

House of Lords continues in its present purely hereditary form, the chance for Home Rule fades at its brightest moment, and the Lords will stand as of yore solidly in the face of every expression of popular government.

There is little doubt but that the Premier trusted to a sufficient majority of his own faction to make the allies negligible, and had this been the case, the "insurgents" of Parliament would have been in the position of our own Congressional scrappers—able to do much talking, but little effective work. Mr. Redmond, contrary to most other Irish leaders, seems less gifted as an orator than as a grim force determined to be reckoned with, and the world is a bit amused at Mr. Asquith's present predicament. His Conservative foes need, however, take no great comfort in the situation, for the general sentiment of the English people is decidedly radical, and although the administration of Mr. Asquith may result disastrously for him, and throw the country into another general election to determine the several issues, it is probable that the Unionists would make losses heavier than those which occurred in the last campaign.

ENGLAND'S trouble is not confined to the isle. The gravity of the situation in India is cause for much concern; and Lord Minto's problem of reconciling the "East and

**ANOTHER  
MUTINY  
POSSIBLE.**

West" grows steadily more difficult. Recently he has essayed what seems a very doubtful experiment and which must certainly fail of effect, unless the Hindus are even more childish and in need of leading strings than England would have the world believe. The Indian Press Bill is one of the most drastic repressive measures ever framed to throttle criticism of a ruling power; and Lord Minto has strongly urged it as an imperative necessity, if sedition is to be quelled. Simultaneously with its passage, he

liberates a large number of rebellious subjects for the sake of creating in the Indians a spirit of confidence in his benevolent intent, which is equivalent to saying to the recalcitrants: "We're going to be gentle with you but you gotta be good." Will they be good? It is hardly conceivable that a grandstand play of that nature will palliate any real grievances, and if the grievances be wholly imaginary and the outgrowth of ridiculous notions of self-government on the part of a people wholly incapacitated therefor, why the need of crushing free speech and strengthening the army? The most significant feature that has occurred within the past year has been the disaffection that has spread among hitherto dependable native troops. Something has caused it and that something, despite the complacent assertion of the British press that the subjection of India is "quite as much for the welfare of the Hindoos as for the glory of the Empire", is the old, inextinguishable demand for the right of self-government. It would be as easy to crush out the maternal instinct itself by telling a mother that her babe would be better off in some scientifically operated institution than in her own arms, as to blot out the passion for liberty. It may be drugged temporarily by every sort of sophistry, bribed by favors, coerced with threats, deluged with ridicule or punished by every means known to cruelty, but ultimately it will grasp its object.

THE case of young Philander C. Knox may be cited as showing very clearly the social trend. The young man married a bit too young, we think, and he might have waited until he finished school and was able to furnish a flat at One Dollar down, One Dollar per month, but with his lack of pecuniary prudence we have nothing to do. Few persons of twenty

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and eighteen and thereabouts are overstocked on worldly discretion. 'Twould be a fearful case of cardiac calcification if they were: Yon moon, and silvery stars, and heavenly constellations

Changer and a Diplomat of parts,— appreciates from his lofty height that there is a sentiment common to mankind, called love, but rotund as he is and an easy roller, he has never coun-



Harmonee!

—New York American

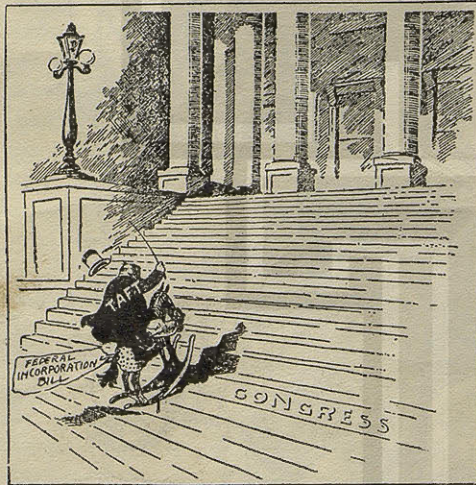
would play to empty park benches; while daisies and violets and buttercups would feel like orphans without a home. Philander C.—he of great prowess and concerned with Big Affairs, World Powers, a lightning Map

tenanced such an undignified procedure as "falling in love". If young people consider mating, let them, in the fulness of time, consult Paterfamilias, who will look up Dunn's and Bradstreet's and pick out a girl duly



certified to as worth a sufficient quantity of dough. Then let the courtship proceed in orderly, mincing sequence, to its calm conclusion. Frappe, but O. K. Young Mr. Knox's unpardonable sin was in selecting a girl who worked (yes, actually "clarked", doncherknow, in a drygoods store) for a living. No wonder the man who Operates the Universe should revolt at this *mesalliance*!

And the dear dailies which sent the report broadcast couched it in this del-



An Efficiency Test

—Parker in the N. O. Times-Democrat

icate language: "The young woman who *claims* to be Mrs. Knox, Jr.," etc. Claims, forsooth! As if a virtuous girl who earned her bread couldn't make believable pretensions to legal wifehood!

Wise or unwise from the standpoint of their own happiness, the disrespect shown the former Miss Boler and present Mrs. Knox has shocked the public into a very prompt repudiation of Philander, Sr., as well as the sycophancy of a press that expressed the news item with such utterly unjustifiable coarseness.

**THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK BILL OPPOSED BY DEMOCRATS.** THE Postal Savings Bank Bill has passed the Senate and is now to be considered by the House. With scarcely an exception, the Democrats are against it, which indicates that their attitude is that of sheer obstruction. We need Postal Savings Banks, if for no other reason than to keep here the \$76,622,-

629 that is sent to Europe as the surplus earnings of our foreign-born population which fears our present banking system. Since 1890, the tremendous sum of \$640,640,817 has been drained out of America in this one way alone. With a singularly clarified prevision, the dear Democrats discover that the Postal Banks will be the precursors of a great central bank, being unable to see that the closer the Nation gets to its own money the better it will be. What objection would there be to a central bank that was a government bank and issued currency direct to the people, as the government should do? Between such a bank and the delegation of banking powers, as at present to the National banks (so-called) or the central bank as intended by J. Pierpont Morgan and his fellow-buccaneers, there is a great gulf fixed. You couldn't expect the Democrats to discover this, however. The precious souls have howled all their political life for an Income Tax and yet Georgia, and now Virginia, two States in which the stalwart, rock-ribbed, zinc-lined and copper-riveted Democracy has for decades held sway, have turned white around the gills at the ratification of this measure; and have discovered, after forty years of thundering for it, that the measure should be viewed with suspicion, sniffed at gingerly, and altogether be regarded as some wierd, unfamiliar contrivance that may turn out to be a trap if they are not wary. Oh, they are a bright bunch of Cannonites when it comes to

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betraying their constituencies; but let any decent legislation come up that could be put through by a Republican majority, which of course stole the aforesaid decent legislation from the Populist platform, and at once the Democrats do their feeblest, little best to bring about its hindrance or defeat.

"I AM glad I am President because I can be useful", said our Beloved. The dear soul!

He is one of the most useful beings that ever could exist—a horrible example. He's been useful to the public in showing them the kind of a President to avoid in future; useful to the G. O. P. in splitting it up nicely in several places; useful to the Interests who can depend upon at least three more fat years of uninterrupted spoils. And he's been useful to himself in raking in all the emoluments of office. Taking it all around, there never WAS a more useful man than Taft.

NOW comes Jawn-D-of-the-halo, and demands of the Federal Government a license to create a corporation for giving away his Billion!

**A BENEVOLENT TRUST.**

Having stolen it from the toilers of the United States, he is fired with zeal to expend it in subsidizing education and everything else, everywhere in the world that dirty money will be taken under Rockefeller rules!

So, money is to be used to procure a charter (which Congress has no right to grant to any private corporation,) and the Standard Oil Trust glorified into a divine institution of benevolence. Nothing more outrageous has ever been made than such suggestion. If this law-breaking monopoly had been made to pay its penalty for crime, there wouldn't be any surplus to give away; the majesty of the law would have

been upheld, and the republic honored as a sovereign able to do justice, instead of the groveling thing it is, when it has a Senator in the halls of the nation's capitol willing to introduce a bill to give legal sanction to the very men whose violations of law have brought them as criminals before the bar of the Supreme Court.

If Congress begins granting Federal licenses, any promoters having the price can obtain one to do business of any sort, anywhere, with or without the sanction of the laws of any State



—Literary Digest

and centralization of power will be complete.

**MISDIRECTED MISSIONARY ZEAL IN THE ORIENT.** IN Korea, the unspeakable slaughter goes on that Japan may work out the salvation of the Koreans. If true reports could be obtained it is probable that, since the assassination of Prince Ito, the Japanese guerrillas have made of Korea little but a shambles.

In this connection it is not improper here to remark upon the very dubious role played by the American missionaries in the bloody drama enacted: two of them, a Mr. Hulburt and Dr. Underwood being believed by



many to have precipitated much of Korea's distress, by giving vastly more attention to an anti-Japanese political propaganda than to preaching the Gospel. It is said that Mr. Hulburt caused a secret mission to be sent to The Hague Conference, which had the untoward result of causing the Koreans to lose their autonomy, while these gentlemen are held to be responsible for stirring up much of the feeling which led to the death of Ito, which is being avenged by additional butcheries of the unfortunate Koreans.

Interference by missionaries in political affairs, as in China, Turkey and Korea, is not only unbecoming but should be absolutely checked. What Japan is doing in Korea is abominable, but it is no worse than what the very pious United States is doing in the Philippines, and what Christian England is doing in India, and did in South Africa, what Portugal did in the Kongo, and so on, *ad libitum*. It does credit to these missionaries that they can perceive Japan's wickedness,

but it is strange they cannot understand how much better it would be to use their moral force in the United States, to help prevent our land from following in the gory track of Imperialism, than to foment strife in foreign fields.

Korea is not now able to resist Japan, and plots to do so can have but the result of bringing down vengeance upon innocence and helplessness. The unwisdom, to say nothing of the impropriety, therefore, of American missionaries assisting revolution is obvious. As American citizens it would still be unbecoming to do other than to try to induce this Government to use its power to check Japan. In that way, much might be accomplished toward alleviating the wrongs from which Korea suffers. But for men to go as preachers and teachers of religion and turn themselves into incendiaries, depending upon their home country to protect *them* from the doom they bring upon others, is one of the worst of the abnormalities into which foreign missions has degenerated.



## The Sphinx <sup>®</sup>

By John E. Rosser

*Thou thought of never-ending time, stone-syllabled by ancient king,  
Long cycles men have sought to know the words thy mute lips bring.  
It is thine eyes that speak,—they that beheld the mighty Pharaoh's hosts,  
The legions of great Caesar, and Guard that loved Napoleon's boasts;  
Thine eyes serene view all that is as they viewed all that long has gone,  
And see a sure oblivion for what shall greet tomorrow's dawn.  
More, thine eyes unmoving look beyond the limits of this hurtling clod  
To where in nothingness thou fanciest shall lie the grave of God.*



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# MY SON

## AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY

By CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST MONTH)

### CHAPTER II.

**L**ATE one evening I was half dozing in my arm-chair by the sitting-room window. The day had been intensely warm, and the entire household overpowered by some influence in the atmosphere. Guy had ridden off before the sunset. I saw him dashing down the avenue like one mad, and presently Eleanor went up the stairs with her light step, humming in a mocking voice, it seemed to me, a foolish little French *chanson*. I had left the two very good friends in the veranda after dinner; Guy smoking and playing with Eleanor's ball of gold thread, while she sat demurely netting on that wonderful piece of work, half smoking-cap, half turban; but somehow, these latter days, there was a provoking air about Eleanor that seemed at times to goad Guy almost to desperation. I knew now she had been teasing him again—my poor boy, who had never been denied the smallest boon in all his short, bright life.

From where I sat I could see Eleanor's white dress gleaming between the rose-vines as she sat on the steps of the piazza, half hid from view by thick clusters of multiflora and drooping sprays of clematis. She had a manuscript-book in her hand—this very one that lies beside me now—while her chin rested in the palm of the other, and her head was bowed in deep reverie. There was a step on the gravel, and I heard her say without raising her head: "Come here, Guy; I have something to read to you—" and then went on, in a low steady monotone pe-

culiarly impressive in its exquisite modulation—flowing on like the sound of water far off:

"Have you sent her all her letters? Have you given her back her ring? Have you striven to forget the songs you loved to hear her sing? Have you cursed the day you met her first—thanked God that you were free? And said in your inmost heart as you thought: 'She never was dear to me?' You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you fancy that all is done—That for you the world is bright again, and bravely shines the sun: You have washed your hands of passion—you have whistled her down the wind—Ah, Tom, old friend, this goes before—the sharpest comes behind! Yes, the sharpest is yet to come for Love is a plant that never dies, Its roots are deep as the earth itself—its branches wide as the skies; And wherever once it has taken hold, it flourishes evermore, Blossoming still, and bearing its beautiful fruit with the bitter core.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, Tom, you say it is over—you talk of letters and rings, Do you think Love's mighty spirit, then, is held by such trifling things? No! if you once have truly loved, you still will love on, I know, Till the church-yard myrtle blossoms above, and you lie mute below!"

She stopped, and it seemed like the breaking of a dream. Guy sat at her feet; I could not see his face, but I heard his quick breath come and go, as if he panted for relief.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "don't torture me!"

"Torture you, Guy!"

"Yes, you know you do! Eleanor, you have won me with your siren songs, and now you wreck me without a shadow of remorse or feeling!"



"It is not my fault that you love me; I never encouraged you."

"Not your fault!" exclaimed Guy, in that passionate, uncontrollable manner which he so often used of late. "Not your fault! Did you not look into my face with those beautiful eyes of yours and say plainly with them, again and again, that you accepted my love? Did you not flatter me to fawn at your feet and listen to those verses you knew would craze my very brain, and say it is not your fault that I love you; Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor!"

"Guy, you wrong me! Listen, for I will speak—" He interrupted her with a gesture eloquent of despair:

"Don't, Eleanor! I know you are going over all those cruel words again—about my being younger than you, and how I surprise you, and the utter absurdity—all those words mean nothing to me. I don't believe any of it! Just tell me now, once and forever—do you not love me at all—not at all?"

He leaned forward so eagerly and caught her hand. There was a brief silence; and I waited to hear Eleanor North speak. She only said in a half-suppressed, breathless way:

"I am engaged!"

I could not endure it. I rose from my seat, and went out into the piazza, where the moon, lately risen, shed its clear, pure light over the two figures on the steps, and I saw my boy sitting there as one stunned, looking straight into the face before him—so fair, and yet so false.

"Eleanor North," I said, "may God deal with you as you have dealt with my son!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Guy and I were alone. The old clock ticked drowsily in the motionless noonday air; but no other sound broke the intense stillness.

"Is she gone, mother?" Guy asked, raising his head from the arm of the sofa, as suddenly the tramp of horses and rolling of wheels over the old

bridge at the creek came distinctly upon the silence; and I heaved a great sigh of relief, knowing that the fatal shadow of one sylph-like form would not darken our doors again.

Guy repeated his question. I only bowed my head, and asked him if he would have anything—a glass of iced water, or a cooled melon, or—

"Nothing—nothing, mamma! Just let me rest!" and he put down his head again and sighed heavily.

Oh, was his mother's love nothing to him! He was all the world to me, yet I was powerless to comfort him. I knelt down by the sofa and placed my hand on the shining curls, now so disheveled with restless tossings to and fro, and twined them softly round my fingers.

"Guy, my boy, you have your mother still!"

He threw his arm around me, and though the eagle eyes had lost their splendor, they beamed with tenderness.

"I have my mother still! Yes, thank God! I have been a wayward, ungrateful boy, but I am strong now. Forgive me, mamma! Your Guy has not lost all his manhood; he will try to be a better son in future."

There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice, but he conquered it as he went on.

"I was blind, infatuated! There is no language strong enough to express how madly I have dreamed, and what the breaking of that dream has cost me. But it is past. Come what will, I shall be strong!"

He rose as he spoke—he expanded. I saw my Samson break the cords of the enchantress and defy the Philistines. His locks were not shorn; he threw them back with a princely grace, and as I looked upon his face, wearing that smile of conscious strength and unconquerable pride, I thought I heard Eleanor North murmuring: "My king!"

But she was far away now.

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From that day my boy was a man. In three short months he had lived years, and the gay, careless days, so briefly passed, never returned again. He did not mope nor lounge. Taking the present as a loan from heaven, he went forward as a dependable debtor, to pay it with interest in Eternity. Those summer days were never alluded to; and when some garrulous neighbor mentioned, as a piece of village gossip, that our beautiful guest, Miss North, was about to be married to her cousin, Frank Hastings, only a brief spasm contracted Guy's calm face, and he left the room hastily. In a few minutes he returned, and no visible trace of feeling remained, but a pallor which did not wear off for several days. Neither of us ever spoke of it.

In the winter, my son went to spend the Christmas holidays with his father's relations in Berkshire. He was loth to leave me, we were so quiet and content together now; but I believed a short respite from plantation cares, and a glimpse of the world would benefit him; and he returned looking happy, with even a dash of his old mischievous manner. I told him one day I thought fashionable life must be very congenial to his temperament; I would like him to go again soon to Berkshire.

"And so I will, mamma dear, and you shall go with me, for I want to show you the dearest little seventy-first cousin, and see how you would like her for a daughter-in-law."

It was a careless, laughing speech; he did not mean a word of it, and little Lucy Ravenel was not in all his thoughts. But for all that he went again the following Christmas, and I went with him. The third Christmas after found little Lucy my daughter-in-law.

She was a gentle little creature, with dark-brown eyes, full of kindness and truth and sincerity. Guy was very proud of his wife, and when I saw him take the tiny figure, scarcely reaching

to his elbow, and lift her up as a mere plaything, I thanked God in my heart of hearts that He had overruled all these seemingly unhappy events for the welfare of him who was the apple of my eye—the only hope of my declining years.

It was beautiful to see the tender care which Guy bestowed upon his wife. Though much his junior—a mere child in appearance—she had a thoughtful earnestness which dignified every word and action, and insensibly she twined herself around the pillar of our household, at once adorning and supporting it.

Five years rolled by, with few incidents to mark the changing seasons, and it seemed scarcely so many months since Guy had brought to our home her whom he fondly called his "wee wifey", when I placed in the arms of the delighted father what we had all so longed and prayed for, a little babe—his first-born. The light of boyhood shone in his wondering eyes as he lifted the tiny pink fingers of the stranger and caressed them with inexpressible gentleness. Old Dinah stood by, very much elated by her newly acquired dignity of head-nurse. She smoothed her apron and looked from Guy's glowing face to the half-visible bit of mortality in his arms, and whispered audibly:

"Ought to call 'um Guy North—dat's ole fam'ly name."

It was the first time we had heard the fatal sound in many years, and Guy started. He looked fiercely at the loquacious old nurse for a moment, and then gave the babe into my arms, and asked quietly if he might see Lucy.

This was in October, and before the frost whitened the fields, Guy laid his "wee wifey" to rest in the family graveyard. She faded silently but rapidly. Even to the last moment, when hope was utterly fled, the patient, loving girl-wife forgot not her marriage vow, but strengthened and



supported him whom she had promised to "love and cherish till death do us part."

When the gentle voice was at last hushed, and the little white hands folded over the faithful breast, Guy's great heart seemed breaking with its burden. So sad it was to see the young husband cling to the body of clay, and "refuse to be comforted". But at length faith triumphed. The lessons taught him during those weeks of illness, the example of Christian fortitude, and resignation in the daily life of his lost companion, found at last full fruition, and he could now look forward with a steady assurance to an eternal reunion with her who had but "gone before".

The following spring war broke out, and with his leal sword buckled on, my boy went to the rescue of his country's honor. When he came to bid farewell to me and Guy Ravenel, Jr., he took the babe in his arms and carried it to the window.

"My little Guy," he murmured, "my first-born." Then he turned to me and said:

"Don't you think he looks like Lucy, mother?"

There was not a feature hers—the child was the counterpart of its father—but he fondly imagined so, and I never deceived him.

"It has my eyes and hair, but this pretty little mouth is hers, and this delicate skin—my Lucy's."

Then he brought the child back, laughing and crowing and catching at the star on his father's collar. He strained us both to his breast in one convulsive grasp, and was gone.

It would have been very lonely in that great house but for the baby voice of Guy, Jr. Sometimes I felt as if I were living over the years of my early motherhood, he was so like what his father had been, and old Dinah delighted to recite the stories of my boy's infancy, and allude, in her privileged

way to the time when "Mas' Guy was a baby."

He had been gone many months, and the blessed season of peace was approaching to find the land deluged in blood. A few days before Christmas a carriage drove up the avenue, and a lady descended alone, draped in the heaviest mourning.

"Who can it be, Dinah?" I wondered, as the figure, approaching nearer, stopped for a moment on the steps and looked around with unusual interest.

"I dunno, Missis, but 'pears to me like Miss Eleanor's walk;" and she laid the baby, who was sleeping in her arms, in the cradle, and went to the door. Before I could collect myself Eleanor North stood before me.

"Aunt Emily, I have come back a changed and penitent woman. Will you forgive me and forget the past?"

She had thrown back the long veil,—her face, paler than of yore, her eyes sunken, her beautiful blonde hair no longer tinged with its sunlight glow, she was less lovely but more lovable. There was a chastened expression about her mouth, and as she stood there with long years softening the memory of her sin, I heard the good angel whispering in my heart, "Until seventy times seven!"

"I forgive you, Eleanor," I said; "may God forgive you too."

She fell upon my neck and wept bitterly.

"Your curse followed me, Aunt Emily," she said, between the sobs; "Heaven has punished me sorely. I am without a relation in the world to whom I can turn for affection. Death has torn from me all I loved."

"Are you a widow, Eleanor?" I asked, dreading the revelation to follow.

"I never married," she replied; "I could not be so false. My cousin loved me truly, but I had no heart to give him, and he released me. Then he died with bitter reproaches upon his lips;

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Christmas



my aunt never forgave me for destroying his happiness. Seven miserable years have I lived among strangers, only comforted by the affection of little Paul. Then he too died, and I am alone—utterly alone and desolate!”

She folded her thin white hands, the personification of despair. I took them in my own and kissed her.

“Eleanor, child, I loved your mother as if she were my own sister. Come and live with me; the past is forgotten.”

“No, Aunt Emily, that can not be; I have a comfortable home, and have only come to ask your love and forgiveness. If you will only give me that I am content. I deserve to be alone through life, and I will not murmur at my sorrowful lot, nor even pray for its mitigation.”

“You are wrong, my child; this certainly is not the spirit of that blessed religion which teaches us to ask, that we may receive. Heaven does not require this severe penance which you inflict upon yourself.”

She did not answer, but I saw argument was useless. As we sat there silent before the blazing fire, Eleanor’s face settled into a resolved and patient expression. There was a stir in the cradle, and little Guy commenced cooing softly. Eleanor started painfully.

“It is only my baby grandson,” I said; and as I took him from his warm nest the birdie’s song grew louder, and he lifted his wee hands to catch the lamp: “Yes, this is Guy Ravenel, Jr.”

The pale face glowed. She caught the child from my arms and kissed him again and again.

“Pretty darling—precious little darling!” she murmured; and sweet baby names, the tenderest diminutives she lavished, mingled with caresses. I saw then that coquetry, not heartlessness had been the bane of Eleanor North’s life. Women know where the difference lies.

Christmas was Eleanor’s last day

with me; she was to leave early next morning, and no entreaties could prevail upon her to remain longer. The stillness of the house seemed to oppress her at times, but there was an ineffable content in her pale face when she sat by little Guy’s cradle and watched him asleep, or folded him in her arms. The short winter’s day was closing in, and it was time to light the lamp, but we delayed, liking to sit there in the twilight by the fire. Little Guy was sleeping quietly in Eleanor’s arms, his baby face nestled close to hers—a strange contrast—the peaceful infant and the unsatisfied woman! Presently Dinah called me, and I went out. Not many minutes had elapsed, but when I returned there was a tall figure standing in the doorway—a man it seemed—looking at the home-like tableau within. Eleanor was rocking to and fro, her cheek lying upon the baby’s velvet face, and tears dropping quietly. Before I reached the door the figure entered.

“Do I see Eleanor North?” asked a voice we both knew but too well, thrilling to the heart’s core.

Eleanor raised her face, but said not a word. She seemed turned to stone.

“My son—Guy!” I cried. “Do not upbraid her! Let the past be forgotten! Shall man be less merciful than God?” But it was easier for me than for him. He trembled like the strong oak beneath the storm-blast. His nature was too tenacious—too constant to forget so soon. The simple, child-wife of his manhood had never stirred the depths of his heart as the first love of his youth. The Scottish bard knew mankind when he wrote:

“The fire that’s blawn on Beltane’s e’en  
May weel be black ’gin Yule;  
But blacker fate awaits the heart,  
When first fond love grows cool.”

Guy had not forgotten Eleanor,—he had not forgiven her. He stood looking down upon her, and she almost cowered beneath his gaze which seemed



to ask haughtily: "What has brought you here?"

And then little Guy stirred in his sleep; the lips broke into a smile, and he nestled closer to Eleanor's bosom. The implacable man was vanquished. He took Eleanor's hand, and said simply: "We will be friends."

The evening passed swiftly to us three, who had not met thus before for eight long years, and who, in God's Providence, were destined never to meet thus again. My soldier-boy was bronzed by exposure, and a full brown beard and moustache hid the smile which lighted his face with such peculiar beauty; but the eyes still shone with undimmed fire, and I knew Eleanor's heart told her he was unchanged—only grown stronger and nobler. She said very little and once or twice her voice faltered when some commonplace theme was being discussed; and she sat in an attitude of mute but eloquent attention when Guy told us of "the dangers he had passed." Poor child! poor child! Surely, when in after years this last evening was recalled she cancelled that sin of thoughtless vanity with the remorseful agony which only a woman, much-enduring, long-suffering and faithful can fully comprehend.

Eleanor left us next morning, heedless of all entreaties. In vain Guy and I pleaded with her; she answered quietly: "You are very kind; but I must go."

When the carriage was at the door, Guy went into the sitting-room, and returned with his boy in his arms.

"See!" he said, as the child eagerly held out its hands with a gesture no woman can resist; "See how little Guy begs you to remain. You can not refuse him, Eleanor!"

It was cruel in Guy—there on those very steps where the words had been read:

"Yes—the sharpest is yet to come—  
For Love is a plant that never dies."

Eleanor bent over the child for a

moment, clasped my hand, and lowering her veil, walked steadily to the carriage. Guy was by her side, and I heard him say something in a low tone, to which the stifled reply alone reached me:

"It is too late, Guy—too late! You are in the prime of your manhood—I am old and faded. But if this confession can requite you for any suffering I have caused, take it—it is part of the penance due to you and to heaven—I have loved you since we first met!"

Then the carriage door closed, and Eleanor North looked upon my boy's face for the last time till they meet in Heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is all over now. I have seen the pine box that contained all of what was once Guy Ravenel. Upon it lay his plumed hat and sword—that leal sword which flashed in the blaze of death, as if swayed by an avenging angel. Pulseless was that noble, generous heart—silent the ringing voice that had cheered on thousands of patriots to conquer or die—and was the sweetest chord in all the music of his mother's life. But I gave him for my country;—the Spartan mother gave no more.

Tonight I sit here alone. Eleanor North has taken my grandson to visit his mother's relations in Berkshire. He is a beautiful child, with those proud, eagle eyes which he inherits, as he does his name; and the old house is not lonely when his bounding step is heard, racing over hall, and porch and lawn. He is an overbearing master; and his humble slave, Eleanor North, delights to do his slightest bidding. But Guy Ravenel, Jr., is not my own son; my heart clings to the memory of him who sleeps with the death-wound in his breast, under the ancestral oaks of the old family graveyard. Life has lost all its brightness for me, and I now only look forward to the Land of Rest where we will never more be parted, oh, Guy, my son—my son!

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# HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF MERCER UNIVERSITY

By DR. R. J. MASSEY

**T**HE movement now on foot by the Georgia Baptist Convention to establish a Department of Agriculture at Mercer University, recalls the fact that "union of agricultural labor with literary study" was a feature decided upon in this institution before the school had first begun actual work seventy-five years ago.

At a meeting of the Baptist Convention of this State in 1829, it was reported that a brother, Josiah Penfield, of Savannah, having died, had left a bequest of \$2,500 to aid in the education of poor young men preparing for the ministry, and to be under the direction of that body, upon the condition of raising an equivalent sum for the same object, the interest only of which should be used. The amount was at once subscribed by the brethren and friends present. Although it was not until the beginning of the year 1833 that the legacy was paid over to the convention and the equivalent made collectable. It was thought expedient by the convention in 1831 to establish a school, theological and literary, connected with manual labor, at as early a period as practicable in some convenient and central part of the State. To effect this without delay the Executive Committee of the Convention, whose province it is to transact all its business during its recess, was directed to procure subscriptions, to examine locations, to receive propositions and to report to their next annual meeting.

## Church Handicapped by Illiteracy

At that early day, with a very few exceptions, the ministry of the Baptist Church throughout Georgia was almost without education. Although many of them men of strong common

sense, understanding full well the plan of salvation, and often illustrating with great power the teaching of the Word by the light of their own deep Christian experiences, their lack of knowledge over the State about this time demanded a better educated ministry. Seeing the difficulties under which their preachers labored, many intelligent deacons and laymen, assisted by the few intelligent ministers, felt it their duty to raise funds to educate pious young men for the ministry. As these young men were generally poor, and came from the laboring classes, these good brethren felt that it was fit and proper that they should labor several hours in the day to help defray expenses.

While it was a manual labor school, hundreds of young men almost paid for board and tuition by working the farm and on the streets, many of whom have since nobly illustrated Georgia in the pulpit, at the bar, in Congress, and many other important stations.

"Three of the hardest days' work I ever did in my life was done right here during the fall of 1836, just twenty years ago, when 'old master' ordered Malcolm Johnston, Ben Thorpe and me to cut down a whopping big whiteoak tree, some three feet in diameter, and dig up every root we could find, within three days," said Hon. David E. Butler, of Madison, when on a visit to Penfield, Greene county, during the commencement of Mercer University of the year 1856. He was standing on the street north of the college campus, indulging in reminiscences of the first days of Mercer. That good old man, Rev. Billington M. Sanders, whom Butler called "old master", was the principal of the institute, and for many



years first President of Mercer University. During its first several years the school was a manual labor school, and Mr. Sanders overlooked the work of the boys on the farm, as well as taught them in the school-room. Hence the boys gave him the name of "Old Master" and his good wife "Old Miss", imitating the tender parlance of the Southern slave, always meant by these terms, sincerest devotion to their masters and mistresses. This was one year before the school had been raised to a college. The place known for many years as Redd's Farm, had been laid off into lots and streets were being run through the town, when this monster whiteoak was in the middle of a street.

#### First Prohibition Law

Mr. Butler continued: "About this time the Executive Board of the Trustees established the only then anti-liquor law in the State. They put in operation at once a measure making it a penalty for any one living in the new town to sell or even allow to be sold any intoxicating liquors on his lot. They inserted a clause in each deed, making a forfeiture to the title of any lot to a person who violated the above provision. In this respect good old Georgia was far ahead of Maine and the other States."

Johnston and Thorpe remained and graduated with the first class in 1841, Butler did not. Probably the impression made upon him by digging up this stump caused him, within a few months to enlist in Captain William C. Dawson's company, then being raised at Greensboro for the purpose of suppressing the Seminole Indians in Florida.

He soon became an eminent lawyer, able Baptist divine, prominent politician and statesman. He represented his county in the Georgia Legislature several terms and became President of the Board of Trustees of Mercer University.

During his long distinguished career he always with pride pointed to two acts of his life. One was, that during the year 1843, seven years after he dug up the stump on the campus, he went before the trustees and got them to abolish manual labor. The other was, that he was called upon by that great and good man, Mr. Mercer, to write his last will and testament, bequeathing many thousands to the University.

#### Richard Malcolm Johnston

Dick Johnston, next boy tackling the stump, developed into Richard Malcolm Johnston, lifelong friend of Alex Stephens, eminent teacher, and author of national fame. Among his many works are "Biography of A. H. Stephens", "History of English Literature", "Lectures in English, Spanish and French Literature", "Old Times in Middle Georgia", "Mark Langston", and many other books of Middle Georgia reminiscences. He was Professor of "Belles-Lettres" in the University of Georgia fifteen years, and became LL.D. in 1896.

Ben Thorpe, Benjamin F. Thorpe, the third stump-digger, became a Baptist divine, served as pastor in various churches for fifty years. The Baptist Church at Perry, his native town, he served uninterruptedly for over forty years. He was also Trustee of Mercer University for forty-five years, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1877. Becoming D.D. in 1873.

The Executive Committee was peculiarly fortunate in finding a man to take charge of such an institution, selecting as their first President Rev. B. M. Sanders, of Columbia county. He was a good scholar, a graduate of South Carolina College, a minister of many years, and a practical farmer. As a disciplinarian he was firm and rigid, at the same time kind and as affectionate as a father. In such light many of his students regarded him.

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**Mercer is Founded**

After a faithful service of nine years Mr. Sanders retired. From his last report I quote: "At the meeting of the Convention in 1832 a subscription of \$1,500 was reported, and the respective advantages of a variety of locations that had been examined. The one we now occupy was selected, the purchase ordered to be made, and the school to be gotten into operation if practicable by the beginning of the new year. The committee with whom it was a maxim 'not to go in debt', speedily made the best arrangements the means in hand would admit. These arrangements consisted of two double cabins, with a garret to each, for dwelling, for dining, and for study for both teachers and students. With these limited accommodations and with one assistant, I opened the institution in January, 1833, with thirty-nine students, having thirty-six of them to board in my own family. Among those were seven young men preparing for the ministry.

"I shall ever remember, with lively emotions of pleasure, the patience and cheerfulness with which the students of this year sustained the privations and trials to which they were subjected by their cramped circumstances. They may be truly said to have borne hardness like good soldiers. While living as in a camp in their midst, and burdened with the charge and responsibility of the literary, theological, laboring and boarding department, I found no little support in all my cares and labors, from witnessing that while they lived upon the cheapest fare, had no place for study but the common school-room, no place to retire for rest but the garret, without fire in the coldest weather, and labored diligently three hours every day, no complaint was heard, but the most entire cheerfulness ran through all their words and actions."

The second year's operations were commenced with increased accommoda-

tions, with an additional teacher, and eighty students, seventy of whom boarded in commons.

**"Chinch Hall"**

When I attended this institution as late as 1847, fourteen years after the beginning of the school, one of these double cabins stood to the right of the main walk in the grove, at the time all vestiges of "Old Master's" good work seemed to have departed. It stood alone in its glory, bearing the euphonious soubriquet of "Chinch Hall". Tradition hath it that one of the seventy who boarded in commons in 1834, not having the fear of "Old Master" or "Old Miss" before his eyes, dared to give it the euphonious name of "Chinch Hall". The name clung to it as long as there was a log left to mark the spot.

Professor Willet, in his resources to meet exigencies of the occasion, proved a fit successor to the worthy professor who had constructed an air-pump with his own hands. In a most entertaining address delivered by Judge Hillyer, who is himself a graduate of the institution, at the last commencement, he said:

"When in her infancy, at old Penfield, she built her first cabin in the woods, she had no apparatus and no money with which to purchase, but the gifted John F. Hillyer, her first instructor in natural sciences, out of wood and ivory and a sheet of brass, or such like rude material, with his own hands, made a theodolite, and an air-pump, both of which, as Professor Sanford tells us, answered their purposes surprisingly well. Those who know how costly and fine such instruments are at the factories of standard instrument-makers can better appreciate the skill, the fidelity and the zeal of our first professor in the sciences. These first instruments would be interesting relics to place beside the far finer outfit of latter days. But they are long since lost, just as Israel, it



would seem, lost the rod with which Moses smote the rock in the wilderness and the timbrel with which Miriam danced on the seashore.

#### Proved Rotation of the Earth

"I saw in a scientific periodical an account of the recent demonstration in Berlin, by a noted scientist, of the rotation of the earth on its axis by the Foucault pendulum experiment. It gave all the details. There was a long rod or pendulum hung high in a tower, with heavy leaden ball and sharp point swinging at the lower end, and the large graduated circle, in part of the arc of which the pendulum should make its predicted twelve hours' travel. Then there was the critical audience of students, professors and savants, who stood by admiring and giving the sure verdict of success. It was told as something not only striking, but new. Now, in 1852, only a few months after Foucault published his interesting discovery, I saw Professor Willet using the cupola on the old chapel in Penfield for his tower, and with a like long pendulum and heavy ball and graduated circle on the floor below, perform the identical experiment and make the demonstration with perfect success. I never knew Willet to be otherwise than charming and clear in demonstration."

Of that great and grand old man, Professor Sanford, who became connected with this institution in 1839, and served it consecutively fifty-three years, Judge Hillyer says:

"If you followed Sanford he would take you far up the mountainside in the pure air of logarithms and calculus, but I never saw any one who could go with him quite to the top. Those two men, when in their prime, were a joy and a sunbeam. Their inspiration has gone with me through life, and is with me yet."

Professor Willet served the college in one capacity forty-eight years, re-

signing at last on account of bad health.

As his consulting friend on all occasions as long as he was president of the college, Father Sanders had the Hon. Thomas Stocks, of Greene county. Besides giving many thousands of dollars to this noble institution, he gave much time and served as the President of its Board of Trustees for ever forty years gratuitously. His blameless life, his high and noble purposes, his patriotic spirit and rectitude of character made Judge Stocks beloved and respected by all who knew him.

He died in Greene county, October 6, 1876, when nearly ninety-one years of age. He could look back to the time when the Oconee was the western boundary of the State, and when men carried guns to the house of God on the Sabbath, and kept sentries standing to watch for the Indians. He lived, to his joy and delight, to see Mercer, who first housed boys in double log cabins, rise to be one of the foremost colleges in the land.

The Board of Trustees of this institution always considered it a matter of great importance to have good instructors, that the elevation of character and usefulness of a college depended more upon the talent and learning and moral principles of its faculty than on the number and splendor of its edifices.

How well they planned may be affirmed by the fact that during the administration of ex-Governor Northen, one of its alumni, six of the eleven Congressmen of Georgia, then at Washington, were at one time graduates of this institution. Also Mercer has sent her boys over into Alabama and to the Lone Star State to occupy the executive chairs of these great commonwealths.

#### Boys Join the Army

Of course, during the spring of 1861 most of the boys of Mercer, as was the

case with even the Confederates though, of was kept up. The two sentulty, Profess realizing as could be got attendance, k and held a 1865. They studies of classes. In L university began the recognition first only thro but there was 1867. The y orderly condu In an une



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case with every Southern youth, joined the Confederate Army. A skeleton, though, of the college organization was kept up until the close of the war. The two senior members of the Faculty, Professors Sanford and Willet, realizing as compensation what little could be gotten from the students in attendance, kept the institution going and held a *quasi* commencement in 1865. They also carried on the mixed studies of preparatory and college classes. In December, 1865, the University began a regular course upon the recognition of the Faculty. At first only three professors were elected, but there was not a full Faculty until 1867. The young men were noted for orderly conduct and great application.

In an unexpected manner the war

affected the location of the college, so that very soon it was served to remove the institution to Macon, the city of Macon giving a certain number of scholars, seven acres of land on Tatnall Square and \$125,000 in bonds.

Today, with her several hundred thousand endowment, her splendid college buildings, magnificent grounds, college library, two society libraries, her hundreds of preachers having borne the prize in five successive inter-collegiate debates, her men nobly illustrating Georgia in every department of life from Maine to California—even sending missionaries to Africa, Japan, and China—good old Mercer should never despise the day of her humble beginning.



LILLIAN CLIETT  
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cliett

### *Spring—(In the Factory)*

*Helen De Lacy Conway*

*All through the golden afternoon  
I toil the hours away.  
Outside—I watch with wistful eyes—  
The winds and leaves at play.  
And wistfully I long to share  
The Glories of the Day.*

*The sapphire skies, the scented earth,  
All Death and Coldness fled—  
The warm, glad Sun, the Robin's mirth  
Now dreaded Winter's dead,  
As sweet he sings with joy of Life,  
To blossoms overhead.*

*All through the golden afternoon  
I toil the hours away.  
Outside—I watch with wistful eyes—  
The winds and leaves at play.  
And wistfully I long to share  
The Glories of the Day.*



# THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

## The Popularity of Spreads



WHEN Man starts out to do anything from a revolution to raising a fund for anything, he eats first. If you hear of anything started by a man that didn't begin with the eats, label it and preserve it.

A new slaughter-house began operations in Atlanta recently. They had a banquet.

A lot of missionary workers got together to discuss how they would spend other people's money. They had a banquet.

A number of engineers were anxious to discuss plans for a new bridge. They did—at a banquet.

A medical college felt good because the students had learned a lot in the gentle art of carving up anatomies—so the college had a banquet.

Some politicians felt so elated at the way their jobs were panning out, they celebrated with a banquet.

And there isn't anything from a birth to a funeral (with allowances made for all the subsequent corpse did before the finale), that isn't celebrated or observed with a "spell of eatin'."

This proves conclusively that Man, in the concrete, is becoming a profound philosopher.

Nobody can have a grouch after a pleasant meal.

Of course somebody pays for all the eats, but where's the use looking for disagreeable data when one has had one's palate tickled with "the best the market affords"?

Wives who desire to hold the slippery affections of husbands have long been warned to "feed the brutes", but it would seem corporations are also rising to an appreciation of the value of the advice, and are doing likewise.

## Since Men Took Note

A long time ago shop-keepers didn't bother much about trying to display men's wear to attract the male element into buying.

Life was simpler for the man of those days: a shirt was just a shirt: usually white, with a boiler-plate bosom and a collar which was in the nature of a white fence.

Hats were of the preacher or stove-pipe variety, the stiff or Derby make, or the good old "slouch" of no particular breed.

The average man of the ordinary class bought one suit of clothes in the winter, one in the summer and wore the assortments of other suits indiscriminately, as they lasted.

For every-day wear the trousers of year-before-last were sometimes good enough for the coat and vest of last year; or vice versa.

Then man woke up one day to the beauty and comfort of a "negligee" shirt. The absence of the starched bosom and the comfort of a low, soft collar appealed to him, and he welcomed the addition to his wardrobe.

Next the possibilities of being comfortable in linen and cotton weaves in the summer struck him as good logic, and he began to adopt something besides serge for summer wear.

The window-dresser now has a wealth of material at his disposal which makes every man who passes a man's store turn his eyes as longingly as ever a woman's do to a window full of lingerie.

And the dizzy looking combinations which have gradually evolved!

How many sober hat-bands do you see on men's straw hats in the good old summer time?

Mighty few.

How many "sporty looking" elderly

gentlemen do  
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gentlemen do you see with glad and happy looking "hosiery" on?

About nine out of ten.

How many stiff-bosomed shirts are seen outside an evening gathering where full dress is the rule?

Never a one.

And Woman has benefited to this extent: since Man has realized the happiness to be gotten from joyful raiment, he has been more interested and more generous in his desire to gratify the feminine longing for it, and at the same time he adds to the gayety of nations by patronizing the art of dress himself.

#### House-Cleaning

Now draweth forth the time most dreaded of men (next to Easter), and in the annals of family history it is known as "house-cleaning".

Next to turkey and pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving, firecrackers at Fourth of July and pie for dessert, "house-cleaning" is ranked as an important American institution.

For weeks before the attack, the Lady of the House begins to sniff suspiciously at the rooms which have so closely and happily housed the family all winter.

In her mind's eye she sees cartloads of dust under the carpets and more behind the pictures; the curtains must come down, she tells herself, and the rugs up; beds and furniture are all loaded "with germs and things".

This is where Father jumps the job, if he can, but if he can't he prepares to put in about three weeks of discomfort that makes him long to be a wooden Indian or a panhandler.

And the house reeks with soapsuds, furniture polish, strange char women and uncomfortable meals.

