signed a bill trusteeing wages over $12 a week in favor of the creditors of wage-earners? Did that job lot convention held in Malone, that swallowed everything and indorsed Higgins's iniquitous administration, say anything of this? Oh, no, they poured standard oil on the troubled political waters and swallowed all things rotten.

The laboring men of this state will bury Higgins under an avalanche of indignant ballots when they get a whack at him, for turning over all their wages over $12 a week to a trustee, to be held for their creditors. This bill strikes at personal liberty and the liberty of contract, and is a revival of the Connecticut blue laws or worse. No free people will tolerate any such interference with their private affairs, and when the wagee-arners get a whack at Higgins, who signed the measure, he will never know what he collided with.—*Forum, Malone, N. Y.*

One of the most healthy signs of the times is found in the fact that every candidate for any important office in Nebraska, as a prerequisite, instinctively hastens to put himself on record as in favor of regulating trusts.—*Custer County Beacon, Broken Bow, Custer Co., Neb.*

It is not only our commerce, but our national character that have been injured by the frauds and scandals now astonishing the world. If the laws had been faithfully executed, such scandals would have been impossible. The greatest and most damaging of all these scandals is that the laws of the United States have not been faithfully executed—that rant, and hypocrisy, and connivance at crime, and political partisan success won by criminals with stolen money and hush-money, stand in the place of duty and morality. The people may applaud the spectacular rogues for a time; but they will turn and rend them just as soon as they are undeceived.—*Herald, Bolivar, Mo.*

That standpatters are not in a happy frame of mind is evidenced by the organ of the Protective Tariff League. That subsidized mouthpiece of the trusts and protected interests declares that the men in charge of the Republican congressional campaign indorse a statement attributed to John Hay, that "tariff revision is bound to come, but woe to the party through whom it cometh." This would indicate that the standpatters are trying to discount the effect of the election of a Democratic Congress and at the same time trying to arouse the protective tariff barons to the danger and make them "come down with the dust" liberally to prevent such a catastrophe to the trusts and combines. As that Republican statesman and standpatter, Senator Buckley, says that elections are carried by those with the most money, so all the tariff barons have to do is to come down with the boodle and the Republican Congressional Committee will do the rest.—*The State, Providence, R. I.*

Can it be that there is graft in the expenditure of the money given for the relief of the San Francisco earthquake sufferers? A writer in the Joplin (Mo.) *Globe* says: "Bills for $157,599 for automobile service in the two weeks following the fire—more than was spent for milk, butter, eggs, bread, vegetables, drugs and clothing in the relief of 200,000 homeless persons—were presented to the finance committee today, and threaten to cause a scandal before the work of auditing is completed. The charges average $35 a day, and in some cases are much higher."—*Ohio State Register, Washington Court House, Ohio.*

SENATOR BURTON and Senator Smoot ave both lost their seats in Congress; one for aying too much attention to business, nd the other for paying too much attention o the women.—*Monitor, Mammoth Springs, rk.*

W. J. BRYAN, when in St. Petersburg, ussia, was asked whether he had dropped ee silver, and for his opinion regarding the eef scandal, and replied: "No, I have not opped free silver, but the question has ecome one of secondary importance. As o the beef scandal, the disclosures prove that onopoly leads to high prices and to de- erioration in quality. Inspections show vils that only anti-monopoly can uproot." —*Texas Farmer, Dallas, Tex.*

THE enormous Republican majorities in Pennsylvania in the past are not so wonderful since the light has been thrown on the corrupt bargain between the railroads, trusts and combines and the Republican politicians, and similar conditions prevail in New Jersey and other states; but light is breaking on the cesspools of corruption.—*Democrat, Gallatin, Mo.*

THE income of the average American, according to United States census reports, is $650 a year, but the meat, ice, milk, grocery and other bills indicate that his outlay is much more.—*Independent, Newman, Ill.*

CHARLIE SCHWAB, of the Steel Trust, whose head was turned by his election to the presidency of that concern and whose antics in Europe, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere, caused his retirement from that position, is being considered as a possible United States Senator from Nevada, to succeed Francis G. Newlands, in 1909. He doesn't *live* in Nevada, but he has "investments" there. He would be useful in promoting railroads and mining undertakings. Already the work for him has begun—*before he has taken up his residence in the state.* Talk about a rotten borough! If Schwab can get to the Senate from Nevada under such circumstances, the interests truly have the nation up for sale. Such maneuvering makes a mock of the system of government. It is a grim jest upon the people. Nevada will be exploited by the men who want Schwab in the Senate. It will be worked according to the latest method of the industrial manipulators. The state will be looted by the "industrials." Schwab is about as fit for Senator as Scotty of Death Valley, or the late Coal Oil Johnnie. The brazen effrontery of the scheme to buy a state for a plutocrat who never set foot in it for more than ten days is the cap sheaf of capitalistic corruption in politics. Still, why should we gag at Schwab and his methods? There are Clark, of Montana, Aldrich, of Rhode Island. There was Mitchell, of Oregon, and Quay, of the plum tree. Schwab is no worse than any of these, except that, in addition to his determination to do what Addicks tried in Delaware, he is a little "dotty" as a result of his sudden wealth and prominence in the great Steel Trust steal.—*Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.*

A WORD as to Mr. Watson and the great help that he has been to the cause of white supremacy during the present campaign in Georgia. Years ago, before anybody ever thought of Mr. Smith making the race for Governor, Hon. Thos. E. Watson, in a public speech in Atlanta, pledged his help to the Democrats and to the white people of Georgia whenever they should decide to make Georgia a white man's state, and put the negro out of politics in Georgia for good and all. He has magnificently redeemed his promise in the present campaign. He has suffered along with Hoke Smith such political crucifixion at the hands of the railroad owned and ring controlled organs of the state such as is rarely met with in political campaigns. But during it all Mr. Watson has continued to stand steadfastly to the cause of the people of the state and to his promise to help them redeem Georgia from the control of the railroad ring, and to make the old state forever a white man's state in its politics. Mr. Watson's help to the cause of the people in the campaign that has just closed has been second to none in the State of Georgia, and despite the fact that Farmer Jim, the Convict King, with his barbecues and workers carried Mr. Watson's own home county against Hoke Smith.—*Herald, Augusta, Ga.*

HON. THOS. E. WATSON may smile at the fate of his political enemies, whose great outlay of money and effort to defeat him in his home county was so overwhelmingly rebuked by the state at large, and that the pitiful effort to humiliate him at home reacted on his enemies in their overwhelming defeat throughout the rest of the state.

Perhaps the only one who will be unable to find one single crumb of comfort in the result of the election will be Editor Pendleton, of the Macon *Telegraph*. He got into a long and bitter debate with Tom Watson in which he was badly worsted. He raved and raled at the Populists because at last they had done what he had preached for years they should do, fight out our difference inside the dear old party, and then got licked. He wrote reams of double-column editorials, showing how Macon would be ruined if Hoke Smith should be elected, and his people showed what they thought of his political judgment by voting a majority in every precinct contrary to his tearful advice and frantic pleading. But even he may find comfort in the thought that he stands pledged to support Hoke Smith for Governor, and perhaps Bryan and Watson in 1908.—*Tribune, Augusta, Ga.*

If our naval and military expenses ever surpass or even equal our educational expenses, we shall be on the wrong track. If we ever spend more to inspire awe and fear in other people than to cultivate intelligence and character in our own, we shall be on the road to the worst kind of bankruptcy—a bankruptcy of men.—*Unafraid, Posy County, Ind.*

The Railroad Rate Bill

As the Railroad Rate bill has been amended by the Senate, the Interstate Commerce Commission will be unable to fix railroad rates without subjecting its decisions to a complete revision by the courts on the whole record, and on both the law and the facts. This puts a weapon into the hands of the railroads which will enable them largely, it not wholly, to baffle the Commission in any efforts it may make at just regulation. It was what the railroad senators contended for, and what President Roosevelt at first said they should not have. Nor need they have had it. With such of his own party and such of the Democrats as were opposed to it, he could have defeated the railroad ring. They were, in fact, defeated when he came to their rescue by reversing his position and acceding to their demands.—*The Public, Chicago, Ill.*

Republican Cornerstone

"Wherever the Republican Party is in power, there is corruption. With its present organization nothing else could result. One of the things that keeps that party in power is passes to all kinds of men, from Supreme Court judges down to the worker in every little country town.—*The Investigator.*"

That's the way the thing is worked in Lancaster County, Pa. The "boss" is head of the electric power and trolley system. He keeps enough of the country dupes "solid" with bribes of position and patronage so as to "work" the rest of the backwoodsmen, and though they get to clawing the air in a local fight over the spoils they are all "cheek-by-jowl" when the "national Republican" bugle sounds, and they have a chance again to fight the "Democratic" Party, which is controlled by the same corrupt agencies.—*American Whip, Lancaster, Pa.*

When Heinze sold his copper mine, taking in part payment a senatorship from Montana, neither the buyer nor seller thought it necessary to consult the people of the state before closing the deal.—*Sentinel, Gentry, Mo.*

The wave of reform is spreading throughout the country, and it begins to look as though every Republican in the state and nation will be swept from power. Someone may say that we wish so, and that the wish is father to our thoughts, and we will not attempt to deny it.—*Citizen, Verdigree, Neb.*

Government Ownership Coming

Municipal ownership is being hastened in all quarters by franchise grabs and other corporation robberies and extortions. The vast business enterprises, whose business interests are promoted by shady methods, even to the extent of carrying elections by fraud, will fall first under government control, and then will come government ownership.—*Democrat, Pomeroy, Wash.*

The Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* thinks Roosevelt should send his "replies" by freight. We insist upon the charges being prepaid, if any are addressed to us.—*Post, Headland, Ala.*

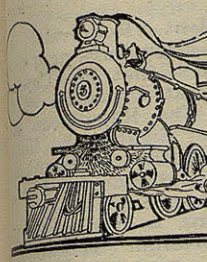
Probably it is in most respects as good a rate bill as we could expect to get, so long as such legislation is framed on the plan that whatever Senator La Follette proposes must be wrong.—*The Index, Cumberland, Md.*

It is announced that, the rate bill being passed, the Senate will now take a "much-needed rest." And the public surely will be delighted at being ahle to follow suit.—*Advocate, Parish, La.*

While the Interstate Commerce Commission is about it, they might ascertain the differential on Muck-rakes and Whitewash Brushes, from outside points to Washington.—*Enterprise, Luck, Wis.*

Criminal Law Reform

There are two reasons why criminal law reform is a pressing problem today. One is the repression by that reform of lynch law. The other is not less important. We need that reform, says an *Atlantic* writer, because the social condition of our day imperatively demands a substantial increase in the scope and power of criminal law, a system strong enough to meet the new and increasing requirements of our civilization for corrective and repressive criminal law. A system too complicated to deal out certain justice to common offenders, ignorant and brutal, poor in purse and influence, can never adequately deal with our new class of big business criminals, with the men who get rich by fraud, the corporation inflators and wreckers, the faithless trustees and grafting directors, the exploiters of municipalities, the magnates who give bribes and the bosses who take them, the trust operators who sin against honesty in business, who break the law against monopolies, who give and take forbidden rebates. How can predatory wealth, powerful, influential, often intrenched in office, be punished by a system which creaks, groans and often breaks down in bringing a border ruffian to justice?—*Pioneer, Yuma, Col.*



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FROM AUGUST 8 TO SEPTEMBER 8

Home News

Aug. 8.—Indictments charging the Standard Oil Company with receiving rebates in the form of non-payment of storage charges to certain railroad companies are returned by the Federal grand jury at Chicago.

Senator Cullum, of Illinois, announces that he is for Speaker Cannon for President in 1908.

Justice Giegerich, in the Supreme Court of New York, decides that the Mutual Life Insurance Company's corrected list of policyholders must be filed at Albany within ten days, and further corrected lists from time to time until the ballots have been sent out. He denies the International Policyholders' Committee's demand that the company be compelled to permit the committee to have access to the company's address stencils, and to send out its circulars on the company's stencils.

The Grand Jury in New York City begins an investigation of the methods of the Ice Trust.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society decides to continue doing business in France.

Aug. 9.—For the first time since 1893 the United States enters the market for silver bullion. Secretary Shaw decides to purchase 100,000 ounces per week until the demand for dimes, quarters and halves is supplied.

San Francisco policyholders attach the property of the Transatlantic Fire Insurance Company, of Hamburg, Germany, in New York City, as the Transatlantic refuses to pay any fire losses at San Francisco, claiming the destruction by fire an act of Providence.

The President approves the recommendation of Acting Secretary Murray that the *McCulloch* be sent back at once to the Pribyloff Islands to cooperate with the *Perry* in the patrol of the seal fishing waters.

Ex-Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, representing the Standard Oil Company in a legal capacity, appeals to President Roosevelt in behalf of the Standard in regard to its controversy with the Department of the Interior over oil line leases in the Indian Territory.

Aug. 10.—The Panama Canal Commission decides to employ 2,500 Chinese laborers for digging the canal.

The Federal Grand Jury for the Western District of New York returns indictments against the Standard Oil Company of New York, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Vacuum Oil Company for rebating.

Horace Tucker, chairman of the Chicago and St. Louis Traffic Association, testifies before the Federal Grand Jury at Chicago that direct rebate arrangements exist between the Standard Oil Company and certain railroads.

Aug. 11.—Chairman Shonts, of the Panama Canal Commission, arrives in New York City from Colon, and reports general conditions in the Canal Zone good. He states that the labor problem has been solved by employing Spanish and Chinese laborers.

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, protests against the proposed employing of Chinese labor in the construction of the Panama Canal. He accuses Chairman Shonts of bad faith, claiming that Shonts promised that coolies should never be brought into the Canal Zone.

Chairman Shonts replies to Mr. Gompers, stating that the Chinese Exclusion act and the eight-hour law do not apply to the Canal Zone.

The Grand Jury at Boston indicts eight corporations and twenty-two persons connected with the corporations for conspiracy in restraint of trade. Seven of the corporations are ice companies.

Aug. 12.—Friends of District Attorney Jerome state that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte delivers an address on "Anarchism and its Remedy" before the Alleghany Chautauqua near Cumberland, Md. The Secretary denounces the "Reds" "as product of superficial education and decay of religion," and recommends

the lash and death as a punishment for their crimes.

A despatch from Chicago states that W. J. Bryan refuses to take part in the Illinois campaign unless Roger Sullivan, present head of the Democratic machine in that state, is put out of power and forced to resign from the Democratic National Committee. "It is immaterial to me whether Illinois indorses me or not," Mr. Bryan is quoted as saying. "But it is very important that the Democracy of that state repudiate Sullivan and his methods. The party must, first of all, purge itself of such leadership before it can enter courageously upon a campaign."

August 13.—President Roosevelt holds conferences with Chairman Shonts, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and Chairman Sherman, of the Congressional Campaign Committee.

The annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic opens at Minneapolis, Minn.

August 14.—Twenty miles of the Southern Pacific Railroad's track is washed out by a flood near Langtry, Tex., and the damage is estimated at $2,000,000.

Since the announcement that the United States Government was in the market for silver bullion the price has risen so rapidly that Secretary Shaw decides to buy only enough to meet urgent demands.

The Interstate Commerce Commission begins an investigation of the relations of railroads entering Toledo, Ohio, with ice companies shipping over them.

At the suggestion of Governor Frantz, of Oklahoma, Attorney-General Cromwell begins an investigation to ascertain whether or not any railroad has violated its charter by discriminating in freight rates.

More than 100 men connected with Southern railroads meet at Atlantic City, N. J., to discuss the Railroad Rate law. The attorneys for the different roads are also present and are going over the new law section by section, endeavoring to find flaws on which they can destroy the effectiveness of it.

August 15.—Ex-Governor Odell secures control of the New York State Republican Committee, giving him control of the organization over Governor Higgins.

Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, refuses the request of Mr. Bryan to resign from the National Committee and accuses Mr. Bryan of attempting to resurrect strife.

The Interstate Commerce Commission takes final steps looking to the enforcement of the Safety Appliance law, which requires that ultimately all freight cars in this country must be equipped with air brakes.

August 16.—President Roosevelt told Speaker Cannon a few days ago, so an ear-witness relates, that he (Cannon) would be the next President of the United States. The Republican convention of the Eighteenth Illinois Congressional District renominates Speaker Cannon and indorses him for the Presidency in 1908.

Bob Davis, a negro, is lynched in the presence of Governor Heywood at Greenwood, S. C., after the Governor had made a plea to the mob to let the law take its course. Davis had murderously attacked a white lady and assaulted a negro girl.

Gen. Robert B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, is elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Odell Republicans notify the friends of President Roosevelt that they are willing to join with them in the interest of party harmony and nominate Charles E. Hughes for Governor of New York.

The Democratic and Populist state conventions of Nebraska agree upon a fusion state ticket.

August 17.—Cale and Waskey, the candidates of the miners of Alaska, are elected delegates to Congress by large majorities.

The Grand Army of the Republic completes its fortieth encampment and adjourns to meet in Saratoga, N. Y., in 1907.

The President appoints J. S. Harlan, of Chicago, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Democrats of Massachusetts indorse William J. Bryan for President in 1908.

August 19.—William Travers Jerome announces his willingness to run against William R. Hearst as the "conservative" Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. Up to the present time everything indicates that Hearst will have the regular Democratic nomination, also that of the Independence (Municipal Ownership) League.

Seven persons are killed and ten injured in a railroad wreck at Johnstown, Pa.

Carrie Nation is jailed in Denver, Col., on a charge of disturbance and inciting a riot.

August 20.—The Republican Campaign Committee makes public a letter from the President to Congressman James E. Watson, of Rushville, Ind., in which he opposes any change of leadership and organization in the House, upholds the Panama Canal, declares heartily for trades unions, but against their abuse, stands unequivocally for a protective tariff and has the following to say about the trusts: "The question of revising the tariff stands wholly apart from the question of dealing with the so-called 'trusts.' . . . The only way in which it is possible to deal with those trusts and monopolies and this great

corporate wealth is by action along the line of the laws enacted by the present Congress and its immediate predecessors."

The Isthmian Canal Commission issues specifications for bids to furnish 2,500 Chinese coolies to the Canal Commission by January 7, 1907.

The corrected amounts carried by each of the annual appropriation bills passed by Congress at the last session are as follows: Agricultural, $9,930,440; army, $71,817,165.08; diplomatic and consular, $3,091,094.17; District of Columbia, $10,138,672.16; fortification, $5,053,993; Indian, $9,260,599.98; legislative, executive and judicial, $29,681,919.30; Military Academy, $1,664,707; naval, $102,091,670.27; pension, $140,245,500; post-office, $191,695,998.75; sundry civil, $98,538,770.32; deficiency appropriations, $39,129,035.45; miscellanous appropriations, $27,173,299.01; permanent appropriations, $140,076,320. Grand total, $879,589,185.16. In addition to the foregoing specific appropriations made, contracts are authorized to be entered into for certain public works requiring future appropriations by Congress in the aggregate sum of $20,587,200. A comparison of these contract liabilities with those of the last session of the last Congress, amounting to $26,770,057, shows a reduction of $6,182,857.

August 21.—Roger Sullivan wins over Mr. Bryan's friends by a vote of 1,038 to 570 in the Illinois Democratic State Convention. The Sullivan followers then indorse Mr. Bryan for President, notwithstanding Mr. Bryan's declaration that he did not wish the indorsement unless Sullivan was repudiated.

Charles F. Murphy, Tammany boss, declares himself in favor of William R. Hearst for the regular Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. Following Murphy's declaration Mr. Hearst makes a statement in which he denounces Murphy, McCarren, Belmont, Ryan and politicians of their type and warns them against supporting him.

The Illinois State Republican Convention indorses Speaker Cannon for the Presidency in 1908.

August 22.—Hon. Hoke Smith is nominated Governor of Georgia by an overwhelming majority over the other four candidates. Out of a possible vote of 360, he secures 306. The nomination is equivalent to election and brings to a close one of the hardest fought campaigns in the history of the South.

Officials of the Southeastern Railroad lines meet in New York City and discuss the interpretation of the Railroad Rate bill, which takes effect August 29.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth receives an invitation to unveil the memorial statue to the late President McKinley, at Canton, which will be presented to the State of Ohio on September 14.