Nothing is ever put back to where it was before the upheaval. The sideboard is switched from its accustomed place and put where Father bumps into it in the dark; the hall-rack is changed

and everybody falls over it for the first week of its new location.

Familiar articles, worn and homely with use, are discarded, and the whole family (excepting Mother) feels as though it needed to be introduced, to be made to feel at home.

Usually Mother goes to bed after her session with the bucket and brush brigade, but she lays herself calmly down to a siege of nervous prostration in the sublime faith of a good job well done. And Father hasn't been brave enough to voice his sentiments yet.

If the fishing would be good at the time house-cleaning is "in", all would be well, but in this vale of tears, what would you?

#### A Descendant of Job

The lineal descendant of Job has been found.

He is a young man, and he earns his living by fitting shoes on women who would rather wear several sizes smaller than Nature meant them to.

And he ought to draw a fat salary with the assurance of a pension when he has become a doddering idiot.

One day recently a large, impressive-looking lady came to the young man; she wanted a pair of shoes; evening shoes; black suede; high-heeled; yes, she knew her size, it was three and a half.

The young man is blessed with clear vision and by a process of mental calculation he knew the natural dimension of the foot before him.

A long time ago manufacturers reached the conclusion that the average woman was ashamed of the size of her foot, so a cabalistic code of numbering was established by which only "the trade" could recognize sizes.

So when the patient young man returned with an armful of shoes likely to measure up to specifications (and the foot) he proceeded to try one on.

The lady liked it; it was black; it had a high heel; it was of suede; and it fit.



Idly she picked up the mate and looked it over critically; inside the figures "0450" were stamped—and the lady got mad. She declared the shoe was a four and a half; the young man demurred; the lady pointed to the figures. The young man explained that was the "trade number". But the lady was doubtful of his veracity; she kicked off the shoe and refused to become the owner of it.

It fit, and nothing but caprice made her decline to accept it as the logical choice.

But, being a vain woman, (which means a woman willing to suffer any torture rather than be comfortable,) she passed up the chance of owning a really nice looking pair of shoes.

And the patient young man has become so accustomed to this as a daily episode, he says nothing, but proceeds to fit other shoes on other feet and continues to lie about the size of said feet.

And this scene is enacted daily in every one of the shoe-shops in every big city.

There isn't any moral nor any lesson, but the suggestion of a pension for the young man should meet with general and hearty favor.

#### Hats and Hair

Whenever Man decides to make Woman change any of her varied ways, Woman gets busy devising other ways to upset Man's efforts and calculations.

Which is shown by the true history of "The Attempt to Abolish the Big Hat", or "Man's Effort to See all of the Show he Has Bought Tickets For".

It's this way: the hats women have worn this winter have grown and spread until it was a problem as to how some little women could carry so much hat.

With pompadours going "out", Man fondly hoped there would be a reduction in the dimension of the Hat; but there wasn't.

And the women who went to mati-

nees and moving-picture shows insisted on keeping on their hats, despite the feeble wails of the-man-who-sits-behind.

Then the Law was appealed to, and in many cities the edict went forth that the Hat was to be removed whenever a woman went to the theatre, picture show, or matinee.

What did Woman do?

Quietly submit and meekly uncover her locks when she entered the amusement hall?

Oh yes—not.

She took off the Hat, but the-man-who-sits-behind was "stumped".

The pompadour was replaced with a hair "turban" which fits on the head at any old angle.

The rear elevation is about forty-five degrees. Over this the hair (bought or otherwise) is drawn, and around and about it are large, fat braids of hair which add about steen inches to the effect, and Woman smiles serenely as she realizes that she has obeyed the Law implicitly.

And the-man-who-sits-behind gnashes his teeth and says things as he dodges about in a vain effort to catch a glimpse of the stage, but the woman-with-the-hair is busy dodging, also, that she may get a look or two at the stage which the mountain of hair in front of her is obstructing.

Will theatrical managers have to put up a notice asking ladies to remove their hair with their hats?

If the landscape gardening of coiffures keeps on, undoubtedly this will have to be the next move.

There is no end to the possibilities of hair architecture, and as most of the "creations" are bought ready to pin on, women with scanty locks will continue to go out wearing all their purses can stand and their hairpins hold.

Poor Man has no way to get back at these spoilers, and it would seem his only recourse now lay in an effort to have the stage literally elevated.

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# A GEORGIA CAMPMEETING IN TOM WATSON'S COUNTRY

By REV. JAMES W. LEE

(From the Atlanta Constitution)



**W**Henever a man, by his pen, or his brush, or his sword, converts his genius into literature, or art, or history, it is the custom to make over to him the region that produced him and call it his country. Losing himself in a deed, such a person finds himself multiplied by a State. Surrendering himself to an idea, he finds himself magnified by the universal mind. By going down into an enduring work, he finds himself coming up with the land of his birth gleaming about him. John Bunyan lost himself in an allegory, he dreamed in jail, and found himself a flaming evangel flying on the wings of morning to feed the spirit of piety everywhere. Florence Nightingale lost herself in service for the Crimean soldiers, and found herself walking down the aisles of pain in every hospital on the globe. So we have Bunyan's country, Nightingale's country, Shakespeare's country, Milton's country, Burke's country and Dickens' country. We have Amesbury, in Whittier's country, and Concord in Emerson's country, and Springfield in Lincoln's country, and Arlington Heights in Lee's country, and Monticello in Jefferson's country.

The section around Thomson is Watson's country, as the country about Crawfordsville is that of Alexander H. Stephens. No land becomes really significant until its soil, its atmosphere, its hills and its sky get transmuted through the genius of one or more of its sons into a book, or a painting, or a life of permanent value. Tourists do not go to Scotland to see lakes and mountain stretches of heather; they go there to see the country transfigured

and colored in the glorious hues of Sir Walter Scott's imagination. Travelers do not go to Florence to see the River Arno, and the slopes of the Apennines; they go there to see where Savonarola lived and was burnt; where Michael Angelo saw angels in stone and brought them forth to live in the light; where Benvenuto Cellini saw the head of Medusa in brass, and forced Perseus to step forth in bronze to hold it in sight of the ages forever, and where more famous men have lived and toiled and suffered than ever in any city of the same size played their part on earth before.

"The Story of France", "The Life of Napoleon", "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson", seem to be mere by-products of Mr. Watson's mind. They appear to be creations thrown out by his intellectual machinery while the wheels of his thought were really engaged turning off some schemes of political reform, and finance. But in the years to come, when the kings and captains of Populism have all departed, and when the tumult and the shouting over passing and perishing interests of the time have ceased, it will, in my judgment, be seen that the by-products of Mr. Watson's life are the ones by which he will be remembered. The things he did in the interims of elections and political conflicts, merely to keep himself entertained and busy when nothing of Populistic moment was doing, will in the years to come be accepted as the valuable contributions he made to his generation and time.

The conditions under which Mr. Watson's books were written reveal him in a most striking and admirable light. He was defeated in his race for the United States Congress, but he got even with







his countrymen never came to America? He said it was because we had no works of art, no products of genius, worth mentioning. They did not care to see enormous reaches of territory, and thirty-story buildings and great cities. Hence they went for their vacations to Italy, or to Egypt, or to France, or to Greece. Like any other American in love with his country, I did not enjoy his answer. There was an English bluntness and straightforwardness about it, that did not please me. But I was standing by Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne" far from home, in the land of William Tell, and I saw nothing to gain by taking offense.

Our day will come. As a nation, we are young. We have been building the foundations of material well-being. All beauty has not been exhausted in Italy, nor all music in Germany, nor all thought in England. There are inexhaustible stores, never yet drawn upon, waiting for our vision and intellectual industry. In the meantime we can do nothing better than cherish and cheer every man among us who attempts intangible and yet necessary lines of mental enterprise.

#### I.

THE object of my visit to Tom Watson's country was to be present at a Georgia campmeeting, out through the cotton-fields, ten miles from Thomson. Rev. Dr. John W. Heidt, the presiding elder of the Augusta district, is the ecclesiastical superintendent of a region famous for campmeetings since the early days of Dr. Lovick Pierce. He was kind enough to invite me to the White Oak, the central and topmost one in all the State. As an elder, Dr. Heidt has, perhaps, had more service than any of our preachers in this half of the State. He was my presiding elder, when, without experience, I found myself on the Long Cane Circuit thirty years ago. He made the address in my behalf when my name was before

the conference for admission into full connection. It is the custom for young ministers to retire while the presiding elder is representing them at this juncture of their career. I started out of the room, but before I reached the door Dr. Heidt was in the midst of his speech on my case. I hardly knew myself as the person whose picture he was drawing with such full, free, sympathetic hand for the eyes, called ears, of the brethren. But I must confess that the artistic work he was doing in so hearty a fashion was not altogether unpleasant to my susceptible nerves. In fact, to make a clean breast of it, I thought his address on that occasion was the most musical and entirely up to the style of the occasion I had ever heard. I have never ceased to think that the sunny and great-hearted presiding elder of the LaGrange District did himself and the cause he represented great honor that day.

A young minister would be ashamed not to swim after being pitched into the ecclesiastical current from a spring-board of fitting statement like that. I heard Dr. Heidt represent another promising young preacher at the conference last year. He had not lost the art. There was the same whole-souled movement, no qualifying phrases, no distinctive conjunctions, no seeming fears hidden in his words. He threw out the facts about his man in such a way as to leave no doubts as to what he meant. He never seemed to be afraid of giving a poor young preacher the big-head, but rather indicated that he would not cry if he did. He appeared to feel that most youngsters would be rather helped than hindered by a first-class send-off when starting on the theological road. He recognized perhaps that steep climbing was ahead of them, but saw no use in magnifying the difficulties until they were reached. His method was to cheer and encourage. I am sure after his speech on my case, I walked about among the brethren



ren with a sense of significance I had not known before. But this did not harm me. There were plenty of pessimistic surgeons ready with their sharp instruments to let out any overplus of optimistic blood that might happen to be flowing too freely in one's veins. When, therefore, the tones of the same voice, that fell with such soothing effect on my ears in the conference room years ago, came over the telephone asking me to attend the White Oak campmeeting, nothing was left me but to say, "Yes, sir, I will go, anywhere—to the swamps, to the mountains, to the seaboard—wherever you say."

The White Oak campground is located in a settlement peopled from the start by as good folks as ever lived on Georgia soil. In the neighborhood are the Neals, the Reeces, the Doziers, the Smiths and acres of others whose names are as fragrant as the flowers in their gardens. They have practiced the principles of the Christian religion, until the plan of salvation may be clearly seen in the depths of their straight-looking eyes. They have associated with the true and the beautiful and the good, until they have translated all three from qualities into pulsations. They have been intimate with goodness so long and find it so wholesome, that it is a problem with them, why every person does not take to saintly living, just as bees take to honey on clover blossoms.

The sight of an old-fashioned Georgia campground was not new to me. My father was accustomed to tent from my earliest recollections at the one connected with our church. The tents at the White Oak, the shingle-roofed stand in the center, the straw for carpets, the curling smoke from the cooking places, the old-time darkies to help with the work, were all in evidence. I almost felt, as I walked into this center of shade and song and prayer, that my father and mother

were there, and that Uncle Joel Stansel and Uncle Henry Clark and Dr. Means were on hand to do the preaching. A sort of dim impression like this was upon my mind from the time I arrived early Monday morning until I walked from the preachers' tent up to the eleven o'clock service. There before me, it seemed, were the same old saintly faces I had met before. There was the very seat, just three rows back from the front, my mother was accustomed to occupy. But I was half-way dreaming, she was not there, but there was in the same place a mother in Israel inspired by the same hope and drinking from the same springs of life my mother knew.

The whole situation affected me profoundly. Ideas that had been entertained from time to time, that the day of the camp-meeting was over, were dissipated like mists before the sun. That a campmeeting in such a place and among such a people was a good thing, I had not the slightest doubt. It furnished a social and spiritual center for the community. It was the place and the time for home-comings to scattered members of the different families. Here the neighborhood embraced by a ten-mile circle annually met to renew the ties of friendship and to pray for the blessings of Heaven on their homes and hearts. Thirty great, doubled, weatherboarded tents, surrounded the square. They were large enough to accommodate inside and out, fifteen hundred people. This number was multiplied by four on Sunday. But the average daily attendance on the services was from twelve to fifteen hundred.

Dr. Heidt issued his appointments, morning by morning. The preachers received them like soldiers taking orders from the commander-in-chief. The influence of the Gospel was clearly seen. Young men and women and children, by the scores, manifested their desire to live after the same fash-

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ion their grandfathers and their fathers and mothers had set for them. They sought peace and pardon and power in a most simple and direct manner. The singing and the preaching moved the people's thoughts and stirred their hearts. The campground is to be enlarged and improved and many new families will come up from their plantations to enjoy the services next year.

How it ever happened that Kerry Mills named his two-step march "At a Georgia Campmeeting", I can not

make out. And yet this popular rag-time instrumental piece of music is the one in which the Georgia campmeeting is sailing on all the seas, and calling forth applause from the concert halls of all the Christian world.

I heard "At a Georgia Campmeeting" on the Grand Canal in Venice, and I heard it in Paris. Just as Stephens Collins Foster made a little river in Florida flow through all lands under the sun, by his "Old Folks At Home", so Kerry Mills has our Georgia campmeeting marching under all skies to the music of a two-step march.



## April

Jake H. Harrison

*With smiles and tears, and laughter gay,  
See April tripping down the way.  
The birds are here, her smiles to greet,  
The grass spreads carpet for her feet,  
The laughing brook, the blooming trees,  
The flowers, and the humming bees.  
Extend a welcome free from guile,  
So warm, that April has to smile.*

*A chaplet on her brow is seen,  
Of leaves, so velvety and green,  
That ancient Roman festive ways  
It brings to mind, these prosy days;  
A virgin fair, indeed, is she,  
A maid of beauty's first degree—  
Uncertain!—well, think of her sex,  
Her smiles and tears were made to vex.*

*And yet we love her none the less,  
Because she brings us some distress,  
For sunshine ever brings us pain,  
Unless we have with it some rain;  
And beauty, minus smiles and tears,  
Is sure to waken doubts and fears,  
For beauty that has naught of mood,  
Is to the heart a tasteless food.*

*Come, let us with the birds and bees,  
The grass and flowers, brooks and trees,  
Extend the hand of welcome too,  
To one, though changable, yet true,  
To all the wiles of woman's ways,  
With which she blesses springtime days,  
And leads us on, with smiles and tears,  
Through all life's dismal, happy years.*



## UPPERVILLE'S CAVALRY BATTLE

By COL. G. N. SAUSSY

**T**HE 9th June, 1863, witnessed the greatest distinctively cavalry battle, on the Plains of Brandy, since the invention of firearms.

Pleasanton crossed the Rappahannock at Bernley's and Kelly's fords with three divisions of horse, consisting of twenty-four regiments, and backed these with two brigades of ten regiments of infantry, the whole force, exclusive of his artillery, amounted to 10,981 effective men.

Gen. "Jeb" Stuart, to combat Pleasanton, marshalled fifteen regiments, five of Hampton's, five of Jones', four of Rooney Lee's, and one of Fitz Lee's, totalling less than 7,000 men.

The artillery on either side about balanced each other. The total Federal loss, officially reported as 936 officers and men and a battery of three guns, together with six regimental and company standards. Stuart yielded up 523 officers and enlisted men as his toll of the battle's sequel.

This battle was the initial attempt of Pleasanton to tear away the cavalry curtain that screened the movements of Lee's infantry, then en route from Fredericksburg for the lower valley, in the initiation of the Gettysburg campaign.

Lee had mystified Hooker; and Pleasanton was attempting to unravel the mystery by tearing away the cavalry curtain that screened the movements of the infantry.

The movement of Ewell toward Winchester caused Stuart to advance Fitz Lee's, Robertson's and Rooney Lee's brigades northward to keep prying eyes well east of the foothills of the Blue Mountains.

Pleasanton, still intent on unraveling the mystery of Lee's infantry,

again struck Stuart on the 17th June, when a severe engagement at Aldie ensued; Stuart still held the mask intact. Again, on the 19th, Pleasanton made a savage attempt to break through the screen, but Stuart prevented the desired end. On this date Baron Heros Von Borcke, a Prussian dragoon, who had run the blockade and secured a position on Stuart's staff, was severely wounded in the neck, and thenceforth disabled from field service.

Never a brighter Sabbath dawned over the hills, valleys and plateaus of the Old Dominion than that which ushered in Sunday, 21st June, 1863. It was one of those ideal June days that poets love, and could truly be classed as *perfect*.

Stuart had brought Hampton from the neighborhood of Brandy, and directed him down the Upperville and Middleburg pike.

Selecting an excellent position, he dismounted a part each of the Jeff Davis Legion and the second South Carolina cavalry. He placed the former on the right of and the latter on the left of the pike, well sheltered behind stone fences.

On the pike, between the two commands mentioned, Captain Hunt had unlimbered two light pieces. The two pieces were slightly in rear of the fences occupied by the dismounted squadrons.

The beauty of the day and the sanctity of the Sabbath, prompted the writer to believe the day would pass peacefully. He was on the left of the line held by the Jeff Davis Legion, and next to the pike that separated the legion from the Carolinians.

Impressed with the deceptive peaceful appearance, he said to a comrade returning to the horses behind the hill: "Look in my saddle-pocket, and you

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will find a copy of Scott's 'Tales of the Crusaders.' Please bring it when you return."

Before he returned the enemy's mounted skirmishers broke cover beyond the branch at the foot of the hill, and deployed in plain view. No demonstration was made by them, and no shot fired from our side. The writer thought they had simply taken a position of observation. Soon, however, a section of artillery took position just in rear of the skirmish line, then promptly other sections, until six or eight guns had been placed in battery.

Then the business of the day opened, and soon the whole artillery force were sending compliments of case shots all about us, but giving most of its attention to Hart's two guns on the pike and the Carolinians on our left.

Under this rapid fire, the Federal infantry formed line of battle and advanced as far as the branch at the foot of the decline. The fire of the dismounted men prevented any nearer approach. Being largely superior in force, a strong flanking command moved beyond the Confederate right flank and threatened our rear. Fierce was the cannonade we endured. The fire was largely centered upon Hart's two guns, with a generous proportion upon the Carolinians left of the pike. A shot or shell struck Hart's English Blakely and disabled the gun. My recollection is, the shell or shot struck in the muzzle of the rifle and broke it. This was the first gun the horse artillery of Lee's army had lost. It is well, in passing, here to note, Hart's battery holds the *world's record* for service. In the four years of the war, this splendid battery was in action and under fire *one hundred and forty-two times*. A record not equalled by any field battery of any nation in any age or any war.

Flanked out of position and the loss of the gun, caused the Confederates to fall back west of Goose creek and take up a strong defensive position.

Stuart's orders to Hampton, Jones and Robertson were to avoid a general engagement if possible. Chambliss and Jones occupied the road from Union to Upperville, while Hampton and Robertson held the pike from Middleburg to Upperville.

Buford's division started out to flank Hampton on the left, but found Jones and Chambliss a distinct obstacle in his path and his plans.

Gregg's division, supported by Vincent's brigade of infantry, purposed to hold Hampton on the Middleburg-Upperville pike, while Buford secured Hampton's left flank and rear.

When Hampton withdrew from the position west of Goose creek, because each flank was threatened, he moved across a clear plateau east of Upperville—his brigade marching in column of regiments—moved with that precision dear to every soldier's eye. The Jeff Davis Legion being the rear command of the brigade.

Quoting from Major H. B. McClellan's narrative of the combat: "As the battle approached Upperville, the enemy pressed with new vigor. When within a mile of the town General Buford, believing from the appearance of the field that General Gregg was outnumbered, disengaged himself from Chambliss' front and moved rapidly to General Gregg's assistance. Having the shorter line to traverse, he cut off Jones and Chambliss from effecting a junction with Hampton and Robertson east of Upperville.

"While these events were occurring north of the Upperville pike, General Gregg was handsomely pushing his advance upon the town. Robertson's brigade held the road and the open fields north of it. As he retired through the town, one of his regiments was thrown into some confusion, which was, however, instantly relieved by the splendid conduct of Hampton's brigade on the right.

"As the enemy followed Robertson,



Hampton charged their flank with the Jeff Davis Legion."

Now let us turn on some light from the report of General Hampton: "We repulsed the enemy, who threw a fresh regiment on the right flank of the Legion (Jeff Davis). I called up the right wing of the first North Carolina cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and in turn charged. Another fresh regiment charged the North Carolinians, when colonel Baker, with the remaining five companies, struck them in flank, Baker was in turn charged by a fresh regiment. I then put in the Cobb Legion and broke the attacking party. The Cobb Legion was again attacked, and again with the Jeff Davis Legion I turned the flank; and the series of charges went on until all my regiments named (Jeff Davis Legion, first North Carolina and Cobb Legion) had charged three times, and I had gained ground to the right and front more than half a mile."

Just here I desire to make a correction of General Hampton's report: The Jeff Davis Legion being the rear command of the brigade, when the column was reversed they were facing the enemy and made the first charge, and instead of being sent or put in *three* times, the Legion made *five* onslaughts upon the enemy; in each charge meeting and repulsing a fresh regiment.

Continuing his narrative, Major McClellan writes: "The success was mainly due to the personal influence which, both during and since the war, has marked Hampton as a leader of men. When the Jeff Davis Legion was counter-charged, its position seemed perilous. Hampton saw the danger, and turned to Baker's regiment (first North Carolina). Drawing his sabre and raising himself to his full height, he cried, 'First North Carolina, follow me!' and those North Carolinians could as little resist that appeal as iron can fail to obey the magnet."

Forming the second South Carolina

in rear of the three regiments which had so splendidly repulsed both Gregg and Buford, Hampton retired his command, without further molestation, at a walk.

The action around Upperville bristled with tense excitement. In one of the five charges made by the Jeff Davis Legion, two comrades of the writer, while in full tilt, came in contact each with an antagonist, and in each instance, with sabre at the carte point, the impetus of the men in swift charge drove their sabres *to the hilt* into and through his opponent, and as their steeds flashed past each other, the sabres being bound to the wrists with sword knots, each of these troopers was *hurled out of his saddle* upon the field. But each of them had slain his antagonist, yet each was more or less hurt by the wrench and by being hurled from his saddle to the ground. Another comrade, a splendid soldier and a fine *sabreur*, was carried by his excited mount through one of the enemy's regiments, before he could secure control of the horse. His position was perilous. Cut off from his comrades, death or capture seemed the alternative. He had to think hard and quick. Detecting a gap in the line, he made for it as his only and hardly possible gateway back to his command. As he drew near his presence was detected and there went up a cry, 'There's a d— rebel, kill him! Cut him down!'

But "Jobby" held his nerve and dashed for the opening. A blue trooper attempted to interpose by turning his horse so as to close the gap. "Jobby" gave his splendid mount the spur and struck the Federal horse squarely on the shoulder and hurled horse and rider rolling upon the field.

Another blue trooper made a vicious "left-cut" at "Jobby's" head, but being an adept swordsman, threw up his "guard" and caught and parried the Federal cut. Then, quickly recovering his sabre, made a clean "right cut" and

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caught his antagonist across the brow and rolled him with a cracked skull upon the field. In regaining his command his horse caught a bullet in his ham, but it did not disable him.

Besides those killed and wounded with sabre and pistol, Hampton brought out of this melee eighty prisoners.

In the early part of the day's action the writer had borrowed a carbine from a trooper in another company. While fighting dismounted his spurs embarrassed his movements, so he removed them from his heels and put them on the cartridge-box belt. When relieved from the dismounted part of the battle, he returned the gun and equipments to the trooper from whom he had borrowed them, forgetting his spurs. In the mounted engagements, he felt the need of the spurs to encourage his mount.

Later, when the captured Yankees were being convoyed to the rear, he approached one unfortunate who had tasted Confederate steel and seemed to be in considerable discomfort.

Requesting the "loan" of his spurs, his guard responded, "Here, this is *my* Yankee. You don't touch those spurs!" Next day, while viewing the crowd which had been corralled in the melee the day before, he approached a Yankee officer and in an undertone requested the spurs he had on his heels.

He replied, "I promised them to Lieutenant G—, of the sixth Virginia, if he consents to the transfer I'll turn them over to you." Not wishing to again infringe a "*proprietary*" right, he passed on and addressed himself to another prisoner, "Let me have those spurs; you are going where they will be useless to you." "All right, sir," he replied, and suiting the action to the word quickly unbuckled them and handed them over, "and Richard was himself again!"

There were more gory sabres on exhibition that afternoon in Hampton's brigade than the writer had seen be-

fore. Here was given an exhibition of the Southern horseman that easily demonstrated his superiority over the same arm of the service in the Federal army.

The handsome manner in which Hampton had handled Gregg and Buford, driving these two divisions back, gaining full half a mile of ground that had been in their possession, and compelling them to relinquish further attack, proves the claim made. Teddy the Terrible wrote, "The world has never seen better soldiers than those that followed Lee." The writer will paraphrase that sentence into "The world has never seen better troopers than the South gave to the Confederate army."

The Southern ante-bellum boy was a born horseman. By the time he had mastered the old blue-backed "speller" he was a fearless horseman and an expert marksman. Small wonder, therefore, he was quickly transformed into the best trooper the world ever saw.

I failed to mention in the proper place another instance of individual heroism in the battle of Upperville. The color sergeant of the Jeff Davis Legion was a jolly, good-natured and red-headed soldier named Carroll. Before the first mounted charge one of his color-escort borrowed Carroll's sabre, and the other color-guard borrowed his pistol. So Carroll went into the battle armed only with his flag and the staff upon which it was mounted.

In one of the five charges made by the Legion, Carroll singled out as his personal antagonist the Federal standard-bearer, and making direct for him overtook him in his rapid retreat.

Making an impromptu lance of his flagstaff, he gave his foeman a vigorous punch under his arm with the metal point of his staff and demanded surrender.

The blue trooper quickly succumbed, and Carroll brought his prisoner out of the charge, including in the capture



the man, his mount, his colors, and his arms—for he had both sabre and pistol.

Carroll deemed the feat such as to give him a proprietary right to the captured colors, and intended to retain the flag "for keeps," when one of General Stuart's staff officers required him

to take the flag to headquarters and deliver it up to the major-general (Stuart) commanding.

Under the circumstances, Carroll's comrades believed he should have been allowed the trophy, but the general thought otherwise.

## To Her

Frank E. Anderson

*Upon my mem'ry's wall, her silhouette  
Is hanging yet,  
Where love's trembling living sunbeams fall,  
Where last regret  
With tender hands will shroud that face, when death  
This sad heart stills and stays this sighing breath.*

*O lost, yet dear! I see her face again—  
Its forced disdain,  
The startled eyes, alive with hopes and fears,  
Its proud lip's pain—  
The clear white cheek, through which the blush-rose peers—  
All faint and sweet, as tho' 'twere wet with tears.*

*At peace they seemed, those pallid temples where  
The clust'ring hair  
As soft as dusky piled-up shadows dreamed;  
Yet throbbing care  
Was pulsing there and tho' the gray eyes gleamed  
'Twas not with smiles—with sparkling tears they teemed.*

*Ah! priceless pearl—While all her nature grieved,  
'Twas not believed,  
As gathered gallants giddy round the girl,  
The world deceived  
Proclaimed her heartless—called her flirt, coquette . . .  
Tho' SHE is dead, that lie is living yet.*

*Oh, anguish vast! She never was my wife.  
My barren life,  
Which had borne flower and fruit, if with her past,  
With red leaves rife  
Feels dreamy death, with soothing kisses, fast  
Its longing lulling to sweet sleep at last.*

*But when I wake—when Spring shall death succeed,  
O'er vernal mead  
Its earliest breath her footsteps, light with glee,  
To me will lead—  
Tho' sundered here, together there I see  
Our souls together—Heav'n enough 'twill be.*



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# WHERE IS GORDON NYE?

Illustrations by Gordon Nye

**W**HEN I was editing the New York "Watson's", (and before my rustic and untutored intelligence had suspected that old Colonel W. D'Alton Mann was going to trim me in the most or-

some time, before I blew up there from down South and got a look at him.

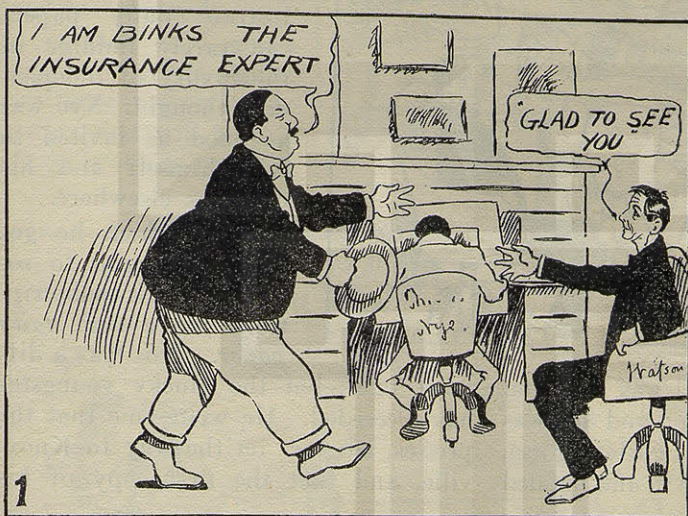
They told me that he had undergone quite a rapid civilization before my arrival—which is doubtless true; but when I first laid eyes on him, he still

wore a look of general wildness, suggestive of Walt Whitman poetry, or undiscovered murder.

All of us liked Nye, and recognized his genius. His cartoons began to attract attention and were copied in other magazines.

One day, when I happened to be in the "chief's" office, (in which Nye had his desk, for I

wasn't there but a couple of days each month,) a man dropped in—one of these fat, confident, communicative, tell-you-all-about-it fellows—and he

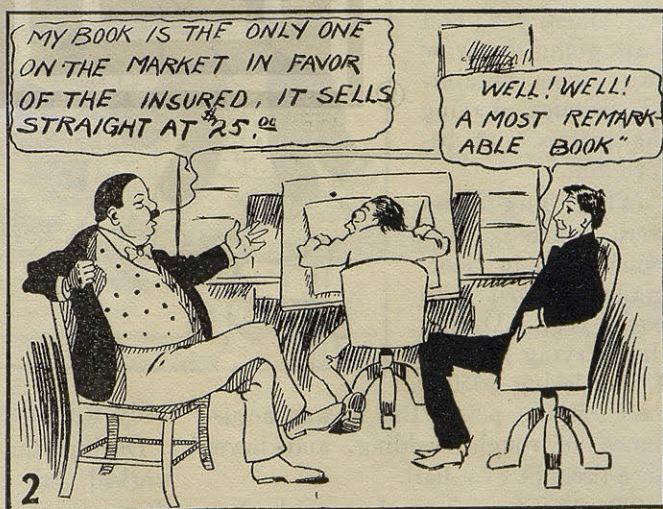


thodox High Feenawnce fashion,) they gave me permission to select an artist for the publication.

Several applicants beamed in on the situation, but my fancy was taken by some drawings submitted by a boy who was at work in a Pennsylvania mechanical establishment.

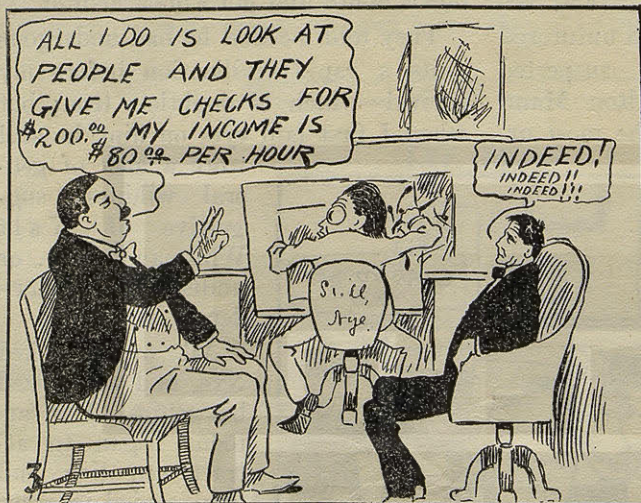
So it came to pass that Gordon Nye began to illustrate my editorial war-whoops.

Did it well, too, and justified my guess that he was an Adullamite, same as myself. He had been at work in the New York office





volleyed and volumned at such a prodigious rate, that I almost got tired. I noticed that Nye rose, looked at the flood-gate a moment, and then departed.



The human word-mill was a person of great staying power; and he was still holding me with his glittering eye, when the office boy came in and handed me a sheet of Bristol board. On this, Nye had drawn a cartoon of the burning deck from whence he alone had fled. It may amuse you; and I am going to throw away some untainted pennies, having the picture put before you.

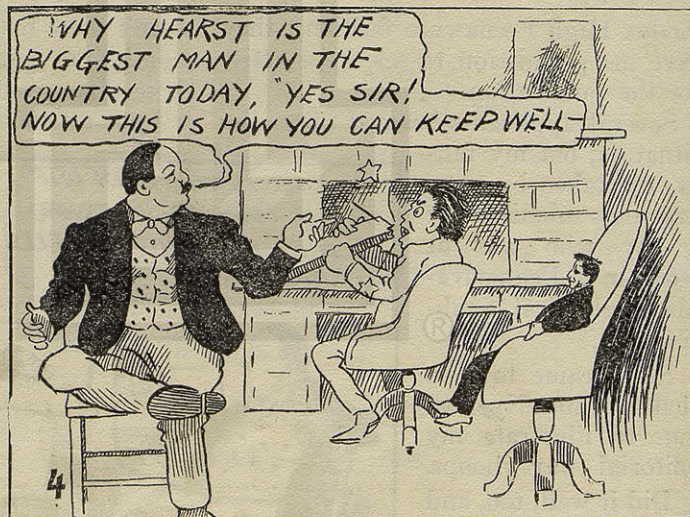
When THE JEFFS were started, Nye came down to Georgia, and lived with me a year. During those trying months, I was losing \$250 a week on the pets. But I was accustomed to rough sledding, and never once thought of a halt.

The Hearst papers then made Nye

an offer, and he returned to New York. But the atmosphere wasn't congenial, and the artist soon threw up the job. Later he drifted to Knoxville, to work for a daily paper.

One day he expressed to the Boss an opinion which wasn't complimentary to the editorial conduct of the paper. Artists who illustrate daily papers can rarely indulge in the luxury of independent thought. Nye was as good as invited to take himself and his opinions elsewhere.

Upon which he got out, and began to solicit stock subscriptions for a new daily paper. This was a difficult task; but the plucky youngster has succeeded. He writes me that the presses, etc., are on the way to Knoxville, and that the first copy of his



daily will soon be out.

During the seven months that he worked on the stock subscriptions, there came on a big fight for the con-

trol of the former the Old of course per: but campaign which Nye cartooned Knoxville ing at Old Ga pletely r

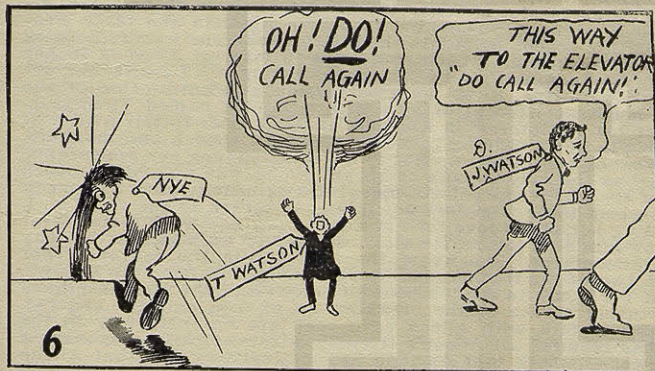
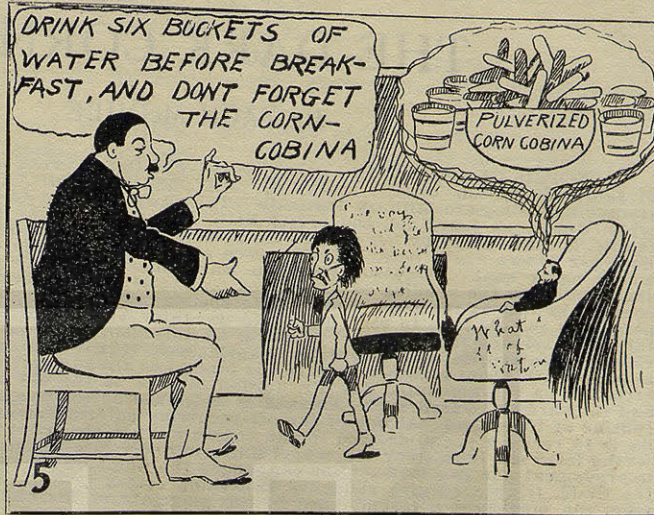
As soon copy of will give notice, an on, as mu





trol of the city. Nye's former Boss was for the Old Gang, and so, of course, was his paper: but Nye issued a campaign sheet, in which Mr. Boss was cartooned, until all Knoxville was laughing at him; and the Old Gang was completely whipped.

As soon as I get a copy of Nye's daily, will give it conspicuous notice, and will help it on, as much as possible.

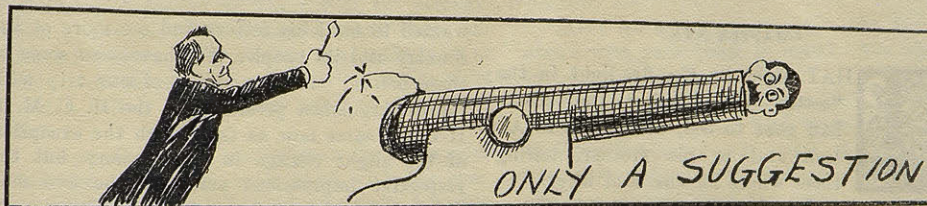


He is one of my scholars, and his paper will be of the right kind.

Since the resignation of Nye from THE JEFFS, I have had several letters, in which the question was asked, "What's become of Nye?"

Hence the head-line of this article.

T. E. W.





# THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH MCGHEE

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS**—The Dark Corner is the story of the romance of James Thompson, usually known as "Jim", and beautiful Aileen Hall, both teachers in Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute. The story opens at the Thompson country home, when Jim is ten years old, and pretty little Amy Cannon, who has been living with Jim's family, is taken away by her father. He grieves for his little playmate, and always remembers her brown curly hair, big blue eyes and the scar on her forehead his mother said would never heal. Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President of the H. C. M. I., starts, prior to the opening of the school, on one of his frequent trips to the section of his country known as the Dark Corner. He spends the night at "Ole Man Bill Jordan's" and persuades the old man to send his grand-daughter Amanda to Hollisville Institute. When the news spreads that "Mandy" is going off to school, only one person in the community views the enterprise with downright displeasure. This is Tom Moore, a good-natured, red-headed youth about eighteen, who in his fancy has already settled "Mandy's" future. Nevertheless on the appointed day Mr. Jordan hitches up the old gray mule to the "waggin" and they are off to Hollisville, Amanda is welcomed by the teachers and soon falls into the routine of the school. At one of the oft-recurring entertainments at the H. C. M. I. Amanda is to recite a poem, dressed in the coarse clothes she wore on her arrival; then three weeks later she is to wear the school uniform and recite the same poem, to show the vast improvement she has made. Jim announces the numbers on the program, and looking at the timid, frightened girl, suddenly something comes to him—the faintest, dimmest light from the long-ago—a resemblance to the playmate of his childhood, Amy Cannon. Her big, appealing blue eyes, which always remind him strangely, too, of Aileen, seem to beg him to save her the humiliation they are about to heap upon her. He determines to do it, and sends her to her room to copy a program. As she passes out he remembers to look for the scar; he does not see it. This successful effort to thwart his purpose arouses the indignation of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, and to punish Amanda and teach Professor Thompson who is running that school, he orders the girl to make one hundred copies of the program she had copied once for Jim. Aileen endeavors to interest Amanda in her personal appearance and offers to fix Amanda's hair more becomingly. Despite her attempts the mountain girl seems, to Aileen, to be more perversely awkward. One of the pupils tells him that Amanda had once lived at Wilson with a family named Thompson. Aileen resents Jim thanking her for her interest in Amanda, and Jim tries to tell Aileen of his love. Despite Aileen's efforts to put a refining touch to Amanda's speech and manners, the girl remains singularly awkward and insolent. Her new dress changes her appearance so that Jim readily identifies her as the Amy Cannon of his childhood, but Amanda's speech shatters the idol. The night of the Christmas entertainment draws near, which will mean the end of the first half of the school term. Jim does not intend to return to the H. C. M. I. and sends a note to Aileen, telling her of his love for her and asking she wear a rose over her heart if she looks kindly on him as a lover. He also asks her to wait so that he may escort her home after the entertainment. She wears the rose but in the center of her bosom and leaves the hall with two of the teachers before Jim can get to her. He follows, and reaches her at the gate of her home as she is about to enter—and the rose is pinned directly over her heart. The usual scenes of the breaking up of a school are enacted. Thompson has little opportunity to talk with Aileen until they are on their way in the train, to her home. Amanda has rebuffed all Aileen's friendly advances, Aileen speaks of this and is piqued at Jim's answer—namely, that Amanda had instinctively felt that Aileen did not like her. Jim enjoys a pleasant visit with Aileen's foster mother, who is a woman of wealth, refinement and culture. He returns to the H. C. M. I. to gather his belongings, and finds Amanda there alone. Her grandfather has not come for her, and Jim suspects that Professor Tilson has not informed the old man of the close of school, as he will be able to claim board money for Amanda's overstay. Jim hires a rig, to take her home, but as Amanda is not familiar with the road, they are lost and a heavy storm adds to their troubles. They bog in a swamp. Finally a small house is found and here the two spend the night. The next morning they start on their way, and meet an old sweetheart of Amanda's. He looks with despair on Amanda in her new clothes and regards Jim as a "town boy" worthy only of contempt. The two finally reach the home of Amanda's grandfather, and the old man scarcely recognizes his granddaughter. In celebration of her safe return the old man builds a monstrous fire and announces he will kill hogs on the morrow.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**T**HAT night by the fire-light in the "settin' room," after the others had gone to bed, Jim wrote to Aileen and to his mother, telling them where he was, and why. The "settin' room" had been assigned to him for a bedroom. The whole family dressed in there the next morning, for no other room in the house, except the kitchen, had a fire-place in it. That, though, fortunately, was before he waked up, for he slept soundly in the thick, smothering feather-bed.

After breakfast, he and Mr. Jordan decided to hitch up and drive to the post-office. Jim

wanted to mail his letters and see more of the country and its people. We have seen some of these before, on the occasion of our trip with the distinguished president of the H. C. M. I. It is the same now as then, with the exception of the slight change in the season; but the respective impressions made on the two men differed widely, owing to the difference of viewpoint.

As Mr. Jordan and his visitor emerged from the Washmore Swamp, they came in sight of a log house on the edge of a little piece of pine woods. A small stream of smoke curled from the top of a mud-daubed log chimney; and a wooden shutter, of unplanned pine board, stood ajar to admit the light.

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"Who lives there?" asked Jim.

"Whar?—Thar?" asked his companion, pointing to the cabin.

Jim nodded his head.

"That air's the schoolhouse," said Mr. Jordan.

Jim was very much interested, and wanted to get out and go in. Mr. Jordan was chairman of the school board; but he had not been inside the schoolhouse since he helped to build it. He knew the teacher, though, who, according to custom, had spent the first week of "boarding around" at his house.

A low murmur of voices greeted their ears as they approached the door and knocked, but there was little evidence of surplus energy usual in a school room. A pale-faced, lank boy of about twelve years old timidly opened the door, and the two visitors entered.

Seated in rows on crude, backless benches set irregularly in different parts of the room, were some fifteen or twenty sallow-faced, dull-eyed, lifeless-looking children, ranging in age from six to sixteen. The benches were all of the same height, and made to seat the larger children, so that the smaller ones sat with their little scrawny legs, all clothed in dirty white stockings, suspended in air. The boys were clothed in suits of coarse, home-made jeans, the breeches of most of them patched at various points along the anatomy fore and aft. The girls each wore the usual coarse homespun one-piece dress; now and then there was a crude attempt at adornment with a bit of faded ribbon at the neck or a fancy-colored comb in the crudely dressed hair. Each child had a dog-eared book of some kind, or a greasy slate; not engaged with it in any way, as a general thing, just holding it in his hands or lap. Some few of them were idly making marks on their slates, others gnawing the corners of their already much-gnawed books, while still others were tearing up bits of paper and throwing them on the already much-littered floor. It was winter, so that there were no flies for them to catch. There was a listless, lifeless, stupid air about everything and everybody. The children all looked up blankly at the newcomers, and some of their languor left them, the least bit of curiosity coming into their faces as they saw the strange man with a white shirt and a collar, and a queer kind of stiff, black hat.

Across the room, sitting near the stove with his feet cocked up, on a level with his eyes, against one of the logs of the wall, his chin resting against his shirt's soiled bosom, was a rather large and puffy sort of man, about thirty years old. He had a low forehead, small, black eyes beneath heavy black eyebrows, a head of shaggy black hair, and his clean-shaven face had not been shaved clean in about a month. He was the teacher.

"Perfesser!" called the boy, who had opened the door.

No answer.

"Uh-h Perfesser!" repeated the boy a little louder. Four or five boys and girls joined in a chorus of "Perfesser! Perfesser Brown! Uh-h Perfesser," each time getting a little louder.

"Uh! hey!" remarked the gentleman addressed, looking around and lifting a dirty fist to his eyes, but without otherwise moving.

"I'm er liar ef'n he ain't sleep," observed Mr. Jordan to Jim.

"Uh! eh! what's that? Who says I'm asleep?"

Now, his fist having pried open his eyes, he looked up again, but not far enough around to see the visitors.

"Peered ter me you wuz sleep," said Mr. Jordan.

"No, sir; no, sir," exclaimed the teacher, springing suddenly to his feet, "quite an inaccuracy, sir, quite an inaccuracy. Good-morning, Mr. Jordan."

Looking a little further around the room he saw Jim. Then he raised himself to his full height, pulled down his vest over the portly part of his figure, spit a big wad of tobacco on the floor, and with great dignity and courtesy advanced to greet his visitors.

"My name is Brown, sir," he said, holding out his hand to Jim, "Professor Bucephalus Brown. Quite felicitous, sir. What mought be the honor of your name?"

Jim found it necessary to turn his head and cough before telling him the honor of his name.

"Thompson is my name. I am a teacher myself," said Jim, but made haste to correct himself by adding, "Or have been. Chancing to pass by, I came in to see something of your work here, if there is no objection."

"He's ben one er the perfessers in Perfesser Tilson's school at Hollisville. You's heerd er that, I reckon," put in Mr. Jordan by way of making a favorable impression for his guest on Professor Bucephalus Brown.

"Oh! ah! yes. My *Alam Mater*," observed the Professor with great dignity. "Quite felicitous, sir."

"Don't let us interrupt you," said Jim. "Go ahead with your work as usual. We will take seats here and observe."

"Yes, sir. Quite felicitous, sir."

Jim and Mr. Jordan took seats on one of the backless benches beside some of the children. The teacher stood looking puzzled for a moment, glancing around over the room. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"We are just in the midst of a recitation in—oh—the science of jog-ra-phy, sir," he said impressively. Then, turning to the school, he said with great majesty, "The class in the Science of Jography."

Three pale, sallow-faced, shy-looking girls,



one tall, lank boy, and one more chubby-looking little fellow with a less lifeless, if dirtier, face than the others, arose, one by one, and took their seats on a bench near the stove. Before beginning the lesson, the teacher turned again to his visitors and explained, "We teach the round or spheroidal system of jography, sir. They was addicted to the flat system here, givin' instruction that the earth is flat, but as I can teach either system, I introduced the round or spheroidal system with miraculous consequences, as you will comprehend."

Taking the book which one of the girls handed him, he opened it and proceeded to demonstrate some of the miraculous consequences. But he could not find the place where the lesson was, so that, after turning the pages of the book at haphazard for a minute or more, he asked with the same dignity and impressiveness, "Ada, will you specify the lesson?"

Ada had not the most remote idea how to "specify" a lesson, but as he walked up to her and held out the book she turned to the page and put her finger upon a list of questions at the bottom.

"Where is Timbuctoo?" he asked, this being the first question in the list.

No one answered. He looked down at the question again, and repeated, "Where is Timbuctoo?" Then reading the answer printed opposite the question, he began searching the map on the opposite page of the book, till finally his finger stopped upon a point. A broad smile of satisfaction at his achievement came over his moon-shaped face. "That is to say," he observed, beginning to elaborate and clarify his question, "What is the locality in which Timbuctoo is situated?"

Still nobody answered.

"Hamilton," the teacher said, "permit me to expatiate. You observe my finger in this state of perpendicularity. It rests upon Timbuctoo. Now, Hamilton, I perceive that you comprehend that point. Wherefore, see if you can answer. Is Timbuctoo in Africa?"

"Yas'r," said Hamilton, without any change of expression.

"Correct, sir; correct exactly."

Professor Bucephalus Brown looked around to fasten the favorable impression such an exhibition of learning must make upon his visitors, smiling at them in acknowledgment of anticipated congratulations. His eye fell again upon the book and he began searching with the point of his finger for the next question. But suddenly it occurred to him—he could not find the next question—that he might take another way to demonstrate some of the miraculous consequences of his spheroidal system.

"Hattie, will you tell us, Is Africa on the top side, that is, on the superior side of the earth's surface, or is it underneath?"

No answer.

Still no answer.

"Tain't in the joggerfy," suddenly observed the chubby-faced boy, whose name was Bob.

The teacher frowned.

"Bob," he said severely, "how often have I admonished you for saying 'joggerfy'? You should say *jog-ra-phy*." Then after clearing his throat, he stepped back a pace, straightened himself up and looked majestically over the room.

"Children, always speak with perspicuity," he said in a loud, commanding voice with great dignity.

After delivering himself of this unquestionably wise injunction, and pausing a moment to see that it was duly noted, he turned again to his class.

"You comprehend me, I presume. Is Africa diametrically opposite the extreme point on the corresponding hemisphere?"

"Yas'r," answered Hattie.

"Of a certainty," said the Professor, highly satisfied.

"Hit's on the tother side er the worl'," put in Bob, with the nearest approach to anything like life Jim had been able to observe in any of the pupils since he had come in. But Bob got a frown from his teacher and a lecture for his inelegant speech.

"You mean, Bob," he said, "that it is opposite to a corresponding point on the spheroid."

Again, with a show of mortification because of Bob's lack of conventionality, Professor Bucephalus Brown began searching the book for a question.

"Where is the desert of Sarah?"

While the children stared, he looked on the book for the printed answer, and on the map to find it for the purposes of again "expatiating" and illustrating with the perpendicularity of his finger. By the same process as before, he and the class arrived in due season at the conclusion that the Desert of "Sarah" was also in Africa at a point "diametrically opposite the extreme point on the corresponding hemisphere."

Jim, at this point, partly for mischief and partly with a sincere desire to see if the children knew anything, could not refrain from putting in a question.

"What is the Desert of Sarah?" He pronounced it "Sarah" just as the teacher had.

"Yes, sir, most felicitous, sir," observed Professor Bucephalus. Then turning to the class he asked, "Can you reply to that interrogation, Eunice?"

If Eunice could reply to the interrogation she would not, for she looked as blank as the average lottery ticket. All the children sat staring at Jim with their mouths open. The

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tension was very great. It was the only time the teacher seemed to be losing the mastery of the situation.

"Hit's pooty dry thar, ain't it?"

Bob had come to the rescue.

"Yes, yes," said the Professor, so much relieved that he forgot to frown at Bob, "quite correct, indeed, Bob. A notable lack of moisture. Is there not?"

"Yas'r," said the class in chorus, bringing a look of triumph into the Professor's face and bearing. Turning to Jim, he observed, "Professor, they are well informed upon that subject, you see, sir."

Jim saw. But he had one more question.

"Why is it dry there?"

"Yes, yes, quite felicitous, Professor. Extremely appropriate. I am quite sure they can explain. Explain it to him, Sudie."

Sudie showed the same disinclination to explain that Eunice had. But she was well informed on the subject, as her teacher proceeded to show.

"Let us expatiate. Let us suppose for the sake of hypothesis that this room, that is, this enclosure here, is the Desert of Sarah. Then if it is raining outside, that is, to be more explicit, if moisture were precipitating on the exterior, some of it would enter through the aperture in the wall there. Would it not?" Nobody denied this, and he continued. "Then it is because moisture is not frequently precipitated in the Desert of Sarah that it is dry there. Is not that what you learned a few days ago, Sudie?"

"Yas'r."

Bob interjected here his contribution to the learned scientific discussion.

"Hit's dry thar 'cause hit don't never rain thar."

Jim looked approvingly at Bob and smiled. At the same time, Bob's teacher was frowning most severely.

Jim was so much interested that he wanted to stay longer; but, fearing his risibles might not be able to stand further strain, he felt forced to take his leave.

"Have you any suggestions as to the managing of the school?" asked Professor Bucephalus Brown, as his visitors were leaving.

"No, I believe not," said Jim. But as he got outside, he turned and added, "Oh, yes, there is one suggestion."

"Thank you, sir. Quite felicitous, sir."

"Give a long holiday for Christmas," said Jim.

Jim was still laughing in his sleeves, and amusement was playing about his features, when, after they had driven a little piece down the road, his companion turned to him.

"That air's er mazin smart man, Perfesser."

Jim looked at Mr. Jordan, smiling at the wit of the remark, when he saw a solemnity and seriousness in every line of the old man's face. Then every expression of amusement faded out of his face, and he stared at first in blank amazement, then in sorrowful reflection. He saw now only the pitiable side, the tragic side of it all. Here was the most prominent man in the whole community, the chairman of the school board, putting the very prince of fools to teach the children of the district, and calling him "ermazin smart man." And this, it dawned upon him, was doubtless the kind of man the school had always had for its teacher, the kind that Amanda had had ever since she had been going to school. And if perchance, or if it were possible, for a bigger fool to come along, he would be considered a smarter man than this Bucephalus Brown; and the poor deluded people would be better pleased to have their children go to him. It was monstrous, he saw, and right there he determined that if possible one man in that community should be undeceived as to one humbug. He therefore proceeded to tell Mr. Jordan what he thought of Brown.

Ole Man Bill Jordan was illiterate; he was worse than illiterate, he was ignorant; but he was credulous, and Jim had the advantage that the old man believed in him now as he had never believed in any one else. The consequence was that by the time they reached home that night, the chairman of the school board had made up his mind that, when the school closed at the end of the week, it would end the reign in that district of Professor Bucephalus Brown.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE WASHMORE SWAMP post-office was at a country store, where the roads forked. In addition to opening the mail three times a week, closely inspecting the outside of all envelopes, reading the postal cards, the postmaster was charged with other duties and responsibilities. He sold meal and sugar, coffee, soda, snuff, tobacco, and a few other of the necessities of life. He likewise bought eggs, or rather took them in exchange, and sent them to town every two weeks, getting other goods. He traded oxen and mules, too; and once he had had a horse. Goats inhabited his broad acres, and pigs rooted among the fragrant jimson weeds of his front yard. He had even been known during several stated periods in his career to keep a milch cow. On the whole, he was accounted a prosperous man. He was good company, too, the postmaster was, being fat and hearty, and sometimes disposed to go back to the rear of the store with some of the men who dropped in. The object of these visits to the rear of the store was a matter of conjecture to stran-



gers and less favored acquaintances who chanced to be there, though some came back smacking their lips and wiping their mouths on their sleeves, and all of them acted as if they imagined they felt better. The post-office and store was a good place to stop for a rest. It was a place to learn all the news and to tell all the news, a place to talk politics, to spin yarns, to discuss the weather and the crops, and to complain of the hard times. It was a place to chew tobacco, to spit, and to "cuss."

Several men were congregated around the store when Jim and Ole Man Bill Jordan drove up. Two carts were in the middle of the road awaiting their drivers, and to one of these carts was tied a rusty but dignified old mule, with a crocus sack on his back, made sleek by contact with a man's "pants." The men were talking. They were intent upon their topic, too, this morning. There was only one.

About four miles from there, the night before, Jeff and Mose Long had killed Asa Homer, their brother-in-law. They were drunk, all three of them, at Asa's house, where they were having a cock fight. They fell out over the cock fight, and each having a pistol, there was a general shooting. Homer was killed. One of the Longs was hurt, but both of them made their escape. John Homer, Asa's brother, got two of his friends and they started that same night, armed with shotguns, swearing they would kill both of the Longs on sight.

Now, do not suppose, from anything heretofore said about the sleepiness of these people of the Dark Corner, or any little dullness of faculty you yourself may have noticed in them, that they did not, like all other people, stand ready to know and to tell some new thing. In a civilized community a murder takes precedence of all topics of conversation. In a community whose conversational resources are usually limited to the weather, the crops, a little politics every two years, and such brief remarks about every wedding as "I'll be darned," and "Wal, I never thought she'd er had him,"—in such a community, a murder, as a topic of conversation, is a veritable oasis in a desert.

These men at the store were talking about the murder, and before nightfall,—means of communication being quickened for the occasion,—nearly every other man in all that country round, and nearly every woman, was doing the same thing.

The next day, Sunday, was therefore looked forward to with the keenest interest and pleasure. There was to be "church" at the Washmore Swamp Church, and there would be people there to talk with on on the all-absorbing topic. More than that, far more than that, fast following the first news of the killing, came the news—every man that passed along the road

stopped at every man's house to tell what he knew—that Asa Homer was to be buried at the Washmore Swamp graveyard in the morning. It was indeed a day to look forward to, and there were anticipations to sweeten one's dreams.

Jim went to church with the Jordans. He and Mr. Jordan hitched up the horse to the buggy and the mule to the wagon, and, against the protest of all the Jordans, who wanted their visitor to have the best of everything, he allowed Mrs. Jordan and Amanda to go in the buggy, and himself rode in the wagon with Mr. Jordan.

When they arrived, the whole churchyard was full of men. Amanda and Mrs. Jordan went on inside. Jim stopped with Mr. Jordan outside among a group of men who were talking about the killing. All over the churchyard and out in the road were similar groups discussing the same topic. All were interested, and seemed to be enjoying themselves beyond measure. Each one, who could, delighted to recount some circumstance before or after the crime, which might have a bearing on it or might be in any way interesting in connection with it.

Near where Jim was standing, a man who had once shot Jeff Long's pistol was quite much of a hero, and the crowd gathered around him in admiring attitudes, until a greater than he appeared upon the scene in the person of a man who had passed Mose Long that very night on his way to Asa Homer's with a cock under his arm, and had stopped and talked with him about it. Jim watched them for a long time, listened only passively to their tales, but watched with keen interest the expressions on their faces. Then he wandered off and around the churchyard. Going up to the church door, he looked in upon rows of women on one side of the aisle and rows of empty benches on the other. There were no men inside at all save the preacher, who was sitting up in front behind a plain pine stand which they called the pulpit. The church was built of unplanned planks, unceiled inside, and the windows were only board shutters; there was no glass in them. A huge stove was in the middle of the aisle which ran between the rows of backless benches, and the floor had huge cracks in it. Yet condemn them not; the house of the Lord was fixed up better than their own homes, which is not true of every community.

The women were not talking, save only a few; they were just sitting there, patiently waiting. Some of them had their eyes closed, Jim thought, but he could not tell, for they all had on huge sunbonnets which covered their faces.

While standing there at the church door gaz-

ing in upon strangeness a down the road wailing. He were, but the tops of the tress; and, Instantly, all with a rush serving Mr. tree calmly screaming, he the other me with eager, least sign of puzzled, but l

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ing in upon the scene and thinking of the strangeness and the weirdness of it, he heard, down the road, a most terrific screaming and wailing. He could not tell how many there were, but they were women, and shrieking at the tops of their voices, in most piteous distress; and, he thought, in appeal for help. Instantly, almost involuntarily, he started with a rush toward the road. Suddenly, observing Mr. Jordan sitting on a stump of a tree calmly looking in the direction of the screaming, he stopped and looked around. All the other men were in like manner looking with eager, expectant eyes, but without the least sign of excitement or alarm. He was puzzled, but his excitement was not abated.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Whut's the matter with whut?" asked Mr. Jordan calmly.

"Why, don't you hear that screaming? Had we not better go and help them?"

"Them's jes the women folks cryin' 'cause he's dead."

Mr. Jordan was puzzled to know why Jim did not know that.

The screaming grew louder, more piteous and heartrending, as the vehicles steadily approached. Presently a shakely wagon with wobbly wheels, drawn by a lean, half-fed mule, emerged from the bend in the road. This bore a plain pine coffin, without handles, stained brown with the oil of walnut hulls. Beside it in the same wagon, one on either side and leaning over it, were two women, the mother and the wife of the dead man, both wailing with the full strength of their lungs and crying out incoherent words of endearment and grief, wringing their worn and blood-drained hands in the agony of woe. In the lap of one of them, the younger, was a child of two or three years, who from fright and lack of understanding was crying, too, at the top of its childish voice. Behind the wagon were two or three ox-carts, filled with women and children and aged men, relatives of the deceased; and some were walking beside these. Slowly the mournful procession moved up into the churchyard and to an open grave underneath a pine tree in the corner of the yard furthest from the church. The hundred men or more stood by watching curiously and eagerly. The women's piteous wails kept up and seemed to grow louder and more heartrending as the bier neared the gaping grave.

They got out of the wagon, got out without the assistance of the men, and stood wailing still louder, getting in the way of the men, who lowered the coffin into the grave with ropes and filled it over with earth.

The hundreds of men stood by and gazed curiously. To them it was only a show, and the wailing of the women was a part of it.

But with Jim, every shrill cry went to his impressionable heart, to which was imparted something of the woe; and the unimpressionableness of the other men made it deeper in him. The little child clinging to its frantic mother's skirts and crying at the top of its voice moved him especially. He went up to and gently took it by the hand. The little fellow continued to yell, but, as if in hopelessness and darkness, it yielded to Jim's tender sympathy. In a short time it became quiet. Jim had succeeded in interesting it in the nose and teeth and eyes of the old mule. This simple little act was the only thing that was odd or unusual to the spectators. They had seen all the other before.

When the grave was filled and a mound made, two straight boards were driven into the soft earth, one at the head and one not quite so tall at the foot. The women stopped screaming then and got back into the wagon. Jim gave the mother her child, and they drove quietly away.

Meantime, they were about to have "church" inside. Jim and Mr. Jordan went up to the door. There were no vacant seats. The empty benches on the side opposite where the women sat had been filled up with men. They, with a number of others, stood, therefore, in the door.

The reacher half read, half sang, two lines of a hymn and asked Brother Taylor to "histe de chune." Brother Taylor "histed de chune." He histed it about an octave higher than anybody could reach, but that deterred nobody; they lit in, screeched and yelled these two lines, stopped and looked up for more. He "lined out" two more lines, which were likewise devoured; and so on till the hymn was consumed, and everybody was happy and hoarse.

After this the minister prayed. He prayed loud and long and earnestly, but nobody understood what he was praying for; whatever it was, it was totally foreign to their comprehension; totally apart from anything touching their lives, either immediate or remote. Next he announced the text from First Peter, Third Chapter and Twentieth Verse: "Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water."

For one hour and fifteen minutes, by Jim's watch, was vigorously and vociferously expounded there the doctrine of eternal salvation by water. The congregation sat patient and listless. Occasionally, though not often, a man or a woman would nod, but he was soon awake again. No one could sleep in any peace, the preacher hollered so. Very few gave the substance of the sermon any serious thought; they had heard it all their lives—that is, it had been preached in their presence



all their lives. There was nothing new in it now. There was nothing new that could be in it. Not being able to sleep for the hollering, they just sat there thinking about Asa Homer and the Longs.

As the people started out of the church, Mr. Jordan turned to Jim.

"I'm a liar," he said, "ef'n hit want a pow'ful sarmon, Perfesser."

"Powerful," said Jim, and hurriedly changed the subject to the weather. The preacher came out after the other men, leaving the women in the church. Jim had wondered when he first looked into the church, before the sermon, why the women were not interested in the killing, for they were silent, while every man on the whole premises was talking about it. He saw now. It was their inning. As soon as the benediction had been pronounced, they went together in groups like the pieces in a kaleidoscope; and the thin walls of the church resounded with the murmuring and chattering of every woman in the house talking at once, all talking about the horrible deed.

The preacher joined Jim and Mr. Jordan.

"What did you think of the sarmon?" he asked.

"We wuz jes er sayin'," answered Mr. Jordan, "as how hit wuz sholy pow'ful."

Jim broke in suddenly as if it were of the most urgent importance and asked if they thought it was going to rain. There was not the sign or semblance of a cloud to be seen anywhere in the heavens. His question had the desired effect, though, for the moment; the old man told the preacher about Jim and Amanda's experience of several nights before. When this was over, for fear they might get back to the subject of the sermon, Jim asked them if they thought the crops were in need of rain. It was past the middle of December, and there were no crops to need rain; but Jim was desperate. They considered a moment, and concluding that he was from town and did not know anything about crops, made no attempt to answer.

"That was the good Bible doctrine," began the preacher.

Jim was at his last row; only one thing could save him from the embarrassing question

of what he thought of the sermon, and he must save himself.

"One bullet struck him in the jaw, didn't it?" he observed.

This he knew would be a success, and it was. Immediately the preacher and Mr. Jordan entered with enthusiasm into the subject which had already wearied Jim to the point of disgust. But it was inevitable.

It was when Jim got back to Mr. Jordan's that day that he expressed himself on that sermon; not to the Jordans, though; he wrote it in his journal.

"And that is what passes for spiritual ministration to a people in whose midst a heinous and revolting crime excites only curiosity, and gives opportunity for pleasurable gossip. By such tommyrot as that would he elevate a people born and reared in ignorance, sloth, and moral and intellectual torpidity and—— But no, I suppose he thinks he has nothing to do with enlightening them and elevating them. All that is the business of the grace of God—and water. His job is to get up in the pulpit and howl and rant about something the people do not understand and would not be of the slightest importance if they did understand. But it was a *powerful* sermon—oh, yes, powerful enough to be heard half a mile.

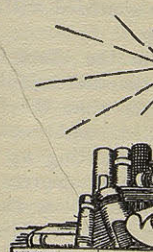
"Meanwhile, their poverty-stricken souls are languishing for lack of nourishment."

Whether after dinner Jim was in a better humor or a worse the reader must decide for himself. This is what he added in a postscript to the above entry:

"It would have been hard for him to preach on the subject of that murder, I suppose. But Heavens! why didn't he preach then, on, say hieuits? That's a long ways more intelligible a subject than the one he did preach on, and has lots more to do with Christian virtue.

"The great religious principle these people need to lay hold on is good digestion; and a few sermons on how to cook would put more religion, and better, into them than all the sermons on the method of baptism, predestination and election, justification by faith, the Apostolic succession, and so on, that were ever preached in the history of the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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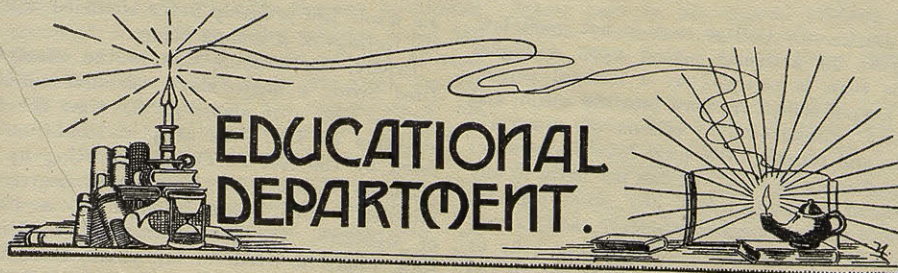
- (1) What was
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- (5) What was and Burr traged fought?
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(1) The Dartmouth which the Legislature undertook to reorgan established under Supreme Court of the charter was a lature could not based upon that c the United States pass any legislation tion of contracts.

In Lodge's "Life" scription is given which the New En their campaign to In the Supreme C Hampshire, the Cor sented by very ab understood the cas State made the mi lawyers and emplo superficial declaim Attorney-General c was so much overv official position th ment of the Dartm due preparation.

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DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE: DRED SCOTT DECISION: MULLIGAN LETTERS: FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION: HAMILTON-BURR DUEL: THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

#### QUESTIONS.

- (1) What was the Dartmouth College case?
- (2) What was the Dred Scott decision?
- (3) What were the Mulligan letters? Did they figure in the Blaine and Butler controversy?
- (4) Who wrote the Constitution of the United States?
- (5) What was the cause of the Hamilton and Burr tragedy? Where was the duel fought?
- (6) Are the Jews a great race of people, capable of maintaining a government of their own if colonized and placed together, and dependent upon their own race for leadership?

Albany, Ga.

INQUIRER.

#### ANSWERS.

(1) The Dartmouth College Case was one in which the Legislature of New Hampshire undertook to reorganize a school which had been established under an old royal charter. The Supreme Court of the United States held that the charter was a contract, and that the Legislature could not alter it. The decision was based upon that clause of the Constitution of the United States which forbids the State to pass any legislation which impairs the obligation of contracts.

In Lodge's "Life of Daniel Webster", a description is given of the crafty manner in which the New England Federalists conducted their campaign to win the case for the college. In the Supreme Court of the State of New Hampshire, the Commonwealth had been represented by very able lawyers, who thoroughly understood the case, and who won it. The State made the mistake of dropping her able lawyers and employing Mr. Holmes, a mere superficial declaimer, and William Wirt, the Attorney-General of the United States, who was so much overworked by the duties of his official position that he went into the argument of the Dartmouth College Case without due preparation. In spite of this, however, when the Court took a vote on the case, the majority was heavily against the college. John Marshall, whose partisan passions as a Feder-

alist had been consummately played upon by Daniel Webster, got his colleagues to adjourn the consideration of the case to the next term of the Court, thus postponing it for a whole year. It was to be then reargued.

Webster, and the other friends of the College, realized the danger of having the questions at issue presented by a capable lawyer, (as they would have been at the next term of the Court, by William Pinkney, of Maryland,) and they commenced an under-ground railway movement to bring pressure upon the Judges during the vacation. Mr. Lodge describes in detail how this was done, and how, when the Court reconvened, Chief Justice Marshall pretended not to hear William Pinkney's statement when he rose to move that the case be taken up, Marshall announced that the Court *had arrived at a decision during the vacation*,—a most unprecedented thing for the Court to do.

The decision was not good law, and has never been so considered by our best lawyers. *No agreement can be called a contract which does not bind each party with equal force.* In other words, it must be bi-lateral, compelling each to perform a duty towards the other, else it is not a contract. It may be a license, permitting the recipient to go and do something by the consent of the giver of the license; but it can never be a contract until he who gives the license has as much right to compel a performance of duty under it as he who receives the license has the right to enjoin the giver of it from interfering with an exercise of the privileges therein granted.

Now, a *charter*, granted by a King, or a State, or by Congress, *does not compel those who receive it to do anything.* A State may license a man to build a railroad, but the State can not force him to build it. The government may license certain individuals to incorporate and run a bank; but they are not compelled to exercise the power granted. A charter may be granted to incorporate and conduct a school or college; but the State has no power to compel the persons who have obtained the charter to act under it. Consequently, a charter is lacking in the fundamental elements of a legal contract.

There is another reason why the decision in







when, in a very dramatic manner, he himself produced the letters, after having defied the House to compel him to do so, and he read them from the clerk's desk. So great was his skill as a debater, and the magnetism of his oratory, that, for the moment, he appeared to have won a brilliant triumph by his boldness in producing the correspondence. Next day, however, the inevitable second thought got in its work, and all unbiased people could see that several of the letters indicated that Mr. Blaine was engaged in very questionable transactions. Apparently, he was using his tremendous power as Speaker to get railroad securities without paying money for them.

I do not recall any Blaine-Butler controversy. There was a famous combat between Conkling and Blaine; and also a great debate between Ben Hill, of Georgia, and Mr. Blaine. The Mulligan letters had no connection with either controversy.

(4) The Constitution of the United States is a composite of the work of many minds acting together in convention. Mr. Madison, however, is called The Father of the Constitution, upon the idea that he, more than any other one man, influenced the Constitution makers.

(5) The apparent cause of the Hamilton and Burr tragedy was a letter in which General Hamilton had alluded to Colonel Burr in offensive terms. It has always been suspected, however, that there was some deeper cause that has never transpired. There have been those who surmised that the quarrel reached as far back as the love affair with Margaret Montcrief; others think that Burr was determined to be revenged upon Hamilton for the persistent political persecution with which Hamilton had pursued him.

The duel was fought at Weehawken, on the Hudson, a short distance from the City of New York.

(6) The Jews are a great race, with some indomitable qualities and race traits of marvelous persistency. There is no doubt whatever, in my mind, that if they were all thrown together under one government, they would be found eminently capable of self-government and self-maintenance.

#### THE PARTHENON MAN IN THE IRON MASK, AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE".

DEAR MR. WATSON:—Will you please answer the following questions through the Educational Department of your Magazine?

1st. What was the Parthenon?  
2d. Who was the "Man in the Iron Mask?"  
3d. Who was the author of the celebrated pamphlet, "Common Sense?"

4th. In your "Sketches from Roman History" you state that after Marius had returned to Rome and wiped out his enemies, he died in seventeen days after he was elected Consul.

Myers says in his General History *thirteen*. Who is correct?

5th. Who is the present Prime Minister of England?

Mr. Watson, I am a poor boy, only sixteen years of age, but I wish to state that I am a *firm believer in Populism*. I am a lover of history. Through the kindness of my uncle, I have been reading your Story of France. It is *sure fine*. As soon as I can I aim to order your "Napoleon," "Bethany" and "Waterloo."

God grant that you may have a long life, for you are doing a *noble work* for the Common People and *Humanity*.

Your friend and ardent admirer,

Culberson, N. C.

R. LEE KINCAID.

#### ANSWERS.

(1) The flower of Grecian architectural art, as applied to religious edifices. It was a temple. Among its treasures was the colossal statue of Juno, in ivory and gold.

(2) Here is the most satisfactory account of him that I ever read—taken from Mme. Campan's Memoirs:

"During the first few months of his reign, Louis XVI. had dwelt at La Muette, Marly, and Compiègne. When he was settled at Versailles, he busied himself with a general revision of his grandfather's papers. He had promised the Queen to communicate to her all that he might discover relative to the history of *the man with the iron mask*; he thought, after what he had heard on the subject, this iron mask had become so inexhaustible a source of conjecture, only in consequence of the interest which the pen of a celebrated writer had raised respecting the detention of a prisoner of State, who was merely a man of whimsical tastes and habits.

"I was with the Queen when the King, having finished his researches, informed her that he had not found anything among the secret papers, elucidating the existence of this prisoner; that he had conversed on the matter with *M. de Maurepas, whose age showed him a contemporary with the epoch during which the anecdote in question must have been known to the ministers; and that M. de Maurepas had assured him he was merely a prisoner of a very dangerous character, in consequence of his disposition for intrigue; and was a subject of the Duke of Mantua*. He was enticed to the frontier, arrested there, and kept prisoner, first at Pignerol, and afterwards in the Bastille. This transfer from one prison to the other, took place in consequence of the appointment of the governor of the former place, to the government of the latter. He was aware of the stratagems of his prisoner; and it was for fear the latter should profit by the inexperience of a new governor, that he was sent with the governor of Pignerol to the Bastille.

"Such was, in fact, the real truth about the man on whom people have been pleased to fix an iron mask. And thus was it related in writing, and published, by M. \* \* \*, twenty years ago. *He had searched the depot of foreign affairs, and there he had found the truth;*



he laid it before the public; but the public, prepossessed in favour of a version which attracted them by the marvellous, would not acknowledge the authenticity of the true account. Every man relied upon the authority of Voltaire; and it is still believed that a natural, or a twin brother of Louis XIV. lived a number of years in prison, with a mask over his face. The whimsical story of this mask, perhaps had its origin in the old custom, among both men and women, in Italy, of wearing a velvet mask, when they exposed themselves to the sun. It is possible that the Italian captive may have sometimes shown himself upon the terrace of his prison, with his face thus covered. As to the silver plate which this celebrated prisoner is said to have thrown from his window, it is known that such a circumstance did happen; but it happened at Varzin. It was in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. This anecdote has been mixed up with the inventions respecting the Piedmontese prisoner."

(3) Thomas Paine—the man (patriot and statesmanly thinker!) whom the superficial Roosevelt alluded to, in one of his forgotten books, as "a filthy little atheist".

(4) "Seventeen days" is correct. See the most recent History of Rome, by the English scholar, Rose. (Page 203.)

(5) Hon. Herbert Asquith.

#### PAPER MONEY ISSUED DURING CIVIL WAR.

(1) How much paper money was issued and paid out during the Civil War?

(2) What amount of bonds were issued during the war?

(3) What amount of paper money called in after the war and bonds issued for it, and the paper money burnt up to 1872, when Secretary Boutwell made his report, saying: "The face value of money, destroyed since 1861, is \$1,808,314,475.69?" I do not understand what Mr. Boutwell meant.

O. P. MOORE.

Hawley, Clay County, Minn.

#### ANSWERS.

On February 8, 1861, Congress authorized a loan not to exceed \$25,000,000. On March 2d, following, \$10,000,000 more was authorized. On August 5th, the demand notes act was passed, and it was stipulated that these should be received in payment of public taxes. Early in 1862, the issuance of full legal tender notes to carry on the war was permitted by an Act of Congress. At this time, the bankers had all appeared on the scene, in person or by lobbies, and were fighting paper money desperately. The necessities of the Treasury were so urgent, that they consented for Congress to pass an Act authorizing an issue of \$10,000,000 more of the full legal tender. This was the 12th of February, 1862. The aggregate of full legal tender notes, actual money, and equal to coin, thus was carried up to \$60,000,000.

On December 6, 1861, the banks suspended specie payments. Referring to this matter,

Thad Stevens said, "The last \$50,000,000 of the loans which had been taken by the banks at the discount of \$5,500,000, payable in coin, was no longer paid in anything but the currency of the suspended banks."

The Act of February 14, 1862, contained the exception clause and authorized the takers of \$500,000,000 of bonds to pay for them in coin or United States notes. One of the amendments to the bill, increased the amount of the notes to \$150,000,000, but provided that the \$50,000,000 dollars of full legal tender demand notes should be required in exchange for new notes, and destroyed. This left outstanding \$10,000,000 of full legal tender notes, which would pay import duties and interest on the public debt. The purpose was to put a premium on gold, there being very little silver at that time in circulation.

The Act of July 11, 1862, provided for \$150,000,000 of notes receivable for everything except import duties and interest on the public debt. The Act of March 3, 1863, authorized the loan of \$900,000,000 payable in coin. This Act, however, was repealed in June, 1864, when only \$75,000,000 had been issued. The same Act authorized \$400,000,000 in treasury notes, bearing six per cent. interest, and to run one, two and three years.

On March 3, 1864, a loan of \$200,000,000 was authorized, payable in coin. The Act of June 3, 1864, provided for bonds to the amount of \$400,000,000, payable in lawful money. The same Act authorized the Secretary to sell to Europe any of the earlier issues of bonds that had not been sold in the United States, and \$125,561,300 of this issue was sold.

On January 28, 1865, treasury notes not exceeding \$400,000,000 were authorized. On March 3d, following, the Secretary was empowered to borrow \$600,000,000. Part of this was issued in bonds, and part in treasury notes.

In July, 1867, there were further issues of \$379,616,050, and from that date to July 18, 1868, there were bonds issued to the amount of \$42,539,350. Thus the total of interest-bearing obligations was carried up to \$948,481,600 under Congressional authority to incur an indebtedness of only \$600,000,000.

In 1866, the government issued bonds to the amount of \$968,467,000, and soon retired that amount of greenbacks, and other issues of government money which was in circulation among the people, and destroyed them. In Secretary McCulloch's report in 1866, page 164, he says that he destroyed, during that year, more than \$221,000,000 of dollars in greenbacks. In Secretary Boutwell's report in 1875, pages 292-5, the tables show that from 1865 to 1872, the total amount of paper money destroyed was \$1,808,214,475.69. Under the law of April 12,

1865, the Secretary and burned \$1,2 issuing, instead of

From 1862 to 1865, and sold interest \$2,049,975,700. of more than \$673 and premiums on ment paid out more use of \$1,371,000.

The public debt showed a total of amounting to \$2,

#### PAPACY

(1) Is Ireland a papal nation? The pope's permission permits, dispensations, and if so, papacy, and if so, the press and prospects

## BIBLE



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humbly striving to very important work of a hopeful heart and God's people to go walk in "the old way."

There seems to be a conception of the mission as based upon the law as they 28: 19, 20 a misconception we ences of Christian sion work.

Elder T. L. Blal and practiced Bib has written an "Heathen," which the giving of th through believing

"But," says one the great commissi 'teach all nations, sion for the ope heathen?"

We are told to



1865, the Secretary of the Treasury called in and burned \$1,200,000,000 of paper money; *issuing, instead of it, interest bearing bonds.*

From 1862 to 1868, the United States issued and sold interest bearing bonds amounting to \$2,049,975,700. This was done at a discount of more than \$678,000,000. *By way of interest and premiums on bonds not due, the government paid out more than \$4,000,000 to get the use of \$1,371,000,000.*

The public debt statement for June 30, 1866, showed a total of obligations, notes and bonds, amounting to \$2,783,425,878.21.

#### PAPACY—INFIDELITY.

(1) Is Ireland ruled more or less, as conditions permit, directly or indirectly, by the papacy, and if so, what do you think of progress and prospects under home rule?

(2) Do you think the one extreme of the clergy and government officials in Europe has precipitated the other extremes of anarchy and infidelity, by confusing men and getting them disgusted with life,—thus saying there is nothing in life to come, and in law and order?

(3) Are we right in thinking infidelity and anarchy of the same nature and often of the same cause?

(4) Have they been so radical and widespread in this country?

C. B. KENTON.

Tulare, South Dakota.

(1) Ireland is not so much ruled by the Papa, as she is held down and plundered by the local priesthood.

(2) Undoubtedly.

(3) No. One may be an infidel, and yet be not only a believer in law and order, but a builder of States.

(4) No. But immigration is making a rapid change for the worse.

## BIBLE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

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



FEELING that an invitation to edit a Department of Bible Missions in this Magazine is an open door set before us, through which we may reach and help many who are humbly striving to do the Master's will in this very important work, we enter the door with hopeful heart and an earnest desire to help God's people to get "back to the Book" and walk in "the old paths wherein is the good way."

There seems to have gotten out a great misconception of the meaning of real mission work as based upon the Savior's commission in Matthew 28: 19, 20 and Mark 16: 15, 16. On this misconception we believe hinges all the differences of Christian people regarding true mission work.

Elder T. L. Blalock, a man who has preached and practiced Bible missions for sixteen years, has written an article: "Our Duty to the Heathen," which is true Bible mission work; the giving of the pure Gospel of salvation through believing in Christ. Mark 16: 15, 16.

"But," says one objector, "are we not told in the great commission in Matthew 28: 19, 20, to 'teach all nations,' and is that not a commission for the opening of schools among the heathen?"

We are told to "teach," but the teaching is

limited to "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." This excludes the teaching of literary schools as *mission work* to whom we are sent with the gospel. But the teaching of the "all things whatsoever I have commanded you" includes "The poor ye have with you always," and "Bear ye one another's burdens." So that we find is a legitimate part of mission work to teach the converts from heathenism (or the unbelievers of our own land) to care for the needs of their own poor. Experience has shown that when the light of Christianity shines into their hearts, and they come to love their neighbors as themselves, they will provide Christian hospitals and schools for themselves, and care for their own sick and poor.

Thus, it will be seen, these things should be allowed to develop as the legitimate fruits of the seed we are sowing in these lands. To pin the fruits of Christianity in other lands on to the tender first blades that appear among the heathen converts is to reverse heaven's order and defeat the final full development of these fruits.

In a broad sense, any one who has a mission to perform is a missionary, and his work mission work, but the great commission of our Savior gave us the one thing to do for the unconverted at home and abroad, and that one thing is the



telling of the gospel story. When they "believe" and are saved we are to teach them to observe all that He has commanded, and they are to take up the same work of giving the blessed story to others, and practice all the Christian graces and benevolences which He has commanded.

We propose in future issues to take all who want to know "what saith the word" into a study on the subject. The undue breadth and scope of "mission work" of the present day has so perverted the meaning of the term that comparatively few are able to give a clearer definition of the term than the little boy who said, when asked "What is mission work?" "Mission work is giving pennies to poor little heathen girls and boys."

The Gospel Missioners (?), the Hardshells, and Tom Watson appear to have combined in a sort of malevolent opposition to Foreign Missions. The cause of Foreign Missions is not likely to suffer from the combination, we are glad to say; about the only effect will be to make it manifest where certain alleged missionary reformers really stand. This much, at least, will be gained, and a decided gain it will be.—*Baptist Builder*.

In reply to the above clipping we would say, speaking for Gospel Missioners, we have never opposed, but heartily, persistently and unflinchingly supported Foreign Missions.

The Builder is right in one thing, namely, "Foreign Missions is not likely to suffer from the combination." No cause ever suffers at the hands of its true, earnest defenders and ardent supporters.

Again the *Builder* rightly says it will be "a decided gain" to find "where they really stand." We stand on God's eternal truth and command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16: 15, 16. We believe that Jesus spoke the truth when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." So we go preaching the gospel, lifting up Jesus, and find that He does "draw" even the Chinese heathen, steeped in sin and the fumes of opium, from his degradation and sin-cursed state into the marvelous light and liberty of redemption through the blood of Jesus. Here is a case exactly to this point taken from a letter from Miss Blanche Rose Walker, of Tai-Au-Fu, China:

"We returned home from our last village trip just before Christmas. Went to the village and home of our Chinese preacher. We thank the Lord for this man, for he seems to allow the Holy Spirit so much control in his heart. He seems also to be truly called of God, for the 'woe is me if I preach not' continually rests upon him.

"He oft times told Mrs. Crawford, in anguish of heart, that if only his wife and daughters

would follow the Lord and be one heart with him in living a Christian life, he felt that he could bear up under the abuse and persecution of his step-mother; and the last visit we made them, before mother died, we decided they were quite the most unpromising three people anywhere.

"But what a change has come over them now! And truly it has come by the Holy Spirit working through Bro. Lun and changing him so thoroughly that those in his home can but be changed accordingly. Formerly he was an opium smoker, was separated from his wife, and cared only for making money. Now he is living at home, takes pains to teach his daughters, and is so kind to his wife, that she has fully decided to become a Christian. He plans to start his daughters to school here at the New Year, and unbind their feet. All these changes are of the Holy Spirit, and they make our hearts rejoice. He is a careful student of the Bible, and seems very anxious to know what the Lord requires of him as a minister of the gospel. Each day we were there crowds of women,—his neighbors and others he had gathered in,—came to listen to the gospel. They came every day. Some of them thereby showing their real interest. Six Christians out there have been led to the Lord through him."

So we find we do not need free schools and medical dispensaries, supported with money given by God's people as a sacred trust, for giving the gospel to those who have it not, to "draw," if Christ be lifted up. Such practices "have the form of godliness, but deny the power theory." We believe and stand for a gospel that has power to draw and hold its followers.

We believe in schools and Christian benevolence, but let these things grow naturally as a fruit of Christianity. It is ours to preach the gospel, and "teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," and let the fruits of the Spirit develop naturally as they grow from "babes in Christ" into men and women in Christ Jesus, and seeing the righteousness of such things they will provide for themselves and their children. This is to plant Christianity on its natural, self-propagating basis, while to furnish such fruit in advance of Christianity is to reverse heaven's order, and cultivate parasites that subsist on the fruits of Christianity from other countries, rather than strong fruit-bearing followers of Jesus.