Heat kills 10 and prostrates 29 persons in Chicago.

Senator Beveridge opens the congressional campaign in Maine, and declares the issue in the coming congressional election is Theodore Roosevelt.

August 24.—President Roosevelt indorses the spelling reform movement, started by Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, and Andrew Carnegie. An order is issued to the public printer that all documents emanating from the White House and all messages from the President shall be printed in accordance with the recommendation of the Spelling Reform Committee.

The Federal Grand Jury at Jamestown, N. Y., again indicts the Standard Oil Company and the New York Central Railroad for rebating.

August 25.—The President issues an appeal for aid for the sufferers of the recent earthquake in Chile.

Six persons die from heat in Louisville, Ky., and three in Chicago.

Two thousand rifles, eight rapid-fire guns and two million rounds of cartridges are shipped to the Cuban Government from New York City.

August 26.—The announcement is made at Peoria, Ill., that the Standard Oil Company has taken steps toward acquiring ownership of all the principal distilling plants in the United States. This will give the Standard control of the output of denatured alcohol.

Andrew Carnegie declares that other reforms in the English language will follow President Roosevelt's indorsement of the reform style spelling.

Street railway traffic is suspended in San Francisco as the result of a strike for higher wages by conductors and motormen.

August 27.—The Federal Grand Jury at Chicago returns ten indictments, containing 6,420 counts, against the Standard Oil Company, all in connection with the granting of rebates.

The United States receives notice that Dalny, now called Tarien, will be opened as a free port on September 1.

Delegations from Lincoln and Omaha, Neb., reach New York City, where they expect to welcome Mr. Bryan on August 30.

The Union Pacific and several other railroads advertise for bids for refrigerator cars. It is supposed that this will be a big advantage to fruit growers, as it will do away with the private car monopoly.

A band of Cuban rebels are routed by Government troops near Cienfuegos

and the rebels lose seventeen men. President Palma offers amnesty to all rebels who will lay down their arms and return to their homes within thirty days.

August 28.—Despatches from Columbia, S. C., state that the Local Option ticket carries the state, and that Senator Tillman and the dispensary are defeated on the whisky question.

The Real Estate Trust Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., fails for $7,000,000.

The Interstate Commerce Commission refuses to make rulings and interpretations in advance as requested by some railroads.

Thousands of Democrats from different sections of the country reach New York City to meet Mr. Bryan.

August 29.—Hon. W. J. Bryan, accompanied by Mrs. Bryan and Miss Bryan, arrives off Sandy Hook, New York, from Europe, and is met by a large delegation of Democrats. Mr. Bryan goes to the home of Lewis Nixon on Staten Island instead of to New York City.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson returns to Washington from a trip to the West and Northwest, where he inspected many packing-houses. The secretary reports the conditions greatly improved.

The Interstate Commerce Commission refuses to give the express companies the delay asked for in the enforcement of the new rate law. The law goes into effect today.

August 30.— The public reception tendered Hon. W. J. Bryan at Madison Square Garden, New York City, is attended by ten thousand cheering admirers of Mr. Bryan. He favors referring all international disputes to The Hague Tribunal and opposes the use of our navy as a means to collect debts, stands for the independence of the Philippines, for popular election of senators, for an income tax, for arbitration in labor disputes, parties not being bound to accept the decisions, against government by injunction, for an eight-hour day, for President Roosevelt's recommended legislation against campaign contributions, for the complete overthrow of the monopoly principle in industry, for a tariff for revenue only, for Government ownership of all trunk railroads and state ownership of all others and against Socialism.

Secretary Wilson notifies the packers that labels on packages of meat products must be so explicit that there will be no deception of the public hereafter, if the packers want their goods accepted for interstate shipment.

The absence of John Sharp Williams from the Bryan reception arouses much comment in Washington.

August 31.—Honorable W. J. Bryan addresses his followers in six New England states, at New Haven, Conn. Mr. Bryan repeats his declarations in regard to public ownership of railroads, and a New England Bryan League is formed.

Despatches from Washington state that prominent Democrats, among them Senator Bailey, of Texas, Governor Folk, of Missouri, and Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, attack Mr. Bryan's Government ownership plans and predict that it will defeat his nomination in 1908.

Six Japanese are convicted of poaching at Valdez, Alaska. The six belong to the same party of which five were killed.

Former Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, is elected president of the American Bar Association.

The United States Army transport *Sheridan* goes aground on Barber's Point, Oahu Island, one of the Hawaiian group, and it is feared the vessel will be a total loss.

September 1.—A report from May King, Kentucky, states that twelve miners are entombed in the mines at that place and it is believed the men are dead.

Honorable W. J. Bryan speaks at Newark, and Jersey City, N. J. At Newark he declares Mr. Roosevelt's popularity arose chiefly through his advocacy of Democratic principles.

At the National Democratic Club, in New York City, Mr. Bryan declares he values the approval of his conscience more than that of the whole country.

J. Edward (Gas) Addicks is badly defeated in the Republican primaries throughout Delaware.

Many charges of discrimination and unjust rates are filed by shippers with the Interstate Commerce Commission against many of the important railroads of the country.

Charles A. Walsh, the Iowa member of the Democratic National Committee, tenders his resignation.

September 2.—In a battle between Italians and the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, at Punxsutawney, Pa., two of the constabulary are killed and one seriously wounded, while three other persons are hit by bullets.

Hon. W. J. Bryan leaves New York City for his home in Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Bryan will shortly begin to make speeches in the congressional campaign.

President Roosevelt writes the public printer that if the changes in spelling he has approved do not meet with popular approval they may be dropped.

Washington despatches state that all tonnage and navigation dues in the Philippine Islands have been abolished by

an act of the Philippine Commission, passed August 31.

September 3.—The United States Army transport *Sheridan* is said to be a total wreck.

The President reviews the naval parade at Oyster Bay. The squadron consists of twelve battleships, twelve cruisers, thirteen torpedo boats and two submarines, the most powerful fleet of American battleships ever assembled.

The United States cruiser *Boston* runs on a rock near Anacortes, Wash., and is reported to be sinking. The *Boston* was one of Dewey's ships in the battle of Manila.

Speaker Cannon opens his campaign tour at Augusta, Me., in a speech in favor of Representative Littlefield. Mr. Littlefield is one of the congressmen marked for defeat by Samuel Gompers, the labor leader.

Hon. W. R. Hearst fires the first gun in his gubernatorial campaign at Syracuse, N. Y.

September 4.—Fletcher D. Proctor (Republican), son of Senator Proctor, is elected Governor of Vermont by a large majority.

Hon. William J. Bryan repudiates the recent indorsement of him by the Democrats of Illinois as the next nominee for President. He also bitterly denounces the political methods of National Committeeman Roger C. Sullivan.

The United States cruiser *Boston* is not so seriously damaged as was first reported.

Despatches from Washington state that Senator Bailey, of Texas, admits that he purposes giving out a statement replying to Mr. Bryan's declaration in favor of Federal ownership of railroads. It is the opinion in Washington that Mr. Bailey now hopes for the Democratic nomination in 1908.

September 5.—The leak in the United States cruiser *Boston* is stopped and the vessel will be saved.

In a speech at Lewistown, Me., Speaker Cannon criticizes the methods of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in dictating how the workingmen shall vote in the coming congressional election.

The Bryan men in New York plan to defeat Hearst for the gubernatorial nomination by starting a boom for Congressman William Sulzer. A conference of conservative anti-Hearst Democrats at Albany practically nominates District Attorney Jerome.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, announces that he is opposed to Mr. Bryan's plan of Government ownership of railroads.

Mr. Bryan is welcomed home by the citizens of Lincoln, Neb.

Secretary of War Taft speaks at Bath, Me. The secretary defends Congressman Littlefield and criticizes Samuel Gompers. He also favors tariff revision and expects agreement in the future.

September 6.—After being notified that the district attorney was preparing indictments for all of them, the directors of the Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia pledged $3,000,000 to pay all creditors of the institution in full.

A petition is filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by J. E. Walker, of Media, Pa., charging the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the United States Express Company with punishing people who patronize a trolley line in competition with the railroad by a system of blacklisting. The complainant maintains that package express rates for sending goods out of Philadelphia to suburban towns are denied those who ride on the trolley line in preference to the railroad.

The Legislature of Porto Rico authorizes a loan of $1,000,000 for the purpose of building good roads.

The Interstate Commerce Commission makes public an order calling upon the railroads of the country for information in regard to block signaling practice and electrical signaling appliances. The Commission considers this an important matter, as it has to do directly with the safety of life and property in railroad travel.

The packers agree to have the labels for canned meats ready by October 1, when the new law goes into effect. The labels must state exactly what is contained in each package.

September 7.—It is announced that William J. Bryan will take no part in the factional fight of the Democrats of Nebraska. Mr. Bryan tours North Carolina the middle of this month, but may give up the trips to Panama and Australia. In October he will probably make a tour of all the congressional districts of Illinois. Roger Sullivan, national Democratic committeeman from Illinois, challenges Bryan to prove his charges against him and makes countercharges.

September 8.—Dan Patch breaks the world's pacing record by going a mile at St. Paul in 1.55.

Judge Banker, of Findlay, Ohio, overrules pleas of abatement and motions to quash the information filed against John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company.

Foreign News

August 8.—Edwin W. Sims, solicitor for the Department of Commerce and Labor, who is in Alaska to enforce the new law prohibiting all persons not citizens of the United States from fishing in Alaskan

waters, reports the killing of five Japanese fishermen and the capture of twelve Japanese prisoners on Atta Island, one of the Aleutian group.

Cape Town, South Africa, is placed under control of the naval and military volunteers to prevent a recurrence of recent riots. It is suggested to the English Government that a party of American negro preachers, who are advocating the "Africa for the Africans" idea, be deported from South Africa.

The Russian Cabinet begins a campaign preparatory to the election of a more tractable Parliament in December. It is also decided to appropriate $27,000,000 for famine relief. Reports from Odessa state that the revolutionists decide to call a general strike in September.

August 9.—Many arrests are made in St. Petersburg, Russia, and it is stated that most of the labor leaders are now in custody.

Negotiations are opened between the Octobrists and Constitutional Democrats for the uniting of the two parties in the coming campaign, and conferences are in progress at Moscow.

The report of the pecuniary committee of the International American Conference, now in session at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, recommends the extension and withdrawal of all modifications for five years of the "Treaty of Arbitration for Pecuniary Claims" agreed upon at the Mexican conference between the different republics.

August 10.—The Shah of Persia issues a decree granting a national assembly and constitution.

Secretary Root and party reach Montevideo, Uruguay.

Services are held on board the United States battleship *Ohio* at Yokohama, Japan, over the body of Rear-Admiral Train.

Members of the moderate parties in Russia start movements to bring about a constitutional form of government by peaceful means.

Three officers and two privates of the 8th U. S. Infantry are killed by Pulajanes in Leyte, Philippine Islands.

The Spanish Ministry determines to make the Church subservient to the State. At the first sitting of Parliament it is announced that the Government will introduce a bill making religious orders amenable to the law controlling industrial corporations.

August 11.—Despatches from Panama state that the police capture seventeen Colombian generals, former revolutionists, on the charge of conspiracy against high national authorities.

While reviewing maneuvres and putting troops through blank-firing practice, Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia is fired on with ball-cartridges by the troops, but escapes injury.

Secretary Root receives many attentions at Montevideo, and makes an address in which he praises the Monroe Doctrine and expresses the kind feelings of the United States toward South American republics.

A despatch from Constantinople states that the Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill and may have to undergo an operation.

High Russian officials express the opinion that the Government has the situation in hand and that all danger of a successful revolutionary movement is past.

Terror reigns at Warsaw and Lodz and the authorities seem powerless. Many assassinations occur in different parts of the empire.

August 12.—Grand Duke Nicholas declines to accept the post of commander-in-chief of all the troops of Russia, where martial law exists, and advocates the appointment of General Linevitch. Seven mutineers are condemned to death by court-martial at Sveaborg. Strict martial law is declared at Kieff.

Turkish officials deny the serious illness of the Sultan.

Despatches from Tokio state that the Japanese Government is not likely to consider the killing of Japanese poachers seriously.

A despatch to London from Aden reports that the Mad Mullah has raided the Somaliland border, killing 1,000 of the Rarebaron tribe, and capturing 10,000 camels.

Abyssinian despatches say that King Menelek has signed the Franco-Italian-British convention relative to railways to be constructed there, and that the convention will be communicated to the parliaments of the interested states as soon as they meet. The main features of the treaty referred to above are a guarantee of the integrity of the Abyssinian Empire, the open door and commercial equality for all countries, and the continuation by the French of the construction of the railway connecting Addis Abacca, the capital of Abyssinia, with the coast, Great Britain and Italy naming representatives on the railway directorate.

August 13.—Secretary Root sails from Montevideo for Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.

Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), novelist and dramatist, dies in London, aged thirty-nine.

The Pan-American Congress, in session at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, adopts the naturalization treaty report, also twelve of the thirteen articles concerning the reorganization of the Bureau of American Republics.

The St. Petersburg police seize a large

quantity of bombs and shells. Agrarian disorders are increasing in the hill regions of the Crimea.

The Shah of Persia's rescript to the Grand Vizier orders the formation of a national consultative assembly, composed of representatives of all classes, from the princes downward.

August 14.—The Mad Mullah attacks the Sultan of Mijerain's territory and is repulsed. The losses are said to exceed 1,000.

Secretary Root reaches Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, and is given a great ovation.

The Pope's encyclical to the archbishops and bishops of France advising against the acceptance of provisions of the Church and State separation law is generally approved by the French Catholic clergy.

The Philippine authorities plan a campaign to exterminate the outlaw bands of Pulajanes.

The Czar of Russia, accompanied by his family, visits the Guards' camp at Krasnoye-Selo to witness the maneuvres.

A special governor is appointed for the coal and iron region of Southern Russia to suppress the disorders.

King Edward of England leaves London for a trip to the continent, where he will meet the Emperor of Germany.

August 15.—King Edward of England and Emperor William of Germany meet at Cronberg, Hesse-Nassau, Prussia. It is expected that improved political relations between the two countries will follow the conference of the two rulers.

The revolutionists and terrorists make murderous attacks with bombs and revolvers on the police and troops in several cities in Poland. Many soldiers and police are killed in Warsaw.

The Russian Government, it is stated in St. Petersburg, now fears to call out the recruits in the autumn, as a large percentage would prove unreliable against the people.

Secretary Root is banqueted at Buenos Ayres, and urges close friendship between the United States and Argentine Republic.

August 16.—The conference between King Edward and Emperor William ends, and King Edward leaves Cronberg.

Despatches from Tokio, Japan, state that the killing and capture of a number of Japanese seal poachers by Americans in the Aleutian Islands will be amicably settled without the slightest complications.

The Sultan of Turkey orders the release of all prisoners in the empire who have completed two-thirds of their sentences, as a mark of gratification for the recovery of his health.

Russian terrorists continue to murder and pillage. At Plotsk, a town about forty miles from Warsaw, every policeman on the street is killed or wounded. Two hundred and fifty Jews are reported killed and wounded at Warsaw. Reports from all over the empire show the police to be helpless in coping with the revolutionists.

August 17.—Private telegrams reach London stating that Valparaiso, Chile, is wrecked by an earthquake. The reports indicate that the earthquake was more severe than the recent San Francisco disaster.

The revolutionary movement is spreading in Russia. Numbers of encounters between the troops and the people occur thoughout the empire.

Cuban soldiers on duty at the palace in Havana mutiny because of harsh treatment and poor rations. The Cuban Government grants the demands of the soldiers and order is restored.

August 18.—Five thousand persons are reported killed by the earthquake in Chile. Valparaiso is said to be in ruins and the property loss is estimated at $200,000,000. The following message is received via Galveston, Tex.: Valparaiso has been wrecked by earthquake and fire, and the few buildings that escaped serious damage from the quakes have either burned or are in immediate danger of being burned. The people are panic-stricken, and all attempts at organization have proven futile. Martial law has been proclaimed and an effort is being made to calm the people, but with little hope, as the earthquakes still continue up to this afternoon, five shocks being felt today, although not so frequent or violent, but enough to keep the people in a state of terror. The Mexican cable was in operation all day to Valparaiso, but to interior points all overland wires are down, and it will be several days before they are restored. The entire business portion of Valparaiso has been destroyed. The authorities will not permit any lights in the buildings, and at dark the cable office was closed for the night. The dead and injured are estimated at from 1,000 to 5,000. However, owing to the lack of a systematic report, all figures are speculation. The shocks have continued since Thursday night, and five slight shocks were felt today. The operators of the cable company have deserted their posts, with one exception. The shipping in the harbor escaped damage, and every vessel is a haven for refugees. All buildings have been deserted. Practically nothing has been done in the way of clearing wrecks or searching for dead bodies, and laborers refuse to enter the ruins because of the continued shocks.

Soldiers will force the rescue work tomorrow.

The rumors of uprisings in Cuba are partly confirmed. A detachment of Rural Guards encounters a small band near Rio Hondo, province of Pinar del Rio.

At a banquet in his honor at Buenos Ayres Secretary Root advocates arbitration, mediation and all other elements that make for peace. The secretary declares that the United States has never employed her army or navy for the collection of debts contracted by governments or private individuals, and never will do so.

Despatches from Warsaw, Russia, state that the hospitals are filled with wounded persons and many are forced to lie on the floors. Street traffic is practically suspended on account of the insecurity of life. The priests of the Orthodox Church are said to be supporting the Government.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to be suffering from Bright's disease.

Despatches from London state that King Edward and Emperor William of Germany are now thoroughly reconciled.

Another revolution is reported from San Domingo.

August 19.—Despatches estimate the dead in the Chilean earthquake at 2,000 and property losses at $250,000,000. One hundred thousand people are said to be homeless, and conditions are worse than those experienced by San Francisco.

Six Cubans, leaders of the Liberal Party, are arrested in Havana on a charge of conspiring against the Government and plotting to assassinate President Palma.

The Czar of Russia sounds a call of uncompromising war with terrorists and revolutionists. Riots and the throwing of bombs continue throughout the empire.

August 20.—Despatches from Santiago de Chile state that refugees from Valparaiso declare that 1,000 corpses have already been buried. Twenty-five pillagers have been shot and the stricken district is now under martial law. Details of the damage done in the smaller towns is still lacking, but the property losses are estimated at from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000.

President Palma of Cuba issues a decree appointing Gen. Rafael Montalvo, secretary of public works, to be in direct charge of all military operations against the insurgents, and increases the number of Rural Guards to 4,000. One hundred Rural Guards and 50 artillerymen leave Havana for Pinar del Rio, the scene of the revolutionary movements.

September 2.—Reports from Russia state that $7,5000,000 will be needed to combat the famine, which is most severe in the provinces of Samara, Saratoff, Simbirsk, Penza, Kazan, Tamboff and Ufa. More murders occur at Warsaw, and the city has been deserted by the better classes.

President Palma announces that the Cuban Government has no concessions to offer or accept, and no intention other than fighting the matter through and suppressing the insurrection.

The Emperor of China issues an edict promising a constitutional government when the people are fitted for it.

September 3.—In a speech at Santiago, Chile, Secretary Root declares that the twentieth century will be the century for South America; that the opening of the Panama Canal will revolutionize the world's commerce, and that the west coast of South America will be benefited most.

In a fight between troops and striking coal miners at Petroseney, Hungary, 175 miners were injured.

The pretender to the Moroccan throne is defeated near Muluyu, losing his two principal chiefs.

The Polish school children in the province of Posen strike against being compelled to say prayers in German, and to answer in German in the course of religious instruction.

Cossacks kill 6 and wound 22 persons at Warsaw.

Fourteen officers and 1 surgeon are arrested at Odessa on a charge of having conducted secret meetings of soldiers, and plotting to kill all the authorities.

Despatches from Cuba state that the Government is now willing to negotiate for peace with the insurgents and another meeting of the veterans will be held to devise a plan of settlement.

September 4.—French bishops and archbishops meet in Paris to determine the attitude of the Church toward the law separating Church and State.