Since my first article appeared in the February issue we have received, and are still receiving, numerous inquiries for sample copies of *Our Missionary Helper*, a monthly paper, published at Decatur, Ga., indorsing and advocating Bible missions, or the giving of the Gospel to all unbelievers at home and abroad, leaving off all subsidizing methods of making and holding "converts." The *Helper* brings news each month from the home workers and from the foreign field.



# "WHAT THE I

HON. THOS. formed upon t have annoyed m

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Your Leeds, N. Dak.

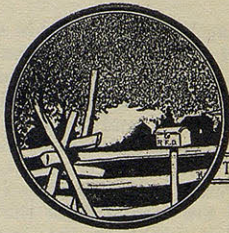
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## Communications



THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.



### "WHAT THE PAPA DID FOR ERIN, ETC."

HON. THOS. E. WATSON:—Wish to be informed upon the following questions, which have annoyed me considerably:

(1) Some Catholics with whom I am acquainted claim that the French Government, during the recent separation of Church and State, unlawfully confiscated the property belonging to the Catholic church.

Please explain fully.

(2) I have read your article in the October number entitled, "What the Papa did for Ireland." Have had considerable discussion upon the subject, but my friends insist that the Bull supposed to have been signed by Pope Aldrin IV., authorizing Henry II. to take possession of Ireland, was a rank forgery; it was only a trick by which the English Government might overthrow Ireland.

Please mention your leading historians upholding your position.

I was informed that all fair historians agree it is a forgery.

I have always considered you to be a fair historian, and can not very well relent in sustaining you on that point.

Yours very truly,

Leeds, N. Dak.

WM. D. CONWAY.

### ANSWER.

(1) The French Government merely divorced itself from the Catholic church, and ceased to tax the people \$10,000,000 a year for its benefit. This had borne heavily upon Protestants, Free-thinkers, and non-church members generally.

Certain monasteries and nunneries were broken up, for very sufficient reasons. The churches were required to come under the control of the State, just as they have to do in this country. No war whatever was made on religion. Most of those who voted for and enforced the law, are Catholics.

Aubrey's "Rise and Growth of the English Nation", volume I, page 201, et seq., contains the following story of the trade between the King and the Pope:

"Nicholas Breakspeare, known as Adrian IV. (b. 1100, r. 1154-1159), is the one Pope of English origin. He was a novice in the renowned St. Alban's Benedictine Abbey; and was the confidential friend of John of Salisbury. Unlike some of his predecessors and successors, he was not a controversial or a militant Pontiff; but he possessed rare constructive gifts. He showed much organizing power and missionary zeal, and in some respects was a reformer of abuses. A more questionable renown attaches to him by reason of

a Bull issued in the second year of his reign; authorizing the conquest of Ireland by Henry II. The customary assumption of authority was made in this document: 'You have advertised us, dear son in Christ, of your design of an expedition into Ireland, to subject the island to just laws, and to root out vice. You promise to pay us out of every house a yearly acknowledgement of one penny, and to maintain the rights of the Church. We consent and allow that you make a descent on that island. We exhort you to do whatever you shall think proper to advance the honour of God and the salvation of the people, whom we charge to submit to your jurisdiction, and to own you for their sovereign lord; provided always that the rights of the Church are inviolably observed, and the Peter-Pence duly paid.'

"As with the Norman invasion of England, and as in many similar cases of the violation of international comity, this was a mere matter of barter. Supposed spiritual sanctions were given to acts of flagrant wrong, in return for material offerings. The particular assumptions in the Bull were alien to the known facts. Seven centuries before, in the pontificate of Celestinus I. (A. D. 432), missionary labours had been carried on in Ireland; indissolubly associated with the names of St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Gall. Numerous monasteries and churches were built, from which celebrated teachers went forth to evangelize other lands. The Irish Church retained its independence of Rome; electing its own bishops and managing its own affairs, down to the time of the Norman invasion of England. Tithes and Peter's Pence were not paid; the Roman ritual and canon law, and Roman rules as to marriage were not observed. This was the head and front of the offence. Archbishop Lanfranc sought to bring about in Ireland what he termed a reformation of abuses in the Church; which was a euphemism for an attempted ecclesiastical subjugation. Very partial success followed his endeavours. One Irish bishop came over in 1074 to receive consecration; having been first elected in accordance with ancient local usages. The precedent was occasionally followed in after years; chiefly by bishops of Irish towns where Danish settlements existed. Sometimes, also, an interchange of greetings and of mutual offices took place. An Irish ecclesiastic was called in by the married clergy of England to plead their cause at the Synod of Calne, in 977, and his eloquence could only be met by an arbitrary exercise of authority on the part of Dunstan. The famous school of Glastonbury was originally an Irish settlement. There was no dis-



position on the part of the Irish clergy to acknowledge the supremacy which Rome succeeded in establishing over the greater part of Christendom. Henry the Second's ambitious project to conquer Ireland furnished a long coveted opportunity to Rome to effect the spiritual subjugation of the country. *The highest ecclesiastical sanction was given to a deed of violence and rapine.* Dr. Lingard says, 'The Pontiff, who must have smiled at the hypocrisy of Henry, praised in his reply the piety of his dutiful son.'

Hume's "History of England", Volume I., page 345, relates it in the following manner:

"Adrian, therefore, in the year 1156, issued a bull in favor of Henry, in which, after promising that this prince had ever shown an anxious care to enlarge the Church of God on earth and to increase the number of his saints

and elect in heaven, he represents his design of subduing Ireland as derived from the same pious motives; he considers his care of previously applying for the apostolic sanction as a sure earnest of success and victory; and, having established it as a point incontestable, that all Christian kingdoms belong to the patrimony of St. Peter, he acknowledges it to be his own duty to sow among them the seeds of the gospel, which might in the last day fructify to their eternal salvation. *He exhorts the king to invade Ireland, in order to extirpate the vice and wickedness of the natives, and oblige them to pay yearly from every house a penny to the See of Rome;* he gives him entire right and authority over the island, commands all the inhabitants to obey him as their sovereign, and invests with full power all such godly instruments as he should

think proper to employ in an enterprise thus calculated for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men. Henry, though armed with this authority, did not immediately put his design in execution, but, being detained by more interesting business on the Continent, waited for a favorable opportunity of invading Ireland."

In the "History of England and the British Empire", by Edgar Sanderson, M. A., late scholar of Clark College, Cambridge, page 139, occurs this statement:

"At an early part of his reign, Henry had thought of the subjection of Ireland, and in 1155 he had obtained a bull for the purpose from Pope Adrian IV., whose lay name was Nicholas Breakspeare, and who was the only Englishman who reached that exalted post. In theory, the enterprise was to be a kind of crusade, in which Henry was to implant a real Christianity, win the land for the Papal See, and enforce the payment of Peter's Pence."

To say that this celebrated Bull by which the Norman King, Henry II., obtained from the Pope the right to make a conquest of Ireland, is a forgery, is just as brazen a statement as would be the assertion that the Bill of

Rights, or the Great Charter, is a document more authentic than the original source of misery.

(See also "Knights of the English People", p. 89. Also "The English People", p. 89.)

GEN. "JOE" WHEELER  
DRESS

DEAR SIR:—Here Gen. Joseph Wheeler the close of the war Headquar

GALLANT COMRADE battle, your task is a struggle for liberty, age, fortitude and d victors of more than tested fields; you have than a thousand such you are heroes, veterans your comrades mark of Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, Mississippi; you have exertion could accomplish, I desire to tell gallantry in battle, ferer, and your devotion holy cause you have I desire, also, to express kind feeling you have towards myself, and blessings of our Heavenly Father must always look for distress.

"Brethren in the ranks in arms, I bid

I was with General day of November, 1861, Grizwood, Ga., and I my flesh today. Y Albertville, Ala.

ROMAN CATHOLIC LOW SOCIAL MAG

DEAR SIR:—Enclose figures on my subscription PERSONIAN.

I get more information passing events than a In fact your periodicals are not muzzled.

I am looking forward you will give us a Catholicism. Glad thoughts in that direction to prove yourself the twentieth century. I defender of the truth Watson knife for a Rome, Ga.



*Reading the Jeffersonian in the north star state.*

*Willmar, Minn. Feb. 12,  
Did not get my copy of  
the January magazine. Am  
anxious to get Socialist  
article in full. Please send  
it.*

*Victor Lawson.*



Rights, or the Great Charter, are forgeries. The Edict of Nantes is not a more historic document than the infamous Bull which was the original source of Ireland's centuries of misery.

(See also "Knight's Popular History of England", p. 89. Also, Green's larger "History of the English People", Vol. I., p. 167.)

GEN. "JOE" WHEELER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS MEN.

DEAR SIR:—Here is the farewell address of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, delivered to his men at the close of the war:

Headquarters Cavalry Corps,  
April 29, 1865.

GALLANT COMRADES:—You have fought your battle, your task is done. During a four years' struggle for liberty, you have exhibited courage, fortitude and devotion; you are the sole victors of more than two hundred severely contested fields; you have participated in more than a thousand successful conflicts of arms; you are heroes, veterans, patriots; the bones of your comrades mark battlefields upon the soil of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; you have done all that human exertion could accomplish. In bidding you adieu, I desire to tender my thanks for your gallantry in battle, your fortitude under suffering, and your devotion at all times to the holy cause you have done so much to maintain. I desire, also, to express my gratitude for the kind feeling you have seen fit to extend towards myself, and to invoke upon you the blessings of our Heavenly Father, to whom we must always look for support in the hour of distress.

"Brethren in the cause, of freedom, comrades in arms, I bid you farewell.

"JOSEPH WHEELER."

I was with General Wheeler up to the 22d day of November, 1864. I was wounded at Grizwood, Ga., and I am carrying the lead in my flesh today. Your true admirer,

Albertville, Ala.

P. T. McBRAYER.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ARTICLES WILL FOLLOW SOCIALIST CHAPTER IN MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed find \$1.00; run up the figures on my subscription for the weekly JEFFERSONIAN.

I get more information from your paper on passing events than any other paper to be had. In fact your periodicals are the only ones that are not muzzled.

I am looking forward with interest to when you will give us a few chapters on Roman Catholicism. Glad you are turning your thoughts in that direction. I am expecting you to prove yourself the Martin Luther of the twentieth century. Long may you live, a bold defender of the truth as you see it. Send me a Watson knife for a memento.

Rome, Ga.

G. W. FLEETWOOD.

SOME LIGHT WANTED ON WOOL TARIFF.

DEAR SIR:—It occurred to me to ask you to rip open and "tell aloud the juggling, hocus-pocus," bunco game of the woolen schedule of the Paine-Aldrich tariff of abominations. "Wool, or part wool, hair of any animal, even to hog hair," any conglomeration with wool enough mixed with same to wad a shotgun, makes a \$10.00 suit, weight six pounds, taxable as a suit, specific 44 cents per pound, "six pounds," 44 cents per pound, \$2.64; advalorem on same, 60 per cent. on \$10.00, \$6.00; a \$25.00 suit, specific and advalorem, \$17.50, or enough of the tax added to keep the competitor on the outside of the wall. In any event, as you know the competitor don't scale the wall to compete. All this and more in a country of cheapest raw material in the world. And in addition to this, 90 per cent. of our clothing, the product of the machine; all in all, our clothing costing us 30 to 50 per cent. more (quality not considered) than in any country in Europe. I've been in close touch with the wool industry of Wyoming, Colorado and Montana for years, in each of which States the flocks are ranged on the open Government range, year in and year out; no expense to owner, except care that they don't stray or are destroyed by predatory wolves. The bands, as we call them, number from 2,500 to 3,000, are cared for by one herder at \$50.00 per month, his board \$20.00 per month; he does his own cooking, lives in a sheep wagon, moves from place to place, like the shepherds of old, when the need comes for new pastures—does all this summer and winter. This expense, \$70.00 so far, and in addition the cost and board of two shepherd dogs used to assist in the care of the sheep, with a few incidentals, such as dipping for scab, shearing, etc., makes up the cost of running a band of 3,000 sheep on God's grass. Now, they will shear six pounds wool, at 25 cents in the dirt, \$1.50 per head; increase from bunch ewes, 85 per cent., so that from 100 ewes they can safely count 85 lambs as the year's crop, worth as feeders \$3.50; the wool more than pays the expense of running the herd, the lamb crop is, therefore, clear profit, so that on a \$5.00 ewe the profit is 50 per cent. and the ewe left to repeat the operation the next year. Now, in the face of all the foregoing, Aldrich and Paine, to insure these fellows a "reasonable profit," and, incidentally, to keep Wyoming among God's anointed, politically speaking, gave them 11 cents in the dirt, so that wool "yarn, wool or part wool," cloth wool or part wool, hair of any animal, including the whole goat family, suit of clothes, as a suit, same kidney of conglomerations, with prohibitive duties on all, and their old coat, like the king, never dying, immortal through the shoddy mill, we are surely up against a condition, quoting Bro. Bryan, that is "indefensible and intolerable." I sometimes wonder if some one or more of William Henry's of high protection had been on hand, on creation's morning, at the time when God had first in contemplation the making of a sheep, and these same had called God's attention to the fact that "part wool," even in homeopathic



doses, such as now clothes the American people, was a better protection to the sheep than all wool, whether God would ever have caused wool to grow on the sheep; surely one or other is wrong, either God, who put wool on the sheep, or the W. H.'s, who would have covered him with ground rags mixed with cotton, or God has still something to learn about the construction of a sheep. However that may be, I can't help the conclusion that God was right then in the fixing of the sheep, as He fixed him in the beginning, and the William Henrys are all wrong, now and ever. Now, I mean only in the foregoing to call your attention to the hunger of the average man for light along the lines mentioned, as you, no doubt, well know most writers and speakers, in discussing the tariff, shoot way over the heads of the average everyday fellow; they don't look through the hind sight (so to speak) when they shoot, and as a rule (like that battle in heaven), no one is killed, wounded, or converted. What I want, and I feel that I voice the wants of the many, is to commence at the A B C of the matter and learn from the foundation up. I've been in the fight since Cooper and 1876, and except a dose of Bryan in 1896 and 1900, for which may I receive forgiveness, for I've had more than enough, I've been in line ever since, and expect to continue in line, come weal, come woe. I'm now seventy and, but for the infirmity of years, full of fight as ever, for that matter, we old "Pops" are all, every one, fighters, built that way, and for the best of reasons *why*, we don't think, *we know we are right*. Now, if you conclude to take up with my suggestion, that this is a time of hungering and thirsting for light among the people, along the lines suggested, please to also ventilate the sugar schedule, how they catch us for double price for sugar, two-thirds raw on free list, one market and one price for raw, Southern planter selling raw, freight to Hamburg off, as also the why of the infamous "16 Dutch standard in color," making color bar everything above, though the polariscope may show 99 per cent pure color bars it as raw, so we pay same as for refined. Don't think I am trying to instruct, I'm only telling you what I want fully explained, me and a host of others. I want to do missionary work, same as among the benighted.

I am yours truly,  
Sheridan, Wyo. L. P. HAMILTON.

#### WANTS COLOR OF NEW YORK EDITOR.

DEAR SIR:—Would you mind inquiring, and letting your readers know through the Magazine, whether the editor of the New York Evening Post is a white man or a negro.

Bristol, Tenn. A SUBSCRIBER.

#### ANSWER.

His skin is white. Can't say as to his interior. Seems to regret that he is not a surenough nigger. Sorry that he isn't.

#### SOME VIEWS ON UNION LABOR.

DEAR SIR:—I gave your Mr. R. A. S. Freeman my order yesterday and \$1.00 subscription to your Magazine. I asked him how you stood in regard to *Union labor*. If agreeable. I would be glad to hear your candid views on this question through the columns of your Magazine. Do you contend that a person or corporation shall manage his or their own business, or should he submit to the dictation of labor union leaders as to how he should conduct and run his business?

Personally, I am not opposed to labor unions, but I am decidedly opposed to the methods of some of their leaders, who lead the unions into by and thorny paths, etc.

I would be glad to hear your views on this subject.

Very sincerely yours,  
Talladega, Ala., F. J. GOUDD.

#### ANSWER.

This being the era of soulless commercialism, the laboring classes would be like sheep before the wolves, if they did not organize for self-protection.

It is seldom that a Labor Union tries to dictate to an employer—though it occasionally happens that a leader mounts the high horse. Human nature is just human, whether the man live in a tenement or a palace. Some of the hardest hearted of the capitalists were once wage-earners. *As their self-interest underwent a change, so did their way of looking at things.*

I certainly believe that every man is entitled to the control of his own business; but he must duly regard the rights and the feelings of others. He should not only be willing to pay what the work is reasonably worth, but he should be considerate of those who are in his employ.

The closed and open shop question presents the greatest difficulty. I can see, very clearly, that, if *all* shops were open, Labor would soon be at the mercy of capital. On the other hand, it is equally clear that were *all* shops "closed", Labor would have Capital flat of its back. Under either system—carried to its full, logical development—*individual freedom would be gone.*

With all the shops "open," the small capitalist would take his orders from the big one. With all the shops "closed," the individual worker would lose his individuality. The Union would be the empire, and whatever inner clique manipulated it, would exercise despotic power over the men.

As matters now stand, the Unions act as *regulators of wages*, and the trend is steadily upward.

But if all the laborers were Unionized and all the corporations merged into Trusts—we common folks would have to take to the woods.

T. E. W.

## Classified

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MONEY in every mail.  
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Newnan, Ga.

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### Classified Column

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than Poor Printing

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## Pain in Heart

"For two years I had pain in my heart, back and left side. Could not draw a deep breath or lie on left side, and any little exertion would cause palpitation. Under advice I took Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Nervine. I took about thirteen bottles, am in better health than I ever was, and have gained 14 pounds."

MRS. LILLIE THOMAS,  
Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

For many years Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy has been very successful in the treatment of heart troubles, because of its tonic effect upon the heart nerves and muscles. Even in severe cases of long standing it has frequently prolonged life for many years after doctors had given up all hope, as proven by thousands of letters we have received from grateful people.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is sold by all druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your druggist will return your money.

Miles Medical Co.,  
Elkhart, Ind.

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ADVERTISING SECTION

# The Poet Scout

## A WONDERFUL COMBINATION

Soldier, Poet, Scout, Orator, Indian  
Fighter and Most Unique Entertainer

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD is unquestionably the most wonderful combination on earth. A MAN OF THE HOUR. AN EMERGENCY MAN. To illustrate—when they needed a substitute for General John B. Gordon “who was ill” at The Georgia Chautauqua.

The following to Capt. Jack's Manager explains itself: April 28, 1903.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to thank you for having suggested and supplied Capt. Jack Crawford as a substitute for Gen. Gordon. They differ from each other only as stars differ in glory.

As an entertainer “Capt. Jack” is a *sui generis* and altogether unique, and I commend him to any who want strength combined with gentleness, poetry with eloquence and the true artistic in a picturesque setting.

Yours truly, (Signed) J. S. DAVIS,  
Mayor of Albany, Cashier of First National Bank and Supt. of Georgia Chautauqua.

And this from the Governor of Georgia: April 28, 1903.

Having to-day heard Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, lecture before the Chautauqua Assembly, I voluntarily bear testimony to the picturesqueness of his personality, the earnestness and eloquence of his address and fine moral tone of all that he said. His patriotic sentiments and fraternal devotion to the future unity of heart and purpose in our native land deserve to be heard and applauded by men and women of all politics, religions and national ambitions of the best character.

(Signed) J. M. TERRELL.

His three entertainments at the Hawkinsville Chautauqua, with Gov. Bob Taylor, Tom Watson and Sam Jones, were pronounced the most enjoyable medley of quaint, sparkling humor and touching pathos ever heard.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

You will miss A RARE TREAT if you fail to see and hear the “POET SCOUT.” Address, N. Y. Lyceum Bureau, 45 Broadway, Room 193, for open time, or W. L. Davidson, Citizen's Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for Chautauquas. “Capt. Jack's” address is 45 Broadway, N. Y.

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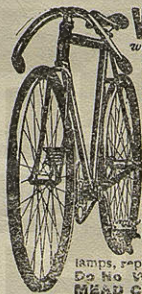
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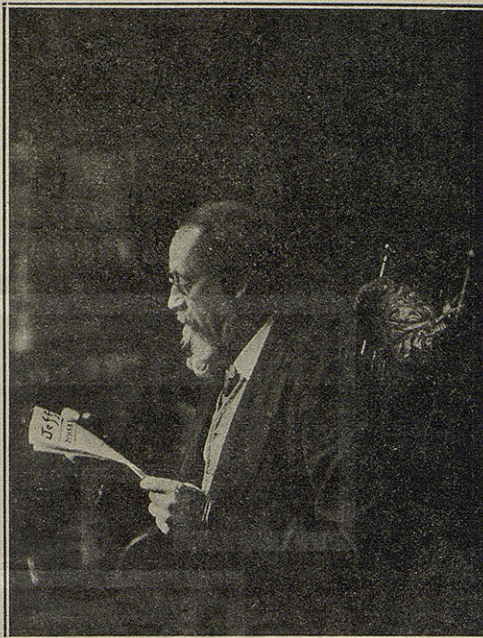
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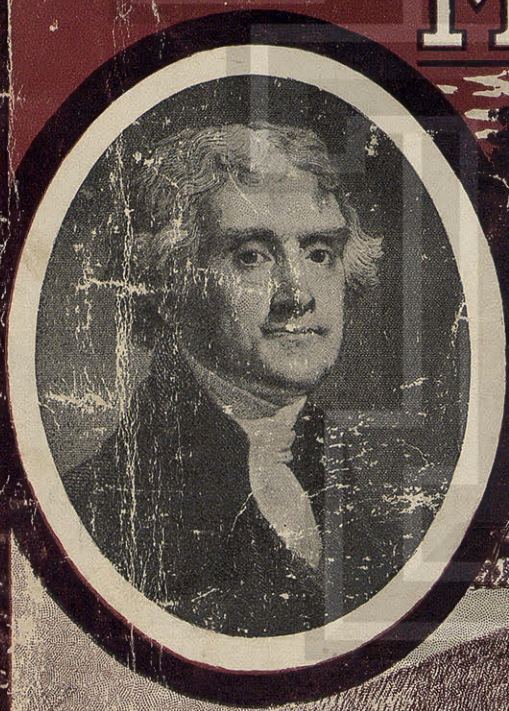
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It will be a bird's-eye view, beginning with the establishment of bishoprics, in their simple form, until the Bishop of Rome, the Imperial City, claimed supremacy over the world. The absolute domination of Rome in the minds of men gave the Bishop of Rome natural pre-eminence; and from that came the evolution of central power in the Church,—the same development which we are watching in the United States today, the gradual change from government by a union of independent States to a centralized Federal System.

Mr. Watson will describe how the Catholic Church,—once the simple brotherhood of Apostles—took on the gorgeous robe of paganism, with its elaborate ceremony, its dress and images; the introduction of Purgatory, the ante-chamber of Hell; and, at last, despotism, with the thumbscrew and the stake for all who did not bend the knee and surrender the soul.

This story of the Catholic Church, written in fire and blood, will stir the hearts of those who have forgotten the past, and yet who stand so near today to the brink of that dark gulf which the Pope and the Jesuits are preparing for the destruction of our dear-bought liberty.

The series on Socialism will be ended. This will bring us to the first chapter of Mr. Watson's wonderful "Story of the South and West", which he will tell with a charm and beauty all his own.

Another interesting feature of the June issue will be Mr. Watson's "Reminiscences of Stephens and Toombs". He saw and talked with both of them, and he tells his impressions of the two great men as seen by a hero-worshipping young lawyer.

Don't forget that great debate on Socialism. It will be well worth a year's subscription.

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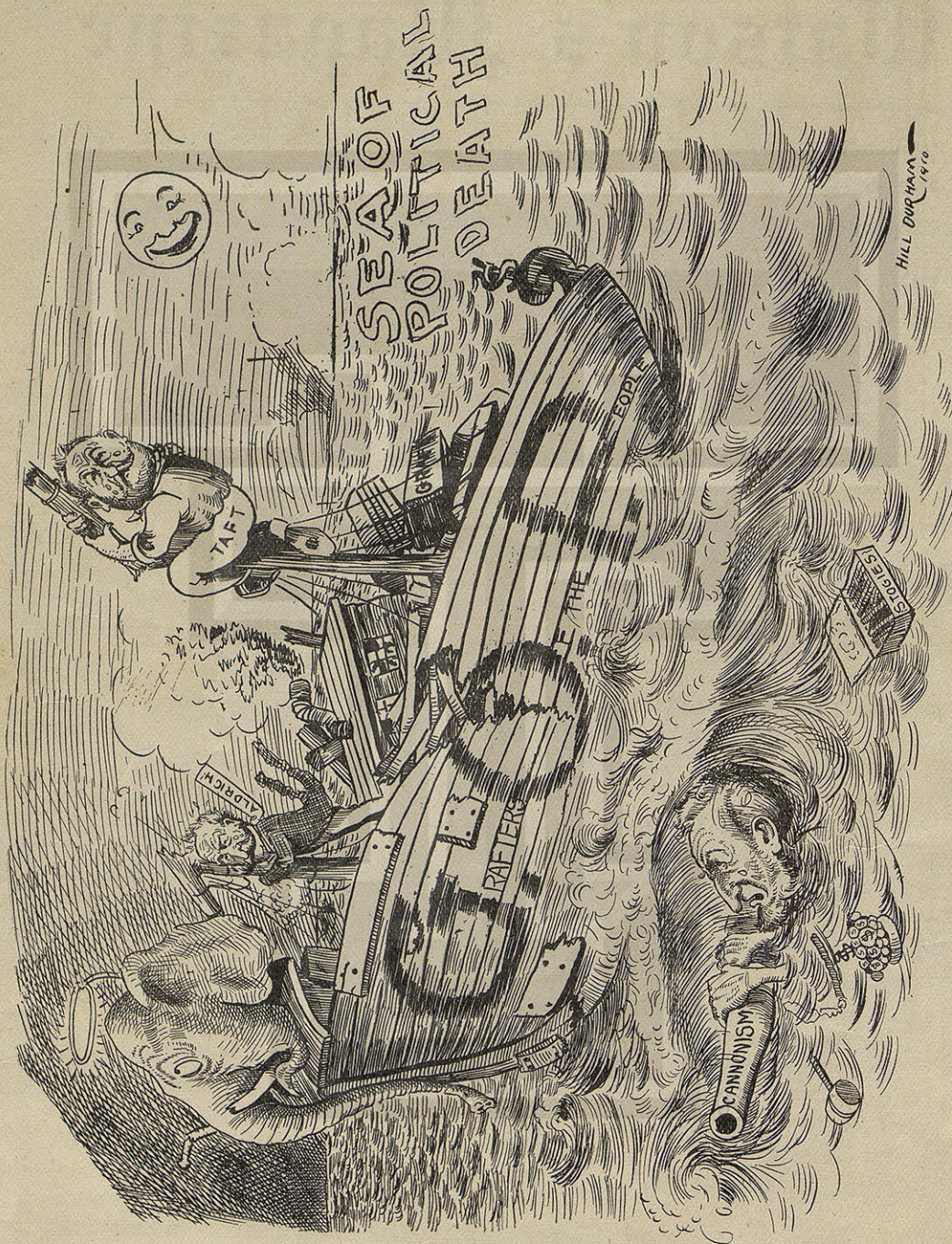
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No. 5

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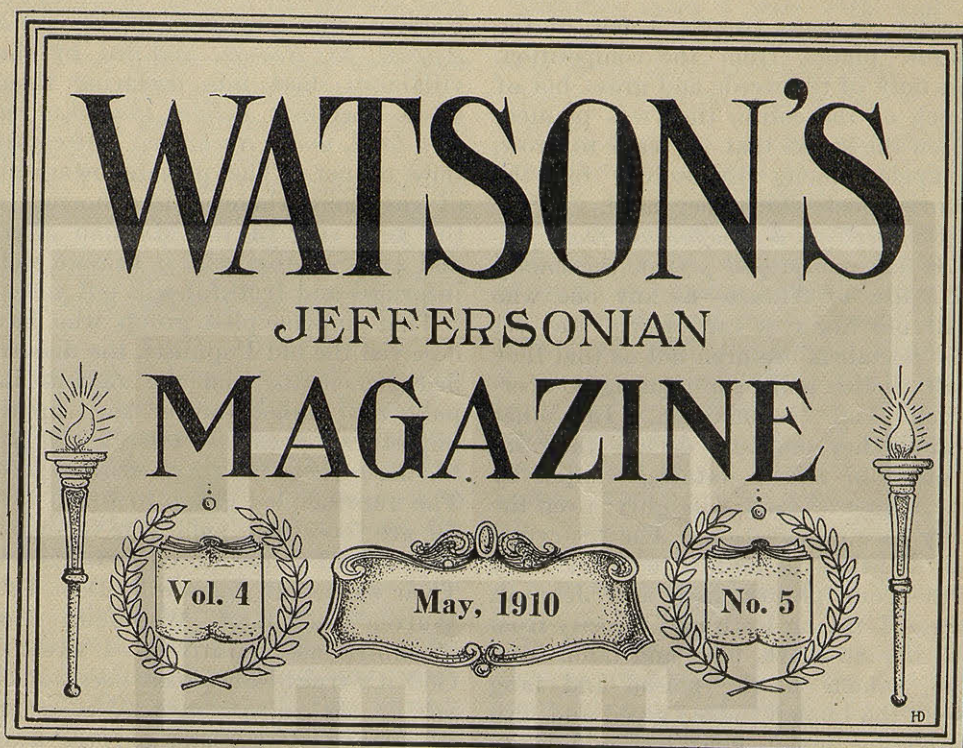




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## EDITORIALS

# SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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### CHAPTER VIII.

**I**T has already been shown, in a preceding chapter of this series, that Socialism's war on private ownership of property antagonizes a principle which operates throughout the entire range of animated nature. Not only do the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea prove the existence and the universality of the principle, but *the vegetable world does also*. In every forest there is as fierce a struggle of the individual tree, to get something for itself, as ever was known in the competition of men. Not only does species compete with species, but the battle of existence goes on be-

tween the members of the same species. The hardier species, or specimen, wins the battle: the weaker, perishes or lives dwarfed and stunted. So natural and so terrific is this competition in the world of inanimate things, that Man has to go to the rescue of those whom he would save.

The rose and the lily would soon cease to make the garden radiant and fragrant, were we not to put an end to the *competition* of the weeds. The field would never whiten with cotton, were it not that we save it from the *competition* of the grass. There is not sufficient nourishment in the soil for half the seed that we plant; and to get good



results we must protect a few of the cotton plants from the competition, not only of the weeds and grass, but of much of the cotton that was planted. Even the stalks that we leave to grow, compete among themselves for the nourishment which they need.

*Competition is inseparable from private ownership, and private ownership is a law of Nature*—as any one who will use his eyes can clearly see—yet our Socialists brethren tell us that they will abolish both, substituting co-operation and communism. In other words, they modestly declare their intention to repeal statutes, written by the finger of God Almighty, over the very face of Creation! The "Survival of the fittest" is no law to them. They will scout philosophers and Jehovah himself, taking teeth and ferocity from the human shark, beak and talon from the human hawk, poison and fang from the human snake; greed and filth from the human hog; lust and levity from the human satyr.

\* \* \* \*

There is another principle or trait universal in its character, which Socialism combats.

It is *the love of locality*.

According to the Marxian theorists, nobody should desire to own any particular thing, or to dwell at any particular place. Society should be one vast band of "brothers",—the whites, the blacks, the brown, the red, the yellow—owning everything in common. The home would be a socially owned tenement. "Society" would assign you to certain rooms one year; and some other fellow will occupy them the next. Therefore, it is clear that you will not love your temporary home much more than you love your room in a hotel, or your seat in the opera-house.

I know that the Socialists of Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and other Southern States will vigorously and wrathfully deny the above assertions.

Farmers who have been dosed on *The Appeal to Reason*, and led by that villainous sheet into declaring themselves Socialists, *believe that they can own land, under Socialism*. Of course, they cannot. The private ownership of any land whatever is abhorrent to the very soul of the Marxian creed; and any Socialist who is at once well-informed and truthful will tell you so.

That unprincipled group who have deceived the old Populists, the dissatisfied Democrats, and the restless Republicans cannot forever keep up the imposture. *Sooner or later, I will tear the mask from their hypocritical faces*. The unprincipled group to which I refer are those who publish a venomous, class-hatred paper at Girard, Kansas. Their names are Eugene V. Debs, Fred Warren and J. A. Wayland. Most solemnly, most positively—I swear to God it's true!—*Socialism does not admit of the private ownership of any land whatever, for any purpose whatever*. The socializing of the land—every bit of it!—*is the very life-principle of the creed*. It is inexpressibly base in Debs, Warren and Wayland to be sneaking up on the blind side of honest, but illiterate farmers and laborers by telling them that the citizen can own his own home, under Socialism.

The very first step of the "industrial revolution" is to be *the establishment of Communism in the holding of the land*. This is the Hamlet of the drama, the foundation of the building, the Atlas on whose shoulders the new world is to rest.

Even the cunningly drawn platform of the National American Socialist Party says that "the land" is to become public property; and yet men of intelligence can be persuaded that those words are not inconsistent with the ownership of homes!

Let some delegate from the South go to the next national convention of the Howling Dervishes, and introduce a

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resolution in favor of the private ownership of enough land to make a home—and you'll hear the whole menagerie roar. If the introducer of such a resolution can get home without broken bones, he'll be in luck.

Oh, I *do* hope that some of the Southern States will send delegates who will try that resolution on a Socialist national pow-wow! It would bring on a perfectly beautiful storm.

\* \* \* \*

The love of Location—how powerful it is and how beautiful! In all my wanderings around the world, in my stray-dog days, I *felt* that my feet would, sooner or later, take me back to my Old Home. Into my dreams, the familiar scenes of my boyhood constantly came. And as sure as the Sabbath arrived, I could hear the bell of the Baptist church in Thomson. So one night, as I watched the moon through the window of the humble home in which I boarded, my decision was suddenly made, to come back. *The love of Locality had conquered.* And the victory was decisive. Much as I have suffered here, much as I have been misunderstood here, Thomson is to me the dearest old place in the world.

Who is it that has not had that feeling for some particular place? What is it that thrills the German, in America, when he hears the strains of the "Watch on the Rhine?" What is it that brings the tear to the eye of the American, in distant lands, when "Home, Sweet Home" is sung? Why is the Shamrock dear to the Irishman, the Thistle to the Scot? Why does the flag and the national air of one's country make the blood leap, as the one is seen and the other heard when we travel abroad? Why do the cheers spring to the lips of Southern men, when the band plays "Dixie"?

Patriotism is the Grand Passion Flower which has its roots in the love of home.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said  
This is *my own*, my native land"?

"'Tis sweet to die for one's Country", says the patriot in almost every chapter in the annals of the world. To betray one's Country, is to win execration for all time to come. To save one's Country, is to earn immortal renown. To make war on one's Country, has ever been held in horror—like the striking of one's mother. To be banished for life from one's Country, ranks with the heaviest of penalties. To get back to one's Country, the deported criminal will madly risk his life.

Ignore such a vital chord in the soul of man as Love of Locality? What an absurdity!

In the woe of the Jews as they sat down to weep and wail in the rich and beautiful valley of the Euphrates—in bondage, and heart hungry for the homes in rocky, arid, unlovely Palestine—do the Socialists see nothing but the longing of prisoners for freedom? In the lament of the exile, do they recognize no yearning for *the old familiar places*, as well as for the old familiar faces?

Let them call it fable or allegory, if they will, the grief of Adam and Eve, when driven from the Garden of Eden, has been felt by every human being that ever lost his home, or was ever banished from native land. The glory in the eyes of the returning traveller, the suffering in those who gaze for the last time on the receding shores that they will see no more, is as natural, elemental, eternal and imperishable as humanity itself.

What splendors have originated in this noble trait! It inspires the soldier and the statesman, the poet and the historian.

Roll, thunder, roll! let the sheet lightning play, and torrential rain pour down—you will not disturb the



concentrated thought of *that* horse-man, for it is Robert Burns; and in his heated brain are being beat out the deathless lines of "Scots who hae with Wallace bled!"

'Ware Frenchmen! Beware! You are out of your element; you are to fight on the sea; and Nelson's signal has already thrilled his fleet:

"*ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty!*"

Speak scornfully of Old Ireland, where one of her sons can hear you—if you just *must* have a fist in your face! "Run down" Germany to Germans, if you are on the hunt for trouble. In fact, the man or boy, who doesn't resent insulting references to his native land, is devoid of ordinary human feeling: he is abnormal. Even the girls will get afoul of each other's head-fixings, on a provocation like that.

And that's why *Socialists hate patriotism!* They detest it. They know that it is at deadly variance with their creed. They know that you love your country *because your home is a part of it*—your family a factor in its greatness. They mean to dethrone you, as Head of the Family: they mean to have your wife and children lean, not on you, but on Society, for protection and support: they mean to give you rooms in a hotel, in place of your permanent dwelling: and they mean to "emancipate" women to such a heavenly extent that there will be no such crimes as fornication and adultery, and no children who can, say with certainty, who their fathers are.

The wild-eyed dervishes declare that Patriotism is a "prejudice;" that it springs from narrowness of mind and lack of broad humanitarianism. They say that all men are "brothers": that the whole world is our home; and that the Switzer should love the malarial swamps of Africa with the same ardor he feels for the snow-capped Alps, the sun-kissed valleys, the silvery

streams that have heard his Yodle-song for centuries, that have given him the sturdy vigor and love of independence upon which the Burgundian, Charles the Rash, broke his power and lost his life—a fierce determination *to be his own man*, which no Prince or Potentate could ever overcome!

And they argue that the corpse-eating, offal devouring savages of Africa and Oceanica are your "Brothers". Upon what ground? That the same God created all men. So He did; but He created chimpanzees and ourangoutangs also; and the Socialist reasoning would make those our "Brothers", too.

\* \* \* \*

How can you feel an *attachment* for places which you have never seen? How can you *love* what you know nothing about?

It is the intimate association, the agreeable relationship that foster affection for the Home. The memories of the past, the pleasures and griefs of childhood, the recollections of parental care and affection, the clusters of incident in the family life, the spots that are connected with particular occurrences—these are but a few of the almost innumerable reasons why love of home is so powerful.

Who can express, even to his own satisfaction, *why* he loved the woman whose hand he sought in marriage?

Who can explain, exactly, why we "just naturally take to" some men; and, just as instinctively dislike others?

Your wife may be more handsome, stylish and mentally endowed than mine, but I'm not the least bit envious—mine suits *me*. Your home may be much more lovely, magnificent and sumptuous than mine—but I'm not fretting about it. As I write these lines (March 31.) the sun of a cloudless Spring morning calls nature to its Easter, and every feathered musician that my protection has encouraged to come and to stay with me is flooding

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the place with the melody that I love best. *And it is something to me that they are singing in trees that I planted.* Not like any other lilac or camelia or jessamine blossom are those that come from the bush or the vine which I set out, when I stood at the threshold of life and my children played where the grandchildren play now—and near where I myself played when a child.

For the State, for the nation which holds this sacred and dearest spot, would I not fight to the death? Is it unnatural that I should hear with bitter scorn the Socialist ranter who tells me that this feeling of Patriotism is no more than a narrow prejudice? Prejudice? Narrow mindedness? Pluperfect balderdash! We have no feeling more elevating, purer and more enduring than Patriotism. Those who have so loved their homes and their native land that they chose death rather than see them ruled by the stranger, live in the story of nations, live in song and sculpture, live in the hearts of the people!

But who will ever love or beautify a tenement which is the property of "Society", and of which his tenure is merely temporary? Who would love, and fight for, his room in the boarding-house?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Love of Locality! The Socialists utterly ignore it. Yet the fowls of the air have it: the fishes of the rivers and the seas have it: the beasts of the field and the jungle have it.

See the fish-hawk return to the same nest year after year! See the eagle cling for life to his home on the inaccessible cliff! See the shad come to the same spot to spawn every year! See the horse and the dog and the cat, and even the hog, proving its love of locality, by making its way back to the old familiar scenes, when taken from them.

"Homesickness" has been known to kill people; and in that prostrating

melancholia the love of locality is an ingredient.

In the Life of General Sam Dale, we are told that he was put in charge of the removal of the Indians from Alabama. He, of course, had to round them up, as he went; and his daily marches were necessarily short. He stated that the Red Men showed the keenest grief on their stoical features; and that the women and children broke out into weepings and wailings. He said that the warriors would, every night, return to take another look at their old homes; and that they kept this up as long as it was possible for them to make the journey and rejoin the moving tribe before morning. The warriors had their wives and children with them on the migratory march; consequently, it was the *affection for the place* where they had lived that brought them back, every night, to see it, and to mourn over its loss.

There are few regions more gloriously picturesque and beautiful than that which lies between Charlottesville and Waynesboro, Virginia. A few years ago, Mr. A. P. Bibb took me over the road in his buggy. As we rode toward Afton through the lovely country, my friend pointed out various places of interest—the home of those wonderful Langhorne people among them. Indicating a homestead which was some distance from the road, and which seemed to me to possess no especial attraction, Mr. Bibb proceeded to relate a tragedy connected with it. The farm had long been in the same family. But when W., one of the sons of the deceased owner, bought the place at Administrator's sale, a stranger came along, and offered him \$10,000 more than W. had paid. Dazzled by the profit, he sold. Then he began to look around for another place. He could not find one that suited him. At length his mind reverted to the old Home. Every tree that his father had planted: every flower that his mother had



tended: every path that he had walked when a boy; the creek in which he had fished—all were vividly before his eyes, wherever he went. Finally, he surrendered to the love of locality, and offered the purchaser of the old Home one thousand dollars to cancel the trade. With abominable brutality, the man who had bought the farm answered:

"No. I examined more than 3,000 places, and never found one that suited me until I saw this. If you had asked \$10,000 more than you did, I would have paid it, just as readily".

The poor gentleman who had too hastily sold his home, took the matter so to heart that he soon lost his mind, and was sent to the asylum, where he died.

Yet the Socialists *ignore* Love of Locality!

What is it that speeds the wing of the homing dove? Why do quail use the same range, year after year? What is it that carries the corpses of dead men and women back, hundreds of miles, to the old family burial ground? Why did Zenophen's "Ten Thousand" shout so spontaneously when, after all their battlings and marches in Persia, they caught sight of the Grecian seas? "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*" "The sea! The sea!" they cried, and they were frantic with joy.

It was the association of ideas—Grecian waters, Grecian people, Grecian homes.

The magnificent opera-house is crowded: brilliantly illuminated, the human multitude is perfectly representative. There are the men and women of Society's Smart Set; there are the men of the clubs, and the women who smoke, drink and swear. In the Dress Circle and the Balcony, the blaze of light reflects the radiance of pearls and the flash of diamonds. Here in the main body of the house are the plain

men of business, with their wives and daughters—while yonder, up in the Galleries, are people from every walk of common life, from callow Youth to sad or cynical Age.

The drama has gone forward, scene after scene, and there has been applause: there has been laughter. At times, the house has been turbulent: at others, still. The opera is nearing its end: a scene has just ended, and there were "thunders of applause", as the Diva left the stage.

Suddenly, the lights grow dim: the orchestra touches the softest note, and the Prima Donna reappears, alone.

Over the vast audience, rapt and motionless, floats a voice of liquid gold—athrob with tender passion—

"*Way down upon the Suwanee River*".

Instantly, every man's face, from pit to dome, is swept into the same emotion. Instantly, every woman's face wears the same look. There is no applause, any more; but women raise handkerchiefs to their eyes; and down the cheeks of men, the tear trickles. Nobody is thinking of the impersonated negro: nobody is touched by the words or music of the song: everyone is melted *because of the memories awakened*. Not a soul in that audience cares a rush about the darkey, or the old plantation: what moves each individual present is, *a memory*—the memory of his or her childhood home, and the loved ones of Auld Lang Syne.

"Ben Bolt", is not much as music, and less than nothing as poetry; but we like to hear the simple song because of the association of ideas. It brings back to us our school-boy days, and the sweetheart that we believed we loved. She married "another"—who has a notorious reputation for winning the girls—but we cherish an innocent sentiment for her, even now; and whenever we look into her frank, matronly eyes, we can read what's there—*she* hasn't forgotten, either.

"The Old Oaken Bucket that Hung

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in the Well"! Ah, what inexhaustible treasures it has drawn from the deep cisterns of the irreclaimable past. How purifying to mind and heart are the recollections that bind one to the old Home! *How undeniably does the gleam from the domestic hearth irradiate the outer world!* How surely does the deep river of Public Sentiment, of Public Life, of Public Purpose draw its virtues and its potency from the men and the women who are *settled in their homes*; and who, from these social lighthouses, send flashing, far across the treacherous sea, the warning which saves!

Abolish homes, and substitute the Universal, Conglomerated Caravan-sery—in which no man can be made sure of a permanent abode?

Destroy the Home, as we know it? The Home that is mine, and at whose entrance I can halt a Monarch? The Home in which every man may be, in fact, a King? The Home and the Family, from whose venerable and consecrated soil have sprung the glories of *Man's march toward the Dawn?* "**FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD!**"

\* \* \* \*

In revolutionary movements, there is a law, that brooks no resistance: *the more violent element invariably comes into control.* There is no exception to this rule.

Turgot and Necker and LaFayette were replaced by the more radical Barnave, Condorcet and Mirabeau. This school was turned out by the more advanced Girondins—and they, in their turn fell—with heads off—before the ruthless Jacobins. And when the Jacobins became supreme, *the more violent devoured the others.* Poor Camille Desmoulins, on his journey to lay that young form, that brilliant head, under the fatal knife, cried out to the mob which was thirsting for his blood:

"Don't you remember me? I'm Camille. It was I who started this. It was I who plucked from the tree in the

*garden of the Palais Royale the first green badge of Revolution*".

Vain the plea. He and Danton, who had helped to send the Moderates to the scaffold, had not kept pace with Marat, Robespierre, Billaud, Tallien, and Collot d'Herbois, the radicals of the radicals.

Then, in turn, Robespierre was passed on the road; and those who passed him *slew him as they swept ahead.*

But the Reign of Terror was over: the movement had spent itself: the Revolution had devoured its own children, its every leader of capacity—and now the reaction set in which hurled from power, and sent into exile those whose maniacal violence had carried them too far.

Did we not see the same inexorable law in operation among the Abolitionists? Garrison and Phillips were almost lynched by those who finally went far beyond the position occupied by these pioneer exponents of Slavery. Mr. Lincoln never dreamed in 1859, or even in 1860, of going as far as *they drove him*, in 1862. Mr. Seward was considered too radical for the presidential nomination in 1860, but he was passed on the road by the more radical and ruthless Wade, Morton and Stevens. The Andrew Johnson of 1864 had no conception of the mad lengths to which his own party would try to drag him, in a few more months. By the time the diabolical Reconstruction "Laws" had time to demonstrate their own infamy, and the poor negro had had the stage all to himself for awhile, the fierce fires of Abolitionism began to pale. But, in a corrupted Government, a lowered standard of morals, a despotism of the dollar, an ocean of poverty, fed by rivers of vice and crime; and a Black Peril which over-shadows every white woman in the land, we see the awful consequences of Abolition fanaticism.

Now, the Socialist movement is revolutionary. The law already cited is at



work within it. The more violent are sure to control. Vainly, are honest men of moderate opinions commending unto themselves the assurance that Socialism is not one of the poisonous serpents, not one of the man-eating monsters, not one of the loaded guns. Vainly, do they imagine that they, the moderates, can join the Socialists, and not be drawn further than they now mean to go.

*Easily, confidently, joyously they are taking their boat-ride, around the gentle outer currents of the whirl-pool. Not a thought have they of the swifter currents, and lessening circles which will carry them to the raging, relentless, irresistible vortex.*

And when you or I call to those thoughtless people in the boat—"Pull for the shore!—with all your strength—pull for the shore!" they laugh in derision of our alarm.

Why, *Karl Marx* had to disband his original society: he saw that the men of violence, of lawlessness, of blood-mindedness were gaining the upper hand!

In France, at this time, a Socialist editor and recognized leader, is under conviction and sentence for urging the reservists of the French Army to use the guns served out to them by the Government in attacking and killing the men of property—as preliminary action to the setting up of a new order

of society. This Socialist leader, (Gustav Herve) calls himself an "internationalist"; claims that all men are "brothers", that armies and frontiers should be abolished, and that all property should be owned by "Society".

In the Socialist papers of this country, the terrible *Commune* which drenched Paris in its own blood, just after the Franco-Prussian War, is being held up to the admiration of our people. And in our cities—those of the North and West, particularly—Socialist invective of existing institutions, grows yearly more savage. Harangues in which the confiscation of property and the massacre of Capitalists are broached and wildly applauded.

Governor Joseph Folk and I sat on the platform, Labor Day, 1904, in Kansas City, Missouri, and listened to a Socialist agitator who addressed that large assemblage with an appeal like this:

*"Who built all those huge houses? Who piled up all the wealth that we see around us? You did. It's yours. Go and take it. Not part of it—all of it. Not a loaf, but the whole bakery".* And the man was "cheered to the echo," in that Southern city!

How long can we afford to ignore the spread of Socialism? How long will we neglect this dynamite that is being planted at the very bases of our institutions?



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## Is It Nothing to You That This Country Is Becoming a Papal Fief?

**D**ID you notice in the newspapers the statement that Cardinal Gibbons began to pussy-foot, in the corridors of our State Department, as soon as the news reached this country that there had been a clash between Mr. Roosevelt and the Papa at Rome? Did you notice from the same newspapers that Falconio began to do the cat-like tread to the White House and to our State Department, also? *Did you attach no importance to those facts?*

If you pay any attention whatever to the trend of the times, you are compelled to attach some importance to the prompt visit which Gibbons and Falconio made to those who are at the head of our Government. *The coincidence* of the episode in Rome and the visit of these two stealthy Catholics to the White House and to the State Department, *was not accidental*. There should be not the faintest doubt upon your mind that the scheming American, Cardinal Gibbons, and the crafty Italian, Falconio, *had a purpose* in going, at that time, to see Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox.

The Papacrats knew Taft of old. They moulded him to their will in the Philippine Islands. Although the sworn testimony brought out during the investigation which the Taft Commission made into conditions in the Islands proved that the Friars had been the source of almost unprintable immorality among those poor and enslaved natives, and had been the persistent and unsuccessful foes of education and progress, our President went to Baltimore and, *speaking to Maryland Catholics*, eulogized in the highest terms the work of the Catholic Church in the Philippines.

Do you not remember how the Friars

persuaded Mr. Taft to O. K. their fraudulent titles to 400,000 acres of the best lands of the Island of the Filipinos, *and to give them \$18 per acre for it?* Do you not remember how he bonded the whole Island in order to get the money to pay those ecclesiastical robbers? Do you not recall how Mr. Roosevelt himself, when President, allowed Cardinal Gibbons, and other eminent clerics, *to take six million dollars out of our National Treasury to run their parochial schools among the Indians?* Do you remember how the Storers, Bellamy and Maria, were so zealous in the matter of securing the red hat for Archbishop Ireland, that they talked too much in Europe, and had to be called down by the strenuous Teddy? Do you remember how the Lord Mayor of Dublin published the avowal of his purpose to give Mr. Roosevelt a magnificent reception, for the reason that *the Strenuous One had done more for the Catholics in America than all preceding Presidents put together?* Yet, when Mr. Roosevelt reaches Rome, and desires to visit the Vatican after having feasted with the King, the arrogant Secretary, Merry del Val, takes the position that Mr. Roosevelt should not be accorded the honor of an audience with the Papa unless he will agree secretly, through his Secretary, Mr. McLoughlin, *that he will not afterwards visit the Methodist Church*. Merry del Val did not raise any "question of etiquette". Neither Mr. Roosevelt, nor any one else seeking an audience with the Pope, ever dreamed of disputing the ceremonial prescribed at the papal court. He would have expected to conform to the customs of the palace whose guest he temporarily was.

But, the American priests, *taking their cue from their dago bosses who*



doubtless cabled the suggestion, have been declaring, glibly and mendaciously, that it was "a question of etiquette, at the highest court in the world".

*It was no such thing!*

Whoever heard of the King of England attempting to impose upon some one who was to be presented to him the line of conduct which should be followed by such person, *after* he had departed from the Court of St. James? Whoever heard of the Czar of Russia attempting to impose, beforehand, a line of conduct which should be pursued *after presentation*, by the person who had been received by the Court of St. Petersburg? Whoever heard of the Kaiser attempting anything of the sort? When Mr. Roosevelt is received by royalty in Berlin, there will be no request, public or private, that he shall promise not to visit a Catholic Church, a Methodist Church, or a Baptist Church, *after* his presentation at the palace.

No, it was not a question of etiquette: *it was an issue that goes way down to the very bottom of things.* It is an issue that has its roots in the remote past: *it is a flash that lights up the true inwardness of things in the Roman Hierarchy.* In this country, from motives of policy, Catholics have to be tolerant; and have to admit that Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians *are Christians.* **THE POPE CANNOT MAKE ANY SUCH ADMISSION.** He never has, does not, and never will. At the Vatican, it is held that there is no Christian religion save that represented by the Pope and the Italians and Spaniards who surround him. He cannot admit that other denominations and churches are *Christian.* To do so would impair his religious monopoly, and make absurd, even in the eyes of Catholics, the monstrous doctrine of Papal infallibility. Consequently, the Pope, *from principle and as a matter of necessity in maintaining his vast imposture,* has to

deny that Methodists are Christians, and has to refuse to receive a minister of any religion, excepting his own. As a part of this medieval survival, he cannot consistently receive any visitor whom he knows or suspects will talk to Methodists, afterwards, *as Christians.* That is the gist of the whole matter, and it carries us right back to the Middle Ages.

There is an ominous significance in that Roman episode, when we reflect that a man who had done as much for the American Catholics as Roosevelt has done, *is subjected to the same rule that would have been applied to Frederick Barbarossa or Charlemagne.* It carries with it a sinister remembrance of the dark dungeon in which the wretched captive perished, because of his non-belief in Roman Catholicism: it carries with it a reminiscence of the wheel and the rack and the burning stake. In the treatment accorded Roosevelt, we see exactly the same manifestation of the same spirit which *sent Savaronola to the pyre and burned Bruno in front of the Pope's palace.*

But that is *in Europe,* you say. American Catholicism is different, you say. In form it is: in outward appearance it is: *at heart, it is not.* In spirit, every Catholic in America endorsed what the dago Papa did, both in the case of Fairbanks and that of Roosevelt. They not only endorsed *the Pope's refusal to admit, by his action, that there is any other Christian sect than his own,* but they heartily approve of *the Pope's persecution of the Italian Abbot who visited Roosevelt, after Roosevelt had refused to wear a yoke on his neck when he went to pay his respects to the Pope.*

You say that there is no such spirit, in America? You don't know what you are talking about. In New York a few days ago, the vast cathedral was not only filled, but the overflow flooded adjacent streets with thousands of devoted worshippers who grovelled on

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their knees, while the mass was being celebrated within the Church. Do you know what those blind and prostrate Americans were testifying their faith to, in that action? *They were giving humiliating testimony to their belief in the horrible doctrine that the mumbled words of a cassocked priest can turn a thin wafer into the body of Christ, and a jug of wine into His blood.* And those devout American Catholics were prostrating themselves while they within the Church *were going through the ceremony of eating and drinking Jesus Christ!*

But that isn't all. Here are four witnesses lying before me as I dictate these words. One is from the Baltimore *Sun*, dated April 7, 1910. Our Business Manager, James Lanier, in the routine of his business affairs, had sent to the Baltimore *Sun* an advertisement which stated my purpose to publish in this Magazine a series of articles whose subject would be "The Exposure of the Roman Hierarchy". Here is the reply given by E. H. Fry, who signs for The A. S. Abell Company:

"BALTIMORE, April 7, 1910.

"THE JEFFERSONIANS, Thomson, Ga.

"GENTLEMEN:—We return herewith your order, together with copy of advertisement of WATSON'S MAGAZINE which we must respectfully decline to publish.

"Yours very truly,

"THE A. S. ASBELL COMPANY,

"per E. H. Fry."

It is said, (and denied,) that Cardinal Gibbons is part owner of the Baltimore *Sun*. It is also said by some, and denied by others, that Cardinal Gibbons is a very wealthy man. The fact that Cardinal Gibbons is part owner of the Baltimore *Sun*, if it be a fact, would serve to explain why that paper, a very great and ably conducted periodical, would decline to take money in a business way for the publication of the advertisement. But no such explanation will account for the conduct of the Philadelphia *Press*, which, on April 8, 1910, refused to publish the

advertisement which the Baltimore *Sun* had turned down. In reply to our letter enclosing the advertisement, the Business Manager of the *Press* simply and curtly said, "We cannot accept the copy."

Why? *He knew that the Catholic Hierarchy in Philadelphia would instigate and organize a boycott of the paper.* Protestants do not boycott newspapers which carry advertisements in favor of Roman Catholicism, in favor of infidel books, or books which attack the Protestant faith. The very essence of Protestantism is *liberality, independence, freedom of thought and action.* As a matter of fact, *modern democracy is Calvinism*, applied to modern conditions. But the Roman Church is, ever has been, ever will be pitilessly and furiously, *a persecutor.* The Philadelphia *Press* was simply afraid to take an advertisement of the character which we offered.

Another of these refusals to publish the notice, comes from the New York *Evening Mail*. The advertising manager of this metropolitan paper "regrets that he is unable to accept the copy which is inclosed". He knew very well that the Cathedral, the significant term by which the Catholic influence in New York is called, would come down on the *Evening Mail* and destroy it, if possible.

The fourth refusal to publish the advertisement was made by the Chicago *Record-Herald*.

*Have such details as these no effect upon you? Do you not open your eyes in wonder when you see that, as a mere matter of business, papers of the kind mentioned dare not accept advertisements that will be distasteful to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy? If the Catholics can exercise such despotism over the American press, when they number only ten millions, what will conditions be in this country, when they have multiplied their strength fourfold?*



Already, our politicians tremble in their boots at the frown of a Catholic priest: already, our magazines dare not touch an article which assails the Roman Hierarchy: already, our newspapers are afraid to publish advertisements which the Catholic Church would resent: already, we have reached a point where the Catholic press of America heartily indorses the murder of a modern educator, like Professor Francisco Ferrer: already, they have so much power that they can harness an American President, *who does not believe in the Trinity, and who does not believe in Purgatory, and who is a sworn member of the Masonic fraternity*; and they can drive this helpless President, and his Cabinet, into a Washington Cathedral, *where prayers are being said to lift out of Hell's antechamber the soul of that old Belgian rake, King Leopold.*

But still more significant proof of the dreaded power of the Roman Hierarchy is being afforded, right now, by the Hearst newspapers. Brave enough, strong enough, to attack the Republican party (in one campaign) *all along the line*: brave enough, strong enough, to attack the Democratic party, (in the next campaign) *all along the line*, Mr. Hearst, in a moment of over-confidence, considered himself strong enough to criticise the Spanish priests who had caused Professor Ferrer to be put to death. In a moment of too much confidence in his own power, Mr. Brisbane spoke of the martyr in a tone of sympathy and respect. *That was enough.* The cathedral got busy, clerical organs thundered, anathemas flew back and forth, and Mr. Hearst's spine turned to water. He not only back-tracked, but in the eagerness of his surrender and self-abasement, he began to publish, in regard to the Fairbanks incident and the Roosevelt episode, editorials that reeked with falsehood and with insult

to American Protestantism. EDITORIAL, HEARST AND BRISBANE ARE CENSURING ROOSEVELT FOR NOT SURRENDERING HIS MANHOOD TO THE DAGO POPE!

Will the American Protestants resent it?

Oh, no. Will they boycott the Hearst papers? No, no. And that is one of the very reasons why the press is in such deadly fear of the Roman Hierarchy. *The Pappycrats hit back*; the Protestants seldom do.

Not a single Protestant will quit reading the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Mail*, or the Hearst papers. But had they published our ad., the intolerant Catholics would have immediately ordered the papers discontinued.

Who furnishes the religious toleration in this country? Not the Catholics. Will the Protestants ever appreciate the profound significance of this fact?

P. S.—A later statement given out from the Vatican was to the effect, that "the Pope did not care to be bracketed with other European potentates whom Mr. Roosevelt would boast of hunting, after his African hunt".

Although the present Pope rose from the peasantry, his long training should have saved him from such execrably bad taste as the above remark reveals. It is not only in the worst possible taste for the Pope to intimate that Mr. Roosevelt is not a gentleman who would know the impropriety of boasting of the honors paid him by princes abroad, but it was malicious to say that he was *hunting for them*, as he had hunted big game in Africa. Furthermore, the latest excuse assigned for the insolence of Merry del Val is devoid of truth. Besides, it is a surprising exhibition of papal arrogance and hauteur.

MR



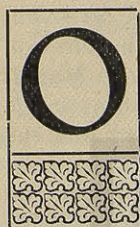
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## MR. BRYAN AGAIN RUSHES TO THE RESCUE OF THE REPUBLICANS



Of all the short-sighted politicians that ever posed and passed as statesmen, Peerless J. Bryan is the chief.

In 1896, a change of 17,000 votes, in the close States of the South-West and North-West, would have resulted in his election to the Presidency. I wore myself out trying to convince Bryan and his managers that he ought to have let New England alone, and join me in a concentrated effort to line up every Populist with every Democrat in those doubtful States. Who can deny that harmonious campaigning by Bryan and I, with a fair representation of Populists on the electoral ticket, would have been worth 17,000 votes?

Sagacious men saw this so plainly, that the Republicans were, at the opening of the campaign, panic-stricken at the prospect of a close alliance between Democrats and Populists. The New York World, certainly a good judge of such matters, predicted that Sewall, of Maine, would get out of the race. Sewall himself expressed a willingness to do so. But Chairman Jones and Bryan insisted on his remaining on the ticket; and Chairman James K. Jones published his famous, fatuous and fatal insult to the Populists, who were told that they might "go to the negroes, where they belong".

Again, in 1904, it was Bryan who saved the Republicans. After Judge Parker's nomination on a gold standard platform; and after both Parker and Davis had stated that there was practically no difference between themselves and Roosevelt, politically, it was apparent that the gold-standard, Hamiltonian vote would be divided between Roosevelt and Parker.

Had Bryan made the race as an In-

dependent, or had he indorsed and aided my own fight for the principles which he had said in Chicago he was ready to die for, the Republicans would have been overthrown.

After my Cooper Union meeting and address in New York, the Free Silver Democrats needed but the silence of Bryan to come pell-mell to my support. Roosevelt saw it, and the Bryan-Belmont crowd saw it.

In a short while, Bryan was speeding about the country in a Belmont "Special", and was making sixteen speeches a day for the Moses of Democracy, Judge Alton B. Parker.

The Republicans never felt a fear, after that. And Ryan, Belmont & Company lost all interest in Parker. It did not matter much to them which candidate was elected—just so no Jeffersonian Free-Silverite got in.

Again, in 1908, Bryan at one time stood a splendid chance to win; and, again, Roosevelt realized it.

Taft had disgusted many Republicans by his school-boy act of carrying his speech of Acceptance to his school-master for examination and approval. Again, he had declared that he wouldn't go around barn-storming and rear-ending. But Bryan brought him to it. He had said that he would not stoop to the phonograph methods of Peerless. But Peerless brought him to it. Indeed, Peerless was everlastingly "waxing it on to" the amiable, non-combatant Taft.

But suddenly there came a roar from the White House. It was time. When Roosevelt asked Bryan how he stood on the Pearre bill, which President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, had asserted was the embodiment of the demands of Labor, Peerless got it between the eyes. He refused to answer; and business men for-



sook him in battalions—for the Pearre bill seeks to deprive the Courts of the power to protect persons, natural and artificial, in their business. *Inasmuch as the legitimate use of one's property is, in most cases, one's "business",* it should be apparent to all that the Pearre bill antagonizes a principle which is, with us, as old as *Magna Charta*.

But Mr. Bryan's latest contribution to Republican happiness and success is the most astounding "break" that even he has ever made. Immediately after the new tariff law went into effect, it began to bear the fruit for which its makers lusted. *The Trusts, alone, had a voice at Washington in the framing of those diabolical schedules.* The Trusts, of course, *wanted power to charge higher prices.* The new schedules gave it to them. Consequently, the cost of living bounded upward, as soon as the new law went into operation.

The price of cotton advanced, in obedience to the natural law of supply and demand—the crop being 3,000,000 bales short. But there was no natural law which sent the cost of all necessities of life upward. No sudden change had taken place in the movement of population, the output of producers, or the influx of gold. The yellow metal gradually increased its annual output ten or more years ago; and a gradual advance in prices took place on account of it.

But, not until the Trusts went to Washington and made this new law for

themselves, was the whole country aroused by the sudden and enormous increased cost of living.

The regular stand-pat Republicans have been on the verge of *delirium tremens*. The Insurgents, the election in Missouri, the Foss victory in Massachusetts, the triumph of Beveridge over Taft in the State of Indiana, the near-downfall of Cannon in Congress—all these occurrences have driven the stand-patters to the very wall. With their backs against it, Taft and his cohorts have been fighting desperately.

*The Taftian defence is that the rise in prices is due, not to the new tariff, but the increased output of the gold mines.* And what incorrigible blunderer indorses the absurd Taftian plea? Who is it that must write, from South America, an *O. K. of the Republican defence?*

WHY, IT'S BRYAN!

That marvellously overrated man actually does what the Republicans must consider almost too good to be true.

*He indorses Taft's theory of the cause of the increased cost of living and thus, as far as it is in his power to do it, assures the continuance of the Republicans in office!*

In other words, at a time when the Republicans and the Trusts most sorely need help, they get it from the Peerless leader of the Democratic party!

Heavens above! What organization ever needed more badly a real leader of fixed convictions?





# PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

(No. 3)

## The Meningitis Epidemic in the Mess Hall at Mercer University, January, 1873

**T**HIS morning (Saturday) James Hamilton, my room mate, came in and told me that George West was very sick. Before going into the Phi Delta

**SATURDAY.** Society to debate, I went to see him. He appeared to be very bad off, and his face was swollen. I was much surprised at his illness, for I had been into his room the night before and he was then in high spirits. Hamilton told me that soon after I had gone, George asked him if he (H.) wished him (George) *to rub his throat with Spirits of Turpentine, as usual.* Hamilton having been suffering for a week or two with a very bad cold and sore throat, assented. George then took the turpentine and commenced rubbing; *but before he finished, he was suddenly taken very sick, vomiting violently.* He at once took his bed. Hamilton attended the debate this morning, though he himself was quite sick.

**THIS** morning, Hamilton dressed for church, but found himself too ill to go.

**Burdett and Charles**  
**SUNDAY.** Booker came to me, about the same time, and told me that George was delirious, and asked me to telegraph for his father. I prepared the despatch, but told them that perhaps they had better wait until evening. During the day, he grew much better, and was brought down to Mr. Ivey's room. He then sent for me and told me not to telegraph for his father,—that he thought he would be well in a day or so. I promised to do as he wished. Late in the evening, Hamilton grew worse, and wrote a letter to his mother, who was in Atlanta, to let him come home. His

hands trembled so badly that he could not fold his letter, and he got me to do it for him. I think that I also directed it for him. I took it to the street-car, and mailed it. About dark he took his bed, and from it he never rose. Professor A. E. Steed came over to see the sick boys after supper. He sat with me, in my room, where Hamilton was, until near midnight. He told me to get Tom Burdett to sit up until day, with Hamilton. At about 12 o'clock I went to get Burdett. I found him writing a letter, and he told me to wait for him in my room until he finished it. While going back to my room, I could hear West shouting in his delirium. We sat with Hamilton until 2 or 3 o'clock, when seeing that he was asleep, Burdett went to his room, and I got in with Hamilton and we both slept until morning.

**I WENT** after a Doctor for Hamilton, about 9 o'clock. George was very sick, hardly conscious. Professor Steed telegraphed for his father to come

**MONDAY.** to Macon immediately. When the Dr. arrived, he examined Hamilton, said that he was not much sick, and wrote off a prescription for a cold. I took it to a drug-store and had it filled out, and he commenced using it at once. It now began to be the opinion of the doctors that West had the meningitis, and that he would die. About 11 o'clock Hamilton went to sleep, and on awaking an hour or so afterwards, he was delirious. I immediately went and brought the doctor. He pronounced it a dangerous case. He again prescribed, and the medicines were used. On returning from going after some medi-



cines, I went into George West's room to see how he was getting along, and was shocked to find that he was dying. Weeping friends were standing around the bed of the

**GEO. WEST'S  
DEATH.**

poor boy who was breathing his last, so far away from home. Soon he was dead! To describe the effects of his death, would be impossible. Fear settled upon half the students. Some immediately carried their trunks to the depot, and left on the first train. Mr. West (George's father) did not arrive until night. His wife came with him. They found their oldest son, with whom they had parted a few weeks ago, a stiffening corpse. When Professor Steed saw that Hamilton was getting worse, he telegraphed for his parents. Hamilton and Stafford sat with him until twelve, when Butts and I relieved them and remained until morning. He slept a great deal, but grew worse with the returning day. He seemed very anxious about the coming of his parents. His mother came, with her second husband, Dr. McLean, a Scotchman that she had lately married. Hamilton soon grew delirious. As his natural protectors were in charge of him, and it was impossible for me to sleep in the bed with the dying boy, I gave up my room to them to use as they should think fit, and went down into Macon to get me a new boarding place.

SEVERAL other of the boys were found sick this morning. Bennett, Tripp, Mott, Denmark, and Booker. All day, boys were leaving, scared nearly to death. I am almost confident that some of the students scared themselves into the disease. Among them, Booker, Burdett, and the best-hearted of all boys—Bennett.

**SICKNESS  
SPREADING  
RAPIDLY.**

BUT if the other days were sad and

dismal, this was doubly so. Hamilton, Harvey, Gualden, Booker, Tripp, Mott, Allen, were in the dreaded folds of meningitis. Bennett was lying dead in his room. The panic increased with the spreading of the disease. So that the exercises of the College were suspended, indefinitely, and the members of the Faculty advised all the boys to go home, until the excitement was over. It is said that one of the boys, Joseph Walker, being out of money, and afraid to remain in Macon, walked to his home, in Milledgeville, where he, his sister, and his mother died. On Friday, Preston Johnson and I went home. On the cars, was the corpse of Charles Booker. Many died after they reached home, among them—Burdett, Mizell and Asbury. Mott died, and Hamilton, one of the first to get sick, was also one of the last to die.

Hamilton's sickness was very affecting. He had a wonderfully good constitution, and long did it struggle with the terrible disease before it was subdued. During his suffering, he was for the most part delirious, sometimes wildly starting up in his bed and shouting at the top of his voice. Sometimes resting quietly and muttering so lowly as scarcely to be heard. He had not been told of West's death, or even of Bennett's illness; yet in his wanderings he seemed to imply it. At one time, he turned to those around him and said: "What is George doing with that handkerchief around his head?" And again he cried out: "Bennett, what are you sitting there looking at me in that way for?" Sometimes he would imagine that he was addressing the Legislature and make them a long speech, again he would commence with "Gentlemen of the Jury". Once as he was in the bed, with his eyes closed, he said, with an intonation that was truly affecting: "You say ambition! and

**LAST DAYS  
OF JAMES F.  
HAMILTON.**

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what is ambition?" It is impossible to imagine the tone of sorrow with which the proud, wealthy, ambitious boy pronounced those simple words. Those who heard them, will never forget the heart-rending, despairing voice that wailed them forth. Two or three days before he died he became rational for awhile, and told one of the students that he knew he could not live long. He did not say how the approach of death affected him. He died quietly and easily, and was buried in Thomson, Georgia. The Phi Delta Society adopted suitable resolutions on his death.

During his sickness he was nearly always raving about *home*. He wished to go home before he took his bed, but was waiting for his mother's consent. In his delirium once or twice he sprang from his bed, caught up his overcoat, and said he was going home, and he was obliged to be held by main force. "Home! Home!" was his cry from the first to the last.

On the 3d day of March the College Exercises were resumed, though I was so long sick in Augusta.

**REOPENING.** (after visiting old friends and relatives in McDuffie) that I did not get back until the beginning of May. Several boys died of the same disease on coming back, but we still stay here, though not in the Mess Hall.

**MORE DEATHS.**

Of course there are many whose par-

ents, or their own fears will not let them come back. Indeed Mercer University has received a terrible blow. Some of her most promising young men have been carried away, and years of perfect health will not efface the bad impression which this fatal disease has given. This disease completely baffles the skill of all the physicians. They seem to know very little more about it than the rest of us. Several of the newspapers, as newspapers always do, have printed infallible cures, but they have given little or no satisfaction to those who tried them. Some of the patients here got well,—two or three I believe. Among them Gaulden, Harvey, and the negro cook of the Mess Hall. Mr. McBride, the Superintendent of the Mess Hall, lost one of his little daughters. The Mess Hall is now used only as an eating place, Mr. Daniels and Ward, with the Superintendent's family, being the only ones staying in it. Daniels never left it, at all, during the panic.

(After I had left for College, in 1872, the family had removed to Augusta. They returned to the old home in 1877.)

While there were cases of meningitis down in the city of Macon, it raged nowhere as it did in the Mess Hall. This building had been erected on a low, damp spot, and had but recently been finished. We were crowded into it while the walls were still undried.





# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

## BOOK II.—CHAPTER XVI.

**J**ACKSON was of great assistance to me in my War upon the Bank". So spake Thomas Benton, who in his public speeches, in Missouri, always alluded to himself in the third person, pronouncing the name "Banetun". This self-complacent remark is usually cited as a humorous exhibition of monumental vanity, but it contains more than a grain of truth. Benton had long been the determined foe of the Bank, and he was the colossus of the Congressional assault upon it. When the historical estimates of American Statesmen come to be revised, for final record, Clay will be taken down, a peg or two; Daniel Webster will not rank so high; and both Calhoun and Benton will go up higher.

Clay was bold enough and far sighted enough to stand for the governmental ownership of the telegraph; but he was ruinously wrong on finance and taxation. No principle more fatal to an equitable distribution of wealth, and, therefore, to civilization itself, can be conceived than "The American System" of Henry Clay. The law which, under the guise of Protecting me in my business, deprives you of your property and gives it to me, cannot be consistent with sound morals, or national happiness. The beneficiaries of such legislation are humanly bound to become increasingly powerful, rapacious, and unscrupulous. The victims of the system necessarily multiply in numbers and in wretchedness.

One of the American millionaires, Joseph Fels, (a soap manufacturer) rather startled the country a few weeks ago, by saying, publicly, that such men as himself and Carnegie and Rocke-

feller and Morgan "felt like robbers". *That is just what they are.* Such a remark is a natural tribute to the "statesmanship" of Henry Clay.

The truth is, Clay found it so easy to win his way by oratory, boldness of initiative and magnetic manners that he never studied any question thoroughly. He was a shallow thinker, a weak reasoner, a superficial lawyer, and a President-seeking statesman.

In the recently published correspondence of John C. Calhoun, it astonished me to find a letter written to an influential South Carolinian, in which *Mr. Calhoun urged a system of State-built railroads.*

The Federal Government was returning some thirty odd million dollars to the States. It was a surplus and the banks did not demand and get it, because they needed it in their business, as they do nowadays—and as they have done ever since President Cleveland set the noble, patriotic precedent.

No: Jackson divided the Surplus among the States, to whose people it belonged.

How differently these things are managed, in our own day and time! To keep it from competing with the banker's interesting-bearing currency, \$150,000,000 in gold lies idle in the Treasury, under the cynical pretense of redeeming Greenbacks, which nobody wants redeemed and which the law says shall be immediately reissued, if redeemed!

Besides this favor to the banks, our good and great Government—the best on earth! leaves among the banks, permanently, vast sums of the peoples' money, which the people may borrow from the banks, if they can furnish good collateral!

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Does any other government outrage the commonalty in that manner? Is any other nation under the sun so remorselessly, so openly, so calamitously operated in the interest of a privileged few? Are the masses—anywhere on the globe! so mercilessly plundered as ours are?

Not anywhere else in the wide, wide world!

But—coming back to Calhoun—when the Surplus was divided among the States, the long-headed Statesman advised that the States use it to build railroads. He urged that South Carolina, and Georgia should construct trunk lines from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi, and he suggested substantially the routes which have since been utilized.

When you reflect upon what might have been the result of the adoption of Calhoun's plan, you cannot withhold your admiration of his broad, far-sighted statesmanship.

His financial views—not at the beginning of his career, but farther on—were equally sound. He favored an exclusively governmental system—money issued directly to the people, without the intermediary banker, and consisting of fiat gold, fiat silver, and fiat paper.

How great is the hypnotic power of a word! People grow scared when you talk of issuing "fiat money". All money is now, and ever has been, "fiat" money. That is, the law, and not Nature, creates it.

Had Mr. Calhoun's financial views prevailed, and become our settled policy, this country would not now be at the mercy of the Morgan Money Trust, with its vast federation of uncontrollable, irresistible billions. The Federal Government itself, is one of the indispensable assets of the business of the Morgan syndicate. Excepting the Secretary of the Navy, every Cabinet officer is an attorney of some corporation of the Morgan confederation.

*The President's brother belongs to the system. Mr. Taft is an experienced man of affairs, and must have known that when he was choosing corporation lawyers for his Cabinet, what sort of doings would be the result. He must have known, when he turned over to Ballinger our coal-lands and our power-sites what that rascal would do with them.*

The Guggenheim-Morgan band of robbers had employed Ballinger to grab these properties, and when Guggenheim asked that Ballinger be placed in charge of them, the President must have known that Guggenheim's hireling would deliver what he was paid to get.

So with Wickersham, the Attorney-General, whose profundity as a lawyer was so amusingly illustrated a few days ago. Accused by Congressman Martin of being a Sugar Trust attorney he denied it; but said that his partner was! That partner is the brother of President Taft. What kind of an Attorney-General did the President think Mr. Wickersham would be?

*When he chooses black sheep, by what process does he expect to whiten their wool?*

Wickersham has apparently sand-bagged those prosecutions of the swindlers and thieves who, after being caught with the goods, kindly returned a part of them. He wrote Solicitor Wise that influence would be brought to bear on the President to prevent the indictment of the Sugar Trust criminals. Whose influence? And how brought to bear?

Such things are never voluntarily revealed, and rarely become known.

But see what the Sugar Trust got by having their lawyer-partner to the President's brother! in the Cabinet.

Wickersham set aside the Organic Act under which the Philippines are being governed, and sold 55,000 acres of our land to his client! The law forbids the sale of more than 2,500 acres



to any one corporation; but the lawyer whose opinion on *Partnership* is so novel, held that the Organic Act did not apply to *the friar lands*. The Catholic Orders had gobbled 400,000 acres of the choicest soil in those unhappy Islands; and Mr. Taft, when in control over there, paid the pious cheats \$18. per acre for their holdings.

Comes the Sugar Trust and selects 55,000 acres—and it is to be presumed that they did not choose the least fertile spots—and *their lawyer lets his clients have the dirt at \$6. per acre.*

How richly doth it smell and taste of a certain transaction in bonds, which took place one night at the White House, when a President, who had been the attorney of J. P. Morgan & Company, signed a contract—drawn by his partner, Stetson—which made his clients richer, by eleven million dollars, when the market opened next morning!

And Dickinson! *The craven scoundrel who went to Gettysburg—TO GETTYSBURG!* to fling a cowardly insult upon the memory of every loyal supporter of the Southern Confederacy, upon every hero who gave his life to the Lost Cause, and to every pathetic and revered survivor of the legions that wore the Grey! Dickinson, too, "made good". He was a Harriman lawyer, and with a haste that was no more indecent than that of Ballinger and Wickersham, *he betrayed the Government in the interest of the Harriman railroads.*

As to Secretary of State, Knox, his subservience to the Morgan syndicate is so notorious that we now consider our consuls, ministers and ambassadors as the diligent and deferential agents of our Trusts. Nicaragua, the President's personal intervention for Morgan in the Chinese loan, and the candid confession as to Dollar Diplomacy, makes further evidence cumulative, only.

*Thus have we, again, the fruitage of the statesmanship of Webster and Clay.*

And when a future historian of unbiased mind and irreverent independence of thought comes to weigh these two bunglers at state-building, *down will go their rating.*

Benton's distinguishing merit is, that he foresaw, as Jefferson did, the destiny of the West. Not only that, Benton's unerring sagacity took in the fact that the West meant the Orient also.

While the statesmen of greater popularity and wider renown were surrendering, *as not worth contending for*, the magnificent territory which now lies in Canada, and to which thousands of our best farmers have rushed and are still rushing, Benton had grasped the importance of every square mile of it. While Webster, with an imperial gesture, was asking, "*What is all this wilderness worth?*" and answering his own question, to his complete satisfaction with the word, "*Nothing*", Benton was picturing to the business men of St. Louis the gorgeous future of Western development and Oriental trade.

Recurring to Benton, Jackson and the Bank. The indispensable man, is ever entitled to his fame; and Thomas H. Benton was the indispensable man of that combat. Without a Jackson to storm at those delegations which the bankers sent to shake his resolution, Benton could not have held his own in Congress. The united strength of The Great Trio would have rescued Biddle and his Bank. No other man had the mental and physical fibre—the adamant strength—to stand up to Webster, Clay and Calhoun day after day, night after night, week after week, as old Tom Benton did.

And—most pugnacious of men! he wouldn't let the Big Three off, with merely killing Biddle's Bank. He never rested until he compelled the Senate to draw black lines around the resolution which condemned Jackson's removal of the deposits, and to write

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the word "*Expunged*" upon it. *The rough, tough, gruff old fighter had "The Great Trio" completely whipped!*

Jackson was, of course, intensely gratified; and he gave a formal banquet in honor to Benton and his loyal colleagues.

\* \* \*

The feeling comes over me that I have lingered long enough over this story; and while there is a certain melancholy which depresses me in the completion of a book, I will bring this one to a rapid conclusion.

Really, there is not much more to tell. Upon the Texan revolt from Mexico a stirring chapter could be written; but that will come into my "*Story of the South and West*", which I take up next.

The old claims against France, growing out of the seizure of merchant vessels during the Napoleonic wars, were adjusted by treaty; but the money was not forthcoming. Jackson flew into one of his furies, and sent a message to Congress that was terribly insulting to France. Whereupon, every Frenchman began to "*Sacre Blue*"! and to dance with rage. Ministers were recalled, war-talk was in the air, and the two nations were deadlocked.

Strange to say, Jackson's administration had been most cordial to England, despite the furrow in his head, where the British officer had gashed him with his sword for refusing to clean his boots. At this crisis, when Jackson had the whole situation "balled up", (as in Florida when he was Governor) Great Britain offered her mediation. It was accepted, and the matter was soon arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. France paid the money, and the incident added immensely to the European prestige of Old Hickory and his country.

He named and elected his own successor; and Mr. Van Buren speedily reaped the whirlwind where his illustrious predecessor sowed the wind.

State banks had sprung up like mushrooms, wild-cat money flooded the country, speculation became a craze, prices bounded upward, and the whole country was in a fever.

Down came Jackson's "Specie Circular", ordering land agents to demand gold and silver in payment of public domain. It was "Resumption", without due notice. It was "Contraction", by stroke of lightning. Just how much disaster was the consequence, no human being can estimate. The storm was fearful, and the wreckage was immense. Of course, the President should have issued the circular sooner, and given the country time for preparation. To revolutionize commercial methods so radically and so suddenly was a political error of the gravest magnitude.

Jackson himself escaped most of the trouble, but Van Buren couldn't. His administration was a failure. If he had had a policy, he could not have carried it out, for Congress was against him. In fact, he was cordially disliked and deeply distrusted. Popular nicknames generally hit the bull's eye, and *his* was "the Kinderhook Fox".

When Andrew Jackson took his leave of the White House his popularity seemed undiminished. At Van Buren's inauguration, the crowds paid no attention to "Matty". It was the white-haired old Chief that eager eyes singled out—that resonant voices cheered. The old man was very feeble, worn, emaciated; and those who looked upon him must have felt that they would see him no more. And to be able to say that they had seen Andrew Jackson, was something that three-fourths of the people considered a source of patriotic pride.

He went home to be received as Tennessee always received him—the hero of whom she was enthusiastically and affectionately proud. At the Hermitage he found things in a bad way. The Donelson's of Jackson's immediate cir-



cle were poor managers, and his adopted son was a Donelson. Heavy losses had been suffered, and the aged soldier was under the necessity of borrowing \$10,000 for his pressing obligations. His friend Francis Blair was the lender.

Of course, he soon had his fine plantation on the self-supporting basis; and we hear of no further financial worries. He continued to take the liveliest interest in politics, and retained great influence. He was not able, however, to give Little Van a second term. In fact, "the Kinderhook Fox" was never liked in Tennessee; and he failed to carry it even when he gained the Presidency. Judge Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, carried both his own State and that of Georgia.

But for Jackson's feud with Col. John Williams, which drew into it his brother-in-law, Judge White, it is highly probable that Jackson would have chosen the able, upright and accomplished Tennessean as his political heir. There is no doubt that this feud weakened Jackson in his own State, and lost Tennessee to the Democratic party. *The Hermitage precinct went against Jackson's candidate, three to one!*

Whatever chance Van Buren had for a re-election was lost by his opposition to the annexation of Texas. In playing for Northern support, he lost much more at the South than he won elsewhere. During the campaign, Jackson did his utmost for "Matty". Among other things, he wrote and published a letter criticising General Harrison's military achievements, and stating that he did not have a high opinion of Harrison as a soldier. The letter did Van Buren no good.

The old hero was highly gratified when Tennessee went for James K. Polk; but as Polk was a popular, oft-honored native of the State, and the Texas question was in the campaign, and the rival candidate was the tact-

less, head-strong Henry Clay—whose own letter-writing ruined his chances—I can't see any Jacksonian victory in Polk's election.

Indeed, it is evident to me that his persistence in politics began to be resented. It had too much the appearance of dictation.

The General joined the church, and became very devout. He was fond of the society of preachers, who were ever welcome guests at the Hermitage.

His health was very bad during these closing years; and his strength gradually declined. A mis-step and stumble on the stair-way, one night in the White House, had wrenched open the falsely healed wound inflicted by Dickinson's bullet. Internal bleeding set in and Jackson's sufferings were great. Frequent hemorrhages, and a hacking cough plagued him so constantly during his Presidency that he was seldom a well man.

As he neared his end, his powers of endurance were taxed terribly. First, he would be gaspingly weak from violent diarrhea; and, then, would come dropsical swellings which puffed him from head to heel. The swelling disappeared when the bowel trouble seized him, only to return when it let go. It was an agonizing approach to the grave. Weaker after each crisis of his alternating attacks, regaining less of his strength after each, he was fully sensible of his nearness to death. But no one could have been more reconciled to it, and none could have borne the pain with greater patience and fortitude. He made no complaint, had no fears, suffered without a groan, was tenderly considerate of all who approached him. Many and many a night he could not lie down; many and many a day he was horribly racked by pain. But through the guard of this self-restrained, iron-willed soldier, could pass no word of weakness, of useless concession to disease.

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On the very last day of his life, he "preached as fine a sermon", as those about had ever heard, holding forth an hour on religion. His kinspeople and his friends were in his room: the negroes were at the doors and windows. It was a wonderful spectacle—that of the dying man, he of the street affray, the cock-fight, the deadly duel, the inexorable military chieftain, the fiery party-leader, the hero of New Orleans, *preaching a sermon as he died!*

Alexander perished in a debauch: Caesar met sudden death with godlike composure: Hannibal drank poison: Frederick the Great, died like an unfeeling stoic: Washington, without a word which proved that his mind was on anything save himself and his property: John Adams' "I yet live", shows where his thoughts were: Jefferson, the amiable and unflinching Deist, had already delivered his message.