Hundreds of persons are arrested in Warsaw. It is believed that a large number of revolutionists have left Warsaw for the purpose of terrorizing the country districts.

Tatar-Armenian hostilities are in full swing in several districts of Southeastern Caucasus.

Floods destroy a large section of the Behar District, India, and a famine is feared. The inhabitants of the lowlands have been forced to seek refuge in the hills and live on half-ripe wheat.

The situation in Cuba seems to grow worse. It is reported that two-thirds of the people in the country and small towns of the provinces of Pinar del Rio,

Havana and Santa Clara are either insurgents in fact or in sentiment.

September 5.—Party leaders meet in Cuba, and hopes of an agreement are strong. Fighting ceases for the present.

An official communication embodying the Russian Government's program is published at St. Petersburg. It grants reforms and increases penalties. It embraces court-martial for political crimes and an increase of penalties for revolutionary propaganda, and expresses a firm determination to preserve order. Among the reforms granted are the immediate abolition of useless restrictions on Jews, measures in the direction of greater provincial autonomy, an income tax, reforms in the police and other public services and the introduction of zemstvos in Poland and the Baltic Provinces.

September 6.—Premier Stolypin's announcement of the Russian Government's plans for reforms has a quieting effect on the people. Terrorists burn a small village near Powsin, Russian Poland.

A despatch from Cienfuegos, Cuba, states that the rebels rout a detachment of Government troops near Camerones.

No appreciable progress toward anything like a satisfactory understanding is made by the peace conferences.

September 7.—Russian reactionists oppose Premier Stolypin because of his refusal to abandon proposed reforms, while the reform elements threaten that unless the distribution of lands to peasants and the removal of restrictive laws have a more sweeping effect than anticipated the coming Parliament is likely to be even more radical than the first one. The Social Revolutionists resolve to continue terrorism and to aim at the lives of the highest officials. A few days ago an attempt was made on the life of M. Kryshanovsky, vice-minister of the interior.

The Trades Union Congress of Great Britain unanimously instructs the Labor members of Parliament to introduce a bill for the national ownership of all railways, canals and mines in the United Kingdom.

Pino Guerra, the Cuban revolutionist leader, refuses all overtures from the Government for peace. The rebellion is spreading, and it is believed that San Juan y Martinez has been recaptured by the rebels.

September 8.—The Harvard eight-oared crew is defeated by the crew of Cambridge University, England, on the Thames after a game struggle.

An Autumn Leaf

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

UPON my parchment, sadly old,
The record lives of summer's gold;
And in my veins there lingers now
The joy of spring's awakening bough.

So I, like many a human heart
Wherefrom Life's shining days depart,
Keep valiantly some remnant yet
Of dreams we never quite forget.

"HOW does one get rich in politics?"
"Oh, you simply go to the Senate, and then it's the first turn to the left."

Big Profit

TED—That assemblyman seems to be making money.
NED—No wonder. He buys votes for $2 each and sells his own for $5,000.

Along The Firing Line

BY The Circulation Manager.

Secretary People's Party National Committee

AFTER beating the everlasting stuffing out of an opponent, I never feel like crowing overmuch. Somehow I can't help feeling a little sad for the poor devil who went down to defeat. No; it isn't exactly altruism; I think it's a sort of reflex determinism, to coin a phrase. I was born in Western Pennsylvania, where, by the time I was "knee high to a grasshopper," to be a Democrat it took:—

A gentleman's manners,
'Neath a rhinoceros hide,

(with apologies to W. J. Ghent; I'm quoting from memory. Maybe Carleton, in "Making an Editor Outen o' Him," *didn't* say it exactly so).

And, so, I know from sad experience just how it feels to get "licked"—and how it feels to have the other fellow "rub it in."

Naturally, readers of WATSON'S will understand that I am hinting about Hoke Smith's great victory in the Georgia Democratic primaries, because they know that we have worked "tooth and toe-nail" for Hoke Smith, in season and out.

There were five candidates in the field, each with a newspaper or more back of him—and Hoke Smith had WATSON'S MAGAZINE to boot. His chief opponent, Clark Howell, is editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*—a great paper, as all will concede. Yet here is the result:

	Counties.	Delegates.
Hoke Smith	120	308
R. B. Russell	10	24
Clark Howell	8	16
J. H. Estill	4	12
J. M. Smith	3	6

Now, we're not claiming that WATSON'S did it—but it certainly helped. Hoke Smith stood against the railroad gang and for the people. That was the prime requisite; but the people had to be told. And WATSON'S has circulated hundreds of thousands of copies in Georgia since the campaign began—perhaps not a county has been missed. The Atlanta *Constitution* has a big circulation in Georgia; it is a great paper everywhere. But it couldn't give its editor more than 8 lone counties out of 145; while Hoke Smith, backed by the people, the Atlanta *Journal* and WATSON'S MAGAZINE (both had many county papers back of them), had 120 counties and 308 delegates—124 more than enough to elect.

That is surely a big enough victory to be modestly proud of. And we are.

* * * * *

Mr. Watson made a speech at Thomson, Ga., his home town, early in August. In the course of that speech he said:

"From across the ocean where W. J. Bryan is the honored guest of kings and statesmen comes the cabled word: 'I am more of a radical now than in 1896,' when he had the Populist nomination. And in this court-house, a few days ago, we heard the ablest Georgian that lives, the strongest man in this state, the Hon. Hoke Smith, tell these people if there be no other way by which we can

control the corporations without the government ownership of railroads, then I am in favor of the government ownership of railroads. Thank God! thank God! That principle has triumphed, and good men of all parties are declaring for the people against the banded corporations who have been robbing them.

"Ten or fifteen years ago W. J. Bryan could not indorse the principle of the public ownership of public utilities. With the very last public utterance which he made, at the Jefferson dinner, in the City of Chicago, Mr. Bryan declared, with the courage of a man who has intelligence enough to learn and brave enough to advance when he has learned, the time has come to declare in favor of the public ownership of public utilities. Therefore, in 1908, to which we are all moving swiftly and surely, those of us who live to see it will live to see W. J. Bryan, the peerless Democratic leader of the hosts of Democracy, under the banner of the People's Party."

Immediately afterward some press bureau at Washington sent out a bulletin which was copied by more than a hundred Democratic papers that reach this office, as follows:

"Tom Watson of Georgia has returned to the Democratic fold and is welcomed as all honest voters are. With the Democrats successfully forcing reforms on an unwilling Congress, there is no need for a third party. There are thousands of Tom Watsons in every state who have doubtless come to the same conclusion that he has, that it is the duty of all reformers to array themselves under the Democratic banner and aid in the defeat of the party whose only slogan is 'stand pat and pass the hat.'"

Mr. Watson made no pledges for 1908. No sensible man ought to do so with respect to either of the old parties—because no man knows just how they will line up. We might all be glad to vote for Roosevelt in 1908—if he'd tell us how to reform the spelling of his own name; or we might be glad to vote for Bryan—if he'd require Ruth to dispose of that dachshund. But it's too early to pledge ourselves. Mr. Watson has always been a Jeffersonian Democrat, and you can count on him when Jeffersonian Democracy nominates one of its own on its own platform. But he won't make a two-year advance pledge for a Parker-prayer-by-megaphone-platform-by-telegraph candidate.

* * * * *

Mr. Watson was a prophet in his Thomson speech. Last week (August 25 to 31) was Bryan week in New York. Mr. Bryan was expected to arrive here after nearly a year's trip around the world, on August 30. Elaborate preparations had been made for his reception in New York under the auspices of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League. Madison Square Garden, with a seating (and standing) capacity of something like 25,000, had been secured for the reception.

I need not dwell on the particulars. There were nearly one hundred and twenty-five of my own brethren from Nebraska, the first to arrive—"Bryan's Home Folks"—and what they didn't do to arouse the curiosity of Father Knickerbocker would be much easier to write than to tell what they did. In passing, I believe both Nebraskans and New Yorkers have now a better knowledge and opinion of each other. In that "Home Folks" delegation were bankers who could tell Wall Street a few things about an elastic currency; jurists as able as any in the Empire State; insurance men who could have told Hughes a few things he did not find out; boys who can throw a running noose better than any Mexican—and above all, men, real, manly men.

Bryan came. Need I quote—what I can't translate—"*veni, vidi, vici.*" He certainly came. He saw something between 20,000 and 25,000 enthusiastic admirers at Madison Square Garden. And he certainly conquered a majority of that 20,000 or 25,000 with his eloquent presentation of Populist principles. For he affirmed the quan-

titative theory of money—but made no fetich of 16 to 1; he stood for an income tax—not the single tax; and he came out boldly for public ownership of railroads in the following words:

"I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials in the interest of the whole community, in accordance with the well-defined theory that public ownership is necessary where competition is impossible. I do not know that the country is ready for this change; I do not know that a majority of my own party favor it; but I believe that an increasing number of the members of all parties see in public ownership the sure remedy for discriminations between persons and places and for the extortionate rates for the carrying of freight and passengers."

Since then most of the New York papers have been trying to scare Bryan away from his Government ownership "fallacy." The New York *World*, especially, has been almost in tears trying to show him what an enormous burden it would be for eighty million people to own the eleven or twelve billion dollars' worth of railroads. I never heard that any railroad realized its interest on bonds or dividends on stock from its stockholders; but foolishly supposed that the people who use the railroads (and who does not?) are the ones who pay such interest and dividends. Curious, isn't it, that some few hundred thousand railroad stockholders are better equipped for owning the eleven or twelve billions of railroads than are all the seventy or eighty million people! It may be that one-sixth is bigger than unity—but "there's nothing like that in our family tree." If it's true, I've got to study Stoddard and Ray all over again.

* * * * *

Maybe Bryan *will* back down in the face of this storm of newspaper protest—but I hate to think of it. Before the Parker incident in 1904, I should have said, "No; by the eternal gods, he'll stand by it." But his swallowing Parker for regularity's sake, after hiring a hall in Chicago to show the unfitness of Parker, rather keeps me guessing. Nevertheless, I'm willing to bet a cookie that in the next two years Mr. Bryan will have advanced the cause of public ownership many fold. The Democratic organization *may* be powerful enough to whip him into line in 1908 with some platform platitude about "control"—but I hope not. In any event, he will have educated enough persons up to the idea that "ownership" 's the thing, so that all the millions who believe in government transacting public business and individuals transacting private business may get together and try to win.

* * * * *

I don't say they can win. They can try. And even if they lose, they will have paved the way for success. For some party big enough to win will eventually take up the problem and solve it.

C. G. DeFrance

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The Jeffersonian, Thomson, Ga.

Watson's for May

Every American, and especially every Southerner, will be thrilled when he reads Mr. Watson's story of the conquest of Texas in "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson". Mr. Watson is an anatomist of motive. .His rare ability as an historical surgeon is nowhere exhibited more strikingly than in the May number of his Magazine.

In his discussion of Socialism, Mr. Watson has already shown that the Socialist ignores the natural traits of human nature, and he now points out that Socialism is radically antagonistic to that natural love of locality which is common to fishes, birds, animals and human beings. In declaring that a man shall not own his home, the Socialist is fighting against Nature.

It is an elemental human trait to become attached to some particular place, and out of that characteristic springs what we call patriotism, one of the strongest passions known to man. It is the reason why "Home, Sweet Home" is sung in hall and cottage, and by the camp-fire, all around the world.

The Socialists, says Mr. Watson, ignore this trait. They go upon the idea that we are all stopping at a big hotel, and can be shifted from room to room, at the will of the proprietor. No one can call his room his own, and no one cares. The absurdity of such an idea is clearly shown by Mr. Watson's argument.

In Watson's for May, the practical outcome of the editorials on Foreign Missions will be developed, and we shall see the laying of the foundations for a great Home Mission movement in the South. Every pulpit in the land will be ringing with it, before long.

You can do us a great deal of good by simply talking about Watson's, and what's in it, to your friends and acquaintances. Make it a point that your newsdealer, from whom you buy your miscellaneous literature, shall keep Watson's. If we have no active agent in your neighborhood, give us the name of some reliable person, and we will make it to his interest to handle our publications.

Remember always that we cannot supply back numbers of Watson's. The demand each month has been far greater than the supply, although we have allowed the amplest margin.

JAMES LANIER,
Business Manager.

Thomson, Ga., March 15, 1910.

Watson's Magazine

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EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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Chapter VII.

IN the preceding chapter, the natural beginnings and growth of private property were described. If you have read and considered it, you will have seen how absolutely necessary the system was to the maintenance and support of the tribe. When writing of those ancient origins, I had not happened to see a note which Marx put on the margin of page 205 of his first volume. (Translation of Ernest Untermann.)

"In *the first stone* which he" [the savage] flings at the wild animal he pursues, *in the stick* that he seizes to strike down the fruit which hangs above his reach, *we see the appropriation of one article for the purpose of aiding in the acquisition of another*, and thus discover *the original of capital.*" *"An Essay on the Production of Wealth"*, by R. Torrens. [Italics mine.]

Unwittingly, Karl Marx and his Colonel Torrens bear witness to the correctness of my position, which is, *that there is nothing wrong in Capitalism, ITSELF.*

These would-be philosophers trace their dearest foe, capitalism, back to *the stone with which the savage kills a wild animal*, and thus obtains food for himself and kindred; *to the stick which brings wasting fruit to appease human hunger—AND THEN HAVE THE*

ASTOUNDING OBTUSENESS TO ARGUE THAT CAPITALISM IS WRONG, IN ITSELF! Mercy on us! how one-sided these doctrinaires become, when laboring to find facts to support absurd theories! The savage who picked up a rock, and struck down a wild hog with it, *was the original capitalist*, was he?

Marx is quite rapturous in quoting R. Torrens to that effect. He calls Torrens' discovery of the original capitalist, "*a wonderful feat of logical acumen.*" Well, who *besides the hog* was damaged by the use of the rock? Wasn't it a good thing for the tribe to have its food-supply increased, in that manner? Was the tribe injured when "*the original capitalist*", whose stick brought down grapes, or nuts, added these luxuries to the provisions of the tribe? How was "Society" damaged when these *original capitalists* learned how to make spears, javelins, stone hatchets, fish-hooks, bows and arrows, *and thus enormously increased their capacity for securing the flesh and hides of wild beasts, for food and clothing and tents?*

Here was capitalism in full blast, according to Marx and his "wonderful" Colonel Torrens. Wasn't the tribe all the better off, on account of it?

Then, when these *original capitalists* learned how to use boats and nets, traps and pitfalls, to capture a vastly larger quantity of fish and wild animals, with very much more ease, *capitalism was going at tremendous speed* —in comparison with Colonel Torrens' rock and stick throwers. But can you see wherein this capitalism was doing any harm to "Society"? When axes were used to fell trees, and implements employed to produce grain and vegetables, the capitalists had made another tremendous leap *onward, AND UPWARD.*

And so on, at each successive step, *in the natural process of evolution.* It was only when *Government and Legislation interfered with the normal operations of capitalism*, that an Iliad of woes came to curse mankind.

Let us return to Surplus Value.

The very first thing which occurs to the mind of a thinker is, that Karl Marx involved himself in a contradiction in terms. There may be different kinds of value—such as value in *use*, and value in *exchange*—but there cannot be a *surplus* to either kind. One might as well speak of the *surplus* of water in a pitcher that is *full;* or of a surplus in the exactly measured yard of calico. The *value* of an article is like a circle, or a square, or a right angle: it is complete in itself, and admits of no such thing as addition or subtraction. One circle may be large, and another small: one square may be an inch; another may be a mile: but, whether big or little, each circle and square *is perfect.* In like manner, the same commodity may have an increase or a decrease in price, as it passes from one owner to another; but in each valuation there is a full expression, a perfect measure of *value* in exchange.

Alter the curve of the circle the least bit, (without a corresponding change all round) and you may have enlarged or diminished the space within it; but you will have lost your *circle.* Value is equally incapable of changing its quantity and at the same time holding its *name.*

There cannot be more or less than a *circle*, in a circle; and there cannot be more or less of value, in *value.* You may change an article for less than its true value, or for more; but when you speak of *what its value really is*, you cannot, in the same connection, *add* or *subtract.* The moment you make a change, you *have lost what you are talking about.*

Karl Marx took for his main illustration the production of cloth in a cotton mill. How did he come to find any surplus of value in the cloth, over and above expense of production? By

omitting from his line of reasoning the controlling elements of *mental management;* interest on *stored labor*, (represented by the plant) and *special legal privileges*, enjoyed by the capitalist.

Let us Americans content ourselves with an American example which will prove the utter fallacy of the Socialist argument for Surplus Value.

We will take a New England factory which manufactures cotton or woollen goods. The owner lays in raw materials, and the laborers spin and weave it into cloth. The employer sells the finished product at a certain price. What enables him to get much more for the cloth than the labor cost and the wear of machinery? He is justly entitled to interest on his money tied up in the plant, and, it is perfectly fair to allow him compensation for mental management. But is it not evident that *he derives the greater portion of his prodigious profits from legislation*—legislation which protects *him* from foreign competition, while *immigration from all over the world competes with his employees?*

Does a tariff of 165 per cent. on blankets have nothing to do with the spinners' profits? Do tariff duties, ranging all the way to 158 per cent. on cotton fabrics, have no part in piling up fortunes for the monopoly lords?

But Karl Marx, and Socialists generally, take no account of such all-important factors in fixing values. How, then, could their reasoning be other than fallacious?

A writer in the *Weekly People* undertakes to teach me what Surplus Value is. (I understand that he is Mr. DeLeon, translator of Herr Bebel's nasty book, "Woman Under Socialism" *—the translation being a gross insult to every virtuous woman in America.)*

He supposes that I employ "100 niggers" to work for me, in the cultivation of my lands; and he makes the point that after these "100 niggers" and all other expenses are paid, there remains to me *a profit*, on the year's business. This alleged profit, confuses him, and he calls it, *Surplus Value.* In fact, I do not operate a wage farm at all. My lands are rented out. *They represent my earnings, as a Laborer.*

Ever since I was sixteen years old, these hands have been bread winners. Neither land nor money, nor other thing of dollar-value came to me by inheritance. As to gifts, none were ever offered; nor would any have been accepted, had they been tendered.

My feet have beaten the dreary path of job-hunting. My hands have held the plow-handles, the scythe, the axe and the hoe. My eyes have been wet with the salt tears of desolate poverty. My body has been tortured by pains brought on by physical exposure. I have slept on straw, under the pines, with no other covering than the tree-tops; no other lights than the twinkling stars. And never in my life have I even thought of asking any other man for a blessed thing, save a temporary credit, a brief hospitality, and a chance to get into the battle-line of life.

When it came to choosing a wife, I did not go heiress-hunting. I courted a girl who was as poor as myself; and I knew that I had wedded unspeakable riches when she became my wife.

We both worked hard: she, to make the Home; I, to win the Battle. For nearly thirty years we toiled—the one, as Breadwinner; the other, as Helpmeet. Lawyer, lecturer, author, editor *—I owe everything to Labor.* The man doesn't live who has striven more steadily, conscientiously and intensely to earn what was paid him for the service.

These earnings, I invested in land, paying fair prices, either in the competitive public auction, or in the competitive private sale.

Now, then—let us reason together. A negro comes along and wants to use,

for a year, my "congealed labor", represented by forty acres of land. Why shouldn't he pay me for it? If I get the benefit of *his* labor, for a single hour, I must pay him. Isn't turn about fair play?