But Andrew Jackson, whose place is away up toward the top in the class of great men, *spent his last hours "preaching as good a sermon as I ever heard"*.

Not a man of books, not a man of great mental depth, but one whose practical head was clear within its own range—with instincts and intuitions which supplied the place of reasoning—he had witnessed the effects of religion on the lives of men and women; and he believed in it, most profoundly. It was enough for him that the good Christians whom he knew took the Bible as the very word of God. I don't suppose he had the faintest conception of the Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Confucian creeds and, to Andrew Jackson, the man who said in his heart, or otherwise, that there was no personal God, no actual malignant Devil, no real physical hell, no heaven with many mansions and harping angels, *was indeed a most aggravating fool.*

He told all the weeping attendants, white and black, to meet him in heaven. And he said what all true husbands say of all good wives, that, *if he did*

*not meet his darling there*, it would not be Heaven to him.

After he had ended his sermon, he sat quietly in his chair. He knew the rider of the pale horse was very near. But not the slightest regret nor misgiving crept into his soul. No: indeed. Andrew Jackson had always done what he had made up his mind to do. His self-confidence had always been sublime. He had not had the slightest doubt that he would whip the Bentons, kill Dickinson, crush the Indians, destroy the British, coerce France, demoralize the Spanish, rout Calhoun, burst Biddle's bank, repulse and overthrow the Great Three. One day on deep water, the boat was being knocked about, by big waves, and one of the men with him expressed anxiety. Old Jackson looked at him with those fierce blue eyes and said,

"I see, sir, that you have never been much with *me*".

*Caesar had said virtually the same thing, under practically the same circumstances.*

And now the indomitable man was in his last fight—with Death and the Devil—and he was just as sure of winning it as he had been at Horse-shoe Bend or New Orleans.

He had made up his mind to go to heaven, and he was going. No doubts about it at all: *he was going.*

And so great is the impression made by unbending determination and unvarying success that the papers, soon after Jackson's death, were circulating a dialogue between two New Yorkers, one of whom said that Jackson was in heaven, and the other, asking how such a thing could be known to be a fact, received the answer:

"Andrew Jackson *said* he was going to heaven, and as he had made up his mind to go, you may be certain that he is *there*."

The release of the dying man was painless. He had remained seated in his chair, and one of his last acts was



to greet his old friend, Col. Lewis. "You like to have been too late", Jackson remarked to him calmly. Then, he put on his spectacles to see some of the children, better. Then he sat with eyes closed for a space, free from pain.

Easily, like one going to sleep, he went to sleep—the head which nodded forward, and which met the supporting hand of William Lewis, being cold in death.

It was the 8th of June, 1845.

(THE END)

## Negation

Grace Kirkland

As she who folds an unworn robe, besprent  
With tears, where had been christening drops instead,  
Sane that her still-born sonling's soul had sped  
F'er theologue might reason where it went,  
Might mourn that Motherhood's sublime intent  
Should be revealed to one so sore misled,  
And choose a deeper anguish for the dead  
If only had the babe been longer lent:

Such are the lines that scarce may own they're sad,  
Yet know the brooding that turns young hearts old;  
Lives wherein naught but doomed desires, grown cold,  
Chill the drear wastes of physic tragedy;  
Grey griefs, unlightened by bright memory—  
Weak, wistful lives, that never lost—nor had!

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# A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

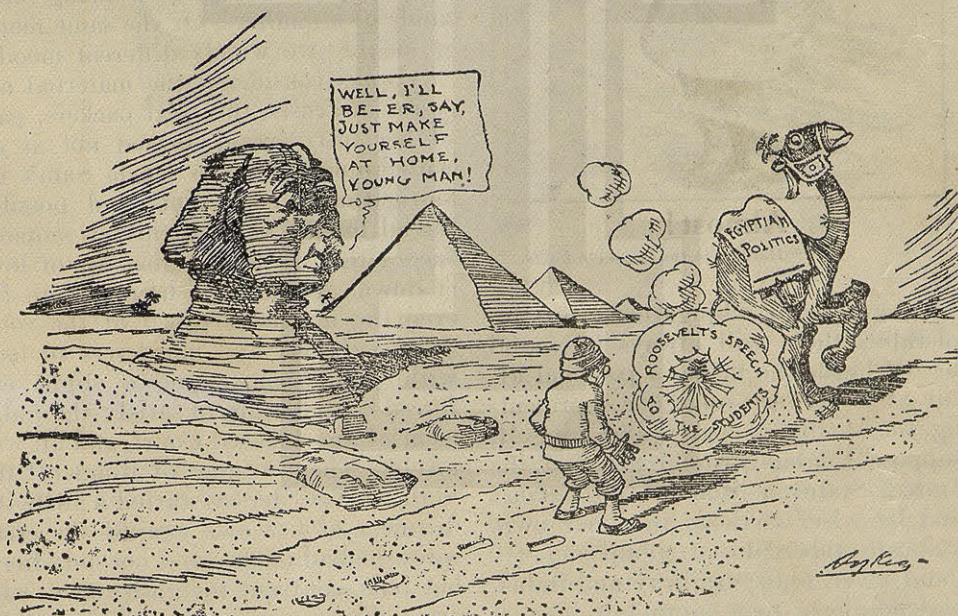
NO sooner had Bwano Tumbo emerged from the jungle than he took charge of Egypt in a speech lauding British reign there, and rebuking those thoughtless thousands of Nationalists who emit such absurdities as "Egypt for the Egyptians" and "Home Rule".

T. R. IN  
SPHINX LAND.

Having found nothing but good in

ed beings who are not content with Things as They Are. If the universe could be run by Theodore, things in all respects would be perfect. But, he makes it quite clear, he is too generous to deprive England of what it already has, so long as it is doing so well. The *entente* between Teddy and Brittania may continue, so far as he is concerned.

\* \* \* \*



If the Sphinx Could Speak

—Nashville Banner

England's control of India, it was highly natural that Mr. Roosevelt should frown down upon the benight-

It was, of course, the assassination of Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Prime Minister of Egypt, which occurred



just prior to Mr. Roosevelt's visit, that occasioned his condemnation of the Nationalistic feeling, and particularly, violent methods in attempting to attain their ends.

In this, as in the murders which are becoming frequent in India, the same motive exists. All of the complex that at present manifests itself in human acts, must have had its germ in some simple human feeling. Patriotism is one of those things which will not down. Logically, it may be a silly sentiment, but it is one of the sentiments which has always moved the world.



Almost!

—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

When a sense of subjugation grows intolerable, there will always be found the hot-head who makes a personal affair of it between some one representing the dominant party and himself. Suppose England should make of the United States a colonial possession? And by wiser methods than our own, eradicate tuberculosis, stamp out typhoid fever, reduce railway and industrial accidents to a minimum, compel arbitration of strikes and, above all, abolish the national scourge of Graft? Would Teddy consider these benefits proportionate to surrender of the right to self-government? Well, hardly.

\* \* \* \*

Educational methods have their place and value in any effort. A lurid tract has been known to secure an unregenerate into leading a better life, and a poetic warble on Liberty may appeal to some rare temperaments. But education can't go on forever. It is essentially the need of the immature in years, or in political ideas. When men have had enough education to convince them that they are victims of injustice, the next thing is either the correction of that injustice by those practising it, or "a shot heard 'round the world".

**M**OTHER with a handout of thickly buttered bread is a magnet to draw any son her-ward; but mother, with the hairbrush, or daddy's razor strop, is a vision to make indefinite playing hookey the one desirable course.

Think of New Jersey being both kinds of a mother! Or the same mother, in the two widely different moods!

Always considered the maternal ancestor of trusts, the meat-packers, part of her lusty brood, looked not at all with apprehension at Uncle Sam's investigations, indictments and possible trivial fines. No penitentiary sentence faces either the men higher up, or lower down. Profits had been enough for even the insatiable greed of the cold-storage thieves and murderers to look with complacency upon a slight enforced contribution to satisfy the judgment of any Federal Court, and all was lovely. Then, wonder of wonders! the State of New Jersey started a little indictment of her own against the creatures she had made—and not only fines, but jails, confront the guilty men, who are fighting against extradition. Oh, ho! The faithful mother is to be avoided, now, where formerly she was the ever-present aid and comfort to would-be monopolies.

It is high time that New Jersey did take cognizance of her own bad emi-

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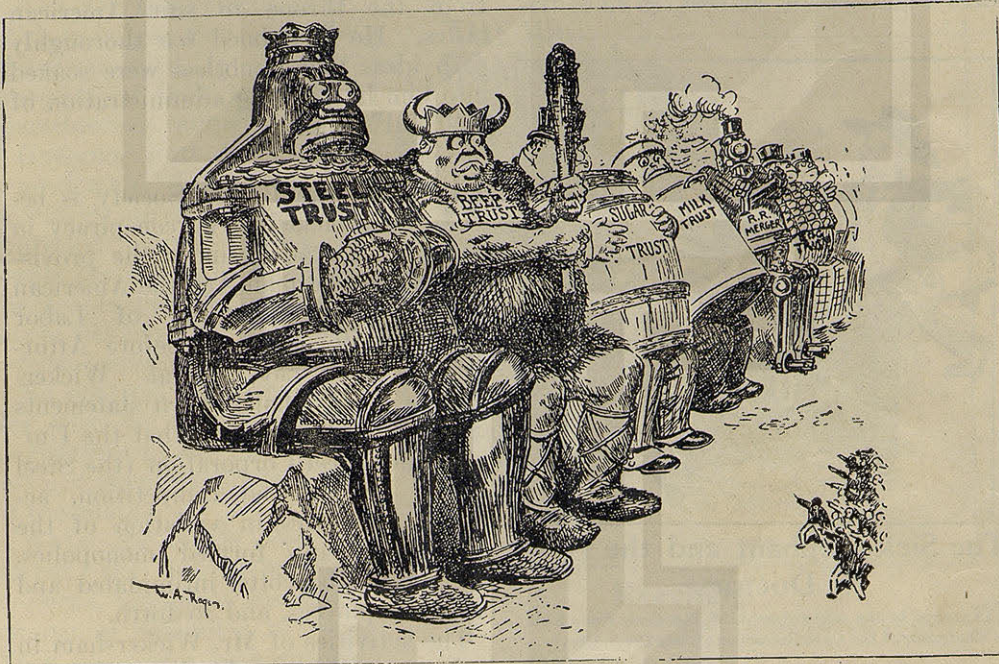
nence, and did something to redeem a reputation notoriously bad. It points the way by which real control may be accomplished, and by which feeble Federal "passes" at control may be foiled. It has been clear that Govern- ment prosecutions could not be other than a farce, in nearly all such cases. It is also apparent that the statutes of every State have adequate provision to

**A**FTER duly consulting with the magnates concerned, Mr. Taft caused to be prepared his pet Admin- istration measure—the railway bill, which is now run- ning the Congressional gauntlet.

**THE RAILWAY  
BILL UNDER  
FIRE.**

Briefly, it does away with the irksomeness, to the railroads themselves, of the

### Cartoons on Current Topics



"They're Going to Dissolve Us!"

—New York Herald

(The trusts anxiously awaiting the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and the Tobacco cases)

punish monopolists and protect the public, if they be but enforced.

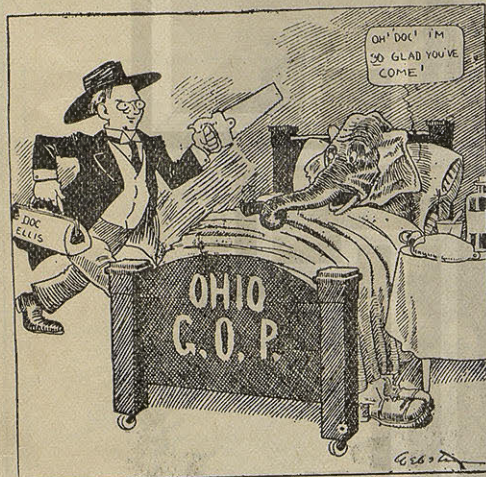
The people are tired of these stage dissolutions, wherein the corpse simply rises to take another part after the curtain fall. New Jersey is in a position, as having issued many of the letters of marque by which these pirate corporations have sailed industrial seas, to effect a forfeiture and thus scuttle the ships.

Sherman Anti-Trust law; it permits mergers; allows the purchase of stock by one railroad of another; and gives them authority to make rates, which, if not just to the public, must be brought before a Court of Commerce, whose creation is specified in the bill.

That the measure is wholly in favor of the railroads will be seen at a glance. Only by combination of many ship- pers, for instance, could a complaint



of extortionate rates, or discrimination, effectively be brought before such Court. And then would be the age-long interval of gathering statistics, hearing testimony, etc. If at the end of months, or years, such rates were disapproved, the railroads would have enjoyed their inequitable profits during the interval, and how would the Court, in case of deception or defiance, enforce new schedules? The roads would be strongly intrenched, and prosecution of them for defiance of orders would result, at best, in fines tri-



### The Sick Elephant and the New Doctor

(Apropos to the appointment of the Hon. Wade Ellis as Chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee)

—The Cincinnati Post

fling compared to the enormous advantages they were allowed to enjoy.

A cobweb would be about as effective in stopping an express train, as Mr. Taft's feebly judicial Court of Commerce in preventing railway abuses. As its futility might lead to the strong executive control by the Government, some value might ultimately come out of it. Otherwise, it would better fade away, as probably it will.

\* \* \* \*

Were the railroad bill the best measure that could be framed, it would en-

counter a natural opposition due to its inception and introduction. Strong sentiment resents Mr. Taft's attempt at dictating the actual bills, instead of indicating the legislation he approves, and allowing the machinery of the House and Senate to take care of the work. Rightly so, too. Mr. Taft's desire to facilitate legislation may spring from anxiety to accomplish results with as little delay as possible, but bills presented in this manner have too much the appearance of promulgations from the throne to suit American tastes. He is imbued too thoroughly with ideas that doubtless were soaked into him by his long administration of "colonial" affairs.

WHILE the Burley Society is being attacked as a "conspiracy in restraint of trade", under the provisions of the Sherman Act, the American

Federation of Labor has laid before Attorney-General Wickersham sworn statements

and documents charging that the United States Steel Corporation (the Steel Trust) has crushed competition, acquired properties in violation of the Anti-Trust law, formed monopolies, inaugurated boycotts, intimidated and beaten employees, and so forth.

The activities of Mr. Wickersham in each case will be fascinating to behold. It is easy to guess where his heart lies.

SAID the Governor of New York to the Governor of New Jersey—, well, what *could* he say?

The two Governors may neither know, nor love each other, but surely they now have common cause for woe and mutual sympathy. For Hughes has had a Legislature so rotten that the Albany investigations leave unsmirched the reputations of few of the Senators

and Congress offices. Th his resignation was the sta revelations been done traffic in public inte

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and Congressmen who have filled the offices. The Allds disgrace ended with his resignation, to avoid removal. It was the starting point for widespread revelations which prove that little has been done there for years except to traffic in legislation and barter the public interests for their private gain.

While the end in Albany is not yet, comes on New Jersey, with a scandal even more salacious. Committee rooms given over to sheer debauchery, and lewd women literally furnished for the entertainment of these vulgar men; even the House invaded by drunken creatures of both sexes, and shamelessness rampant!

Governor Fort seems to be a good man. Some time ago he "threw up his hands" and confessed himself unable to obtain the results he promised the people, because his Legislature was too corrupt for any reform measure to pass.

No one will hereafter wonder why he failed, but the Legislature guilty of this indecency should be driven out of the State.

While the Allds case involved the bridge-building concerns, the great insurance companies domiciled in New York have also been proven guilty of hiring lobbyists to put through legislation which they wanted, and, in some instances, it seems that the grafters trimmed the insurance companies very neatly. It was, as charged, about as much a case of blackmail as of bribery.

**A**NOTHER graft sensation has been sprung in Pittsburg, with the result that wholesale indictments have been returned, others are likely to be, and a score of men accepted the "immunity bath" by confessing. Indeed, so great was the rush to confess and thus escape prose-

cution, that the investigators had to make some of the guilty wait until they could get to their cases, so many hearings crowded upon them at once.

Indignation meetings have been held, and the city is aroused. As in Philadelphia, the probability is that a distinct political organization will be formed for the sole purpose of cleaning up the town.



### Reaching

—"H. M." in the Portland Oregonian

**M**ISSISSIPPI is in the throes of an investigation of the charge made by Senator Bilbo that bribery was used by the supporters of the recently elected United States Senator, Leroy Percy, to procure his election. The criminations and recriminations are coarse and sordid. During that prolonged deadlock, it was more than hinted that the Percy faction was using unclean methods, and that certain interests were willing to buy his seat in Con-

**THE SOUTH  
DOES NOT  
ESCAPE THE  
TAINT OF  
GRAFT.**

**PITTSBURG  
ALL SMUT.**



gress. There is little doubt that if ex-Governor Vardaman could have gone before the people, he would have been overwhelmingly elected, and it is most unfortunate that we are still using the antiquated machinery relative to United States Senators which makes them little more than appointees of a handful of officials. It gives too much power to the machine, none to the people.

other, the former country having plenty to do with interior affairs, and the latter being likewise engaged in settling its domestic difficulties. There has been no pronounced change in the situation which confronts Mr. Asquith and the probabilities seeming in favor of his administration doing weakly a few things that must be done, and allowing a new election to settle more

definitely what are to be the policies of that country. The House of Lords cheerfully offers to reform itself, rather than be reformed by its enemies, but will also be in no haste about a change. This, too, is for the future really to decide.

Germany has the franchise question upon it by several million exasperated Prussians, who demand substantial representation in some degree commensurate with their numerical strength. This embarrassing insistence Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg tried to placate by a measure which was so palpable a refusal of the very things desired that rioting ensued, which the police coped with after the fashion of police the world over—that is, sheer brutality,

which ran down, beat and mauled every one within reach, women as well as men.

Bethmann-Hollweg is very weak. Few could have stood so close to the Me-und-Gott Emperor as his predecessor, Prince Von Bulow, and remained a figure of such force and grace. Von Bulow would have met the situation better, perhaps, but even he was eternally hampered by the dictatorial irrationality of Wilhelm, which has evidently overborne the present Chancellor altogether.

Under the existing conditions, Prussians are virtually disfranchised. The



### The Bucket Brigade

—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

**W**HETHER to charge all these evils to the perversity of human nature, the difficulties that must always make representative government alert, lest it fall; or to the arrival of Halley's comet, it would be hard to decide. With the coming of the latter, the astrologer would corrugate his thoughtful brow, and predict dire calamity to come upon the world, but there is at present a decidedly reassuring note of peace, everywhere.

England and Germany have abated some of their hysterical fear of each

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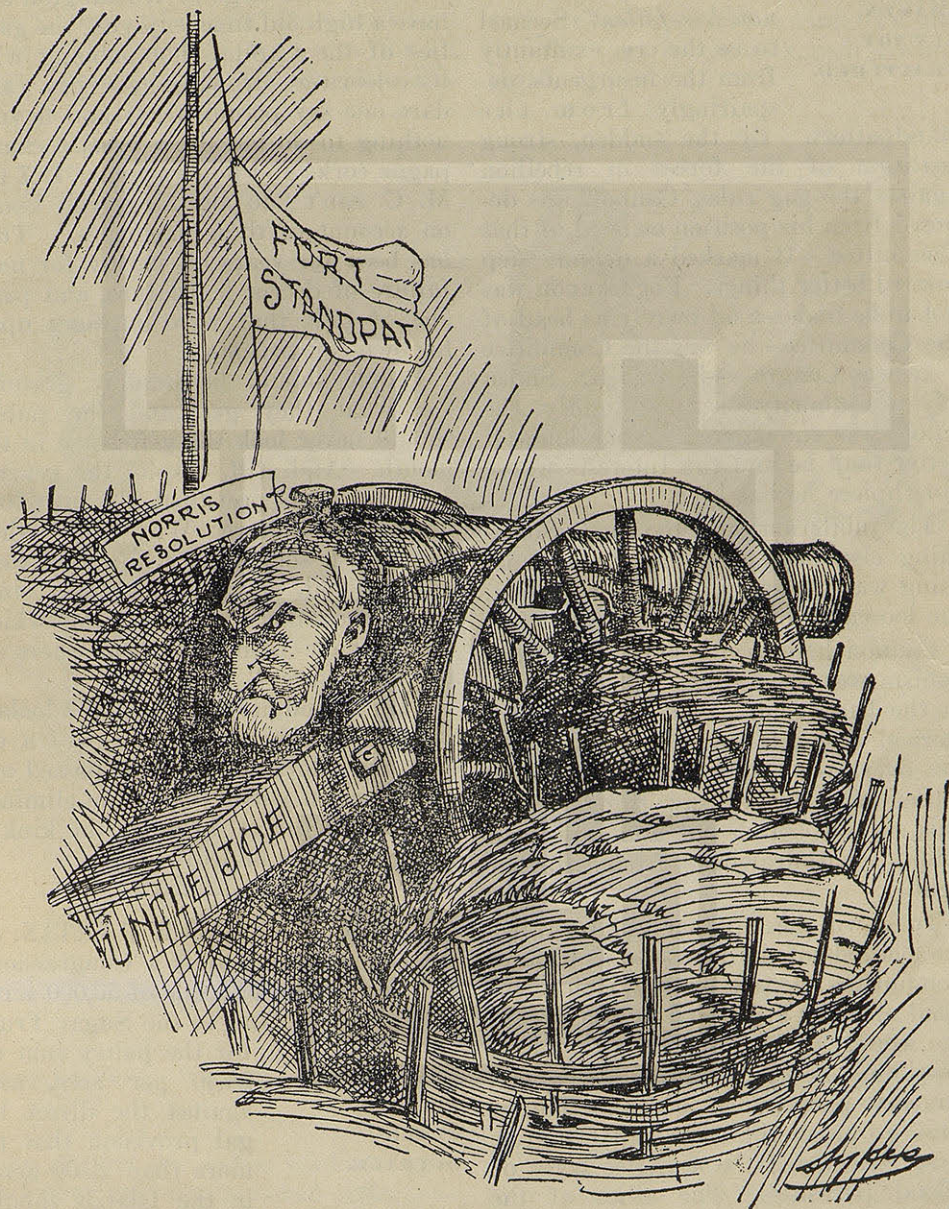
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object of the government is to satisfy them by a ridiculous basis of representation, while it explains to the out-

Germany will have to yield, of course. It may take time, cause bloodshed, but the Empire is not so secure



Spiked

—Nashville Banner.

side world that they are so beautifully governed, as it is, they should ask no representation at all.

from external troubles as to offend a full half of her own people by withholding their rights.



LATE in March last there occurred one of those political sensations which for the time being occupy almost the exclusive attention of editor and cartoonist. *Joe Cannon has fallen!* Seemed to be the cry, exultantly from the insurgents, despairingly from the standpatters. By the sudden, strong coalition of the forces in rebellion against the gag rules, Cannon was deposed from his position as head of that Committee. It marked a definite step toward better things. For Cannon was not to be understood merely as head of the Committee—he was the Committee—he was Congress—he was It. Shorn of his authority ever so slightly, the whole was endangered. None knew it better than he and the Interests whose mouthpiece he has been.

The jubilation came too soon. Something else happened, and that something was the snapping of the tension, the loosening of the pressure.

Cannon had been beaten, but Cannonism was alert, alive, and glowering in the background. Those whose numerical strength had been needed for the overthrow vote, became suddenly conservative. They saw things which took all the starch out and left them limply withdrawing from further fight.

To down the Speaker; to liberalize the methods of the House so as to have Committees elected by the House, instead of being appointed by the Speaker, would be "revolutionary". And there must be no revolution, anywhere, for any purpose, of course. Things must go on in the same rut, Congress must continue to be a choice body of official parasites. The allies of the real insurgents were compelled to save their faces by doing *SOMETHING* in response to the popular demand, something with which to meet the questions of their constituents: Cannon was the answer to that, but Cannonism, per-

petuated by some other Speaker, retaining the same convenient rules, was more than their craven souls could attack.

It is so nice to go to Washington and have a high old time, enjoying the gaieties of the Capital, hob-nobbing with its celebrities, drawing good pay (and dare one say perquisites?) and having nothing to do but draw breath, champagne corks and honorariums. But the M. C. can't "do anything, you know, on account of those gag rules." That has been for years his excuse for non-failure of decent legislature, and passage of bills that were outrages upon his own constituents.

People should be humbly grateful for what they get, and the public should never look the gift-horse in the mouth. And still, despite the general joy which has prevailed, the querulous one might inquire: Why didn't they accomplish something while they were at it? And, why did they only start to do the other day the thing which should have been done somewhere in the Dark Ages?

Cannon and his work has been looked upon in Europe as a survival of a vicious era which should have passed out of American politics with the elimination of the carpetbagger or the kinky-headed legions he led.

**REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN**, of Colorado, demands a Congressional investigation of a sale of 55,000 acres of Philippine land to the Sugar Trust for the paltry sum of \$6.50 per acre, and against the direct legal provision that no more than 2,500 acres in the Islands should be sold to any one corporation.

Why make plain the obvious, Mr. Martin? Every one knows the history of the transaction to date. These lands represent a small part of the vast accumulation of property of which the

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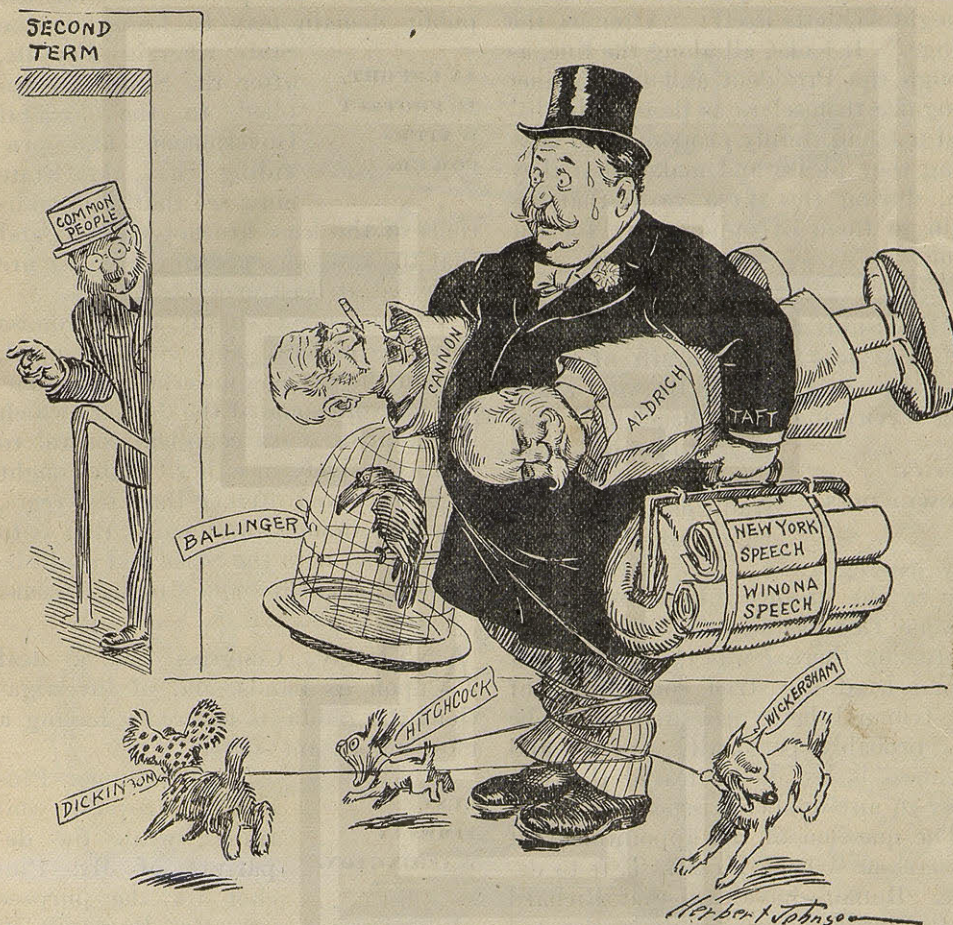
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Spanish friars robbed the Filipinos. When our benevolent Government, acting through the genial Wm. Howard Taft, then general errand boy of the administration, made peace with Spain, the Church of Rome demanded and easily got about \$18.00 an acre for all these "Friars' lands", for which the Fil-

ever,) does not apply to the Friars' lands!

What kind of a scoundrel is Wickersham that he does not even try to cover up the iniquity, the utter illegality of such transaction? What kind of a man is Taft, that he permits such an outrage?



Door-keeper: "You'll have to check some of that outside, Mr. President!"

—LaFollette's

ipino natives are being made to pay. And now, our distinguished Attorney-General literally gives these lands to the most obnoxious of all the Trusts, stating that the provision as to a 2,500-acre limit to foreign corporations, (which limit had been observed until this monopoly made its demands, how-

Wickersham and Henry H. Taft were partners, not longer than two years ago. The law of partnership is clear and binding that one is responsible for the acts of the others, and so strong is the presumption of equality that it requires special showing for any Court to believe that profits and losses



are not to be shared alike. If Henry H. Taft made law fees out of the Havemeyer gang, he was bound to divide with Wickersham. And if he represented the Sugar Trust as counsel, Wickersham was as responsible to the corporation for the conduct of its legal affairs as was Henry H.

The thing is so plain, that but one thought suggests itself: "After us, the deluge." It looks, all along the line, as though the President and his Cabinet recognize themselves as deservedly discredited, and simply propose to do anything they please and make what they can, during the three years that remain to them of opportunity for the spoils.

**THE** Supreme Court sustained a serious loss in the death of Associate Justice David J. Brewer, whose long service upon that bench had been in conformity with the higher judicial traditions, many of which are all too rapidly passing away. His attitude relative to the unconstitutionality of the Income Tax was adverse, and his open expression thereof was to many minds a breach of the strict conventions of the tribunal he represented; still, he was probably personally sincere, and openness is less to be feared than secrecy in any doubtful issue.

The question of the appointment of a successor will be for Mr. Taft to decide. Rumors have said that Richard A. Ballinger might possibly be elevated to the Supreme Bench. It is scarcely conceivable, however, that the President would take such a step. His appointment of Lurton shocked the public sense of fitness profoundly, and anything further of that nature would be almost enough to demand that the Supreme Bench be abolished. Certainly, it would bring about the vital need to do away with life tenure of office, and make these Judges responsible, period-

ically, to the public for their conduct in office. This in itself is desirable, but should be brought about in a better way than sheer sense of outrage over particular men.

**A**WATER Power Bill has been framed in the Senate, which provides that water-power sites on the public domain may be leased by the State wherein they lie, after the State has applied to the Federal Government; and providing that the State must see that the conditions of the lease are not violated and that the rates charged to the public are reviewed at least every ten years.

The measure is simply a compromise between Federal and State control, and in the present uncertainties promises to avoid some of the dangers which might arise, were complete control to vest exclusively in either. Rates ought to be reviewed oftener than ten years, however, though presumably that is to be optional with the State and could be brought about by request of its citizens.

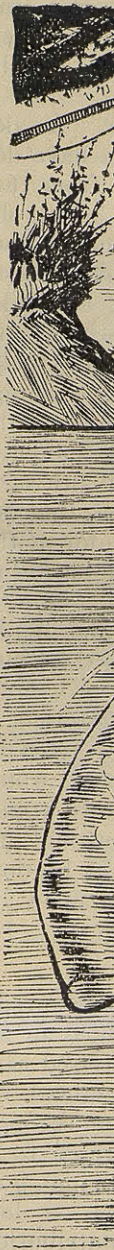
**A**NYHOW, Congress has a deal upon its hands, and of investigations the public is assuredly having a most unpleasant surfeit.

**EUSY  
TIMES IN  
WASHINGTON.**

The Ballinger-Pinchot controversy continues, while the departure of Mr. Pinchot for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Roosevelt in Europe lends zest of speculation to the outcome of the affair. That it will be an attempted whitewash, is probable, but the testimony laid before the public has been preponderantly in favor of the ex-Chief of the Forestry Department and his doughty subordinate, Louis R. Glavis.

Every move he makes, prejudices Richard A. Ballinger. His public speech on Conservation was a mere rep-

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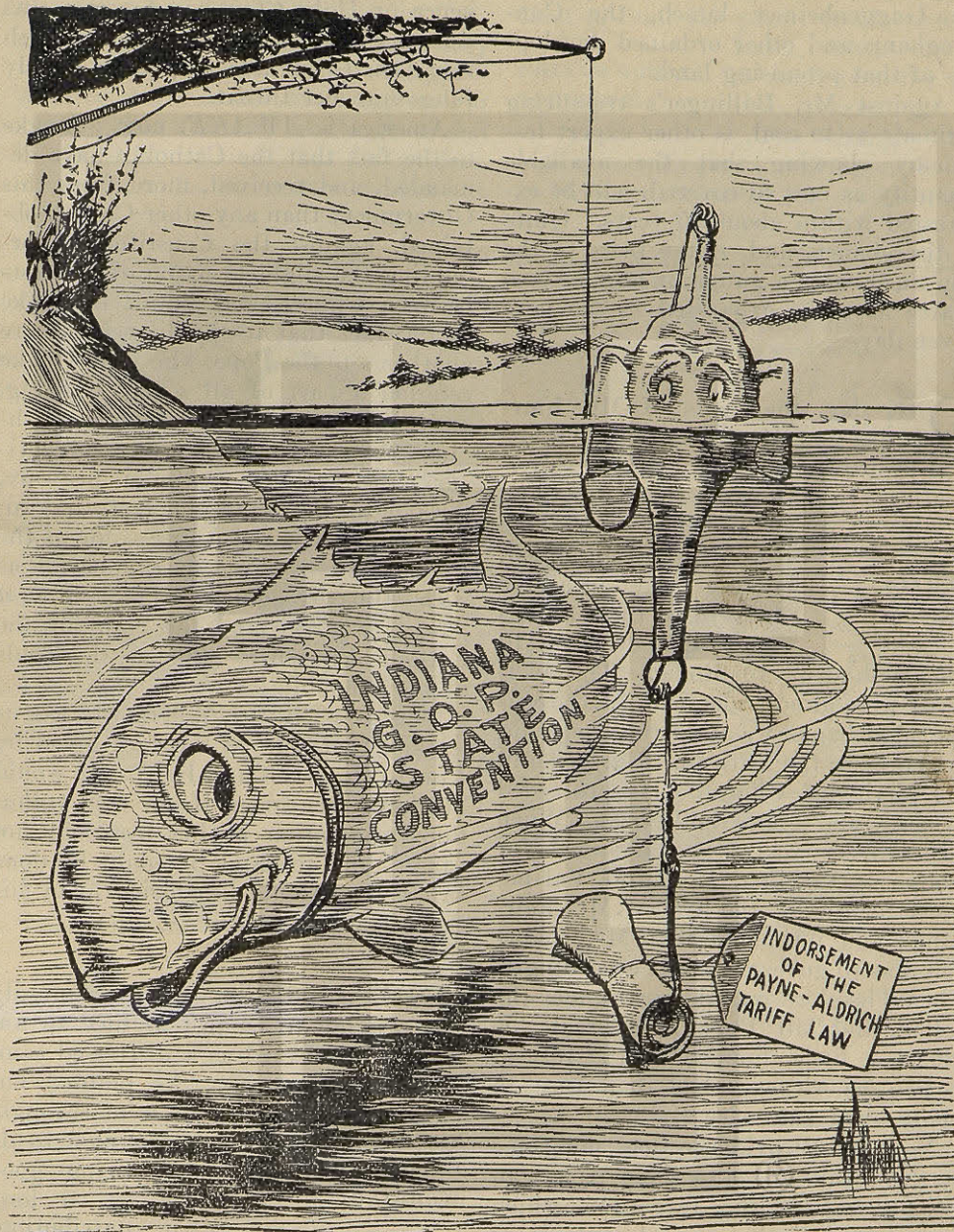
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Not Even a Nibble

—Boston Herald.

sources, but Ballinger made, of course, the point that what was done should be done "within the law". Considering

enough to last about 7,000 years, which would give almost time enough for our laws to waddle up to the necessities of



conservation, if they are now inadequate to enable the scrupulous Richard Achilles to keep Alaska from the Morgan-Guggenheimer bunch, the Cunninghams and other ordained developers of that promising land.

Against Mr. Ballinger's reassuring estimate as to coal, is other expert testimony showing that the available quantity as now discovered, will be exhausted within about 70 years. Quite a discrepancy, and, if the price to the consumer were a gauge, it might be so scarce as to be exhausted in the next seven days.

ONE day, the visits of Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Roosevelt to Rome will probably be looked upon as Providential. In both cases, there was to be an audience with Pope Pius. In both, it failed, because the infallible one refused them an audience, if they spoke to the Methodists in Rome. The incidents were almost identical. Ex-President Fairbanks was told that he could not come to the Vatican, if he spoke in the Methodist Church. He proceeded to speak, and ignore the Vatican. When an audience was to be arranged for Roosevelt, Cardinal Merry del Val politely mentioned the case of Mr. Fairbanks and intimated that Mr. Roosevelt was to govern himself accordingly. Then Theodore waxed warm under the collar, and left Pope Pius in all his glory—a little dimmed by the refusal of two Americans to bow their knees to his insolent authority.

Now, the Providence does not come in the insult given to these American citizens, but in the revelation which proves that Catholic intolerance is as strong today as ever. It had been so differently pictured over here. Cardinal Gibbons, Arch-Bishop Ireland, Falconio—were all going suavely about, preaching brotherly love, and the Protestants had joined the chorus

which chanted "Tolerance, tolerance!" until it was almost high treason for one to breathe a word against His Eminence or Holy Church. America was asleep, while a snake coiled down with her, soon to be able to put its deadly fangs into her throat.

America is *AWAKE*, now. Awake to the fact that the Catholics have demanded, and received, more from this Government than any other Church obtained, against the Constitution forbidding the slightest union of interests between Church and State; is awake to the fact that its public schools are anathema to the Pope, who would make religion a part of all school training, and that religion—the Roman Catholic. Awake to the terrible subservency of Taft to Catholic pressure. Awake to the damning fact that an Italian priest is the Ambassador of the Pope, and is received by this nation as such—thus recognizing the *temporal power of Rome* and the right of the Catholic Church to influence the heads of our Republic!

This is what our "tolerance" led us to, and that slap in the face given by Pius to Roosevelt and Fairbanks would not have been given if our own voluntary prostration at his feet had not caused him to think it could be done safely, and would be gloried in by his American "subjects!"

THE corporation tax is assuredly proving to be just as nice an anchor to windward as a distressed campaign could desire. As pointed out

**THE SCHEME  
EXPOSED, BUT  
WORKING.**

when it went through, it was a license to do business during good behavior—or so long as the contributions

were duly forthcoming. It had only one redeeming feature—and that was publicity. This has now been skilfully evaded by the gentle art of innocently failing (?) to provide any way where by the clerical work of preparing these

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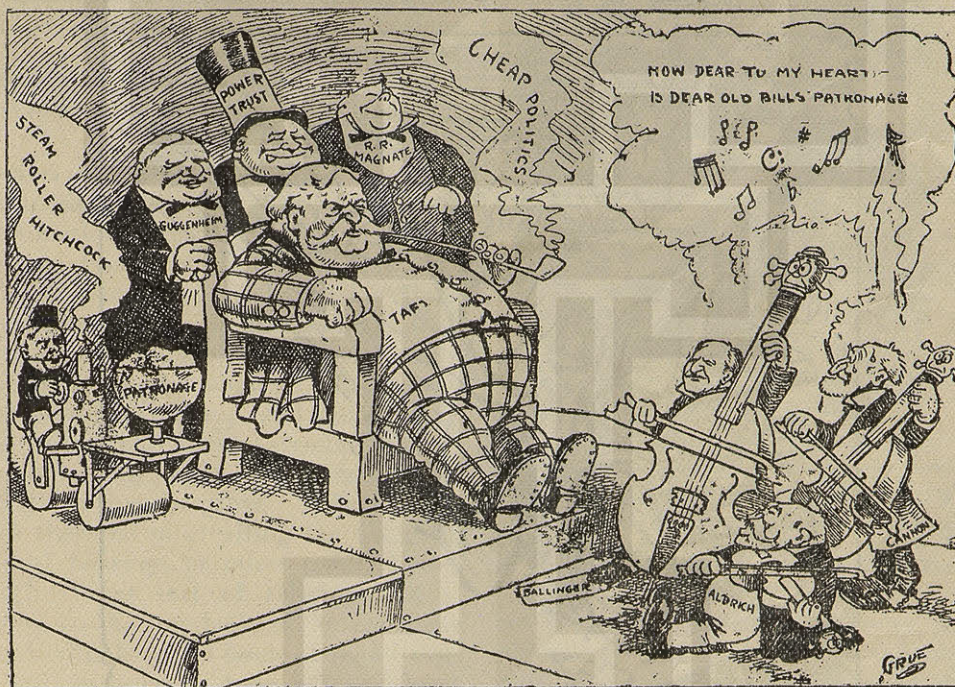


reports shall be done. The Secretary of the Treasury—our dear friend MacVeagh—can't pay any money for this, without express authorization by Congress, and Congress failed specifically to do this, while providing an appropriation therefor. Mr. MacVeagh might explain this difficulty to Congress and be speedily relieved, but he prefers, evidently, to let the matter remain one

CHINA is making a desperate attempt to rescue her people from the opium curse, and has asked England to limit the poppy production, in India, while trying to deal with the evil already existing.

#### CHINA'S MORAL STRUGGLE.

The changes are that pious England will agree to aid in the suppression of the opium traffic,



"My Policy"

Tacoma (Wash.) Times

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
A merry old soul was he.

He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three."

of seeming helplessness, so the people cannot get reports, yet still excuse his failure to furnish them. Clever play, wasn't it?

\* \* \* \*

The Senate helped, also, when it refused to make an appropriation for this purpose, and provided that the returns of the corporations shall be made public only when the President or Congress deem proper.

and then wink the other eye. Glorious Britannia has assumed tremendous burdens in the uplift of humanity, particularly of the yellow and brown varieties. While benevolently assimilating India, she has also made the Hindoo poppy fields yield a big revenue through demoralizing China, and both countries have cause to be profoundly appreciative of the tender nurture they have received at England's "Christian" hands.



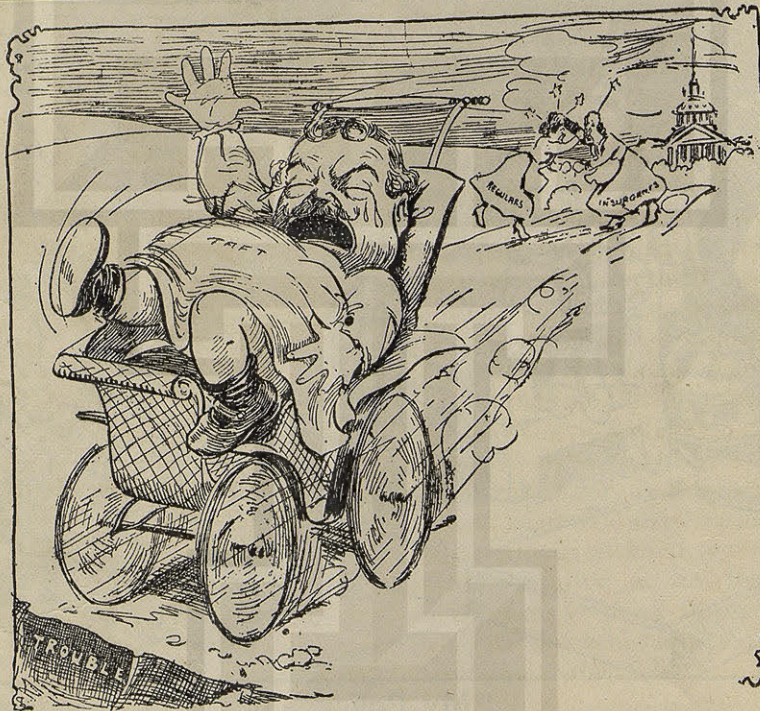
**M**AYOR GAYNOR grows like a giant in public esteem. His work in New York has already profoundly bettered the conditions of that metropolis, and in effect he is head of its entire police system.