I toiled and moiled for thirty years to get that land. Often, I rode all day in the cold and the rain, to earn a fee of two dollars and fifty cents. Many and many a time, the reaction, after the strain of a big law case, brought on illness that laid me up for days. But I rose up and pressed on again, storing up my wages in land, so that some time I might have a competence, and could devote my time to books and to writing, as I have been doing these latter years. Has the negro who wishes to use, for his exclusive benefit, some of my stored up Labor, *any more equitable right to get it free of charge, than I have to demand that he, gratuitously, chop cotton for me?* My labor, *done in the past*, is as sacredly mine, as his capacity to chop cotton is to him, *in the present.*

We are both laborers; my land represents what my employers paid me, just as the dollar that I give him for a day's work stands for my employment of him. The negro is under no compulsion to use *my* land. Competition to get tenants is so keen, in Georgia, that the negro is practically master of the situation. (Some of Georgia's best farms are vacant, for lack of tenants. It is so throughout the old South.) We have to advance money for them to pay them out of "scrapes" into which they have been led by mean whiskey and bad passions: we have to pay whatever debts they may have contracted during the preceding year: and we must lend them more cash at Christmas, after they have frolicked away what they had made during the year. *If I don't get the tenant by doing things of this kind, some other landowner will.*

So notorious has become the uncertainties of land rents; so heavy are the taxes; so great the expense of keeping buildings, etc., in repair; and so great is the waste of soil by the botch-work cultivation of the tenants, that *investors, seeking sure and handsome profits, seldom buy farms.*

In December, last, I sold 160 acres of improved land for less than $5. per acre—land which was bought by me at public sale some ten or fifteen years ago, for a trifle less than the price for which I sold it. The buildings on the place could not be duplicated for what I paid, nor for what I got for the land. *Therefore, the land itself cost me nothing when I purchased, and fetched me nothing when I sold.* And why did I sell? Because the rental was paying me less than 8 per cent. net, on the money invested—and even at that the tenant left, because he found a place which suited him better. The farm was "lying out," as so many are in the South, in New England, and even in New York State. *Within a hundred or so miles of the roaring Babylon of America, are farm lands that have lain untilled for the last ten years.*

Many farmers in the cotton belt prefer to rent, rather than own land, although they are able to buy. What is the reason of this? The tenant escapes the State tax, the County tax, the special School tax, the cost of repairing houses, of digging and curbing wells. The responsibilities of proprietorship do not burden him. If fire destroys buildings, fences and timber, it's nothing to him. If land is washed away in freshets, or practically ruined for several years by being plowed when too wet, it isn't any concern of bis. If another tenant dies during the year, leaving no one to finish the crop, the heavy loss is that of the landlord—as it is when the mule departs this life; and when the tenant fails to make enough produce to pay rent, supply bill and guano account.

These are a few of the reasons why some farmers, able to buy, never do. Besides, *they get the benefit of the com-*

petition among landlords for good tenants; and they enjoy the advantage of having many farms to inspect before deciding which to rent.

I cite these undeniable facts for the purpose of proving to the satisfaction of all unbiased minds, that farm rents are not too high. And the further fact, equally indisputable, is that farms can be bought for less than the improvements are worth. This is true of the Old South, of New England and of New York itself.

Consequently, *land*, by the million of acres, can be had *free of charge*. Even the most violent Socialist must admit that *another man's betterments* on the property should be paid for, when title to the land passes from seller to buyer. Well, *for less than the value of the improvements, hundreds and thousands of farms can be secured throughout our Southern country.*

And this fact is further proof that rents, in agricultural communities, are not too high.

Now, then: the tenant and I come to an agreement as to what my forty acres will be worth to him for one year. He has looked at other places, heard the offers of other land-owners, and rents from me because, in his judgment, my terms and my farm are better than the others. If this were not so, he would not rent from me. He works my land, not on account of love for me, but because of a tender consideration for himself. With only a nominal supervision, he prepares the soil, plants his crop, cultivates and gathers it. He brings me a thousand pounds of lint cotton to pay the rent. The remainder of all he produces is his property—say, five or six more bales of cotton, a hundred or so bushels of corn, fodder in proportion, some peas, potatoes, sorghum cane, and cotton seed.

How would you go about finding "surplus value" in any of that negro's crop? He and his family worked together, and for themselves; and they sell their produce at full market price. Evidently, we must look elsewhere for the "surplus value". Did *I* get it? Let us see: the negro brought me two of his bales of cotton, one thousand pounds: he could not have made his crop without the use of my "congealed labor", the land: therefore, my labor co-operated with his to produce the cotton and corn. Consequently, *Labor hogs the whole output*—no surplus value in sight at all.

But suppose it had been a case where a typical capitalist invests his money in land, for the purpose of deriving a revenue from it—whereabouts would the surplus value be located? The renter gets the use of another man's property, and he pays what he thinks it is worth. *He buys*, for one year, the land which the labor of others has *made into a farm*, supplied with a dwelling, outhouses, etc. He makes this trade, *just as though he were buying from the livery stable the use of a turn-out.* And it is just as unreasonable to contend that the purchaser should not pay a fair price, in the case of him who *buys the use of the land*, as it would be to argue against payment for the liveryman's horse and buggy.

But suppose that wage-hands are hired, and that the land-owner farms his land himself, will there be a surplus of value in the crop? The Socialists answer "Yea", and locate it *in the difference between cost of production and selling price of product.*

They contend that the wage-hands are entitled to all that their labor produced, over and above the actual expenses.

But what about a reasonable interest on the capital invested? And what about skill of management, executive ability, *the wisdom gained in the costly school of experience?*

The Socialist argument leaves these entirely out of the reckoning. And why? *Because they demolish the Marxian theory of Surplus Value.*

That which is left to the landowner,

after all expenses are paid, is interest on investment and compensation for management.

The mental element, *management*, is the soul of enterprise. In every business, the Boss is indispensable to success. *Somewhere*, must be the master mind, the guiding hand, the captain of the ship. Change of managers makes or mars: exchange *good*, for *bad* judgment; or experience, for ignorance—*and away goes the profit.*

A Harriman assumes command of the Pacific railways, and those bankrupt, rundown, ramshackle "elephants" *immediately* respond to the touch of the master hand.

A Pulitzer buys the moribund New York *World*, and immediately it begins its growth toward its present colossal proportions.

On the contrary, how often have we seen a prosperous business wrecked, when it falls into hands unfitted to control it. What went with A. T. Stewart's gigantic trade and profits, when Judge Hilton took hold? What would become of Wannamaker's business if Eugene Debs were put in charge of it? The elder Hyde was succeeded by the younger—*and what happened to the Equitable?*

The fable of the vain Grecian youth who essayed to drive the chariot of the sun, teaches a profound, universal truth, which was never overlooked by anybody, until these Marxian Socialists arrived.

The farmers have a saying that "There is more in the man than there is in the land." This homely adage indicates the element of production which the Socialists ignore. A hundred negroes might toil for the Southern farmer, as DeLeon puts it; but those "100 niggers" would simply bankrupt the land-owner, *if they were not managed right.* There must be discipline, direction and judicious employment of each laborer. How many acres, *and which ones*, shall be put in cotton? How many, *and which*, in corn, oats, wheat, potatoes, etc? What kinds of seed shall be selected? What tools, implements, etc., shall be used? How shall the soil be prepared? When and how shall the planting be done? How wide apart shall the cotton rows be? Shall corn be planted in the bed, or in the water-furrow? Shall the grain be sown out of hand, or drilled by the machine? How much fertilizer to the acre, and what kind? Is the ground too wet to plow? Shall we give this cotton another working? The grass is about to take the place: where had the hands better go, first? A crisis comes, and some part of the crop must be neglected to save the rest: what shall suffer, that the remainder may be saved?

How shall the lazy hands be dealt with? How the surly? One of the men spoke impudently, and looked insolent: can you afford to notice it? One of the women "talked back", and went off with a most aggravating swagger and toss of the head: will you swallow your anger, or exert yourself to restore discipline?

One day, a McDuffie County farmer (the late James Norris) dropped into my office; and, in the course of casual talk, told me of an incident which had occurred on his plantation, a few days before. A negro woman, plowing one of his mules, became enraged against it, and she whipped out her knife, drew the mule's tongue out, and cut it in two! Shocked by the story, I asked my friend what he did to the woman. "Nothing", he replied; "I couldn't afford to do anything." It was the busiest time of the year, and a row with his negro employees would have meant the loss of the crop—*and ruin.* The negroes *all* know when this critical stage is reached, every year, and they *never* fail to make the planters feel that they know it. Over and over again, a planter has to decide whether he will submit to humiliation, or run the risk of ruining his business.

The things which I have mentioned will give you some idea of what the farmer has to contend with. Considering the case from that view point, you can readily see the overwhelming importance of *management.*

Some farmers grow poor on rich land; and others thrive on poor land. We see fathers, who were prosperous planters, followed by sons who lose everything. Farming side by side, with the same crops in cultivation, and the same kind of labor, Smith will come out ahead and Jones, behind. Why? One is a good *manager*, and the other isn't. I've known wives to take control of business, and make a good living, where the husband was letting everything go to the dogs. I've known fathers to get everything "balled up", and have seen the sons work the same land out of debt.

You have seen all these things, too; and so have the Socialists. Yet, *they frame up a theory of value which absolutely disregards so potent a factor as the mental element in production.* Experience, good judgment, business sagacity, self-control, firmness, power of initiative, perseverance, the courage of venture and the power of controlling others, were treated by Marx as *negligible quantities!* When Socialists ignore such *essentials*, how can their theorizing be sound?

There is another fatal defect in the Socialist theory. Under our system, this mental element asserts itself freely, *automatically;* under Socialism, it would have no self-assertion at all. If the elected Bosses happened not to be *wise managers*, the capable men would remain on the dead level, below. There would be no chance for business genius to prove itself, *of its own free will.*

The unquestionable fact that a business poorly managed fails to pay the cost of production: that the same business, under somewhat better management remains at a stand-still, just about earning the operating expenses; while the same business, conducted as it should be, yields large profits, *not only demonstrates the vast importance of the subtle, intangible, invisible mental-element, but ANNIHILATES THE SOCIALIST THEORY OF SURPLUS VALUE.* The selling price, over and above the laborers' wages and the wear of machinery, etc., *is the value of that mental element.* We see losses come, as the mental-element vanishes: we see a change for the better take place, as the mental-element returns; and we see net earnings increase, as the mental element improves. Could anything more conclusively prove that Surplus Value does not, and can not, exist?

Wellington said that he considered Napoleon's presence on a battlefield as equivalent to 50,000 men: the Austrian Archduke, Charles, rated the great Captain as equal to 100,000 men: they were, of course, estimating *the value of a mental element.* Exactly the same thing applies to peaceful industry and production. Considering him solely as a business man, E. H. Harriman was well worth 100,000 ordinary men, in the command of a Grand Army of Producers. Who can estimate the value of the mental element supplied to the Oil trade by such a brain as John D. Rockefeller's? What would the Steel Trust be, without the marvelous mental qualities of Gary and his colleagues? Do the Socialists believe that mental element plays no part in the Beef Trust power and profits? Could Messrs. Anybody and Everybody manage the affairs of J. P. Morgan? Four years ago, certain gentlemen, armed with $200,000 of other people's money, started out to establish a weekly paper in Atlanta. About the same time, another man commenced publishing a daily paper in the same city. All men know (I guess the Socialists can enter here) that it is enormously more difficult and expensive to establish a daily than to found a weekly. At the end of four years, the weekly

periodical is extinct, the publishing company bankrupt, and all the $200,000 gone. The daily paper, having spent possibly $300,000 is a brilliant success, and could probably be sold for $500,000, if not more. Why was the harder task accomplished? Because the necessary *mind and energy* were applied to it.

Now, let us suppose that all these men—those who failed to found the weekly publication and the man who succeeded on the daily—should be put to work under Socialism: *how could they be paid in proportion to their respective value? WHO* would, or could determine matters of that kind? Under our system, such things adjust themselves, *automatically;* how could Socialism adjust them? In free competition, the reward goes to the swiftest runner, the victory to the abler man: but where all are reduced to a common level, and "Society" destroys competition, how will the superior *mind* be encouraged and compensated?

The miracles worked by the superior intellect fail to impress the Socialists. They figure the cost of the raw materials: they add the wages of Labor: they allow somewhat for the wear of machinery—and there they halt: "this is the value: anything beyond this, is surplus, and the capitalists who get it *rob Labor.*"

The marvelous, wonder-working element supplied by thought, prudence, shrewdness, knowledge, and driving power—all acting in concert toward a definite purpose—*is a deadly antagonist to the Socialist argument*, and hence they eliminate it from the calculation. They assume that the mill-hands could successfully run the mill; that the farm-laborers could manage the farm; that the Sears-Roebuck clerks could control the Sears-Roebuck business; that the coal miners could get along and earn what Baer does, with no Baer to dictate; that the Pittsburg and Bethlehem workmen (foreigners mostly) could dispense with the Fricks and Schwabs; that the printers of the New York *World*, or on the Hearst papers, could easily make as much of a success of those publications without that element supplied by the brain—*management.*

Well, we might as well drive the logic to its natural conclusion, and argue that the soldiers of the army could win Gettysburgs, Chancellorsvilles, Gravelottes and Mukdens without the aid of generals.

Let us suppose a business in which there remains a profit, after the *management* has been paid for as a part of the expense of production: what does that profit represent? Interest on the money invested, reward for the risk of the venture, and for the sagacity which selected *the kind of business and its location.*

Some years ago, that queer old compound, Col. Mann, of Town Topics, lost $75,000 trying to introduce dressed beef into the Paris market. I heard him tell the story, and it was most interesting. He bought up the magnificent beeves of the Danubian valley: he built up-to-date abattoirs in Vienna, where the cattle were butchered and the offal gotten rid of: then he loaded a number of cars with dressed beef, duly iced, and started for Paris.

But the papers had got hold of the matter, vested interests took alarm, health authorities predicted dire calamity from those so-called putrid carcasses; *and the King of Italy stopped the train.* Col. Mann rushed to Rome, had an interview with royalty, explained that every part of the offal, etc., had been destroyed at Vienna; and finally secured permission to proceed with his cold storage beef.

But the Colonel had omitted one controlling factor from his calculation—the Parisian butcher and the marketman. In these, he met indomitable foes. They combined against "the rotten meat", jeered and hooted, and made

people afraid to buy it. In vain, the Colonel banqueted some prominent men, who gave certificates that the beef was delicious. In vain, the Colonel submitted to a hold-up and paid one of the papers $300 to publish the certificates. He was whipped, completely routed, and had to abandon the enterprise.

What better illustration could you ask, to show how much success and profit *depend upon selection of time, place, management and the character of the business?*

Thus we see beyond all doubt that what Marx calls Surplus Value, is nothing more than *a constituent part of selling price*, put there by what may be embraced in the general term *Business Ability*. That portion of value ought never to be excessive, as compared to labor cost, and *never can be, where the Law is guiltless of fettering free competition*. You can see that I state a mere truism in saying that large profits, in any venture, *allure others into it;* and thus the reasonableness of net earnings is assured, *automatically*. Of course, if the law makes for monopolies all natural rules and conditions disappear.

KOWTOWING TO THE POPE—HEARST AND BRISBANE

FOR years and years, William Randolph Hearst and Arthur Brisbane have been coining millions of dollars, in the exploitation of radical opinion. Year in and year out, they have pocketed the dollars of the laboring classes, the men of the under-world, who cheerfully supported the Hearst newspapers in Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco, in the belief that in Hearst and in Brisbane they had two fearless, incorruptible and invincible champions of freedom of thought, freedom of action, and equality of opportunity.

Some time ago, a change came over the spirit of the Hearst-Brisbane dream. Republican policies began to be advocated in the Hearst papers: Republican flatteries began to rain upon the once execrated radical and reformer, William Randolph Hearst. Chauncey DePew, (the villainous corporation henchman, Senator from the Vanderbilt railroads, and Life Insurance thief,) publicly and fulsomely testified to the orthodoxy and the political virtues of William R. Hearst. But the change of heart did not stop there. Political apostacy was not enough.

Having dared to publish a cartoon that was offensive to the fanatical followers of Pappa in Rome,, and having dared to say a word in honor of the memory of the most recent of papal martyrs, (Francisco Ferrer,) the rage of the Catholics was kindled against the Hearst papers, and a boycott declared. Instead of making a manly combat for the freedom of the press, the right to allude to the Pope as to any other human dignitary, Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane have not only backed down, but they did it in such a way as to insult every American Protestant. Their lives were not about to be forfeited, as were those who marched to the gallows at Tyburn, or died at the stake at Smithfield. They were not in the danger which Giordano Bruno braved, when he expired in the flames before the Pope's palace in Rome. They were not threatened with the scourge,

imprisonment, or the rack: their nerve did not fail them because of dread of torture or horrible death by fire. No: *it was a mere dirty question of dollars.* Because the Romanists had boycotted the papers; because Hearst was losing subscription money and advertising patronage, their hearts turned to water, their faces whitened with fear, and they prostrated themselves, with eager self-abasement, before the enraged Romanists. Not content with unconditional surrender, they licked the feet of those who had been kicking them. Seizing upon the Fairbanks incident, they made it the text of cringing propitiation to the Pope and *of flagrant insult to every Protestant in the world!* For when, in that connection, *the Methodists* are outraged, *every Protestant* ought to feel offended.

The character of the ex-Vice-President is not involved at all, the peculiar tenets of Methodism have nothing whatever to do with the case. In that episode, *Fairbanks was a representative American citizen, a representative Protestant.* On his travels around the world he had been recognized as such, and had been accorded a most courteous and ceremonious treatment in every country that he had visited. Coming to Rome, he desires to pay his respects to the King, to the Pope, to the local Methodists. The King agrees to receive him; so does the Pope. After these engagements have been made, the politicians of the Vatican—intolerant and fanatical Italians—learn, for the first time, that Mr. Fairbanks is to deliver an address in the Methodist Church, *after having had his audience with the Pope.* Then, and not until then, there is opposition to the Pope's reception of Mr. Fairbanks.

In the editorial which was carried simultaneously in every one of the Hearst papers—Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco—*the facts are misstated and the record falsified.* Brisbane's first position is that Fairbanks is a man whom the American people "consider as a joke, or something worse": that the Pope probably shared in this opinion of Fairbanks; and that the Pope, therefore, "isn't to be blamed for not receiving Mr. Fairbanks."

Whatever the Pope knew about Fairbanks, *he knew before agreeing to receive him.* No new and startling developments as to the character of Mr. Fairbanks took place after the Pope had consented to the audience. *The Pope* ought to know why he refused to receive Fairbanks, after having agreed to do so: *those crafty Italians*, who manage affairs in the Vatican, ought to know why they cancelled the engagement: *Arch-Bishop Ireland* knows better than Brisbane what was the animus of that insult. All of these dignitaries of Papa's Church gave out public statements, which tallied with one another. In each of these statements, it was distinctly asserted that *the engagement was cancelled because of the discovery that Fairbanks was to address the Methodists in their Church after having had an audience with the Pope.* Doesn't Brisbane know this? Of course, he does. Why, then, should he endeavor to confuse the incident, and the minds of the people, by pretending that Fairbank's *character* had anything to do with the Pope's insulting conduct?

Papa and all of his spokesmen stated that his reception of Fairbanks, in view of the fact that the latter was to address the Methodists after the Papal audience, *would have been construed as an indorsement of Methodist Mission work in Rome.* Papa and his underlings declare that the Methodists are "*pernicious proselyters*", who have adopted "*dishonest methods*" in Rome, and who by "*taking advantage of the poverty*" of the Catholics in the Holy City, have practically *bribed a number of decadent Italians to declare that they are Methodists.*

That is an *awful admission*, coming

from the Vicar of Jesus Christ. *He lives in the largest, most splendid palace on earth, with uncounted riches all around him, and with revenues more imperial than those of any prince:* yet he says, in effect, that *there are SO MANY OF THE TRIBE OF LAZARUS, LYING AT HIS PALACE GATES, that American Methodists can take advantage of hunger, nakedness, sickness and cold to seduce Catholics from their allegiance—Catholics who are perishing within ear-shot of this living impersonator of the meek and lowly Jesus!*

The next position taken by Brisbane is even more amazing. Using capital letters to emphasize the difference between the word "refuse" and the word "invite", this great editor of the Hearst papers makes the astounding statement that the Pope "did not *refuse to see* Mr. Fairbanks, but merely *declined to invite him to call*". A statement less truthful, no printer ever had to put in type. The engagement for Fairbanks' visit to the Pope had been made: the day and the hour had been fixed. After this, Fairbanks is notified that the engagement is cancelled. How could he, without absolute surrender of self-respect, visit the Vatican, *after this affront had been flung in his face?* Would Brisbane or Hearst visit the house of a Methodist Bishop, or Baptist Minister, if, after having agreed to receive them at a certain day and hour, the Protestant clergyman should notify them that, *on account of a visit that they intended to pay somebody else*, they could not be received in the house of the Protestant minister?

The cause assigned by the Pope for his insult to Protestant America proves, of itself, that it was impossible for Mr. Fairbanks to be received, *even as a voluntary caller at the Vatican.* The point in question was, *the way in which the Methodists are conducting their mission work in Rome.* The Catholics say it is dishonest: that it is pernicious: and they denounce it. They contend, therefore, that to receive the visit of Mr. Fairbanks, or Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Anybody Else, who is a Protestant, when it is known that such visitor to the Vatican is to be received afterwards at the Methodist Mission, *would be construed as an approval of something which they vehemently condemn.* Consequently, had Mr. Fairbanks called, *after having had his face slapped*, he would not only have lost the respect of every Protestant in the world, *but he would have got his face slapped a second time.*

Mr. Brisbane says that Italians can not be converted to Methodism. How can he know that? Any people who could embrace Calvinism might be converted to the faith of Wesley. The Italians are Latin, just as the French and Spaniards are; and, every one who is acquainted with European history knows that France, at one time, trembled in the balance between Calvinism and papalism. *Only the utmost efforts of ruthless persecutors,—butchering men, women and children by wholesale, kept France Catholic.* In Spain, the terrible Inquisition and the auto-da-fe were all that saved the day for bigotry, superstition and Popery. *In Italy, itself, the movement begun by Luther had to be stamped out by horrible atrocities.* Brisbane knows as well as I do that neither Pope nor Cardinal, at this time, would dare venture in the streets of Rome without military escort, or special police protection. Papal mistresses and bastards, the double lives of Cardinals, the greed and corruption of the priesthood, the frightful ignorance and poverty which the Roman hierarchy have allowed to spread their tides around the vast accumulations of Vatican riches—these are some of the reasons why *the Catholic Church in Italy is only strong as a social fashion, and is reverenced by none save the squalid peasantry.*

Mr. Brisbane says: "The Pope is an

old man, undergoing voluntary imprisonment because of his faith."

How touching, if true: how shameful, if false. And it *IS* false, utterly and disgustingly untrue. What are the facts—the undeniable facts?

About half a century ago, the Pope was deprived by an insurrectionary people of his *temporal power*. The priests had so scandalously misgoverned and plundered the country, that the Italians (Catholics, mind you) rose in revolt, divorced the Church from the State, and set up a King to become the head of a parliamentary government. The Popes resented, profoundly, this loss of temporal power, and adopting the martyr-like theory that they were deprived of their liberties, have imposed upon the Catholic world the sham of imprisonment. The Pope is no more of a prisoner than Brisbane is. He parades the streets of Rome whenever he feels so inclined. He can, if he will, travel about Europe as freely as the Czar and Emperor do. How can one be a prisoner who has never been arrested, never been imprisoned, and never restrained in his perfect freedom of locomotion?

The whole thing is a papal fiction, manufactured to gain sympathy. It was bred in the same hatchery of lies that gave us those Sacred Steps, those cart-loads of the True Cross, the iron nails of the Crucifixion, those statues of the Virgin which sweated or wept, that Holy Coat of Treves and that miraculously imported house of Joseph and Mary at Lorito.

Mr. Brisbane sneers at Bishop William McDowell for calling this "a Protestant country". Possibly, the United States are not Protestant *now*, but they once were.

The coming of the English, the Scotch, the Irish, the French was literally a protest—a protest against unsatisfactory conditions in the Old World. The Declaration of Independence was a protest: the Revolutionary War was a protest: the Government created by the Fathers was a protest. Against Kings, and rule by Divine Right: against hereditary aristocracy and privilege: against Pope and priest, the union of Church and State, as well as papal claims to supreme political power—this Government is, in letter and spirit, thoroughly *Protestant*.

Mr. Brisbane concludes his amazing editorial thus: "We believe that Mr. Fairbanks, or any other outsider, sharing in demonstrations of disrespect for the Catholic religion, or the head of the Church, in Rome, needs to be taught a lesson. And we are glad that a lesson was administered."

How could Mr. Fairbanks' visit to a Methodist Church be construed as a "demonstration of disrespect" for the Catholic religion? How could it be construed into an insult of the Catholic Church in Rome? Why hasn't Mr. Fairbanks got as much right to take part in a Methodist ceremonial, in Rome, *as President Taft had to take part in the Catholic ceremonial in Washington City, where prayers were offered by Catholic priests to get the soul of the lecherous old King Leopold out of Hell's waiting-room,—purgatory?*

There is a lesson which Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane "need to be taught." And we hope that the lesson will be "administered." It is that *the publishers of papers in America can not crawl before the Pope, truckle to his Hierarchy, and outrageously insult the Protestants of America, without feeling the indignant resentment of those who know that throughout the ages the Pope, and his Hierarchy, HAVE BEEN THE BITTEREST FOES TO LIBERTY, TO EDUCATION, TO PROGRESS AND TO TRUE RELIGION.*

There isn't a liberty that we English-speaking peoples enjoy that did not cost

human blood. Noble heads were struck off at the block, because of the utterance of such truisms as are found in the bills of rights of every State of this Union. Patriots went to the stake and were burned, because they dared to challenge the right of aristocrats to ride, booted and spurred, over the common people. Soldiers soaked battlefields with their blood, dying that liberty might live. Numberless martyrs were done to death in Italy, in Spain, in France, in Germany, in the Netherlands, in England, because they claimed the right to think for themselves and worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. Had the soldier not been willing to fight and die; had the martyr not been willing to suffer tortures, and to go heroically to his death, we might, even now, be grovelling in the dust, with the feet of a Dago Pope upon our necks.

[As soon as I can complete the chapters in which Socialism is being exposed, it is my purpose to give the readers of this magazine a historical review and a critical examination of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This will carry us back to the beginning of the Christian Era.

We will see the disciples disperse, and begin to spread the New Gospel throughout the Roman world: we will see the rise of churches: we will witness the heroic devotion of the early apostles who laid their dynamite at the foundation of paganism: we shall hear the evangel talk to the slave and to the Roman poor: we will see his finger pointed at the palace and the temple, as he thunders anathema at the pride and the guilt of paganism: we will follow the growth of this new faith, and watch the alarm which finally takes possession of the Roman Church and State. Emperors persecute; martyrs die in the arena, but the fire burns on until at length the State is in danger; and an Emperor, coldly calculating the game of politics, declares himself a Christian.

From that date, we will see organized worldliness, greed, lust for place and power, corrupt the Christian ministry. Bishops in Alexandria, Antioch, Rome, Constantinople, become more powerful than the Emperors themselves; and even the great Theodosius struggles in vain against their shackling influence.

Among all the Bishops, we will see, first, an absolute equality. Almost imperceptibly, the prestige and the pre-eminence of *the Roman city* transfers itself to *the Roman Bishop:* gradually, his pre-eminence grows at the expense of the others. In the course of ages, this steady, invisible growth displays itself, first in one way and then in another, until the Bishops of the Provinces cease to struggle against the usurpation of the Bishop of the Imperial City; and he becomes the great central potentate of the entire religious system.

Other ages pass by, and *this usurpation blossoms into the Papacy;* and the Father of the Church arrogates to himself supreme dominion. After this, follow not only his supremacy, but, at last, his infallibility. No longer a man, he is the Vicar of Christ,—a sacred person; a Power, before which that of Kings pale. At his word, darkness overspreads nations; and men walk as in shadows; speaking in frightened whispers, until the Interdict passes away, and the face of the sun shines again.

We shall see the Pope—the Papa—take to himself the authority to forgive sins: we shall see him establish an ante-chamber to Hell, borrowing the idea from the Jews, who, in turn, had borrowed it from the Persians. We shall see him, and his priests, *sell for a price the release of waiting souls from this purgatory:* we shall see him adopt, one after another, the gorgeous ceremonies and practices of the pagan priests. *We shall see him tax the world, and draw such rivers of wealth toward his stupendous palace as no em-*

peror ever enjoyed. We shall see him dispose of crowns, issue his orders to kings, and send forth armed legions to devastate provinces where his pretentions are defied: we shall see the Inquisition at work: the fires of the *auto da fe* shrivelling the flesh of aged man, tender youth and shrinking beauty. We will witness the sublime courage with which men at last rose up, weapons in hand, to resist the monstrous tyrannical oppression and corruption of the Roman Hierarchy.

It will be a great story, one which our forefathers knew only too well, and which their sons have forgotten only too completely. It needs to be told again, *in words that will stir the blood, and fire the heart*—for these crafty Italian priests have set their eyes upon our own free land, *and have determined that our necks shall feel the feet of the dago on our necks*, even as Germany once did,—when Luther smote the shield of Rome with his lance, and shouted his battle-cry—

"HERE'S A COMBAT TO THE DEATH!"]

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

(No. 2)

(Written in the "Record" Book in 1875)

ONE night, while returning from down town to the Mess Hall, George West and I attempted to play a rough trick on a certain somebody. Suddenly George said two policemen were after us, and started off in a run. I didn't take time to investigate, but followed him. We went up the long hill towards the College as fast as we could click it. George was fat and he puffed and snorted like a broken-winded steam engine. Occasionally he stumped his toe and tumbled over. Then he became nearly frantic. He scrambled, and pawed the ground, and loped on his all-fours, and bellowed for me to "wait". We ran fully half a mile; and the next morning we told the boys a big one, about our hairbreadth escape from a dozen policemen.

George never got into fusses. His equanimity was not easily disturbed. While we were both from Thomson and were room-mates, he wisely kept out of my rows. Whenever I had a fight, he always stood by, calmly, and looked on. One night I told a crowd of six or eight boys that some one among them had lied. There came precious near being a small earthquake. But George was not at all excited. Jim Jones, a stalwart Senior, tried to create some fun by preventing George and me from going up stairs. I really could not comprehend the joke, and struck him in the face. We closed in, and were having a lively little tussle of it, when, happily for me, we were separated. George was as calm as a May morning. He was not ruffled in the least, as he looked on. If the struggle had continued I should have been thrashed, for Jones was nearly twice my size. But as it was, I was well pleased. For a day or two Jones had a beautiful little red spot, due East of his nose, where I hit him.

In 1872, the boys had a way of playing the roughest pranks on one anoth-

er, such as throwing water into a boy's room, or taking the slats from his bed, or balancing a pan over his door, so as to fall on him when he entered. Mr. McBride, the Superintendent, endeavored to keep order, but he couldn't. The water-throwing, especially, annoyed him, and he used the utmost endeavors to make the boys quit it. But they wouldn't. McBride told Dr. Battle, and Dr. Battle threatened to have a policeman stationed in the Hall if they didn't stop it. But even that didn't stop it.

When George and I used to go to our room after recitation hours, I generally let him take the lead, for I almost knew there was a pan of water over the door. Sure enough, just as he was entering, a basin would come down on him, with a splash, and hurt his feelings and his head, and wet his clothes and spoil his shirt-bosom and upset his serenity:—while I looked on and laughed. Then he would go out into the Hall and earnestly and laboriously try to discover who did it. But he never could. Then he'd come back and change shirts and put on another coat and dry his head on the towel; and sit down feeling disgruntled. Every now and then he would feel his head to see if the bump was rising much.

The Booker boys and Tom Burdett bunked together, and took no part in the practical jokes. They were good, orderly fellows, and they vowed they'd whip whoever threw water on *them*. Consequently, they were let alone. One night, however, when the racket was worse than usual, I got a large panful of water and crept to their room. Opening the door cautiously I saw all three of them sitting at their table studying like beavers. I dashed the water over them, slammed the door, and ran to my own room. I blew out the lamp, jumped into bed, and listened. Pretty soon I heard Tom Burdett coming down the Hall asking every one about that water. He got madder every moment. He came towards my room fairly boiling with righteous anger. He pushed open Lawton's door and growled, "Lawton, did you throw that water into my room?" Lawton earnestly said, "No." He interviewed Faulk, remarking, "Faulk! did you throw that water into my room?" Faulk solemnly vowed he did not. Next came my turn. Burdett opened the door and observed, "Watson; did you throw that water into my room?" I snored. "You needn't pretend to be asleep", continued he. I snored deep and loud. "You can't humbug me in that way", he went on to say. I snored worse than a fat drummer. Burdett was overcome, and went again to his studies, grumbling as he went.

"The Mercerian Republic"

Dr. Battle (President of the University,) devised a plan by which the boys of the Mess Hall could govern themselves. In accordance with it, we chose a President, John F. Daniel; a Judge, Mr. Ashurst; a Solicitor-General, A. A. Marshal, and other subordinate officers. Samuel Cooper was Secretary. The whole organization was soon put into running order, and Dr. Battle gave it a name. He called it the Mercerian Republic. He said it was a beautiful idea, and that it ought to work. It wasn't long before the trouble began. The boys were reported by the officers and brought before the President and he fined them easily enough; but it wasn't so easy to collect. But the first case of importance was mine. Cooper, Lawton and others had taken the key from my door and I got after them about it. After some quarreling, the key was put back into the door. This settled the matter. But Samuel Cooper was my pet dislike and to pay me off as well as possible he reported me for making a disturbance in the Hall. The trial was to take place on the coming Saturday night, and

Reynolds agreed to be my lawyer. When the time arrived, the Chapel was crowded with boys, eager and excited. Judge Ashurst took his seat, Samuel Cooper prepared his pen, and the Sheriff commanded order. The trial commenced in due form. Samuel Cooper was the principal witness against me. He swore to the disturbance. Reynolds said:—"Mr. Cooper, according to the provisions of our by-laws, a noise sufficient to create a disturbance must be 'loud, boisterous, uproarious.' Will you swear that Mr. Watson's quarreling was of this nature?" Samuel Cooper said he would. I began to be thoroughly indignant. Marshal, in proper course, followed with his speech. He said a great deal about the sacred principles of justice and the glorious Mercerian Republic. He was at that time the brag orator of the College, and every pause of his speech was filled with applause. I got mad, through and through, and although I at first had no idea of speaking on the case, I resolved to do so now. When Marshal sat down, I rose. I had thought nothing of what to say, but when I opened my mouth there rushed out a torrent of words which swept the jury right along. In a few minutes I found myself ridiculing Cooper. I said, "George West was in a few feet of where the altercation took place and he asserts it to have been attended with no uncommon fuss. But Mr. Samuel Cooper says it was a loud, a boisterous, an uproarious noise." I pointed my finger to Cooper and pronounced the swelling epithets with such a pompous, Ciceronian roll that Tom Burdett and several others burst into a laugh. I continued, "Mr. Gaulden says he heard the quarrel, but it was so ordinary that it didn't even interrupt his studies. But Mr. Cooper solemnly affirms in the presence of this honorable Court that it was a loud, a boisterous, an uproarious noise." I pointed him out again, and gave those high-stepping adjectives a still loftier toss. Tom Burdett leaned back in his place on the jury, and laughed long and loud. The whole jury followed his example. I went right on. "Mr. Andrews, whose room is opposite mine, says that he didn't hear anything at all of the fuss. But Mr. Samuel Cooper gets up here and earnestly swears upon this portly Bible that it was a loud, a boisterous, an uproarious noise." Before the sentence was completed, everybody had followed Tom's lead. Reynolds spoke ably and generously. I was cleared. There came near being a general fight. But Reynolds prevented it. Marshall resigned, and I was selected Solicitor-General. But my case ruined the Mercerian Republic. The collegiate authorities decided that self-government, among young men and boys, was a lamentable failure.

* * * *

(At the school commencement in Thomson in 1872, I had written my own speech. My second public address was made to a Sunday-school celebration while in College. I find the speech in the old "Record". The boys of today may be interested in the Sophomoric performance of T. E. W., who, in 1874, was as much of a fledgling as any of them are now.—T. E. W., March, 1910.)

For a May Celebration—Five Minutes Long
(April, 1874, Macon, Ga.)

Of all the invisible agencies which exert their silent power over the world, there is none more universal than the influence of Poetry. Wherever the finger of Nature has left its trace; wherever the chisel of Art has carved its record,—there hovers the spirit of poetry. It floats along with the fleecy cloud of summer. It wreathes its form in the midst of "the dark blue Ocean". In the May-day scene around us, it breathes from the forest trees as they crown themselves with the young

Spring garlands. It rises from yonder river as it flows with a gentle ripple by the last resting place of the dead. And where can it be found with a fresher grace than in the Sunday-school array before me? It soars aloft with every hymn that breaks upon the air. It streams from every banner that trembles on the breeze. It dwells in the smile of lady's lips, glances in the flash of beauty's dark eye, and in the curl of her raven lock it nestles in its favorite home. Thus raising its magic sceptre from every beauty of every sphere, it sways the mind with an irresistible force. But, wielded by the hand of genius, this influence may be two-fold:—it may bestow a blessing; it may entail a curse. It may be the breeze on its errand of love;—it may be the tornado on its mission of destruction.

Let us glance for a few moments at these opposing influences. To the poet whose heart rejects Piety's softening power, it is true that Nature opens her ample page. It is true that for him every flower that blooms, breathes poetry, every bird that sings, warbles poetry, every brook that murmus, whispers poetry; and he may bid them all to tune their harps for his glory. But when he has drawn them all into one form of beauty, the spirit that animates the fair creation will be the spirit of a demon. Its scornful finger will be pointed at everything holy; its mocking sneer will be directed at all that is beautiful and good; its lance will pierce the side of Jesus; and its impure gaze may penetrate heaven's innermost sanctuary. By the witchery of his genius, such a poet may throw around vice the rose-hued drapery of Romance, a garland of his freshest flowers he may wreathe for the brow of sin, and over the darkness of crime he may throw a blaze of brilliant beauty. Thousands will drink of this impure fountain, the young will be corrupted, the old will be deluded, and every year that rolls along will increase the victims of his polluted Muse.

But take the poet to whose youth the Sunday School has been a gentle friend, to whose manhood Religion has been a firm companion. Nature brings to him the same offerings which she bears to the other. The beauties of Spring and the ruins of Winter are as ready to do him service. But one advantage he has which the other possesses not. He has led his Muse to quaff of Christianity's pure waters. For her he has woven a garland from the tree of Life's green branches. Around her he has thrown the spotless robe of Holiness, and the song that she sings and the music she breathes will always be for the glory of God. As she moves forth upon the world, waving her wand of peace, passion will bow its haughty head, vice will fly from her face, and sin will vanish from her presence.

Companions of the Sunday School: there is not one of us here today who does not wish to be remembered after death. We all desire that posterity should hold us in its recollection after the grave has claimed us for its own. But what, think you, will posterity say of that poet, who has dared to take the high intellect given by his God, who has dared to take the towering genius bestowed by his Creator, who has dared to turn from their noble purposes all his high qualities of mind and heart, and to form from them a deep, lasting and ever increasing curse for his fellow men? Who would wish to possess the fame that follows such a poet? Who would dare to face the bitter maledictions which all coming generations will heap upon him? But see the reward of the pious poet. The sepulchre has closed upon him its gloomy doors. He is sleeping where "the cypress mourns and the linden waves", but "while the sun sheds a beam or the sea rolls a wave", the onward sweeping centuries will bear his fame on a

mightier wave. And ever as the pilgrims on their way to the New Jerusalem, pass by his grave, they will strew upon it the flowers of remembrance, and breathe a prayer over his ashes. He has struck with a hand of love, the chords of Israel's harp, and the strains after twining their sweet influence around the hearts of thousands in this world have floated upward to the "great white throne" of God. On earth, immortality will circle his name with her evergreen wreath of laurel. And when the moon has gone down in blood, when the stars have been stricken from the brow of night, high up above the clashing worlds, high up above this atmosphere of sin, high up in the everlasting courts of God, the saints will sing his praiss in anthems of joy, and the angels will place upon his brow the diadem of eternal happiness.

(This little speech really gave me some local fame. Bouquets came in abundantly. Fair ladies gave me smiles, sent invitations to picnics, and even told me with all sweetness imaginable that I "Must come over some night, soon". Who could refuse? I must never forget how kind Mr.. and Mrs. McBryde were to me during the whole affair. He is Superintendent of the School I represented.)