**A REAL  
REFORMER  
AT WORK.**

He has saved vast sums to the taxpayers, promoted efficiency, and is bringing about a genuine reform of the crying

ly display has taken from such Churches all their spirituality, and all their service to humanity, it is time to deal with them on a business basis. Taxing the hovel of the widow, and leaving untaxed rich real estate because it is "church property" is a relic of the same sort of superstition, bigotry and priestly privilege which has made the Church of Rome odious.

Mayor Gaynor will array against



Neglected

—Birmingham Age-Herald

abuses which made Gotham reek with iniquity.

His position with reference to taxing Church property shows an absolute fearlessness seldom seen in men in political life. He is right, unquestionably right. When Churches, like Trinity, of New York, are nothing in the world but corporations for the amassing of wealth; when splendid edifices, upon ultra-fashionable avenues, can be erected; when the glitter of the world-

him a large element of the truly goods, but his radical views are in accord with right and justice and so are ultimately bound to prevail.

\* \* \* \*

The Church edifice should be a mere convenience for gathering to worship, and to do Church work. Arguments that the rich won't attend humble churches is to argue that spiritual power depends upon stone and mortar, gilding and carving, luxurious appoint-

ments. These splendid proportions less ablement, the one of the masses will from such

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ments. But, if the rich just must have these splendors, let them pay taxes in proportion to their value, even as far less able concerns must do. *Certainment*, the poor dare not venture into one of these costly piles, and the great masses who need uplift cannot get it from such altars to Mammon.

**T**HE proposal of the M. E. Church, South, to build in the city of Washington a quarter or half-million-dollar Church, out of contributions drained from Southern

#### **CHURCHLY MISTAKES.**

Methodists, is another case that points to worldly pride, instead of evangelical zeal. It seems there is to be competition between the different denominations to erect the most expensive temple there, which means that next the Baptists, then probably the Presbyterians and so on, all down the line, will be straining every financial nerve to raise money enough to outstrip sister-churches in pomp, and put it all in a,—to the contributors—remote city, already having plenty of churches for all religious requirements. What object can there be in rivalling the Congressional Library, or other public building? What sort of religion will it prove to the non-believer, to see home needs slighted, and home charities neglected, in order to have a magnificent church building at the Capitol? Grad-

ually, just such fanaticism makes people doubt the sincerity of all religion, and the constant cry that "men stay away from the Churches" will be justified by the very drift of the Church away from men. Not human needs,



#### **Pick-me-up or Knock-me-down**

PEER—"Well, if I've got to be doctored, I should really much prefer this little mixture of my own."

—London Punch

not the glory of God, not doing His commands—but rushing into money-getting and wasting, seems to be the madness of the religious world today.





# A TALE OF LA RODA

By LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE



DEAD to the world, seemingly forsaken, La Roda lies sleeping in the sunshine.

Day after day the intolerable heat beats upon the crumbling walls, night after night the stars look placidly down upon the drowsy face of the town, but never its mood changes, never its pulses stir, never its blood goes mad.

Beyond all human evidence, the two stone lions that uphold the Gothic arches at the gate have kept guard over what lies beyond, and few there are in the whole world who know what lies within their slim shadow today.

And what lies beyond the gate of La Roda? Sleeping pigs with stomachs full of the vin ordinaire, beggars, Moors, lords and ladies who sleep their lives away through sluggish dreams. Visitors seldom stop at the gate, and few ever enter the town.

La Roda touches upon the plains of La Macha, the scene of Don Quixote's romantic knighthood, but it is not of Quixote and his Rosanantie that the people of La Roda will tell you now, but of Don Juan Hernandez and the lovely Donna Marie Roderiquez.

With his blood all warm with riding through the hot sun from the Capital, Don Juan dashed up to the gate of La Roda one afternoon, with a letter from the King hidden in the folds of his vest, and demanded admittance.

"Who calls?" a woman's voice asked musically, seemingly from in the air.

"A letter bearer from his Majesty! In the name of the King, open."

A pair of roguish eyes set in a saucy face looked over the balcony above. As the woman leaned forward, her mantilla slipped from her shoulders and a yellow jessamine fell from her hair to the pommel of the stranger's saddle.

"Give me my flower!" she cried, holding out her hand with a sudden mocking jesture. With that the eyes of the man and woman met and mingled. Juan lifted the flower to his lips.

"Give me the flower," the woman urged, with her mouth moused deliciously.

"When I am admitted," said Juan.

"But I may refuse to let you enter."

"Then, by the Mother of Jesus, I will climb to you," answered Juan.

With daring coquetry, the woman shook the long plait of her sunny hair over the rail and called: "Come! Come!"

In a moment, the messenger of the King sprang up into his saddle, erect and noble, and caught the end of the golden rope of hair in his hand and pressed it lightly to his lips.

"As the Parsee hopes to climb to heaven by his hair, so do I by this charming tress," he swore.

A wave of color swept the woman's face, but she laughed enchantingly. Then of a sudden she grew serious, and answered:

"That would only drag me down. It would never lift you up. Alberto," to an attendant inside the window of the tower, "admit the Messenger of the King."

As the great gate swung open, Don Juan seized Alberto by the arm, and in all haste questioned him:

"The Senorita—whom is she? Her name? Answer, quick, in the name of the King, whom is she?"

"They call her La Luc del Sol."

"She is indeed the light of the sun," the stranger cried, "but her name? Speak, or—" The hand of Hernandez sought the hilt of his dagger.

Alberto, trembling with age and fear, answered with dispatch: "She is the Donna Marie Roderiquez."

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"It is true," said the woman, who had flaunted him from the balcony, "I am the Donna Marie Roderiquez, daughter to Don Emanuel Roderiquez, of La Roda."

She stood before Juan in all the proud dignity of her youth and station. Her mantilla no longer disclosed her sunny hair, but it did not hide her mischievous eyes, that still mocked him.

"I bear a letter to your father." Trembling with passionate admiration, Hernandez bowed, and produced a package bearing the seal of the King.

"My father has gone to Madrid. He rode away this morning. You must have met him on the road."

"I did not travel the public way. I came cautiously, lest I meet with disaster and lose the letter."

"Yes, yes, and the contents of the letter, you know its meaning?" cried Donna Marie, drawing Hernandez, until the perfume of her youth and beauty beat in upon his senses.

For a moment, the young man lingered with the intoxication that overcame him, then said: "It is your father's pardon."

Donna Marie clasped her hands gratefully. "I thank you for telling me, and for bringing the letter."

"And I—I thank the good God for sending me here."

Juan permitted his eyes to burn upon Marie until her lids drooped as flowers do when the sun beats fiercely upon them. He held out his hand, and in it was the jessamine.

"Take it," he said humbly, all the daring of his attitude was gone.

"Keep it," she answered softly.

Juan touched it to his lips and thrust the flower into his bosom.

"Alberto, take Don Hernandez's horse to the stable, and order cakes and wine to the court." Then to Juan, "Come!" and she led him to the shade of the olive trees, where the fountains were splashing.

## II.

THE moon rose softly over La Roda. Although it was late, Don Hernandez and Marie sat in the fragrant grove of olives.

"Sing to me," Juan was saying.

"No, tell me of yourself," said Marie capriciously.

"I am cousin to the King. I have always desired love, to lavish love. Within me," touching his breast lightly and passionately, "is an unexplored mine of treasure. Will you enter in, Donna Marie, and take possession of all the wealth that is there?"

For a moment the eyes of Marie mocked Juan.

"Will you enter in and claim your own?" pleaded Juan softly.

"I will—"

Juan reached out his arm to clasp Marie to him, but Marie pulled away quickly and said:

"I will sing!"

She touched the strings of her guitar lightly. "No," said she capriciously, "it makes a discord. I will not sing."

"I will give you a new guitar," Juan said.

"I will not accept it."

"It will be an exchange for the jessamine."

"Well, but listen!"

Again she swept the strings with her fingers. The instrument thrilled beneath her touch. It became a living thing. Plaintively, she sang a Moorish serenade in answer to some mood within her. With one of her whimsical transitions, she suddenly thrust the guitar away.

"My father did not betray the King," she said bitterly, "it was the carelessness of the King himself."

"The King is aware of that, and generously pardons your father."

"My father has gone to the King. He will be absent a long time, a fortnight, or more. Give me the letter."

"I will await his coming," said Don Juan promptly.



"That you can not do. Give me the letter."

"That I can not do. I am commanded by his Majesty to deliver the letter to Don Roderiquez, and into no other hands but his own. And I am to deliver it at La Roda. I would not dare risk the displeasure of his Majesty."

"You are risking a greater danger at La Roda."

"The danger of—"

"Fever. The town is already infected."

"I am already burning with the fever of love. I will remain."

### III.

SEVERAL days elapsed. One morning a servant who had ridden out the gate of La Roda the day after Hernandez arrived returned, bringing with him a strange looking package. It was a guitar richly inlaid with gold and set with priceless jewels.

"For years," said Don Juan, "I have been setting aside a certain part of my income, for I am not wealthy, although allied to the Crown. The money was to buy a betrothal gift for the woman I intend to make my wife. The jewels are the jewels that my mother wore. I had no woman in view, until I met you. Take the gift, and remember always that I love you."

Marie held the guitar closely to her for a moment, and the hush of love rested upon the two.

Dear, delicious hours of song and laughter fell upon the lovers after that, as they dreamed in old La Roda. Shimmering olive leaves whispered over them as they wandered hand in hand into the cool shadows. Poppies blew them langorous kisses as they passed neglected fields, and the beggars drowsing in the sunshine beyond the gate, were never so richly rewarded as when the lovers went their way. Each day was a prophecy. Each night, a dream: and then—

Accompanied by Carlos, Don Emanuel Roderiquez returned to La Roda

one day. The morning following his return, he called Marie to him and said:

"My daughter, I have arranged for your marriage with Carlos."

The girl went whiter than the pearls that encircled her throat. "I can not wed with him," she cried, "for I already love Don Juan Hernandez, the letter bearer of the King."

Don Roderiquez was impotent with rage. He was furious enough to strike his daughter. "So you dare defy me thus?" he said, recovering speech at last. "Then hear me! By the Mother of God, you shall never marry Don Juan. I have given my pledge to Carlos."

"I will marry none other than Juan," replied Marie, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Listen, child, Juan is a dare-devil. He will grow weary of you and kill you. His eyes are flames that burn; his fingers daggers that pierce. The blood at his heart is red!"

Marie said nothing, but went away to keep tryst with her lover, who waited for her at the fountain, gloomy-browed and stern.

"What is it, my Heart? Would your father rob me of my dream? Would he take from me the light of the Sun?" asked Juan fiercely, as he paced up and down beside the fountain.

"But I love you, Juan," said Marie simply. It seemed sufficient to her that she did. She drew closer to Juan, child-like and loving. Hernandez pushed her roughly away, then as suddenly drew her to him, crying out of his suffering:

"Your father is implacable! He will force you to marry Carlos. God how I hate Carlos! How I love you!"

Marie kissed him gently on the hand and whispered: "Nothing, Querido mio, shall separate us."

"Nothing? You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Not even death?"

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"Not even death."

Juan kissed Marie reverently, for her words had been an oath.

#### IV.

MARIE RODERIQUEZ sat beside the fountain. Carlos sat beside her.

"Come, Marie, consent. Be my wife. I will be kind to you. I will be a good husband to you, for I love you," pleaded Carlos.

"That is true," replied Marie, "but I love Don Hernandez, I will marry no one else."

"You are only infatuated. Your affection will pass when he is gone. Promise that you will at least try to forget him, and I will wait patiently till you learn to love me."

For answer, Marie touched the strings of her guitar. The notes trembled on the air with the burden of her feeling. Teasingly, she swept her fingers along the frets of the instrument, making the notes a message to Juan.

Juan was not far away, and he hurried to the fountain. What he saw was Carlos lift the hand of Marie in his and whisper something in her ear. He did not hear the words, which were: "Let me try to win you, Senorita."

"No! no! I love Juan. If you love me, Carlos, go away. Leave me!"

"Love me," cried Carlos.

"You do not love me else you would go."

"Love you? God! I love you better than my life. I go!" Carlos rose and, as he finished speaking, leaned down and kissed Marie on the brow, then walked away.

Had Juan but heard, as he saw Marie and Carlos, this story of La Roda had never been written, and La Roda would still be sleeping with her pigs and Moors and beggars, ladies and lords, behind the gates, unknown to the outside world. But Juan only saw the parting, and inflamed with jealous

rage, he strode to where Marie awaited him, and hissed:

"You kissed him!"

"He kissed me," corrected Marie.

"It is all the same." Juan's eyes burned like living coals of fire. "You are not worth the sacrifice," he said. Snatching the guitar from her trembling fingers, he snapped it in twain, and threw the vibrating thing into the grass, blind to the sickening pain, deaf to the heart-broken cry of the girl, as she fell fainting to the ground.

#### V.

THE sun rose like a brazen image over La Roda.

Mounted upon his horse, Juan Hernandez rode out of the gate of La Roda, silent and dark. "Curses on her false heart," he prayed, as he rode off without so much as a glance at the tower where he had first seen the Donna Marie. A little way from the gate, his horse shied and rose on his haunches. Something gorgeous lay in the dust of the road, something yellow like the jessamine on the hedge, something crimson with the stain of blood that streamed from a woman's breast. It was Marie Roderiquez.

"Marie!"

As Juan leaped from his saddle his foot struck a sharp, glittering bit of steel that lay beside the heap of yellow. "Are you dead, my love, my own, my only love? Are you dead?" He covered the silent lips with passionate kisses, as he wailed, "Are you dead? Are you dead, Chiqueta?"

Warmed by his kisses, Marie presently opened her eyes and said pantingly: "It—was—better—so! The—music—of—my—life—is—mute. And—I—loved—you—I could not live without you."

She seemed near to death, and gathering her to him tenderly, Juan lifted her to the saddle and between sobs and incoherent pleadings of encouragement, he rode back through the gate at La Roda.



"How I love you—" Juan murmured over and over again.

With a faint smile on her lips, Marie whispered: "And I love you."

# VI.

For once the sluggish pulse of La Roda beat fast. For once the inhabitants were shocked.

Juan rode directly to Don Roderi-

quez, and laid the pallid burden at his feet.

"If she returns to life," said her father, "I will give her to you, Juan."

"And it will be the right thing to do," added Carlos, generously.

A few days later Marie opened her eyes on the loving faces around her couch, and smiled happily as Juan kissed her.



## A Woman's Love

Stokely S. Fisher

*A beauty chaste, a wonderful grace,  
Ennobled the sufferer, frail and white;  
The gray of dawn was upon her face,—  
How cold, with hardly a hint of light!  
And she, so small and weak and wan,  
Shuddered, not knowing that it was dawn.*

*Alas! for stricken of love she died,  
The guileless beguiled. "O father, haste—  
"Absolve me!" Imploring the voice that cried,  
And the hand clung, pleading, on his hand placed.  
"Daughter, his name? I dare not bless  
The parting soul that will not confess."*

*The pitiful face was a child's face mild,  
The whitening lips like an infant's curved;  
But the woman's heart in the eyes that smiled  
With truth inscrutable, never swerved!  
So young, and afraid of the vague, lone way;  
"I love him," she whispered, nor more would say!*

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# RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL SAM HOUSTON

By WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS

**T**HE following reminiscences of General Sam Houston were prepared some years ago by his friend, Willoughby Williams. They show the noted soldier in a more familiar light than it has been possible to view him from hitherto published histories. The tragedy of his domestic life is lightly touched, and no light is cast upon it by the chronicle of even so close a friend as Judge Williams:

“NASHVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1878.

“JUDGE JO. C. GUILD—MY DEAR SIR: In the several conversations we have had on the subject of Gen. Sam. Houston's life, you have expressed a desire to have me relate some of the particular scenes and events in his early career still familiar to my mind. I will endeavor then, in a short sketch, to give you what now occurs to me of most interest.

My earliest recollections of Gen. Houston date back to 1811, at Kingston, Roane county, Tenn. He was a clerk at the time in the store of Mr. Sheffy. My mother, in her widowhood, was living about three miles from Kingston. I was thirteen years of age, and Mr. Houston five years my senior. The line of the Cherokee country was about three miles south of Kingston, the Holston river being the boundary. The Indian trade being much valued, his services were highly appreciated from the fact that he spoke with fluency the Cherokee language. He was especially kind to me, and much of my time was spent in his company. He remained in the capacity of clerk until after the declaration of the war of 1812. At that time the United States were recruiting troops at Kingston for the

war. Lieut. Wm. Arnold, of the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Regulars, was sent to Kingston on recruiting service. The whole population had caught the war fever, and intense interest prevailed. The manner of enlisting at that day was to parade the streets with drum and fife, with a sergeant in command. Silver dollars were placed on the head of the drum, and, as a token of enlistment, the volunteer stepped up and took a dollar, which was his bounty; he was then forthwith marched to the barracks and uniformed. The late Robert H. McEwen, of this city, cousin to Gen. Houston, and myself were were standing together on the street and saw Houston take his dollar from the drum and enlist as a private in the year 1813. He was taken immediately to the barracks, dressed as a soldier, and appointed the same day as a Sergeant. Soon after this Lieut. Arnold had received thirty-nine soldiers, and was ordered to send them forth to join the troops, marching to the Creek war, under the command of Col. John Williams, of Knoxville, who commanded the regiment of regulars in person at the battle of the Horse Shoe, and afterwards became a distinguished Senator in Congress from Tennessee. Soon after Houston left Kingston, his friends applied to President Madison for his promotion, who commissioned him as Ensign. The commission was promptly sent, and reached him before the battle of the Horse Shoe. At that battle he mounted the Indian defenses with colors in hand, and was wounded by a barbed arrow in the thigh. A soldier, whom he ordered to extract it by main force, made several ineffectual efforts, and only succeeded under a threat by Houston to kill him unless



he pulled it out. He was carried back, suffering intensely from the wound, which had been much lacerated. His indomitable will led him immediately back into the fight, when he was soon wounded by two balls in his right shoulder. The intrepid spirit he displayed on this occasion won for him the lasting regard of Gen. Jackson. Disabled from further service, he was sent back to Kingston with the sick and wounded. Robert H. McEwen and myself met him some distance from Kingston, on a litter supported by two horses. He was greatly emaciated, suffering at the same time from his wounds and the measles. We took him to the house of his relative, 'Squire John McEwen, brother of R. H. McEwen, where he remained for some time, and from thence he went to the home of his mother, in Blount county. After this battle he received the appointment of Lieutenant for his gallantry. After the restoration of peace he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokee Nation under Return J. Meigs, who was agent, the agency being on the west bank of the Hiwassee, near where the railroad between Knoxville and Chattanooga crosses, the spot where the remains of Governor McMinn and Return J. Meigs lie buried, both having having been agents to the Indian Nation. While in the capacity of sub-agent, a controversy arose between himself and Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, which caused his removal about the year 1818. Soon after this he came to Nashville and commenced the study of law with Hon. James Trimble, father of Mr. John Trimble, of this city, and obtained license to practice after six or eight months' study. At the first meeting of the Legislature he was elected Attorney-General of this district over some distinguished lawyers as competitors, and in 1821 was elected Major General of the militia of this division of the State, and in 1823 was elected to Congress,

and re-elected in 1825. While a member of Congress he preferred some charges against the postmaster here, who, it was understood, would hold him personally responsible on his return home. The matter was made public, and great excitement existed among the friends of both parties, and rumors were afloat that a duel would follow. Col. John T. Smith, a noted duelist, living in Missouri, arrived in the city, and it was understood he would be the bearer of the challenge to Houston. It was believed that Col. McGregor, who was the second of Gen. Houston, would refuse to accept the challenge through the hands of Col. Smith, for reasons which he explained. This caused some excitement amongst the friends of Gen. Houston, as they expected a difficulty to occur between McGregor and Smith because of the refusal to accept the challenge if borne by Smith, he being well known as a desperate man. It was anticipated that the challenge would be delivered at the Nashville Inn, where Gen. Houston was stopping that afternoon, and all were on the lookout for the movements of Smith. He was soon seen, about where now stands the Hicks block, walking in the direction of the Nashville Inn, and the friends of both parties hurried to the Inn, where the meeting was to take place. Major Philip Campbell, a gallant soldier in the Creek war, and a warm, personal friend of Gen. Houston, with ten or fifteen other Houston men, made their appearance at the Inn prepared to take part, as it was expected there would be a fight when McGregor refused to accept the challenge borne by Smith. The challenge was presented by Smith to McGregor in front of the Nashville Inn, with these words: "I have a communication from Col. Irwin to Gen. Houston, which I now hand to you, sir", extending his hand with the challenge. McGregor replied, "I can receive no communication through your hands from Col. Irwin", and the

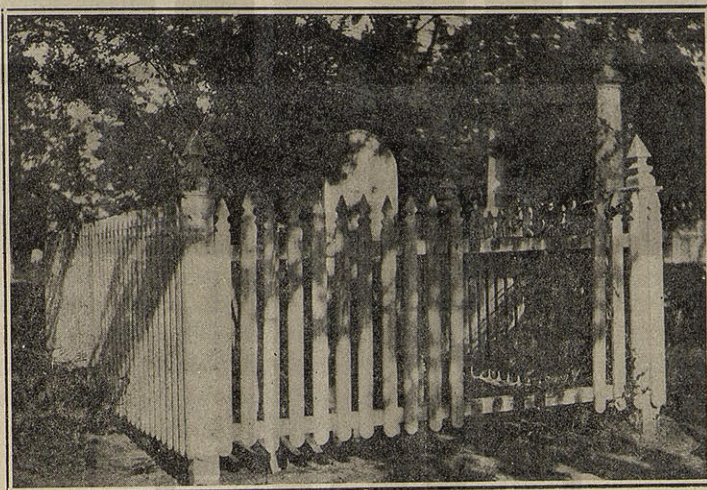
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paper dropped on the pavement before them. Col. Smith returned to his quarters, walking down the Public Square, the same route by which he approached the place of meeting. The crowd rushed into the hall of the Inn, where Gen. Houston was standing, greatly relieved that there was no fight between McGregor and Smith. Gen. Wm. White, a brave and chivalric gentleman, remarked that he did not "think the proper courtesy had been extended to Col. Smith." Houston heard the remark, and said to him, "If you, sir, have any grievances, I

mediately had a warrant issued for the arrest of both parties, which was placed in the hands of Joseph W. Horton, the sheriff of this county at that time. Mr. Horton requested me to accompany him next morning to the residence of Gen. White to make the arrest. White was then living four or five miles north of Cumberland river. Declining the request of Mr. Horton, I immediately went to Houston's room and found that he had heard, late in the afternoon, of the warrant for the arrest of both himself and Gen. White. That evening he left the city, and pass-



GRAVE OF GENERAL SAM HOUSTON

will give you any satisfaction you may demand." Gen. White replied, "I have nothing to do with your difficulty, but I presume to know what is due from one gentleman to another." This ended their conversation. The next day it was rumored on the streets that Gen. Houston had "backed down" Gen. White. When it reached the ear of the gallant White through some evil-minded person, he resented the imputation by sending a challenge to Gen. Houston, who readily accepted. Robert C. Foster, a prominent citizen of Davidson county, and preserver of the peace, came to town and heard the rumor. He expected the fight, and im-

ed by the Hermitage on his way to the home of Jimmy Dry Sanders, in Sumner county. The next day he sent a messenger to learn what had been done with White, and to notify him that he would be in Kentucky on a certain day to offer him any redress he might desire. White met him according to appointment, and they fought a duel at sunrise. White was thought to be mortally wounded, but recovered. On the evening of the fight a large crowd was assembled at the Inn to hear the news of the duel, among them Gen. Jackson. While waiting in great expectation, a personal friend of Gen. Houston, and a noted character, John



G. Anderson, who had gone up to witness the fight, was seen coming in full speed over the bridge, and soon announced that Houston was safe and White mortally wounded.

After Houston's term in Congress expired, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, successor to Gen. Wm. Carroll. During his Governorship he married Miss Allen, who was a member of a large and influential family in Sumner and Smith counties. Gen. Carroll, after being out of office two years, was again eligible, and declared himself a candidate in opposition to Houston. The first meeting of Houston and Carroll in the canvass occurred at Cockrill's Spring, in the month of April, at a battalion muster. I was at that time sheriff of the county and colonel of the militia, and, at the request of Houston, drilled the regiment on that day. He desired me to fully acquaint myself with popular sentiment, and communicate it to him after the speaking, which I did, and it afforded him much gratification. He left the muster-ground Saturday afternoon for the city, and I accompanied him as far as the residence of Mr. John Boyd, in sight of the city, and then returned to my home, leaving him in fine spirits. I went into the city on Monday morning early, and while registering my name at the Nashville Inn, the late Daniel F. Carter, who was at the time clerk of the hotel, said to me, "Have you heard the news?" I replied, "No; what news?" He replied, "Gen. Houston and wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's home." I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. Asking where Gen. Houston could be found, Mr. Carter replied he was in his room, but could not be seen. I went immediately to his room and found him in company with Dr. Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain this matter. I left him with Dr. Shelby for a few minutes and went to

the court-house on business. When I returned I said to him, "You must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice your friends and yourself." He replied, "I can make no explanation. I exonerate this lady fully, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man; will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State." I replied, "You must not think of it," when he again said, "It is my fixed determination, and my enemies, when I am gone, will be too magnanimous to censure my friends." Seeing his determination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steamboat, accompanied by Dr. Shelby and myself. He wrote me afterward he was not recognized until he reached Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas river, where he met a friend, of whom he exacted a promise not to make him known. He went up the river to Fort Smith, thence to the Cherokee Nation to his old friend Jolly, a noted Indian whom he knew when sub-agent. He remained in the Nation some time, and on one occasion passed through Nashville with a delegation of Indians on their way to Washington City, in the full garb of a Cherokee. From the Nation he went to Texas and settled at St. Augustine, commencing there the practice of law, with John Dunn, of this county, son of Michael C. Dunn, and there remained until the breaking out of the Texas revolution. He soon raised an army, and was made commander-in-chief of the Texas army, and at the battle of San Jacinto captured Santa Anna, President of Mexico, which closed the war. He sent Santa Anna and Gen. Almonte as his prisoners through Nashville, on their way to Washington City, under charge of Col. George W. Hockley, formerly of Nashville. Gen. Houston was then made President of the Republic of

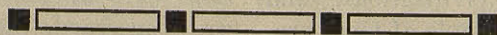
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Texas, and, after its annexation, was Senator in Congress from that State; then was made Governor, and at the commencement of the war was opposed to secession and rebellion, was deposed by the Legislature, and soon after died. Some years previous to his death he professed the Christian religion and

became a consistent member of the Baptist church.

The incidents I have related to you, my old friend, are just as they present themselves from my own memory, without reference to history, hence there may be some inaccuracy in the dates. Many other incidents occur to my mind, but I will not tax you longer.



## Saecula Saeculorum

William Ford Aiken

*How long have thine eternities, O God!*

*Rolled down with suns ablaze and planets reeling,  
Till, Time's irrevocable sealing,  
Shone forth this little day through which I plod!*

*Till Earth, mid-hung in boundless space a clod,*

*Upreared my soul to face Thy dread revealing!*

*How long have Thine eternities, O, God!*

*Rolled down, with suns ablaze and planets reeling!*

*How short the weariest way I ever trod!—*

*What void of death before this moment's feeling!*

*This joy of love,—this agony,—this kneeling*

*To kiss Thy cup of mercy or Thy rod!*

*How long have Thine eternities, O God!*

*Rolled down, with suns ablaze and planets reeling!*



## A NEW "DARK AGE"

By J. A. SCARBORO

**E**VERY student of history is familiar with the meaning of the term, "The Dark Ages." After Grecian and Roman civilizations had waned, and Romanism had assumed the power without the virtues of those civilizations, and Popery "sat in the temple of God, proclaiming itself as God", and demanding both political and spiritual obedience of human kind, then began "The Dark Ages", in which men were deprived of all the rights common to Truth and Justice.

The old Empires, from Assyria to Rome, were essentially Pagan; their religions were mixed idolatries; after the passing of the Assyrian, there was religious toleration, even in the Roman Empire, where the Cæsars were deified, liberty of worship was allowed until the time of Christianity, when persecution arose over the teachings of Christianity, that Christ was a *King*. But intolerance of dissent reached its climax in the assumptions of Popery, and when the Pappa put on the Tiara it was worth a man's life to dissent from the tenets of Romanism. Under the system inaugurated, the priests were the spies, the Councils the courts, and the military the Executives of the Papal will. Freedom of speech was interdicted. Writing was censored by Popery as it is yet where Rome has the power. The "trials" of heretics were a travesty and a fraud against truth and justice. The accused were condemned without a hearing or plea of defense. The only escape was by recantation and foresworn political and religious obedience to Popery.

From the time that Constantine, surrounded by a cordon of Roman soldiers, controverted ecclesiastical questions in the Council Nicæa, A. D. 325,

until the abolition of the English "Star Chamber" by the "Bill of Attainder," 1641, a period of 1,361 years, Popery and its offspring corrupted courts, defeated justice and ruled helpless humanity as with a rod of iron. Conditions were worse, so far as legal trial was concerned, than ever existed in either the Greek or Roman Empires. Roman jurisprudence granted rights of appeal and defense. Even under Nero, this was not denied. The New Testament is witness to this. (See Acts, chapters 23 to 26, where Paul was delivered from Jewish fanaticism by Roman justice! Also II. Tim. 4:16, 17, where Paul writes briefly of his defense at Rome. Nero was then Emperor.) The judicial standard was higher in Pagan Rome than it was in Papal Rome; and so Papal Rome gave the world the "Dark Ages" in which human rights were trodden under foot and humanity sank down into a long, dark night of ignorance, superstition and suffering under the heel of a power which blasphemously claimed to have been ordained of God!

Through all this long night there were multitudes who stood for truth, right and justice, even to the death; and eternity alone will reveal the unwritten and (to mankind) unknown horrors and pains suffered by those whose rights were denied, their appeals unheard, their evidence strangled, their bodies mangled and their souls outraged by this monstrous blasphemer of God and murderer of Truth and Justice. It is the blackest page of human history. By so much as it had advantages over former ages, in that the cumulative light of the past shone to it, it should have been better; but it reversed the wheels of human progress and ran them backward a thou-

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sand years, grinding humanity to powder, in the name of God!

Such, in brief, constituted the "Dark Ages."

The writer is a Baptist. It is down in Baptist books that they are the proud owners of the trophy of soul-liberty, having preached it first, and stood loyally to it when others were yet under the spell of oppression and persecution. From thousands of Baptist pulpits, books and papers you can hear this proud claim attested.

"Alas! How have the mighty fallen!"

During the past fourteen years, it has been a matter of painful, personal knowledge to me, that the Baptist press, with few exceptions, in this country, has systematically and persistently *denied free press*; it has denied the liberty of self-defense even to those whom it publicly attacks, by name, and *AND, NOW DENIES THAT LIBERTY*. I will name a few such papers, and if they will deny my statement I will prove it on them by plenty of living witnesses, Baptists, against whose character they can not wag a tongue: *The Christian Index*, Georgia; *The Baptist Standard*, Texas; *The Missionary Worker*, Texas; *The Baptist Advance*, Arkansas; *The South Carolina Baptist*, South Carolina; *The Biblical Recorder*, North Carolina; *The Baptist Record*, Mississippi; *The Alabama Baptist*, Alabama. And there are others.

These papers are dominated by the Southern Baptist Convention, which has imitated the ecclesiastical despotism of Romanism until it has made thousands of Baptists blush for very shame. The story of the despotic acts of its boards, its tyranny over the press and the pastors and churches, its oppression, and even persecution, of dissenting missionaries and ministers, is too long to relate here. It is the blackest, saddest page in Baptist history since 1641, when Baptists, with

others, secured religious liberty under Magna Charta.

When Mr. Watson made his expose of present methods, was attacked and misrepresented by the *Christian Index* and denied the right of reply and self-defense before the Baptists of Georgia, as well as by the *Christian Advocate*, I was not surprised. I had a similar experience in Georgia in 1897, as did a number of missionaries who had gone to China. The simple truth is, this suppression of free press and speech has been practiced by the Baptist would-be masters for the past seventeen years, and is today as heartless, unjust and cruel, so far as it can go, as were the acts of Popery during the "Dark Ages", and it constitutes a new Dark Age, instituted by men calling themselves Baptists, for the suppression and overthrow of both truth and Baptist principles. I am weighing every word, and know of what I am writing.

It is even worse than Pagan Rome in Nero's time: Paul was permitted to defend himself, even before Nero, but these modern Baptist emperors refuse to allow those whom they accuse and slander, to answer before the same court and jury! They will not do this even for advertising rates. I know, for I have tried them.

It ought to be plainly apparent to every honest, candid, reflective mind, that those who do such things are not friends of truth, right or justice; they are moral assassins of their fellows. I have just as much respect for the man who would creep up to a man's window in the dark, and shoot his brains out, as I have for men who will assassinate a man's good name and leave him to welter under that assault a whole lifetime and deny him the right of defending that good name! Such men are moral thieves, murderers, assassins. And when they "steal the liv- erty of heaven to serve the devil in" and do these things under the role of min-



isters of the religion of Jesus Christ, prefacing the ghoulish deed with long prayers, then we have a repetition of Roman hypocrisy which burned men to death with hot lead in their ears, while lecherous priests of Rome stood over them and recited prayers to the God Whose truth they blasphemed and Whose Holy Spirit they slandered.

It was a happy day in Rome when Constantine condemned the Donatists and they were robbed and exiled. It was a happy day in the Vatican when by Romish intrigue the Huguenots were massacred in Paris on St. (?) Bartholomew's Day. But it was a sad day for Rome when Genseric, followed by his Vandals, hit Rome like a thunderbolt shot from angry heaven! It was a sad day in France when red-handed Revolution hurled oppressed humanity at bloody-handed Oppression.

These oppressors of free speech and press—these robbers of God and men, in our own land, have had a very happy time these past seventeen years. Their assumed powers have inflated them until they have learned to despise those they belie and oppress. If they ever knew history or humanity, or studied the laws of Divine Providence, they seem to have become too proud to lay the lesson to heart. They have turned deaf ears to appeals for truth. They refuse to hear the tread of the oncoming forces which will level their walls of secrecy. They stop their ears to the muffled thunders of a coming revolution which, as in the past, is destined to sweep their assumed power into oblivion and write their names in human history as traitors to the truth and assassins of justice.

Men should never forget that they make history while they live. These men should remember Solomon said, and it is in the Bible: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

The history of humanity is a history

of conflict with despotism. And thank God humanity has survived every conflict, as it will do yet again; and though wrong may for long seem to have irresistible power, God reigns and when He lets slip His thunderbolts of Providence, He makes oppression to bite the dust, and humanity escapes to serve Him and accomplish His purposes.

I thank God for the muttering thunders of a coming tempest of Truth! I praise Him for the gleaming lightnings flashing into the dark places where fraud and falsehood hide themselves! And in the sublime, figurative language of Isaiah, I am looking for a time when "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail (hard truth) shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters (truth) shall overflow the hiding place (under falsehood). And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreements with Hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then shall ye be trodden down by it." Isa. 28:17, 18.

Have you who read *The Jeffersonians* noticed one thing: As I read the letters from the *people*, published in Watson's papers, I see many of them end with "God bless you!" Did you know there are thousands of as good people as there are in the world praying, yes *PRAYING*, for Thos. E. Watson? Have you thought? That means something, as sure as you live. Under God, the oppressed people of this Southland, are looking to Mr. Watson for instruction, for guidance in their oppression and trials. He has proven himself the friend of *TRUTH* and *HUMANITY*. They *LOVE* him. And what if it should be that God has raised him up for a time like this? God has done so in the past. He heard the cry of the oppressed in Egypt and sent deliverance. These simple, heart letters are from the people of the old-time

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faith in God and the Bible, the plain people who have never given up the simple trust in God; and the history of humanity shows that God hears *them* when they pray to Him, and they are praying for Tom Watson! And that means more than human philosophy can solve or human wisdom circumvent. Pray on, ye downtrodden and despised poor! Write on, speak on thou man on whose mind and heart God has placed a burden for the deliverance of the land-robbed, spoiled and oppressed! Some day humanity will climb up out of the valley of conflict, and look back with clearer vision;

some day, when the light of time shall have dispelled the clouds that today hang low over the valley of effort and struggle,—some day, when your tongue is silent and your hand still, humanity will learn to know its real friends, and the hands of children yet unborn to those whose cause you espouse, will weave a garland of glory for the brow now furrowed with anxious thought, strew a little mound with flowers of loving remembrance, redeem a name despised by oppression's leaders, and heaven will be sweeter for the crown delivered thee by the hand of Him who was crowned with thorns that He might crown humanity with glory.

## Ideals

J. T. Hudson

*Have you ever heard faint echoes  
Of a song you ne'er could sing—  
Softer than the wooing zephyrs  
In the first glad dawn of Spring?  
Sweeter—milder, yet more thrilling  
Than the lays the birds are trilling?  
Songs no earthly words can fit?  
Are they phantasies that flit  
Thro' the Soul when idly dreaming?  
Are they real or only seeming?*

*Have not oft emotions thrilled you—  
Thoughts too vast for human phrase—  
Thoughts that staggered and bewildered—  
Were they, too, a formless haze?  
Thoughts too bold—beyond the reach  
Of the scope of human speech!  
Thoughts that blazed and burned and flashed,  
Which to portray your shrank, abashed.  
Were they creations of the Mind—  
Idle vagaries, unconfined?*

*Have you sometime caught a vision  
Of a half-remembered scene,  
Glimpses faint that pierced the darkness  
Of the veils that intervene?  
Was't a mirage, vain, illusive  
Or realism, truth conclusive?  
Has an idle dream the gift  
To exalt or to uplift?  
Has it, then, the power, ever  
To incite to high Endeavor?*

*Yes! They're true—these songs and visions;  
And these idle thoughts are real;  
They are but the Soul's vain struggles  
To attain its high Ideal!  
For the Song that comes unbidden  
Echoed for us once in Eden!  
And the vision but a shadow  
Of a long-lost Eldorado!  
In thoughts we break our prison bars  
And prove our kinship to the Stars!*



# THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

## AUTOS—AND OTHERS.



THE people in large cities are now divided into two classes; those who ride in automobiles and those who high-step to keep from being run over by them.

In every place where two or three autos are gathered, will also be found an ambulance ready for emergency calls—and it's busy time is always.

Old men, ladies past their first youth, maidens and youths have severally developed new figures and side-steps which would fill the highest paid ballet dancer with envy, could she see them collectively.

Incidentally, you will note that the thoroughfare most affected by autoists is also conspicuous for its drug stores and undertakers' shops.

And the autoist has developed a haughty stare which refuses to take in any part of the landscape nearer than the next block; he toots a horn whose sound resembles a cross between the howl of a soul in torment and a dying goose.

And we call ourselves civilized, when we permit a machine capable of developing seventy-horse power in locomotion, to tear through our city streets and over our country roads, trusting in the agility of the pedestrians (and the live stock) to get out of the way.

The automobile is the favorite toast of the undertakers' banquet, and right well does it live up to its reputation of "The undertaker's best friend, next to a young doctor."

Americans are an agile lot, but it's quite possible there will be an association in the Hereafter whose members will speak feelingly of "Automobiles I have met."

In the meanwhile, the membership is

being added to, and the waiting list will soon be crowded.

## Men, Women and Bargains.

Benjamin Franklin was a foxy advertiser.

He knew how to dress facts in attractive words and make folks sit up and take note of what he said—incidentally, he sold all his books, papers and almanacs wherein these things were recorded.

The successful shopkeeper of today realizes the value of dressing his wares with alluring qualities, and these he sets forth in beautifully worded advertisements.

Some advertisements are epics—others are so worded as to read like prose poems, and all have usually enough merit in them to capture the buyer, the wary and the unwary.

To this end, we read in the early spring months, when woman's thoughts turn gaily to light-weight clothes, straw hats and base ball, of wondrous "bargains" to be had in "winter weights."

And the woman who has longed all winter for a fur coat, reads of "the great reduction" whereby she may secure one—but just when she needs all her spare coin for a summer wardrobe.

But the bargain hunters are a mighty army, and they go forth gaily after reading the Sunday papers, and they buy winter clothes, heavy rugs, ditto draperies, and also invest in moth balls, tar paper and other moth killers to preserve their bargains for future use.

This phase of humanity has long been profitable to the shopkeeper.

He realizes the futility of tying up money in goods of last season; the lone chance of having those goods popular or adaptable for next season is too long a shot for him to take—hence the job

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of the ad. writer, whose business it is to make people buy things they don't want at prices for which they could buy other things they need.

But the feeling of content to the woman who buys a beautiful fur coat at \$49.99 (in April) marked down from \$50.50 (in January) when a cold day or two makes it possible for her to wear the coat before consigning it to the tarry embrace of the moth-proof bag, is only equalled by the man who has invested in a winter suit which will be a button or a coat-tail too long next winter.

The something-for-nothing streak in human nature seems universal.

Coupons, trading stamps and prizes have separated more honest cash from needy people, for shoddy goods, than anything on record.

But the woman who buys short-weight goods and collects little tickets, to be redeemed for a green plush album or a chair no one can sit in, is about even with the man who smokes poor tobacco in order to secure some dinky little coupons also.

And the wily merchant continues to advertise, to sell out of season goods at good profit, while the bargain hunting hordes swallow the bait and look for more.

#### A Husband's Devotion—A True Story.

There's at least one man on earth who is willing to show his devotion to his wife in public.

He isn't a very imposing looking person, but he's round and rosy looking, has a well fed, well groomed air, which greatly aided him in carrying off with dignity a position which might have been most difficult for another man less happily situated.

And here's the story; everybody knows of the decree in style which has made it imperative for every woman who wants to be in fashion to carry all the hair she can pin on her head.

The large dry goods shops in all the cities have departments which resem-

ble the famous Blue Room of Blue Beard's castle; there are bunches, braids, puffs, coronets, and all the et cetera's of a hair dressing establishment, all in plain view, and all in various stages of make-up.

To one of these establishments came the little man before mentioned and his wife, intent on buying some of the hair. To the little man's credit, be it here stated, he was as much interested and determined as the lady, and he seemed quite willing to pay for any amount.

And his name was Wilber. (The lady called him Wilber Dear, but we'll let that pass.)

An interested young saleswoman had offered suggestions until she was bankrupt, but the lady seemed undecided.

A peculiar feature was: Wilbur Dear's hair and that of the lady (so much as could be seen from under the big hat she wore) were of exactly the same shade.

Every one within sight of the "hair goods department" was interested by this time, and no one was amazed when Wilber Dear sat down and the lady began "matching" the various hair creations against Wilber Dear's generous crop. And when an exact shade was found in a large, imposing braided switch, it was hard to tell who was most elated—the saleswoman, the wife or Wilber Dear.

This actually happened in a big dry goods store, in broad daylight, during business hours, and it speaks volumes for the good fellowship of this old world that no one who witnessed it thought to ridicule.

Also, it's a nice thought to foster that in spite of all the sordid tragedies of the divorce court, in spite of the pessimistic view so many take of things in general, there is a good, healthy, working percentage of men and women who are just as devoted as Wilber Dear and his little wife.

And may their tribe increase.



**The Mule and the Spring "Greens"**

It was one of those balmy, early spring days, just before Easter, when Nature was doing her best to revive hope in the heart of man.

All the shops were gay with Easter foliage; peddlers, with early vegetables, potted plants, and other spring wares, were on the sidewalks.

Every one looked bright and hopeful. A dejected mule, whose flea-bitten coat bespoke many winters and summers, toiled wearily up the street.