The Macon *Telegraph*, May 5th, 1874, said:

"The Second Baptist Church was represented by T. E. Watson, a member of the sophomore class at Mercer University. This young gentleman, who is little more than a lad, wrote his own address, and delivered it in a most remarkable manner. While he is not a 'self-made', he is a young man who is making himself as rapidly as strict industry and earnest labor can do it."

(As a matter of fact, I had no suitable coat to wear for the occasion, and I went to motherly Mrs. McBryde, (who was mistress of the Mess Hall in which we boys lodged and boarded) and told her, with tears, I think, of my predicament. The good woman insisted that I wear her husband's Sunday coat, and after some hesitation, I accepted her offer. It may be that I had to borrow the whole suit; but I rather think it was the coat.—T. E. W., March, 1910.)

Memories

Henrietta Lisk

The rain falls drearily upon the night,
And through the open window comes the light
Elusive scent of roses drenched with dew,
But in its wake come memories of you
Who died that night.

Ah, dear, the rain falls also on my heart,
From burning eyes the tears unbidden start,
Your absence seems a living, mocking thing,
From which I strive in agony to wring
Forgetfulness and peace.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—CHAPTER XV.

AT the present time (December, 1909,) the number of persons holding office under the Federal Government is rapidly approaching 400,000. The National Treasury is like some monstrous cheese, with a million rats devouring it. In Washington City alone, there are 2,300 negroes holding office under the Government, to say nothing of those drawing salaries from the District of Columbia. In a recent address to an audience of Washington negroes, Booker Washington made the statement that the negro office-holders of that city were drawing $5,000,000 per year from the Federal Treasury. These figures are exaggerated, but extremely significant, as giving the Afro-American's point of view. To him, the Government means an office and a salary. To hundreds of thousands of white men, it means the same thing. More lamentable still, the office means the opportunity to loot the treasury directly or indirectly. The pressure of the seekers for office upon the appointing powers, is tremendous. It killed President Harrison, and taxes to the limit of endurance such robust characters as Roosevelt and Taft. Inevitably growing out of this state of things, is the man lower down who does the real work, at the minimum salary. First Assistants, 2d Assistants, 3d Assistants, 4th Assistants, are strung out, one behind the other; and to each must be given a miniature staff of 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Assistants. Then come one, two, three and four Secretaries; and each Secretary must have *his* "head stenographer", overlording other stenographers, typewriters, clerks, messengers —about three times as many people being employed as would be found necessary in a private establishment.

But the bane of the Spoils System extends to the Army and Navy. Graft ramifies in all directions. In buying, the Government is swindled: in selling it is betrayed. Custom-house officers are bribe-takers: *one* of the Trusts, at *one* of the Custom-houses has been caught stealing $3,000,000 from the Treasury, by the use of false weights—used with the connivance of Federal employees. In all of the shops and yards where the Government has work done, the cost of a given article will be four times as much as a private citizen has to pay for the same thing.

In fact, the whole enormous pressure of the office-seeking and office holding multitude is to increase offices, increase salaries, increase expenses. Instead of having an orderly, experienced, regularly efficient corps of civil servants, such as we see in Great Britain, Germany, and France, we have a pell-mell turn-them-out, and a promiscuous put-new-ones-in, every four years. The position which may be occupied by an honest, competent, energetic man under one administration, may, under a change of Presidents, fall to some person whose "pull" is irresistible, but who has no qualifications for the office.

The Spoils System makes it practically impossible for us to have the regular administration of the Civil Service kept in the hands of those who have proven that they are honest, capable and industrious. In spite of all attempts at reform, we are still debauched by the detestable slogan, "To the victors belong the spoils".

Under the old method of selecting the nominee for the Presidency, the people were absolutely assured of a

trained statesman, of character and ability. The Jackson men destroyed the Congressional caucus, *in which the men whom the people had directly elected as their Representatives*, chose the candidate for the Presidency. The specious pretense used was that the people themselves should nominate. But they do not do so, and have never done so. Jackson himself was not the nominee of the people, but of a handful of keen, tireless, intrigueing wire-workers. True, the people elected him, *over Adams*, but that was another thing altogether. In our own day, the people do not nominate, and they have no real choice in the matter.

Politicians make their slates, and pick out the delegates to the national conventions of their respective parties; at the conventions log-rolling, bribery, promises of appointments to office, pledges to support certain measures, etc., are used by the workers for the various candidates to influence votes and win the nomination. When the victor is announced, and has been elected President, he finds that he has been mortgaged by his campaign managers; and he must either pay the debt, or face a national scandal. Sometimes he does both. For instance, a "Society" millionaire, (Van Alen,) paid $50,000 to the Cleveland campaign-fund, (1892), with the understanding that Cleveland's managers would have him appointed minister to Italy. After the inauguration, Van Alen got the commission, as per contract. But, somehow, the facts leaked out, and there was a tremendous rumpus raised about it in the newspapers. Cleveland had the thickest of hides, and he insisted that Van Alen should hold his commission. Van Alen, however, became disgusted with the situation, and resigned.

It was a notorious fact that John Wanamaker contributed $100,000 to the election of Harrison—who promptly elevated Sabbath-school John to the position of Postmaster-General. It is only fair to admit that he made a good one. The late lamented "Metoo" Platt, of New York, paid $150,000 to the same dough-bag, with the understanding that *he* was to have a place in the Harrison Cabinet. But Harrison denied that there was any such agreement, refused to make the appointment and was successfully knifed by Platt at the next election.

To elect President McKinley, it has been confessed by the Republicans that $6,000,000 were spent. To bring about the nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker, in 1904, it has been shown that August Belmont, Thomas F. Ryan and other Wall Street "Democrats" (God save the mark!) invested "big money" in purchasing delegates. (For fear that some of the Virginia delegation might escape him, Ryan himself coralled them, and hauled them to the national convention *in his private car.)* The manner in which the Republicans buy up the negro delegations from the South can hardly be termed a national scandal: it is, rather, a sickening joke.

Study these conditions, and you will then be able to trace them to their historic source—*the destruction of the Congressional caucus.* I am not saying that the old method was ideal: what I do say is, that it was very much better than the system which took its place. No Congressional caucus would have nominated General Andrew Jackson; nor such unfit and inexperienced men as General Taylor, General Harrison, James Buchanan, James K. Polk, General Grant, and R. B. Hayes.

In other words, the present method does not give the people any chance to put *the best man* into the White House. The politicians name the candidates, seeking, not the best, but the most available man. By "available", they mean "usable". When an unmanageable Roosevelt slips in, it is a political accident; and even *he* was "used" a great deal more than the general public imagines.

* * * *

Under President Washington, there

was no such thing as a "pull". The only test applied to the office-seeker was the correct test—honesty, capacity, efficiency. If a clerk in one of the Departments reviled the administration in a newspaper, he was in no danger of removal, so long as he faithfully discharged his duties.

The same rule prevailed under John Adams. However, at the very close of his term, this President had the indecency to pack Federalists into every old place that was vacant, and into every new office that Congress had created. Jefferson, in the main, followed the Washington rule, and many a Federalist retained his position. So it was during the terms of Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams.

But Jackson had declared, "I am not a politician; but if I were, I'd be a New York politician!" Events proved that he was a masterly strategist in politics, and that he was, to the tips of his fingers, a New York politician.

Before six months had rolled over his Presidential head, he had ousted from office a greater number of men than all his predecessors put together; and whereas nearly every one of those removed by former administrations had gone out "for cause", Jackson swept them away on account of their politics. "They are not Jackson men: off with their heads!"

The faster the old officials were displaced, the fiercer became the pressure for appointments. Naturally: the more carcasses the more eagles. "To the victors belong the spoils!" said the New York leader, William L. Marcy: and to Jackson, a military man, the maxim had the right sound. Even he almost grew frantic, at times, because of the increasing greed for office. He had cut the dyke, and the flood kept pouring in.

Some of his removals were utterly cruel and indefensible. Adams had appointed General William Henry Harrison Minister to Bolivia during the expiring weeks of his term. One of Jackson's first acts was to recall this popular soldier—who had hardly reached his post before the blow fell. To inflict such a public humiliation upon so distinguished a fellow-citizen was altogether wrong. (Jackson lived to see Harrison become President.)

Another case was thoroughly shocking. No man in public life could owe a greater debt of gratitude to another than Andrew Jackson owed to James Monroe. In every way possible, Jackson had received the benefit of Monroe's encouragement, support, and protection at the time when Jackson most needed them. According to one witness, Monroe had been at first the sole defender of Jackson's conduct in the Seminole War—his Cabinet being a unit against the General. Monroe was an old Revolutionary soldier: he had involved himself financially by giving his personal pledges to the creditors of his country; and now, harrassed by debt and debility, had gone away from his beloved Virginia, to spend his last, sorrowful days in New York City, with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur. Her husband held the office of Postmaster of the City. With an almost incredible lack of gratitude, to say nothing of kindly feeling for a feeble old soldier and ex-President, Jackson smote this afflicted family by ousting Gouverneur from his office. It actually makes one sick to the soul to contemplate such politics as this—heartless, ungrateful, "New York politics"!

Poor old James Monroe! One of the cleanest, straightest, most high-minded patriots this country ever produced. With what bitterness of heart must this venerable statesman, whose whole life had been unselfishly given to his country's service, have rallied his remaining strength *to make and sign the dying declaration which averted the attack that Jackson was preparing to make upon his memory!* (About that historical puzzle, the McRae letter.)

No wonder Henry Clay, old, broken,

disappointed said to his son "Be a dog rather than a politician". No wonder the great, black, sombre eyes of Daniel Webster carried, in his last years, the look of unutterable weariness and melancholy. No wonder that Calhoun welcomed death, as the tired sentry greets the "relief".

Extracts From S. S. Prentiss' "Speech on Defalcations"

"I hold in my hand a book of some four hundred pages, entitled, 'Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting copies of letters to collectors and receivers who have failed to comply with the laws and regulations for their Government; and, also, copies of reports of examinations of land offices since 1st January, 1834,' &c. It is Document 297, and was furnished the House by the Secretary on the 30th of March, 1838. It is the most extraordinary publication that ever fell under my observation. It is a moral, political. and literary curiosity. If you are a laughing philosopher, you will find in it ample food for mirth; if you belong to the other school, you cannot but weep at the folly and imbecility which it exhibits. The Secretary must have been frightened when he compiled it. for it is without form, and darkness rests upon its face. It contains two hundred and sixty letters to defaulting collectors and receivers; in some instances, from ten to twenty to the same defaulter; yet. so curiously is the book constructed, that you must read the whole of it to trace a single case. Its contents are as strange as the 'hell broth' that boiled and bubbled in the witches' cauldron. From this fragment of chaos I shall proceed to extract and arrange such matter as is material to my purpose; and first, to show, as I proposed, what importance the Secretary attached to the duty of depositing the public moneys in bank, at stated periods, so that they might not accumulate in the hands of the collector, and thus afford temptation to defalcation."

"But let us again take a birdseye view of this correspondence. Let us group it; without giving the exact language, we will take the meaning—the idea.

"Letter 1st. Mr. H., I am sorry to tell you again, you haven't made your returns.

"2d. Mr. H., you haven't made your returns.

"3d. Mr. H., if you don't make your returns, I'll tell the President.

"4th. Mr. H., you had better settle up; if you don't, out you go.

"5th. Mr. H., please tell me why you haven't settled; do, that's a good man.

"6th. Mr. H., now don't behave so.

"7th. Mr. H., how would you feel if you were dismissed from office? Better pay up, or you'll know.

"8th. Mr. H., it's lucky for you you've got strong friends; that's the reason we don't turn you out. But you'd better mind your eye.

"9th. Mr. H., ain't you ashamed?

"10th. Mr. H., perhaps you don't know it, but you are very much behindhand. Do you intend to pay or not? I wish you would. 'Tis very strange you will hurt my feelings so, and the President's too.

"11th. Mr. H., how comes it that you are a defaulter for $128,884.70? I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but I should like to know. I have a curiosity on the subject; can't you tell me?

"12th. Mr. H., *you've resigned, have you?* Well, that beats anything. What a cunning dog you are! Feathered your nest well, ha? I'll tell the President all about it when he comes home. How he will laugh!

"13th. Dear Mr. H., I regret to tell you that the rascally Solicitor of the Treasury is a-going to try and recover back that money you've got, which belongs to the Government. Never mind; we'll fix it some way.

"Such is an epitome of the correspondence of the Secretary of the Treasury, and constitutional adviser of the President. What a rich specimen of an American statesman!"

"It was the time when 'Hurrah for Jackson' constituted the 'Open Sesame' of power, which gained at once admittance into the robber's cave, and participation in the plunder. The General Jackson had but to whistle, and

> " 'Instant from copse and heath arose
> Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows.'

"His followers, like those of Roderick Dhu, started up in every direction, ready and eager to perform his bidding. He had but to point his finger, and his fierce bloodhounds buried their muzzles in the unfortunate victim of his wrath. Then was the saturnalia of the office-holders; and, like the locusts of Egypt, they plagued the land. Few dared to whisper of corruptions or defalcations; and bold man was he who proposed to investigate them, for it was sure to bring down upon his head the rage which never relented, and the anger which nothing but furious persecution could assuage.

"There was one man, however, who blenched not before General Jackson's frown, and who dared to propose an investigation into frauds and corruptions which had become so palpable and gross as to be an offence in the nostrils of the community. He occupied, at that time, a seat in the other end of this building, as Senator from my own State; a State upon whose laws and institutions his talents and genius

are indelibly impressed. The political history of Mississippi is illustrated by his name, from its commencement. He served her in all her departments; and as legislator, judge, and Governor, advanced her prosperity, and added to her character. What he was as Senator you all know. He stood proudly among the proud, and lofty among the loftiest, at a time when the Senate Chamber contained the garnered talent of the country; when its intellectual giants shook the whole nation with their mighty strife. . . . The floor of that body was his proper arena. To a correctness of judgment, which would have given him reputation even without the capacity of expression, he joined a power of debate which, for parliamentary strength and effect, was unsurpassed. To all this was added a stern, unyielding attachment to his political principles, and an indomitable boldness in expressing and sustaining them.

"Do you not recollect, sir, when General Jackson, like Charles I., strode to the legislative chamber, and thrust among the Senators a despotic edict, more insulting than if he had cast at their feet a naked sword? It was that fierce message which commenced with breaking down the independence and character of the Senate, and finally resulted in that worse than felon act, the desecration of its records. But the mandate passed not unopposed or unrebuked. When it burst, like a wild beast from his lair, upon the astonished body whose degradation it contemplated, and in the end accomplished, most of the distinguished Senators were absent; but he of whom I speak was at his post. Single-handed, and alone, like Cocles at the head of the brigade, he held at bay the Executive squadrons, and for a whole day drove back the Mamelukes of power; till at the sound of his voice, as at the sound of a trumpet, his gallant compeers, the champions of freedom, the knights—not of the black lines, but of the Constitution—came flocking to the rescue. Sir, it was a noble scene, and worthy of the best times of the Roman republic. A Senator of the United States, in bold and manly pride, trampling under foot Executive insult, and protecting at the same time the honor of his country and the dignity of his high station. There was a moral chivalry about it, far above the heroism of the field. Even now, the contemplation of it makes the blood thrill through the veins, and flush the forehead to the very temples. I need not tell you that man's name was George Poindexter; a name that will long and honorably live among the lovers of independence and the haters of tyranny. But he dared to propose an investigation into the frauds and corruptions of the Government, and from that moment his doom was sealed. The deep, turbid, and resistless current of Jacksonism swept him from the State in whose service the best of his life had been expended; and, ostracized from her councils, he became an exile in other lands.

"Sir, the office-holders in this country form an oligarchy too powerful to be resisted. Why was not S——— removed? Why was not H———? Why not L——— and B———? I will tell you. The Administration did not dare to remove them, even had it wished to do so; like pachas, they had become too powerful for the Sultan, and would not have hesitated in twisting the bowstring round the neck of the messenger who presented it.

"Since the avowal of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that '*to the victor belong the spoils*', office, which was intended for the use and benefit of the people, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land, and demagogues, like iron filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not take office. The whole frame of our Government, the whole institutions of the country are thus prostituted to the uses of party. I express my candid opinion, when I aver that I do not believe a single office of importance within the control of the Executive has, for the last five years, been filled with any other view, or upon any other consideration, than that of party effect; and if good appointments have in any instances been made, and benefits accrued to the country, it has been an accidental, and not a voluntary result. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service; and what is the consequence? Why, the office-holders are not content with the pitiful salaries which afford only small compensation for present labors, but do not, in their estimation, constitute any adequate reward for their previous political services. This reward, they persuade themselves, it is perfectly right to retain from whatever passes through their hands. Being taught that all moneys in their possession belong not to the people, but to the party, it requires but small exertion of casuistry to bring them to the conclusion that they have a right to retain what they may conceive to be the value of their political services; just as a lawyer holds back his commissions. The Administration countenances all this; winks at it as long as possible; and when public exposure is inevitable, generally gives the bloated plunderer full warning and time to escape with his spoils.

"Do you not see the eagerness with which even Governors, Senators and Representatives in Congress, grasp at the most trivial appointments—the most insignificant emoluments? Well do these sons of the horse-leech know that there is more blood in the body than what mantles in the cheek, and more profit in an office than is exhibited by the salary.

"Sir, I have given you but two or three cases of defalcations; would time permit, I could give you a hundred. Like the fair Sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in those Eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office-holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Why, sir, Aladdin's lamp was nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus; some wish for $50,000 some for $100,000, some for a million; and behold, it lies in glittering heaps before them. Not even

" 'The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold'

in such lavish abundance as does this Administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band, when he led them to the conquest of the Children of the Sun. . . . These defalcations teach another lesson, and one well worth the cost, if we will but profit by its admonitions. They teach that the Sub-Treasury system is but the hotbed of temptation and crime. They teach that the public treasure cannot be safely confided to individual custody. Sir, this Government may determine to watch, like Turks, with jealous care, its golden harem; but it will seek in vain for the financial eunuchs who have the power to guard without the wish to enjoy."

(Mark the exceeding beauty and finish of Prentiss' diction. The simile at the close of the extracts is a gem.—T. E. W.)

Pertaining to the Jeffersonian Era

Description of Daniel Webster

"The person, however, who has succeeded in riveting most strongly the attention of the whole Union, is undoubtedly Mr. Webster. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from Cape Sable to Lake Superior, his name has become, as it were, a household word. Many disapprove his politics, but none deny his great talents, his unrivalled fertility of argument, or his power, even still more remarkable, of rapid and comprehensive induction. In short, it is universally believed by his countrymen, that Mr. Webster is a great man; and in this matter I certainly make no pretension to singularity of creed. Mr. Webster *is* a man of whom any country might well be proud. His knowledge is at once extensive and minute, his intellectual resources very great; and, whatever may be the subject of discussion, he is sure to shed on it the light of an active, acute, and powerful mind.

"I confess, however, I did meet Mr. Webster under the influence of some prejudice. From the very day of my arrival in the United States, I had been made involuntarily familiar with his name and pretensions. Gentlemen sent me his speeches to read. When I talked of visiting Boston, the observation uniformly followed, 'Ah! there you will see Mr. Webster.' When I reached Boston, I encountered condolence on all hands. 'You are very unfortunate', said my friends, 'Mr. Webster set out yesterday for Washington'. Whenever, at Philadelphia and Baltimore, it became known that I had visited Boston, the question, 'Did you see Mr. Webster?' was a sequence as constant and unvarying as that of the seasons.

"The result of all this was, that the name of Webster became invested in my ear with an adventitious cacophony. It is not pleasant to admire upon compulsion, and the very pre-eminence of this gentleman had been converted into something of a bore. To Washington, however, I came, armed with letters to the unconscious source of my annoyance. The first night of my arrival I met him at a ball. A dozen people pointed him out to my observation, and the first glance riveted my attention. I had never seen any countenance more expressive of intellectual power.

"The forehead of Mr. Webster is high, broad, and advancing. The cavity beneath the eyebrow is remarkably large. The eye is deeply set, but full,

dark, and penetrating in the highest degree; the nose prominent, and well defined; the mouth is marked by that rigid compression of the lips by which the New Englanders are distinguished. When Mr. Webster's countenance is in repose, its expression struck me as cold and forbidding, but in conversation it lightens up; and when he smiles, the whole impression it communicates is at once changed. His voice is clear, sharp, and firm, without much variety of modulation; but when animated, it rings on the ear like a clarion.

"As an orator, I should imagine Mr. Webster's forte to lie in the department of pure reason. I can not conceive his even attempting an appeal to the feelings. It could not be successful; and he has too much knowledge of his own powers to encounter failure. In debate his very countenance must tell. Few men would hazard a voluntary sophism under the glance of that eye, so cold, so keen, so penetrating, so expressive of intellectual power. A single look would be enough to wither up a whole volume of bad logic."—"*Men and Manners in America.*" *By T. Hamilton.*

A Jacksonian Levee at the White House

"On the following evening I attended the levee. The apartments were already full before I arrived, and the crowd extended even into the hall. Three—I am not sure that there were not four—large saloons were thrown open on the occasion, and were literally crammed with the most singular and miscellaneous assemblage I had ever seen.

"The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men, fresh from the plough, or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their President, and enjoy the splendors of the gala. There were also generals, and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of Congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen, to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broadcloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris earrings, and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of colored glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another;—in short, every trade, craft, calling, and profession, appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention.

"For myself, I had seen too much of the United States to expect anything very different, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levee, men begrimed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps their week's—labor. There were sooty artificers, evidently fresh from the forge or the work-shop; and one individual, I remember—either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company. The most prominent group, however, in the assemblage, was a party of Irish laborers, employed on some neighboring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined, on the present occasion, to assert the full privileges of 'the great unwashed'. I remarked these men pushing aside the more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humors of Donnybrook.

"A party, composed of the materials I have described, could possess but few attractions. The heat of the apartment was very great, and the odours—certainly not Sabæan—which occasionally

affected the nostrils, were more pungent than agreeable. I, therefore, pushed on in search of the President, in order that, having paid my respects in acknowledgment of a kindness for which I really felt grateful, I might be at liberty to depart. My progress, however, was slow, for the company in the exterior saloons were wedged together in a dense mass, penetrable only at occasional intervals. I looked everywhere for the President as I passed, but without success, but, at length, a friend, against whom I happened to be jostled, informed me that I should find him at the extremity of the most distant apartment.

"The information was correct. There stood the President, whose looks still indicated indisposition, paying one of the severest penalties of greatness; compelled to talk when he had nothing to say, and shake hands with men whose very appearance suggested the precaution of a glove. I must say, however, that under these unpleasant circumstances, he bore himself well and gracefully. His countenance expressed perfect good-humour; and his manner to the ladies was so full of well-bred gallantry, that having, as I make no doubt, the great majority of the fair sex on his side, the chance of his being unseated at the next election must be very small.

"I did not, however, remain long a spectator of the scene. Having gone through the ordinary ceremonial, I scrambled out of the crowd the best way I could, and bade farewell to the most extraordinary scene it had ever been my fortune to witness. It is only fair to state, however, that during my stay in Washington, I never heard the President's levee mentioned in company without an expression of indignant feeling on the part of the ladies, at the circumstances I have narrated. To the better order of Americans, indeed, it can not but be painful that their wives and daughters should thus be compelled to mingle with the very lowest of the people. Yet the evil, whatever may be its extent, is, in truth, the necessary result of a form of government essentially democratic. Wherever universal suffrage prevails, the people are, and must be, the sole depository of political power. The American President well knows that his only chance of continuance in office, consists in his conciliating the favour of the lowest—and, therefore, most numerous—order of his constituents. The rich and intelligent are a small minority, and their opinion he may despise. The poor, the uneducated, are, in every country, *the people*. It is to them alone that a public man in America can look for the gratification of his ambition. They are the ladder by which he must mount, or be content to stand on a level with his fellow-men.

"Under such circumstances, it is impossible there should be any exclusion of the real governors of the country wherever they may think proper to intrude. General Jackson is quite aware, that the smallest demonstration of disrespect even to the meanest mechanic, might incur the loss of his popularity in a whole neighborhood. It is evident, too, that the class in actual possession of the political patronage of a community is, in effect, whatever be their designation, the *first* class in the State. In America, this influence belongs to the poorest and least educated. Wealth and intelligence are compelled to bend to poverty and ignorance, to adopt their prejudices, to copy their manners, to submit to their government. In short, the order of reason and commen-sense is precisely inverted; and while the roots of the political tree are waving in the air, its branches are buried in the ground.

"During the time I was engaged at the levee, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the com-

pany, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner, however, were these ministers of Bacchus descried to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized *in transitu*, by a sort of *coup-de-main:* and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously despatched, and it at length became apparent, that, without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted."—*T. Hamilton, in "Men and Manners in America".*

An Englishman Calls on Charles Carroll, of Carrollton

"While at Baltimore, I enjoyed the honour of introduction to Mr. Carroll, the last survivor of that band of brave men, who signed the declaration of their country's independence. Mr. Carroll is in his ninety-fifth year, yet enjoys the full use of all his faculties, and takes pleasure in social intercourse, which he enlivens by a fund of valuable anecdote. It was with great interest that I heard this aged patriot speak of the companions of his youth, Jay, Adams, Jefferson, and Hamilton, and describe those scenes of stormy struggle, in which he had himself partaken with honourable distinction. Baltimore, which now contains nearly eighty thousand inhabitants, he remembers a pretty fishing hamlet, of some half-dozen houses. But the progress of change throughout the whole Union has been equally rapid. Little more than half a century ago, the Americans were a handful of poor colonists, drivers of slaves and small traffic, in lumber and tobacco, from whom it was the policy of the mother country to squeeze all she could, and give nothing in return, which it might be at all profitable to keep. With a judicious economy of gibbets and jail room at home, she was so obliging as to accelerate the natural increase of population by the transmission of certain gentlemen and ladies, who, being found somewhat awkwardly deficient in the ethics of property in their own country, were despatched to improve their manners on the plantations of Maryland and Virginia. Then, in her motherly care, she fenced in their trade with all manner of restrictions, which could in any way contribute to the replenishing of her own parental exchequer, and, to crown her benefits, condescended to export a copious supply of Lord Johns and Lord Charleses, to fill their empty pockets, and keep the people in good humor, with fine speeches, strong prisons, and a round military force.

"All this Mr. Carroll remembers, but he has lived to see a state of matters somewhat different. The colonies have disappeared, and in their place has risen a powerful confederation of free States, spreading a population of twelve millions over a vast extent of fertile territory, and possessing a commerce and marine, second only to those of that nation from whom they boast their descent. He beholds his countrymen as happy as the unfettered enjoyment of their great natural advantages, and institutions of the broadest democracy, can make them. He sees whole regions, formerly the savage haunts of the panther and the wild Indian, covered with the dwellings of civilized and Christian man. The mighty riv-

ers, on which a few wretched *flats* used to make with difficulty an annual voyage, he now sees covered with steam-vessels of gigantic size, and loaded with valuable merchandise. He has seen lakes in the very heart of a great continent, formerly approachable only by some adventurous traveller, connected with the ocean by means of canals. In short, the lot of Mr. Carroll has been cast in what must ever be the most eventful period of his country's history; and having witnessed changes so vast and extraordinary, and beheld the whole of his early companions, one by one, drop into the grave, this venerable patriot may well be content to follow them, happy till the last in the enjoyment of the attachment of his family, and the esteem and reverence of his fellow citizens."*

* "Mr. Carroll, since my return to England, has paid the debt of Nature. When the intelligence of his death reached Washington, both houses immediately adjourned, in testimony of respect for this *'ultimus Romanorum.'*"

—*T. Hamilton, in "Men and Manners in America".*

Mr. Hamilton Calls on Aaron Burr

"Colonel Burr now lives in New York, secluded from society, where his great talents and extensive professional knowledge, still gain him some employment as a consulting lawyer.

"A friend of mine at New York inquired whether I should wish an interview with this distinguished person. I immediately answered in the affirmative, and a note was addressed to Colonel Burr, requesting permission to introduce me. The answer contained a polite assent, and indicated an hour when his avocations would permit his having sufficient leisure for the enjoyment of conversation. At the time appointed, my friend conveyed me to a house in one of the poorest streets of the city. The Colonel received us on the landing-place, with the manners of a finished courtier, and led the way to his little library, which—judging from the appearance of the volumes—was principally furnished with works connected with the law.

"In person, Colonel Burr is diminutive, and I was much struck with the resemblance he bears to the late Mr. Percival. His physiognomy is expressive of strong sagacity. The eye keen, penetrating and deeply set; the forehead broad and prominent; the mouth small, but disfigured by the ungraceful form of the lips; and, the other features, though certainly not coarse, were irreconcilable with any theory of beauty. On the whole, I have rarely seen a more remarkable countenance. Its expression was highly intellectual, but I imagined I could detect the lines of strong passion mingled with those of deep thought. The manners of Colonel Burr are those of a highly bred gentleman. His powers of conversation are very great, and the opinions he expresses on many subjects marked by much shrewdness and originality.

"When in England, he had become acquainted with many of the Whig leaders, and I found him perfectly versed in everything connected with our national politics.

"It would be an unwarrantable breach of the confidence of private life, were I to publish any particulars of the very remarkable conversation I enjoyed with this eminent person. I shall, therefore, merely state, that, having encroached, perhaps, too long, both on the time and patience of Colonel Burr, I bade him farewell, with sincere regret, that a career of public life, which had opened so brilliantly, should not have led to a more fortunate termination."—*T. Hamilton, in "Men and Manners in America".*

How an Irish Hero Held the Fort

"The post of Fort Stephenson had been *unanimously* declared worthless and untenable, by a council of officers, of which the Hon. Lewiss Cass, late Secretary of War, and General McArthur were members. Accordingly Croghan had been ordered to set fire to

it and march to headquarters, before the enemy could reach it. This order, however, was not received by Major Croghan, in consequence of Mr. Connor and the Indians, by whom it was sent, getting lost in the woods, until the fort was surrounded by Indians, and retreat rendered impossible. Croghan then addressed the following note to Harrison:

'SIR:—I have received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock, P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. *We have determined to maintain this place; and by Heavens, we can.*'

"This note was written with the expectation that it would be intercepted by the enemy, and was designed to leave on them an impression of his strength. Harrison, not knowing this, regarded it as a refusal to obey, and accordingly on the evening of the 31st of July, he sent Colonel Wells to Fort Stephenson with a squadron of dragoons, to supersede Croghan and send him to headquarters. When Croghan arrived and made this explanation, the General, pleased with the good policy which he exhibited, instantly reinstated him, with orders to evacuate the fort as soon *as he safely* could. The next day, the enemy, under Proctor, landed and summoned the post to surrender; at the same time humanely informing the besieged that if they did not, the fort should be stormed and themselves given up to the tomahawk and scalping-knife! Dickson, in person, accompanied the flag which bore the summons, and was met by Ensign Shipp on the part of the garrison. Dickson begged Shipp to surrender for God's sake, as in the event of Proctor's taking the fort, they would all be massacred. Shipp replied, "*that when the fort was taken there would be none left to massacre.*" At this juncture an Indian came up to Shipp and endeavored to wrest his sword from him. Shipp drew it on him and wsa about despatching him, when Dickson interposed and restrained the savage. Croghan, who had been standing on the ramparts, and had observed the insult offered to Shipp, called to hm, "*Shipp, come in, and we will blow them all to hell.*" Shipp went in, bidding Dickson's 'good-bye'. The cannonading then commenced, and in twenty-four hours upwards of five hundred shot struck the works, though with little ecect.

"Croghan had but one piece of artillery, a six-pounder, which by his order was removed to the block-house and loaded with musket balls. On the evening of the next day the enemy determined to carry the works by storm. They advanced in two columns; one led on by Lieutenant-Colonel Short, the other by Colonel Chambers. Under cover of the smoke of the fort, the men advanced until they came to the ditch, where they paused. Colonel Short rallied them, crying out to push on, 'and give the damned Yankees no quarters.' The six-pounder, which had been placed at a masked embrasure in the block-house, at thirty feet distance from them, now opened, pouring death and destruction among them. Of those in the ditch few escaped. A precipitate retreat commenced. The column under Colonel Chambers was also routed by a severe fire from Captain Hunter's line; and the whole fled into an adjoining wood. Lieutenant Short and twenty-five privates were left dead in the ditch, and twenty-six were afterwards taken prisoners. The total loss of the enemy was one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. When night came on, the wounded in the ditch suffered indescribably. Crogan conveyed them water over the pickets, and opened a ditch through the ramparts, by which they were invited to enter the fort. Let the reader compare this act of magnanimity with the conduct of Proctor at the River Raisin!

"In the night the combined force of the 'allies' commenced a rapid and dis-

orderly retreat, leaving part of their baggage and wounded behind them. For his act of gallantry on this occasion, Croghan was promoted to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel."

Jesse Mercer, in the Hot Clark-Troup Fight

"The celebrated Jesse Mercer was a moving spirit amidst the excited multitude, and Daniel Duffie, who, as a most intolerant Methodist, and an especial hater of the Baptist Church and all Baptists, was there also, willing to lay down all ecclesiastical prejudice, and to go to Heaven even with Jesse Mercer, because he was a Troup man.

"The Senate came into the Representative chamber at noon, to effect, on joint ballot, the election of Governor. The President of the Senate took his seat with the Speaker of the House, and in obedience to law assumed the presidency of the assembled body. The members were ordered to prepare their ballots to vote for the Governor of the State. The Secretary of the Senate called the roll of the Senate, each man, as his name was called, moving up to the clerk's desk, and depositing his ballot. The same routine was then gone through with on the part of the House, when the hat (for a hat was used) containing the ballots was handed to the President of the Senate, Thomas Stocks, of Greene County, who proceeded to count the ballots, and finding only the proper number, commenced to call the name from each ballot. Pending this calling the silence was painfully intense. Every place within the spacious hall, the gallery, the lobby, the committee-rooms, and the embrasures of the windows were all filled to crushing repletion. And yet not a word or sound, save the excited breathing of ardent men, disturbed the anxious silence of the hall. One by one the ballots were called. There were 166 ballots, requiring 84 to elect. When 160 ballots were counted, each candidate had 80, and at this point the excitement was so painfully intense that the President suspended the count, and though it was chilly November, took from his pocket his handkerchief, and wiped from his flushed face the streaming perspiration. While this was progressing, a wag in the gallery sang out, 'The darkest time of night is just before day'. This interruption was not noticed by the President, who called out 'Troup!' then 'Talbot!' and again there was a momentary suspension. Then he called again, 'Troup-Talbot!' '82-82,' was whispered audibly through the entire hall. Then the call was resumed. 'Troup!' 'A tie', said more than a hundred voices. There remained but one ballot. The President turned the hat upside down, and the ballot fell upon the table. Looking down upon it, he called, at the top of his voice, 'Troup!' The scene that followed was indescribable. The two parties occupied separate sides of the chamber. Those voting for Troup rose simultaneously from their seats, and one wild shout seemed to lift the ceiling overhead. Again, with increased vim was it given. The lobby and the galleries joined in the wild shout. Members and spectators rushed into each others' arms, kissed each other, wept, shouted, kicked over the desks, tumbled on the floor, and for ten minutes this maddening excitement suspended the proceedings of the day. It was useless for the presiding officer to command order, if, indeed, his feelings were sufficiently under control to do so. When exhaustion had produced comparative silence, Duffie, with the full brogue of the County Carlow upon his tongue, ejaculated: 'O Lord, we thank Thee. The State is redeemed from the rule of the Devil and John Clarke.' Mercer waddled from the chamber, waving his hat above his great bald head, and shouting, 'Glory, glory!' which he continued until out of sight. Gener

Blackshear, a most staid and grave old gentleman and a most sterling man, rose from his seat, where he, through all this excitement, had sat silent, folded his arms upon his breast, and, looking up, with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed: 'Now, Lord, I am ready to die!' Order was finally restored, and the state of the ballot stated, (Troup, 84; Talbot, 82,) when President Stocks proclaimed George M. Troup duly elected Governor of the State of Georgia for the next three years.

"This was the last election of a Governor by the Legislature. The party of Clarke demanded that the election should be given to the people. This was done, and in 1825, Troup was re-elected over Clarke by a majority of some seven hundred votes. It was during this last contest that the violence and virulence of party reached its acme, and pervaded every family, creating animosities which neither time nor reflection ever healed."

James Buchanan Invites a Jacksonian Whack

"Shortly after Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia in 1834, to which he had been sent by President Jackson in 1832, and immediately following his election to the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to fill the unexpired term of William Wilkins, resigned, who, in his turn, was sent to succeed Buchanan in the same foreign mission, Buchanan called upon old Hickory with a fair English lady, whom he desired to present to the head of the American nation. Leaving her in the reception-room down stairs, he ascended to the President's private quarters and found General Jackson unshaved, unkempt, in his dressing-gown, with his slippered feet on the fender before a blazing wood fire, smoking a corn-cob pipe of the old Southern school. He stated his object, when the General said he would be very glad to meet the handsome acquaintance of the new bachelor Senator. Mr. Buchanan was always careful of his personal appearance, and, in some respects, was a sort of masculine Miss Fribble, addicted to spotless cravats and huge collars; rather proud of a small foot for a man of his large stature, and to the last of his life what the ladies would call 'a very good figure'. Having just returned from a visit to the fashionable Continental circles, after two years of thorough intercourse with the etiquette of one of the stateliest courts in Europe, he was somewhat shocked at the idea of the President meeting the eminent English lady in such guise, and ventured to ask if he did not intend to change his attire, whereupon the old warrior rose, with his long pipe in his hand, and, deliberately knocking the ashes out of the bowl, said to his friend: 'Buchanan, I want to give you a little piece of advice, which I hope you will remember. I knew a man once who made his fortune by attending to his own business. Tell the lady I will see her presently.'

"The man who became President in 1856 was fond of saying that this remark of Andrew Jackson humiliated him more than any rebuke he had ever received. He walked down stairs to meet his fair charge, and in a very short time President Jackson entered the room, dressed in a full suit of black, cleanly shaved, with his stubborn white hair forced from his remarkable face, and, advancing to the beautiful Britisher, saluted her with almost kingly grace. As she left the White House she exclaimed to her escort, 'Your republican President is the royal model of a gentleman.'"

A Glimpse of Clay, in His Old Age

"Toward the close of Mr. Clay's life, one Carter Beverly, of Virginia, wrote Mr. Clay some account of the part he himself had taken in the concoction of this slander, craving his forgiveness. This letter was received by Mr. Clay

while a visitor at the home of the writer, and read to him: it dissipated all doubts upon the mind of Mr. Clay, if any remained, of the fact of the whole story being the concoction of Buchanan. Creemer was a colleague of Buchanan, and was a credulous Pennsylvanian, of Dutch descent; honest enough, but without brains, and only too willing to be the instrument of his colleague in any dirty work which would subserve his purposes.

"He struggled to believe Buchanan was wronged by General Jackson; but one fact after another was developed—he could not doubt—all pointng the same way; and finally came this letter of Beverly's, when he was old and when his heart was crushed by the loss of his son Henry at Buena Vista, of which event he had only heard the day before: he doubted no more. I shall ever remember the expression of that noble countenance as, turning to me, he said: 'Read that!' Rising from his seat, he went to the garden, where under a large live-oak, I found him an hour after, deeply depressed. It was sorrow, not anger, that weighed upon him."—*Sparks:* "*Memories of Fifty Years.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

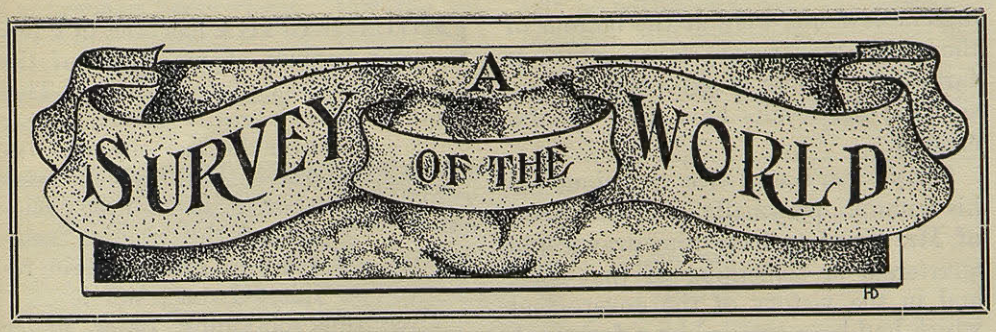
Never Comes Spring

Grace Kirkland

Forgotten? Ah, well, as the swift seasons speed,
Blushes the briar rose; ripens the seed;
Summer and winter their largesses bring,
But never comes spring to me: never comes spring!

Forgotten? Perhaps; other love folds me fast,
In pity to mantle the grief of the past;
Yet is my Memnon heart low murmuring
"Never comes spring to me: never comes spring!"

For what be the tranquiller hopes of today,
When the heart has no youth and the year has no May?
To a life that is robbed of its tenderest thing,
There never comes spring again; never comes spring!



By TOM DOLAN

"BWANO TUMBO" is about to come again within platitudinizing distance of civilization, and e'er these feeble lines have been printed, the Mighty One will have been restored to an exuberant world, waiting to do him homage.

T. R. RETURNS.

Hail, Hero of five hundred slain! You come to prove how thin is the veneer of refinement that is spread out over a so-called Christian civilization, that it does not turn in unspeakable loathing and horror from you! Always we knew that this wonderful "civilization" of ours wasn't worth being saved from the Pit; but where could be found so striking an example of our underlying, and eternally unslakable blood-lust than the spectacle of a virtuous wife receiving a husband who had wallowed in sheer slaughter of inoffensive creatures that never did him harm; of nations rising to do him honor, and the country he has thus disgraced waiting for his opinion before shaping its policies!

Sometimes we deride the misguided and maudlin who smother with flowers some brutal murderer; but let us hereafter take those creatures as our highest types.

Was Roosevelt a Dr. Jekyll here, and a Mr. Hyde in Africa? Not at all. He was the same coarse, heavy-jawed animal in the White House he was in the jungle; only the jungle gave truer direction to his energies, and showed him up for what he actually was, and always has been.

Not that it will alter a jot of the adoration that will be lavished upon the returning Bignoise. For, as stated above, with the exception of a few sporadic instances of real refinement, the so-called "civilized" world doesn't see anything in Roosevelt's exploits that disgrace him, and itself.

Rome had her long train of brutes who joyed in nothing so much as giving agony to the defenseless. The scholar turns from their history with loathing, only to take up his daily paper, and beam upon "Bwano Tumbo" surrounded by pitiful skulls of hapless dumb brutes, his huge feet resting on some poor animal, not more wild than an ordinary milch cow, that he has slaughtered!

CHANGING about as rapidly as the slides of a moving-picture, the latest advices from Nicaragua are that the government forces have won out over the insurgents. No hope remains, it is reluctantly admitted by the latter, but "intervention" from the United States on the pretext of tranquilizing that region.

NICARAGUA QUIETING DOWN.

It looks as though little fat Philander had slipped up on a banana peel; for, even before the matter had become history, the inside story showed that American capital, interested in that

delectable fruit, were at the bottom of the whole "insurgent" farce, which is farce only insofar as cause may be considered; the results have been baneful enough.

Zelaya has been twice victorious—in his triumph, personally, over the threat of Mr. Knox to have him drawn and quartered, or something of that sort; and in the victory of the government which had been assailed by a fomented, artificial, foreign-instigated rebellion against it.

Captain Godfrey Fowler, of the insurgent army, was killed in one of the recent engagements. This, another American adventurer, has lost his life, soldiering for whatever hire there may have been in it for him. What our valorous Secretary will do about the casualty, it is appalling to think. He's such a terror, you know, that the earth reels with a violent seismic shock whenever he snorts.

The Irony of Circumstances

MR. JOHN REDMOND: "Well, if I can't rule in Dublin, I can here!"
—*Punch* (London).

PHILADELPHIA has been in a ferment because of the strike of the street-railway employees there. This present strike is really about a year over-due, as one was begun early in 1909 and was aborted through the promise of the traction company to grant certain requested concessions.

LABOR TROUBLES GROW WORSE.

After thus obtaining peace under false pretenses, the company cheerfully forgot its pledge and the present strike became virtually inevitable.

After several weeks of the usual efforts to run cars by non-union men, which provoked the strikers to wrath and riot, the various trades unions of Philadelphia walked out, which practically paralyzed industry for, big and rich as is the city mis-called that of "Brotherly Love", over one hundred thousand skilled artisans cannot be idle without deadening every trade and pursuit.

What does a sympathetic "walk-out" mean? Just this: that thousands of laborers who have no personal grievance, who have families to support, who realize the suffering that must ensue when their wages cease, are yet brave enough to strike, for the sake of their fellow-workers who have just cause of complaint.

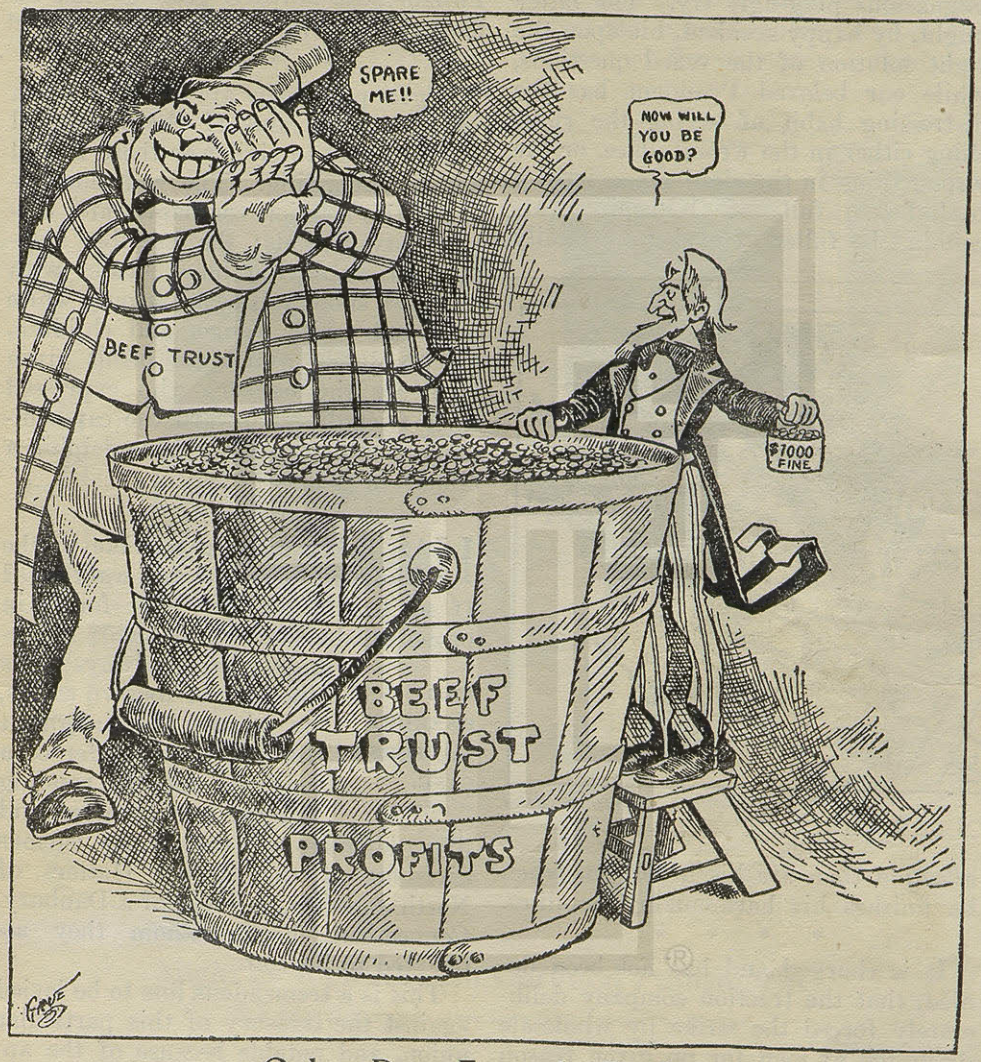
Unless the situation speedily clears, the sympathetic strike, like an epidemic, will extend to other great centers of organized labor.

* * * *

Sad indeed it is that lives must be lost, and innocent women and children be brought to destitution by the labor war, but there come times when immediate destitution appears less dreadful than the hopeless poverty that must go on for years. The spirit that is willing to suffer, that good may come, is the right spirit which wins.

If we had more of this same spirit however much it occasionally may be misled, the end would quickly come t

oppression everywhere. For the oppressor,—monarchial or monopolistic, retains power only through bribery or coercion. And America has about reached the point where coercion is the inexpensive lever by which its voting strength is moved. Bribery is quite unnecessary; it is enough to threaten that the factories will close or "capital" be withdrawn from the avenues of business, and collapse seizes upon each man who wants to foster a business or hold a job. He isn't promised better-



Only a Drop From the Bucket

The beef trust of the United States was indicted by a grand jury in Hudson county N. J., the other day. The indictment is drawn under the New Jersey law, which provides a maximum pealty of three years in the penitentiary or a $1,000 fine.

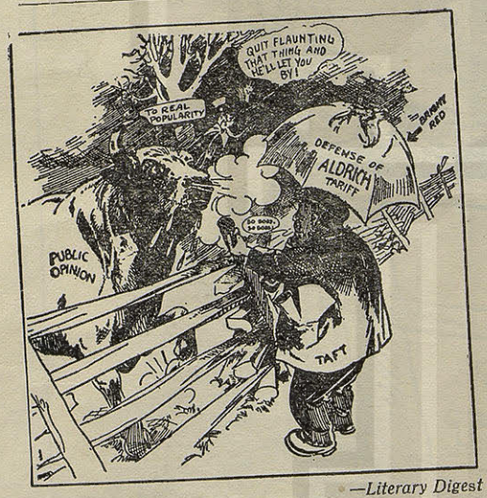
—Richmond *Journal*

ments—only coldly told that he'll be worse off if he doesn't conform. So, he conforms.

* * * *

Mr. Taft has been asked to use his

good offices in bringing about peace. If his results in strike arbitrations are not better, however, than they have been in harmonizing his precious party, he'd better let some low-browed, pugnacious plug-ugly try. The latter might, by happy accident, hit upon the right solution of the vexed questions, while our beloved President has the distressing habit of saying the right thing either in the wrong place, or the wrong thing in the right place, until a back-fence full of Kilkenny cats couldn't be fuller of exuberant family affection than are his henchmen when he finishes his harmonizing homilies.



—*Literary Digest*

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It is charged and has not been denied, that the traction company deliberately forced the strike by wholesale discharge of men for no given reason save the insolent lie "for the good of the service"; by fighting the Amalgamated Union by forming a counter-organization; by persistent refusal to meet the men in counsel, and so forth. The understanding that existed between the traction company and the city officials of Philadelphia was unmistakable and a public shame. Yet, notwithstanding this, the same old ring was elected last fall, since which time the traction company has indeed felt itself serenely above the need to arbitrate. So, the "innocent third party" is not so innocent, after all, and Philadelphia is really getting what its long civic corruption has invited.

* * * *

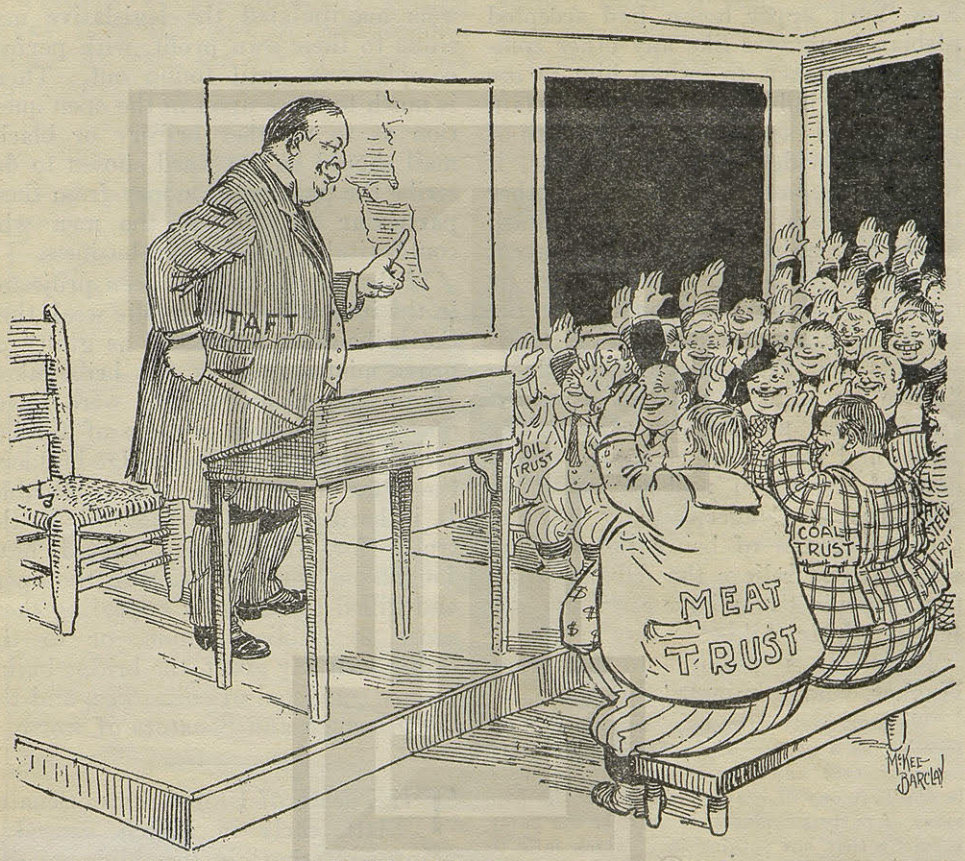
Negro policemen are beating down white women, and if the industrial war proceeds to civil war there it will not be surprising. The collusion between the traction companies and corrupt city officials; the horrible spectacle of employing black brutes with orders to shoot and beat not only white men, but white women and children, the absolutely gratuitous insult given labor by the bankers who expressed their friendliness toward the car company, combine to make Philadelphia a climax in shame.

THE DANBURY HATTERS' CASE.

HAS Labor made a mistake in the Philadelphia strike and walk-outs? If so, it will probably pay for it in prolonged loss and incalculable suffering. Labor always foots the bill for its own errors, as witness the judgment for nearly a quarter of a million dollars pending against two hundred and fifty defendants, heading the various divisions of the United Hatters of North America, in favor of a Danbury, Connecticut, hatter whom they attempted to boycott.

This is a tremendous fine to be levied against the treasury of this particular union, and notable because of the application of the principles of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law to trade combinations which use their power in restraint of trade, or to injure a particular firm with which they are at odds. The courts could not have been expected to uphold the unions in an unlawful act like the boycott and no criticism can be made adverse to the finding of the Court, on that ground.

Just at this time, however, the effect of this fine upon the minds of those immediately concerned with its payment, and upon the public, will depend altogether upon the result of the prosecutions of the great monopolies now under indictment for restraint of trade in sugar, in oil, and in provisions. course, new mergers are daily being effected and prices to the consumer steadily rise. If the Courts prove unable or unwilling to deal as severely with these lawless combinations as they did in the Danbury case, if they can protect the manufacturer and not the laborer and the consumer, a condition



Might as Well Abolish Corporal Punishment

THE TEACHER: Now there are good trusts and bad trusts.
All of you who are good hold up your hands! —Baltimore *Sun*

Millions upon millions of dollars have been taken from the people to swell the enormous profits of the Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil, the Tobacco Trust and the Meat Packers, and while these concerns are waiting the final disposition of their cases before the Supreme Court, other trusts and monopolies are pursuing an uninterrupted of anarchy will be established, the outcome of which no one can predict. The Courts, while trying these causes, are themselves upon trial. If they fail to measure up to the full level of their responsibility as guardians of the sanctity of Law, then there will be left no recourse but the arbitrament of arms.

THE dire complications at the capitol of New York will be very hard to smooth out. The deeper goes the probe, the fouler becomes the material brought out. When Senator Benn Conger made the unexpected charge that Senator Jotham P. Allds, the leader of the New York upper house, had accepted plebian banknotes like any other common bribe-taker, to induce him to use his official influence to defeat certain pending bills adverse to the pleasure of some big bridge-building concerns, it was not supposed that anything other than a fresh bucket of whitewash would be required. It is now apparent that a barrel of it, supplemented by quick-lime, would not be more than the situation calls for.

N. Y. POLITICIANS IN BAD.

Allds was, after all, neither able to "prove an alibi" or divert attention from other nervous quarters. The Bribe and the Man met, and it was a case of ducats to pockets forthwith. Allds crossed Conger's fire by accusing that gentleman of being just as bad, which didn't relieve the Albany situation, though it may have eased the sufferings of Mr. Allds.

It is all a puddin' to Governor Hughes, who fulminates thus:

"We want party harmony. We want to work together as a party. If we are to have party harmony that amounts to anything, it must be the harmony of health; it must be the harmony of party soundness; it must be the party harmony that has nothing in it which fails to represent the demand of the people, and that the party—that the government of the State—shall be pure and honest and faithful.

"This is not a time to retire in dismay from any disclosure. The party can stand anything except being untrue to itself and allying itself with the evil that may be in it. It needs to purge itself of evil; it needs to get rid of that which can justly be condemned, and to show itself before the people, what it really is representative of—I say it without disparagement to the honorable men who are in other parties—representing the sound judgment and conscience of the electorate of the State of New York."

This being interpreted, means that Hughes himself being "in the clear" and having no small amount of grudge against his Legislature for insubordination, is perfectly willing to let the guilty tremble in their boots, dreading lest each day's revelations will involve their own names.

* * * *

Lamentable, all. Not because of the revelations, but because these solid citizens manipulated the legislative machine to their own profit, with perfect complacence, until found out. There is much to muse upon in the open question as to whether bribery or blackmail should be the word chosen to describe the passage of money from these particular concerns to the men who could vitally affect their business.

If the legislation had been projected in the interests of the public weal, then the bribe-giver is equally as guilty of gross misfeasance as the bribe-taker. If, on the contrary, bills were introduced for the sole purpose of forcing contributions from the bridge-builders, the latter do not seem quite so culpable. It is hardly probable that this is the truth, for, if so, they should have fought out the legislation in the open, and killed the bills by appealing their cause to public opinion, or to the courts. In any event, the bridge-builders are convicted of cowardice, and the Congressmen and Senators of worse.

THE death of United States Senator Platt, early in March, caused a painful interlude in the Allds investigation, while the former "Easy Boss" was being laid away on a quiet hillside that overlooked his early home. To avoid the frequent mention of the dead man's name, trial had to be suspended, for sheer decency's sake, it having been alleged that Allds had acted as he did toward the bridge legislation under the orders of Platt, instead of for any bribe, a difference quite without moral distinction even as a palliating circumstance.

DEATH OF TOM PLATT.

Platt was the product of an era which blindly worshipped organization and regarded the political boss with much the kind of admiration that the sporting element bestows upon the "gentleman" gambler and the lusty pugilist.

Perhaps we are gradually getting away from this sort of hero-worship now. At least, the day of coarse and open corruption is waning.

The Next Step —*Pall Mall Gazette*

SINCE the spectacular elections in England and the re-assembling of Parliament, the predicted deadlock has occurred in British affairs, Premier Asquith being in the clutch of his allies, who up to date have shown no sign of allowing themselves to be ignored. Seldom has a party leader been held so completely to the fulfillment of his campaign pledges, on pain of accomplishing absolutely nothing excepting his own downfall. The finances of the realm are in a bad way, admitted by all and exaggerated by the Conservatives, who continue to shriek wildly for more Dreadnaughts and "Tariff Reform", which is their pleasant little term for a protective tariff.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Premier Asquith as well as Mr. Lloyd-George, are exceedingly anxious to pass the budget first, which will provide the necessary revenues by direct taxation of those most able to be taxed. In order to do this immediately, the House of Lords must remain undisturbed for the present. This, however, is precisely what neither John Redmond, the Irish leader, nor John Burns, the Labor leader, are willing to concede, they understanding full well that, if the budget passes, and the