His driver brought him to a stop near one of the vegetable stands. There were big bunches of celery, lettuce, tempting looking radishes, "greens" and other eatables of like variety.

The mule appeared too tired to even note the tempting display; then he edged a little closer to where a big head

of lettuce was about to fall off the edge of the stand.

He ate that, and liked the flavor. A bunch of radishes was nearest, and just as he had gained a good mouth hold the Greek proprietor of the stand rushed to save his property.

A whack over the mule's nose was evidently a form of caress to him, for he placidly continued to eat the little red vegetables; and then his driver came out. A wordy duel in Americo-Greek-Africanese followed, but the mule felt no interest in this part of the episode.

The driver climbed up on the seat, gathered up the lines, and with a parting sentence at Dagoes in general and the keeper of the vegetable stand in particular, went on his way.

Those who witnessed the incident seemed all to sympathize with the mule.

**SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)**

HE death of "Mark Twain" removes the most unique, and the most popular figure in American literary circles.

Aside from his great talent, "Mark Twain" was popular because of his absolute lovable-ness. Successful, he was always ready to lend the hand of help to others of his craft, and his beneficence will never be known.

The human interest of his stories did not depend on deep scientific truths, but they presented types of every-day people in so familiar and delightful an aspect as to make "home folks" of them.

"Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," what boy having read them has not straightway determined to emulate some of their delightful experiences? The personality of Mr. Clemens was such as to bring close to him all with whom he came in contact.

As a philosopher, he met life's tragedies with a courage and a dignity that endeared him more to those who knew him.

Before entering the field of letters, Mr. Clemens had absorbed the experiences from which he drew such rich results. As a pilot on a Mississippi River steamboat; afterward as a newspaper printer, reporter and editor, he gathered the material which afterward evolved

in sketch and story and which was always "so true to life".

Of his business ability, he was like all men of letters—almost unconscious in his earlier days of the tremendous value of the work he was turning out, and an easy prey to unscrupulous business management.

His lecture tour around the world for the purpose of paying off, in full, the liabilities of the firm of Webster and Company, publishers, which he founded, indicates the higher sense of honor he possessed.

Perhaps the most fitting tribute paid him while he lived to enjoy it, was that of his friend William Deane Howells:

"Mark Twain's humor," said he, "will live forever. He portrays and interprets real types, not only with exquisite appreciation and sympathy, but with a force and truth of drawing that makes them permanent. He had the true humorist's tender heart and deep seriousness. Like Bret Harte, with whom he worked, like the great West that bred him, his most audacious sallies were terse and sternly grave. As a moralist, love of humanity, hatred of sham, and the sense of duty informed his most ironic and debonair preachments."

With Bret Harte and Mark Twain dead, the school of literature and humor which they founded ceases to exist.



## A SKETCH OF WM. H. CRAWFORD

By JUDGE SAMUEL H. HARDEMAN



WM. H. CRAWFORD was born February 24, 1772, in Amherst county, Virginia; a part of Virginia unsurpassed for good water, pure atmosphere, and the healthfulness and manliness of its inhabitants. Spencer, of that county, was reputed to be the largest man in the world. The nine Martins were as remarkable for height as Spencer was for weight. The Crawfords were both stout and tall. Wm. H. was six feet three inches, his brothers, Charles and Joel, about the same, and Bennet, Robert and David but little lower. The elevated, rough, productive mountains of his nativity seemed to have impressed their characteristics upon his constitution. His family was Scotch, and claimed kindred with the Lairds of that name. He was a lad at the close of the Revolutionary War, and grew up with the hardy habits of those scuffling times. He carried with him to his highest station a little of the rudeness of his mountain raising. Soon after peace his father moved to Columbia county, Ga. Wm. H. labored with his brothers on the farm until Dr. Moses Waddell commenced his school in the neighborhood. He attended it, and soon learned to appreciate his extraordinary capacity. He had arrived at manhood before his education extended beyond the rudiments of learning. His quick apprehension and retentive memory enabled him to master the Latin and yreek languages in the shortest possible time, and to comprehend and enjoy with peculiar zest the beauties of the best ancient authors. He never lost his relish for Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Xenophen and Homer. He continued to attend the examinations of academies and colleges to enjoy the pleasure of renewed

acquaintance with these old favorites. And yet he was above the vanity of display and entirely free from pedantry. His father lost his property before Wm. H. derived any advantage from it. He knew when he commenced life that his success would be unaided by fortune, and made his exertions correspond with his necessities. As soon as he was qualified he accepted the position of assistant to Charles, afterward Judge, Tait, then principal of the Augusta Academy, a connection that led to some of the most important evnts of his career. While engaged in teaching he became engaged to marry Miss Gardine. The marriage was not consummated until a competency was provided for housekeeping, which was so long that one less honorable and steadfast than Mr. Crawford might have forgotten obligations unattended, as it ere, by the inducements of wealth and rank. Mrs. Crawford was an excellent wife. She still lives (1854) to keep fresh in the memory of her children the admirable qualities of their fond and indulgent father.

(When I was a boy in Athens, where she lived, I frequently saw the old lady.—S. H. H.)

In 1799 Crawford was appointed, with Marbury, to digest the laws of Georgia. He settled then in Lexington, Ga. While he was compiling the laws, being then unmarried, he passed most of his time at Wm. Barnett's, his kinsman, on Broad river, in Elbert county, immediately opposite my father's (Geo. R. Gilmer's) residence. His plain dress, frank manners and decided, straightforward way of speaking and acting rendered him very acceptable to all the Broad river people. My father (Gilmer) specially admired and confided in him. He obtained his



promise that as soon as I was old enough he would make a lawyer of me. When I was about to commence preparation for my profession, he acknowledged the obligation, but advised me to enter Mr. Upson's office, on account of his long absence from home in Congress.

(Geo. R. Gilmer was born in 1790. He entered Upson's office about 1810.—S. H. H.)

When Mr. Crawford commenced the life of a lawyer, many of his profession were engaged in the land speculations which at the time disgraced the State. An effort was made to induce him to act in unison with them. His refusal brought upon him the united opposition of the unprincipled clique. Van Allen, an impudent fellow from New York, and first cousin to Martin Van Buren, was chosen to play the bully. He challenged Crawford, and was killed. General Clarke thought his efforts might be attended with better success, and he challenged Crawford, and he accepted. On the day of the meeting Clark and his seconds harassed him with quibbles and controversies until he lost his temper and was off his guard. When he took his position his disengaged arm hung outside of his body and Clark's ball struck his wrist. Clark's hatred was increased instead of being appeased by his accidental success. He renewed his challenge without any renewed offense, and continued, as long as he lived in Georgia, to obstruct by all means in his power the way of Crawford's political advancement. Mr. Crawford was for several successive years a member of the Legislature from Oglethorpe county. His vigorous methods and active industry entitled him to the first place among the members, a position he was not slow in assuming. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1807, and was soon one of the great men of that body. He had the confidence of Jefferson, and was one of Madison's

most influential advisers. He showed his fearlessness in the discharge of public duty by attacking Madison's Delphic-like recommendations, when decisive measures were required by the state of the country. He was rewarded for his independence by being sent minister to France. (My father told me that this speech and his attack, etc., caused his appointment, the President wishing to get rid of such a terrible fellow.—S. H. H.) His tall, commanding person figured conspicuously among the diminutive Frenchmen, whilst his noble features and gallant temper rendered him a great favorite in Parisian society.

(At a tableau in Athens, when I was a boy, I saw the court suit of clothes of Crawford, which his widow had preserved. Knee breeches, bright colored cut-away coat, etc.—S. H. H.)

When he returned home, polished by intimate association with the highest class of the politest nation, his appearance and manners made him the most imposing gentleman who had ever been seen in Georgia. He indeed surpassed in personal appearance Mr. Clay, Lounes, Calhoun and General Jackson, his rivals for the Presidency, though either one of them would have attracted attention among a million.

(My father has told me that Crawford was the most striking looking and the most imposing looking man he ever saw. He said he would have arrested the attention of the crowd in the streets of the largest cities of the world. Pardon my frequent interpolations.—S. H. H.)

I was a member of Congress when Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury, and had frequent opportunities of observing his singular capacity for business; his contempt for pretences; his excellent memory, and the sagacity which enabled him to bring into the service of his department the best assistants that could be had for the performance of what had to be done. Ras-

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cals had no countenance with him. He employed none knowingly, and when he was deceived he told them so and dismissed them.

(Don't you wish we had him now?—S. H. H.)

The improper use of lobelia for an attack of erysipelas, given by an unskillful physician while he was temporarily absent from Washington city, brought on paralysis from which he never entirely recovered.

The electioneering for the Presidency was then going on very actively. He was never sensible of the injurious effects of the disease upon his mind, and refused to withdraw from the canvass.

The ambitious men of his party had committed themselves to his support, and opposition to his rivals, before his enfeebled condition was known, so that their hopes of distinction through the favor of the President rested upon him. There was no getting at the true state of his case during the pendency of the election. His chance of success was considered best of all the candidates until the votes were counted. Complaining long afterwards to Mr. Crawford's most intimate friend, who was one of the ablest and most honorable citizens of our country, of his concealment of Crawford's condition from the country, he replied that such was his confidence in the integrity of Mr. Crawford and his thorough knowledge of men and measures, that he believed he would, though paralyzed, have made a better President than either of his rivals.

Mr. Crawford left office, in 1825, poorer than when he went as minister to France. He had no love of money for its own sake. When his children grew up, married and stood in need of more property than he could give them, he would sometimes express regret that he had not followed his profession and

acquired wealth, as Mr. Upson and Thos. W. Cobb, who succeeded to his practice had done. Was appointed Judge of the northern circuit court by Governor Troup in 1827 to fill vacancy caused by Dooley's death, and was elected by the Legislature in 1828. He made a better judge than seemed possible to those who were familiar with his paralyzed state. His clear and conscientious sense of right, and extraordinary recollection of what he had known in early life kept him in the straight course.

He was violently opposed to nullification, considering it an ebullition excited by Mr. Calhoun's over-leaping ambition.

Every one drank whiskey when Crawford was growing up. His mind and body were but little affected by this habit until he was paralyzed. He continued to use the accustomed quantity, often lost his self-control, and would talk of the rascality of the men of former days in mixed companies, to the annoyance of some and amusement of others.

He retained his social temper and admirable conversational talents to the end of his life. He loved to tell anecdotes, and told them well. He saw the point and made others feel it. He was a capital laugh and cared not a fig, when at his greatest elevation, for artificial dignity.

He was as affectionate to his children as a father could be, loving them heartily, and teaching them to treat him familiarly and confidingly. To his children, friends and neighbors he was what they liked best and admired most. With but limited knowledge and unpolished manners, he was found upon trial equal to any demands that his country could make upon him. He retained through life his love for his Broad river friends, and he died among them, at the home of Valentine Merriwether, of heart disease while on his way to Elbert court.



# THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH MCGHEE

## CHAPTER XXVI.



HE Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Marquinius Tilson, President, had just closed the biggest commencement—with the accent on the *ment*—in all history. It was just previous to the second election on the school proposition in Pee Dee two years after the first, and the biggest commencement, not only in the history of the H. C. M. I., but the biggest in the history of the world, was a part of the campaign against the visionary scheme of the "visionary youth." It was not announced as a part of the campaign. Not at all. It had nothing whatever to do with it. It was just in the order of things, one of the natural, quite spontaneous manifestations of the wonderful growth of a wonderful institution under a wonderful man.

It took place, I say, did this greatest commencement in the history of the world; and for weeks and weeks, aye, and for months and months, it had been the talk, and would continue to be the talk, of that whole section of the country, if not throughout the whole world. It was no ordinary occasion; it was a great occasion. In addition to the grand ceremonies and ceremonials, baccalaureate sermons, annual addresses, graduating orations, salutarions, valedictorians, presentations of diplomas, conferring of degrees, delivering of medals, songs, drills, charades, the performance of declamations, and so on, a prominent feature of the occasion was a grand reunion of the Alumni and Alumnae of the institution. These assembled, fired with loyalty and enthusiasm for their alma mater, beaming with pleasant memories and streaming with bright ribbons. They had a parade, they sang old songs, made speeches to one another, made love to one another. They had a banquet where they toasted and boasted, wine and dined and reined after the manner glorious and stentorinous. The Reverend Doctor Samuelson Westmoreland Hubbard, D. D., was the toastmaster. The Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute had just conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Brown sat on his right. Dr. Bucephalus Brown, LL. D., quite felicitous, thank you. "In words of burning eloquence,"—that is the way it read in the newspaper account by "One of Those Present"—every speaker, some dozen or more, paid tributes to "the everlasting glory of our Alma Mater." The Alumni and Alumnae formed an association, a perpetual association with constitutions and by-laws and committees and badges, aye and withal a yell,

"Yi! Yi! Yi!  
Come up high!  
Alumni, Alumnae,  
H. C. M. I!"

and there were all the other accessories, paraphernalia, honorariums, functions and functionaries which such associations have. And a committee was appointed, of six Alumni, to purchase a satin flag, and another committee of six Alumnae to embroider on it the letters H. C. M. I. in a monogram of gold, the flag—"said flag" the resolution read—to be delivered to "Our Alma Mater" at the next annual reunion of the association. An appropriation for the purposes of these committees was duly voted. Another resolution was passed carrying another appropriation, the sum of ten dollars "from funds now in the treasury of this association or from funds hereinafter to be in the treasury of this association," for the purpose of purchasing a present to bear a suitable inscription under the words "To Our Honored President, Colonel Jefferson Marquinius Tilson." Mark it, they were correct: Our Honored President is no longer "Professor," he is "Colonel" Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, having been duly appointed to that rank by an order issued from the very headquarters of the H. C. M. I. The world moves on, you know: it does not stay in one place. The Alumni and Alumnae Association appointed a committee to make a suitable selection of a present. Meeting in due form and ceremony, this committee selected a sword, and when their selection was reported to the association in convention assembled, sitting and waiting, through the Chairman of the Committee, Dr. Bucephalus Brown, LL.D., the announcement was greeted with deafening applause for the appropriateness of it. A rising vote of thanks was given the committee for its happy selection; and it was unanimously and enthusiastically resolved, carried, and so ordered that the presentation speech should be made by that distinguished Alumnus, Dr. Bucephalus Brown, LL.D., which gentleman, in recognition of the honor, arose and said it was "quite felicitous."

All these were but features of the great occasion, minor, incidental features. The commencement itself was beyond, far beyond all possible description, all possible praise. Under the shadow of this, within the echo of it, within reach of it by newspaper write-ups, circulars, commemoration pamphlets, catalogues, and announcements, who will make himself so ridiculous as to mention such an insignificant, paltry, puny thing as a county high school!

These things had been, I say. Now they were all over, save the echo, which would last forever; and those who had come from a distance were going home. A number were about to leave on the afternoon train; in the cool of that late afternoon; it was in June, when, if ever, come hot days. Jim Thompson arrived in town from a dusty journey, put up his horse at the livery stable and walked down to the railroad station. He did not know of this

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crowd till he saw it, though he might have expected it, for, of course, he had heard of the greatest commencement in the history of the world. He was there, however, on quite another mission, to meet some one coming in on the train. It was Amanda Cannon, who had just finished her course at the State Normal and Industrial School, and was coming home now for good.

Shall we pause just a moment to take a peep into the journal of those two years? We find many things; that is, many thoughts, many reflections on "Men, Things, and Women," as he put it; though, generally speaking, what he wrote was in a serious vein. His view of life is enlarged, his interest in it deepened. He has had many experiences, minor ones, but they have enriched his life, and he has learned many things. He has read much and reflected. The journal says: "It is better to be alone than in good company. I have wasted so much precious time in my day in good company. Forced now to be alone a great deal of my time, for the first time in my life I am having an opportunity to read and to think." As to his work: "Here I am playing still in the role of 'tramp teacher,' peddling my wares to people who do not want them. It is a pretty good article I am dealing in, I believe; but, as in every other line, the market is flooded with inferior and highly adulterated goods. In no line, perhaps, is there more adulteration, and adulteration of a more poisonous character, than in mine. Here is Tilson, for instance, offering an article not only vastly inferior but dangerous. It is cheaper, not costing less money, but less brain power, less will power, sacrifice, time. And, in proportion as this adulterated article is dangerous, it is made attractive. Taste for the spurious is easier developed than taste for the good. Oleomargarine and cotton seed oil butter artificially colored beyond the possibility of the finest and richest Jersey cow is thought better than real butter not so highly colored. Paste diamonds are more attractive to some people than real diamonds because they are larger. Stamped calico, made gayer than woven figures, sells easier, even at the same price."

Jim does not look a day older, however he feels. His step is sprightly; his dress is faultlessly neat and perfectly fitted to his manly, symmetrical form; he holds his head high; and his gray eyes still glisten and gleam; rich red blood courses vigorously through his veins.

He had been to Hollisville only a few times since he had quit the school nearly three years before. He never went there without experiencing a certain sadness he tried in vain to disguise, and this now could be seen in his face. Because of his vigorous campaign for the school reform measure, in which he had felt forced to aim some direct blows at the Hollisville school, he felt that he had made enemies in the town and among the "Alumni and Alumnae." He sought, therefore, to avoid this crowd gathered at the station. But he soon saw it was impossible. Several of the old pupils recognized him. Some quickly turned their heads and began talking in low voices to their

companions. Others spoke to him distinctly without coming near. As he stopped before the door of the waiting room, two girls and a boy of whom he had been particularly fond, came up to him and greeted him with great warmth and cordiality. He appreciated this and began asking them about themselves, and chatting with them in the most friendly manner. Then others, including those who had bowed coldly and those who had looked the other way, began gradually to close in upon him, till after a while he found himself holding a kind of reception. He told them whom he had come to meet, and several who remembered Amanda were greatly interested. They recalled several things in connection with her and the days when he and they were there together.

"Oh, Professor Thompson," said one of the girls, "have you heard of the wedding that is to take place at the opening of school next fall?"

When one of the girls asked him this he felt a certain sinking at the heart, away below the surface, so deep, so far away, he was scarcely conscious of it; but it was there. He feared to ask.

"Oh, yes," said another. "It was told at the Alumni and Alumnae banquet the other night, and it has been the talk of the whole commencement ever since."

An inevitable something compelled him to ask, while his heart seemed to stop beating:

"Who is it? I haven't heard a word of it."

"Professor Tilson and Miss Aileen," several said in chorus.

"Professor Thompson, it's about time you are getting married, ain't it?"

A big good-natured boy had stuck his mischievous face over the shoulder of another boy and made this impertinent remark. A tender-hearted, sympathetic girl of nineteen frowned at the boy. Several others, turning away their heads so Jim could not see them, quietly laughed.

Jim tried to keep a calm exterior, but he felt he was failing, for the blood in his face came and went. As soon as he noticed some of the group breaking away, he excused himself and stepped inside the waiting room, asked the ticket agent some trifling question, then slipped out of the rear door and started up the railroad track.

Not since the day at Waxton when he heard Matt Cook say that she was engaged to Tilson had he seen Aileen Hall; not since that day had he heard any mention of this engagement. Many experiences, many thousands of thoughts had come into his mind since the day he bundled up her letters and put them with the ring which said "Little Girl, I love you" into the bottom of his trunk. Not once had he opened that box labeled "Old Love Letters." He had not tried to make himself believe he had forgotten her. That his love for her was dead was all he had forced upon his mind, and he thought he had made that stick. But now he walked and reflected and raged till time for the train, when he returned to the station. The train was thirty minutes late. As he



started out again, he stopped suddenly in the doorway. Aileen and Tilson stood just outside. Their backs were turned so they did not see him. Tilson suddenly left her, returning to the house. She turned and faced Jim. The color came quickly to both of their faces as in one instant their eyes met. In the next they were dropped. She smiled, very faintly, very sadly. Immediately he advanced and took her hand. Just then a dozen or more boys and girls came crowding around; the next moment she was completely surrounded, all the boys and girls chattering at once about a dozen different things, and some of them about nothing at all. Jim slipped away and resumed his walk and his reverie; but the rage had gone.

Neither of them had uttered a word to the other.

Aileen had grown older, oh, ever so much older. The sparkling light from her blue eyes seemed dimmed, though softened, he thought. Her hair, though golden still, had not the same silken sheen. Her cheeks, though flushed when he saw them, were hollow. She was thin and wan. And there was no trace of the proud look.

Amanda was the only passenger to get off at Hollisville. Jim, having returned just as the train rolled up, stood at the foot of the car steps. "That ain't her," one of the girls said.

"What! That the Dark Corner girl who was here! Oh, no!" exclaimed another. Jim himself could hardly believe it; he had not seen her since she first left for the Normal and Industrial School. All the sallow look had gone; there was no blank stare as of old. Her cheeks were full and rosy, her big blue eyes had a sparkle in them; her silken brown hair was dressed in rich wavy folds, a neat and becoming hat set above it. She had on a simple dress, but fitted and draped about her graceful and symmetrical form with the dressmaker's admirable art. She rested her hands upon Jim's shoulders as he lifted her down to the ground. Then the crowd involuntarily parted to let her pass.

Aileen was standing in the crowd ready to take the train. Tilson held her arm. Amanda and she met face to face. Jim recalled the last time the two sisters had met on this same spot. They still were unknown to each other, but if they could have seen the striking resemblance as Jim saw it, he thought they might have guessed it. Though some things seemed to be reversed. Amanda's face now was the one that had the bloom and the beauty. Aileen's was pale and wan and lifeless.

Aileen held out her hand. Amanda grasped it, hesitated, then leaned over and kissed Aileen, whose face flushed a deep scarlet; but Jim thought he saw there also a certain expression of great pleasure at Amanda's act. Both he and Aileen remembered a conversation they once had on the train. But it all was so quick. Aileen was in the rush. The next moment Tilson had lifted her to the platform and the train was moving away.

That night Jim strolled about the town summing up recollections of things past. "Students' Manse" was just as it was when he left

it. The three-story building with the colonade, the fountain, the grass plots, the cannon and the flag pole in front, were still to be seen in the catalogues, and were numbered in the minds of students and visitors among the things that were going to be. The combination house, the short store room pushed up against the big barn-like structure, was still there without any change. He walked along the street on the opposite side. Neither Aileen nor Tilson was there, and he might have gone in, but he did not care to. A group of pupils were seated on the piazza talking and singing. He heard the sound of an auto-harp. Professor Walter was playing on one of his four instruments. As he walked on he heard the low melodious hum of a familiar voice, as a sauntering figure approached.

"Simon, you black rascal you!"

"Law de mussy, ef'n hit ain't Mister Jim."

Jim took Simon's rusty hand, and shook it warmly. Then he sat down on the edge of the side-walk, and leaned up against a tree.

"Simon," he began in a slow and solemn drawl, "have you ever been addicted to the habit of delving into ancient history?"

"Now dey you goes! he! he! he! hit's de same Mister Jim sho nuff! he! he! he!"

Jim made him sit down, though, which Simon was glad enough to do; and for more than an hour the two old friends delved into ancient history.

After Jim had made him tell all about himself, about his marriage and a boy he had named "Mister Jim," Simon told about "de school, de perfesser, en all de doin's at de commencement." After a long pause in the conversation, Simon looked at Jim, with a sorrowful expression.

"Is you see Miss 'Leen, Mister Jim?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I saw her at the train."

"She ain lookin' well," said Simon. And then, after a pause, as Jim did not answer, he added, "Hit's ben de same way wid er ever sence she come back hyuh atter you en Miss Anderson done gone. Naws'r, she ain lookin' well tall."

And Simon kept shaking his head sorrowfully.

"What's the matter with her, Simon?" asked Jim.

"I dunno whut is de madder wid her. I specks, dough, she's er havin some trouble, suh."

"They say she and the Professor are going to be married very soon," said Jim, leaning back in the shadow of the tree.

"Who tells you dat, Mister Jim?"

"Some of the boys and girls at the train."

"Wal," said Simon, looking down at the ground reflectively, "I's er hearin dat too; but I dunno, Mister Jim. Lemme tell you whut I say de fust time I hear it. Hit was a long time ergo I hear some er de niggers in de kitchen say hit, en I tells you de Gawd's truth, Mister Jim, whut I say. De ve'y fust time I hears hit, I say, 'Well, suh! Well, suh!' Dat's jes whut I say."

"Well, Simon," observed Jim, smiling, "I knew you were a philosopher, but why did you

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"I keep on hearn em say so, Mister Jim, but I tells you one udder thing. Dey ain mah'd yet."

"I understand they are to be married, though, early in the fall when school opens," said Jim.

"Yas'r, I hears dat too, Mister Jim, but dey ain mah'd yit."

"Well, but Simon," insisted Jim, "they are going to be."

Simon turned to him with an expression of something like genuine disgust.

"Now, Mister Jim," he said reprovingly, "is you teach in dislyuh school er whole farm, en you ain never heerd er things whut is gwine ter be?"

Jim did not know why, he vowed to himself it was not so, but it was so—his heart gave a bound and he felt like getting up and hugging Old Simon.

He took out two silver dollars and handed them to him, saying that one was for little "Mister Jim," and the other was a bridal present. Simon had been married over two years, so he gave an extra grin and again declared in delight that it was the same Mister Jim.

"Naws'r, Mister Jim," he repeated, as Jim started thoughtfully down the road towards the hotel. "You kin jest put hit down whut Old Simon say, fer he keep his eye open; en he say 'dey ain mah'd yit.' Dat's jest whut he say."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE days go by, and the years. Gradually is the light turned on in the Dark Corner. Gradually is mind waked up, and with it the soil. The truck growing industry has assumed large proportions and large importance, making the county rich. But it is the school system which has made Pee Dee famous. The sequence may have been accidental, but material prosperity closely followed the establishment of this system, and the people believe that the one was caused by the other. So that the school system is the chief pride of Pee Dee; and in course of time the school house has become in each community a centre of social and intellectual interest.

There are three county high schools: one at Waxton, one at Hollisville, in a handsome new brick building on the site formerly occupied by the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President; and the third is situated in a grove of graceful pines, which you can see just as you emerge from the Washmore Swamp. Each one of these high schools is in the center of a School Division. The high school principals are also supervisors of the district schools in the respective divisions. The district schools are in charge of teachers, each of whom after being graduated from college has taught two years in one of the high schools, as an apprenticeship before being entrusted with the more delicate work of teaching the children of more tender age and under more difficult con-

ditions. Every teacher in the county reports on Saturday at the high school of his division to confer with the supervisor about the work, and these apprentice teachers are present at this conference. The General Superintendent makes it a rule to be present at one of these conferences every Saturday, thus going the rounds, conferring with every teacher in the county every three weeks. He goes often around among the district schools during the week days, not to "visit the schools" nor to "inspect the schools," but to do something specific which he knows about and has talked with the teachers about before he goes there. Most of these district schools have from three to five teachers in them. They are about ten miles apart, so that as a rule no child has to come more than five miles to school. This is but a short distance, for the roads are good and the long covered wagons with their genial trusty drivers come by every morning and gather up the children. The people are proud of their new hard roads, made by digging down and bringing up the clay to mix with the sand. The General Superintendent says, with a merry gleam in his gray eyes, that the roads are a part of the school system, for they followed fast upon the installation of the covered school wagons. Besides, the roads are used by the General Superintendent more than almost any one else; and the one next proudest of them is the Superintendent's driver. This driver is a favorite with the teachers and the pupils all over the county. They call him "Ole Simon." He and his master, as they travel together, sometimes discuss the doctrine of the Transmigration of the Soul.

There are no "professors" in the schools. In the journal of the General Superintendent is written, "I don't tune pianos, or go up in a balloon, or train ponies, or make tintype photographs, or travel through the country with a tuning fork teaching singing school: so I see no reason why I should be called professor."

The Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor (afterwards Colonel) Jefferson Marquinius Tilson President, no longer issues catalogues announcing what is going to be. The chief reminders in Pee Dee of this historic institution are the few remaining diplomas framed and hung upon the walls, inscribed in much becurled and betailed penmanship with such names as Alys and Mamye and Matylda.

There is no Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, neither Colonel.

Not long since, a party of Pee Dee people in their travels stopped in one of the small towns of the West. Here they saw a man whose face, figure, and bearing reminded them of earlier days in Pee Dee. He was standing on the rear end of a fantastically decorated two-horse spring wagon. He wore a long tail coat, with a high silk hat. A tremendous gold chain was stretched across his front, and from the sleek bosom of his snowy white shirt there sparkled and glittered a huge stone, which the large crowd surrounding his wagon on the street corner took for a diamond. He was making demonstrations upon the numerous long sufferers from sundry ailments, who presented themselves, and discoursing upon the marvel-



ous properties of his Universal Remedy, guaranteed to cure colds, coughs, consumption, catarrh, chronic headaches, bunions, bronchitis, Bright's disease, lacerated sore throat, peritonitis, sore eyes, in-growing toe-nails, and a number of other diseases, all for \$1.25 a bottle, being the special preparation of the celebrated Friend of the Afflicted, Doctor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson. With him was a tall, dark-haired, black-eyed woman, who energetically passed out the bottles and took in the money. This, the Pee Dee people learned, was his wife.

The Reverend Samuelson Westmoreland Hubbard, D.D., is no more, but Sam Hubbard has a job at one dollar a day cutting timber in Washmore Swamp for Tom Moore. I will tell you about Tom.

Moore and Saunder's Truck Farm is the largest and most successful in that whole part of the country. They ship large quantities of strawberries, lettuce, asparagus, celery, cauliflower, and other vegetables. In connection with the farm, which is situated on the upper border of Washmore Swamp, they have a plant for making their own crates, getting the timber from the swamp. Tom is considered the most expert truck man in the county. His farm being situated near the Washmore Swamp High School, as a regular part of the instruction in horticulture, the pupils are sent to visit it. And that isn't all about Tom. There has been a wedding at Ole Man Bill Jordan's. Jim Thompson was best man.

It was two months after the wedding, one day in early June, Jim got a telephone message that Mrs. Moore was very ill. He did not wait for the conference of teachers to close, but as soon as Simon could hitch up, he started at full speed. She had been sick for several weeks with a raging fever, and now the crisis was approaching. Tom was going frantically from room to room wringing his hands and running his fingers through his hair. Jim called the doctor aside and asked him to tell him exactly what he thought of Amanda's condition.

"The end will come within three days," said the doctor.

Jim went to his room, wrote a telegram, and a note, and called Simon.

"Simon," he said, "take this telegram to Hollisville; hitch Mr. Tom's two horses to his carriage, and make them go as fast as they will travel. Give this telegram to the operator."

"Now, listen," went on Jim. "You know Miss Aileen Hall?"

"Yas'r, I knows her fer sho."

"She will be down on the train tomorrow afternoon. Give her this note."

"Dis here ain't ter her, is it?" asked Simon.

"Yes," answered Jim, "certainly. Meet her at the train and give it to her at once. Do you understand?"

Simon made no reply, but all of a sudden a mysterious look came over his dusky features. He tucked the note under his vest and buttoned up his coat to his chin, though the perspiration was rolling down his face.

"When she is ready," added Jim, "hurry her

here. Do not wait for anything. Have your horses fed and watered and hitched up to the carriage."

The distance from Washmore Swamp to Hollisville had been reduced by fully one half by the improvement of the road. Instead of having to plow through heavy sand, there was a smooth firm road-bed all the way; Tom's two horses were fleet of foot; and Simon was thoroughly alive to his responsibilities.

In the middle of the following night, Aileen entered the neat two-story cottage set off in the grove of pines. Jim met her at the front door, and led her silently into the sitting room.

"This morning she got a little better, but late this afternoon she began to get worse. The doctor gave her some morphine. Since that time she has been asleep. God knows if she will ever wake again."

Saying this he sat down on a sofa, buried his face in his hands, and began to weep violently. Aileen, her face very pale, a dazed blank expression in it, stood in the middle of the floor. Jim, recovering himself, arose and begged her to sit down.

Tom came into the room, wringing his hands. Jim had told him the secret that afternoon. She shook hands with Tom, but showed no sign of emotion, little sign of life at all. She just looked dazed and stood there. Neither she nor Tom said a word to each other. The doctor came in shortly afterwards and said that Amanda was still asleep and that her pulse was steadily growing weaker. Tom sat down and burst out crying. Still Aileen stood and looked on. She would not sit down, till Jim took her by the hand and led her to a chair. They all sat then, scarcely uttering a word till near dawn, when the nurse who had been watching at the bedside came in and called the doctor out. Tom followed; then Aileen for the first time burst out crying.

"My sister! My sister! Can't you let me go to her now? You have kept me away from her all these years. Now that she is dying, aren't you going to let me speak to her, just speak to her once and ask her forgiveness?"

Jim could make no reply. Every bitter word sank into his heart. In a short while she grew a little calmer, but she kept her face buried in a sofa pillow. The doctor came back and said that Amanda had waked up, and that she seemed a little better, but nobody must go to her except the nurse. Then Aileen began to cry as if her heart were breaking. Jim sat helplessly by. They heard Amanda groan in the next room.

"O why can't her own sister, who is closer to her than anybody else, go to her?" Aileen kept wailing, bowing up and down, her face buried in the pillow on the sofa. The sun had risen now, up over the green leaves of the cypress and juniper trees of Washmore Swamp; the light peeping through the red shades of the windows, and the birds began to sing in all the trees around the house. Aileen again seemed to grow calm. She raised her head and looked around the room. Seeing no one present save her and Jim alone, he sitting beside her on the sofa, looking piteously at

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her, she began again, now looking straight at him with an expression which sent an agony to his heart.

"You have done it! You have kept from me all these years! My own sister! Why have you done it? You must have some good reason, but *why*? And now you only send for me when she is dying? Why? Why?"

He could only look at her; but not being able to meet her terrible gaze, his eyes fell away. The next moment, the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Jordan entered the room. Mr. Jordan had off his coat, and one gallus hung over his coarse white shirt. He wore no collar. His trousers touched his bare legs above the ankles. Mrs. Jordan had on the one-piece homespun dress slightly drawn at the waist, and her gray locks were hanging shaggily about her head. Both she and Mr. Jordan were barefooted. Jim slowly turned his head toward them; then looked at Aileen. He did not utter a word, but in answer to her repeated "Why," he seemed to say, "That is the reason."

Aileen sprang to her feet, threw her arms around Mrs. Jordan and kissed her several times. Then she did the same to Mr. Jordan, astonishing them both beyond measure.

"My own Grandmother and Grandfather!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know me? I am Aileen, your granddaughter."

Still they looked their consternation. Aileen turned in appeal to Jim.

"She is Amanda's sister," he said, "the other girl you once asked me about. I did not know then." And he bowed his head.

"But for many years he has known," began Aileen, "and why, *why*—" She stopped and kissed them each again.

It was as much as the two old people could do to take in the fact that Aileen really was the "foster gal" for them to enter with her then into speculations as to why the secret had been kept from them. But after a while they did grasp it. For the next few days they would scarcely let her out of their sight. They just sat and gazed at her.

Amanda grew better. Her fever left her and she began to get stronger, though very slowly. They were afraid to excite her, so that for three days more no one saw her save the doctor and the nurse, and Tom once or twice a day. On the fourth day, though, the doctor said that Aileen could go in to see her, but that she must not be identified as her sister. When she went into the room Amanda's face lit up as with a bright light. She was almost too weak to speak, but she said faintly, "I hoped they would send for you. Why have you not been in before? Stoop down and kiss me."

Aileen was greatly surprised that Amanda should think of her at all, but she was pleased. She could not talk to her, though, except to say some soothing words. The doctor said she must not be made to remember or think or anything. Aileen stroked her head a few minutes, kissed her again and left the room. This she did once or twice a day for several days, the time being increased as Amanda steadily grew stronger. Then she took her place as nurse.

Jim had to return to his work, but he came

in every few days. Tom resumed the work on his farm.

In a week Amanda was sitting up, and the next week she was able to be dressed and carried out on the piazza. Here it was, late one afternoon, that Jim, who had come in to spend the night, having consulted the doctor, decided to tell Amanda the secret, which had had such a powerful influence upon her life and his. She sat half reclining in a large rocking chair propped up with pillows, but she was now recovering and the bloom was coming into her thinned and bleached cheeks.

Aileen sat on one side of her, and Tom, close to her on the other side, held her hand. Jim almost choked with emotion as he began to tell the story. Amanda just looked. As he went on something came into her face that resembled the old stare. She showed no sign of astonishment or of great emotion, and Aileen's heart experienced a sensation of pain, for she took the strange manner for indifference. Amanda did not speak a word until after Jim had finished his story. Then she and Aileen folded each other in their arms.

"Will you be honest if I ask you a question?" Amanda asked.

"Of course, my sister," answered Aileen.

"Are you glad?"

Aileen threw her arms around Amanda and fell upon her bosom, weeping.

"Oh, my sister!" she said, "won't you forgive me now, after so many years?"

Amanda only held her tighter in her arms.

"There's nothing to forgive," she answered at length, slowly. "I only want to know before I tell you something, because I am so different from you and you have lived in such a different world from mine."

"But you have been so much better than I have been," said Aileen, "and"—here her eyes involuntarily glanced around at Jim, who did not see it—"you have done so much more good in the world."

"No," said Amanda; and they were both silent a long time, Jim and Tom, silent too, looking on.

"Are you much surprised?" Jim asked after a while.

"Must I tell you, Aileen?" she asked turning to her sister, "what I said I had to tell?"

"Yes."

Amanda looked from one to the other in silence for a long time. Then she fixed her eyes on the towering tops of the pine trees across the field and said, slowly, without apparent emotion,

"I have known this for six years. Mrs. Thompson told me that first summer I went to see her."

And Jim remembered that night she cut her arm on the plank in the swamp and kept it from him till, led by the gleam of light through the thick gloom, they reached the little hut of Wister Harper, a haven of rest and shelter from the darkness and cold.

After supper that night, Jim took a long walk alone. When he returned he found Aileen sitting on the porch. The moon was shining



bright. He had not talked with her alone at all. He had not had the opportunity. Besides, he feared to embarrass her. At supper she had been quiet; and he guessed that she was thinking of the other revelation, that Amanda had kept this secret six years, that she knew that day she kissed her at the railroad station at Hollisville, and all these years still she herself was not allowed to know. Jim guessed right. It was this that made Aileen quiet. It was what he, too, was thinking of; and now, still out on the porch, he imagined Aileen wanted to be alone. Fearing to intrude, he started in, only speaking formally, as he got on the porch. But as he put his hand on the knob, he did not turn it; he stepped back and looked up at the moon.

"It's a beautiful night," he said, "isn't it?"

"Beautiful," she replied, looking toward him and smiling sadly.

He walked over to where she was sitting and sat on the railing near her, but he did not speak. She did not speak, and both of them looked steadily out into the night. Finally she raised her eyes and looked at him.

"Why have you kept this secret from me?"

"Do you not know?" he replied.

She did not answer. Her eyes fell away, and he thought he saw by the moonlight which beamed upon her face that she had been weeping. He sat silently watching her. She got up to go in, turning her face away, as if avoiding his gaze. As her hand struck the knob she paused, just as he had done. He gently took her hand. She made a faint effort to withdraw it, but he held it firm, and drew her back to the railing. Though she tried to hide it, he now clearly saw a tear trickling down her cheek.

"Little Girl, I love you. Don't you know it?"

She did not answer, but looked once into his face; then her eyes fell away. He gently put his hand upon the back of her soft hair, still golden, still silken, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Don't you know it?" he whispered.

And he felt her head, very slightly, faintly, bobbing against his shoulder.

"Won't you be my Little Girl always?" he asked.

"No, Jim," she said, "it is not a little girl you want, but a woman, with a woman's mind able to grasp the high purpose of your life, and a woman's soul to be a part of it. I loved so to be called 'Little Girl,' but oh, how selfish and small I was!"

"But how selfish I was," said Jim, "to want you to leave the world and come out her!"

"And do you call that narrow sphere in which I have lived 'the world'? When I think of these long years I might have been helping you—"

She sobbed on his shoulder.

"But don't think of it, my darling. Tell me only that we are to be together now for always."

Gently she raised her face, looked into his eyes, and—

The shadow of a man approached from

around the corner of the porch. It was Simon, and he was looking straight at the moon for symptoms of snow. But as he passed on into the shadows a distinct chuckle could be heard echoing through the branches of the pine trees.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Two children are playing by the well, in the midst of a grove of scrawny oaks. One is a boy of twelve, with light brown hair almost red, a handsome and manly little fellow; he speaks with a half drawl; he is a bright boy, though, and full of mischief, a gleam in his big brown eyes. His name is Jim Thompson Moore: none of your hifalutin James's now, his father says; his name is "Jim." And he's the "dadbustedest fool" about his little cousin that you ever saw. This little cousin is a few years younger than he. She has bright blue eyes and rich golden hair, which sparkles in the autumn sun as she runs about the lawn. Her name is Amy Hall Thompson. Ole Man Bill Jordan, leaning against the fence, gazing at them through his fast dimming eyes over the rims of his spectacles, expresses the opinion that his veracity is utterly unreliable "ef'n them ain't er 'mazin' pair er brats." And he intimates in case you distrust the accuracy of his judgment, that "the Ol' Oman'll tell you the same thing." A genial negro man plays with the children. They call him "Ole Simon," but he is no older than he was when he played in the yard with the little boy's mother and the little girl's father.

Down at the lower edge of the grove are two women, simply dressed, but neatly and tastily. They are sisters, sitting in a hammock, with their arms around each other. One of them is reading aloud from a book in her lap. On the grass at their feet, leaning against a tree, is a red-headed man who listens, rather impatiently. The book is the Arabian Nights.

"I don't believe half of that," says the man. The women look at each other and laugh.

"Why, Tom, nobody expects you to believe it. This woman was making it up as she went along to entertain the King, her husband. If she failed to make it so interesting that he would not want more the next night, he would cut her head off."

"Well, he ought to cut her head off for being such a dadbusted big liar."

In the front room of the house sits a man who, if you look at him now, you would say was nearing fifty; if you had seen an hour ago at the dinner table where he sat talking and joking until all the others had finished, when he had to eat his dinner alone, you would have said he was not quite thirty. But now he sits looking out of the window at the children at play, and at the group at the lower end of the grove, his chin resting in his hand, his forefinger pressed against the side of his nose. In the record book lying open on the table beside him, the ink scarcely dry, is written:

"'Tis Sunday afternoon of an October day. It seems the very same day I have seen, and felt, and lived—or have been or am—many

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## Second Thoughts of a Minute Philosopher

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times before. On such days, most often, returning instants in Time's Cycle stop before the startled soul."

Simon draws a bucket of water for the children. Before any of them drink, he brings a large gourd full to the window. He has to speak twice before the man inside, looking out of the window at him, seems to hear him, or to see him. At length this man takes the gourd, drinks, and hands it back. He looks into the negro's genial, dusky face with a curious expression.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Simon, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he observes solemnly.

Simon grins, but his master's face is stern and serious. He pours the water out of the gourd and observes as solemnly:

"Yas'r, I speeks so suh."

He goes back to play with the children.

And Time's Cycle moves on.

(THE END)

## Second Thoughts of a Minute Philosopher

By WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

The oldest table known to man is vege-table.

□ □

Cats think mice-catching a hole-some pastime.

□ □

The secret of keeping secrets is still a secret.

□ □

Farmers raise corn in rows, but seldom on their toes.

□ □

Love may be blind, but hate is helplessly deaf and dumb.

□ □

The reputation of an arctic hero easily falls below zero.

□ □

Most people have to sweat for their cold cash.

□ □

About all tourists can do when in Rome is to roam.

□ □

We all want Father Time to wait until a farther time.

□ □

The Devil, quoting Scripture, isn't always able to give chapter and verse.

□ □

The way of others is all right until they cross our way at the same time we cross theirs.

□ □

A failosopher is a man who preaches everything and practices nothing.

□ □

Burglars go about at night looking for opportunity, only to land where opportunity cannot find them.

□ □

Some men think there is no harm in fishing

on Sunday so long as they do not eat the fish until Monday.

□ □

There may be a bright side to everything, but some trouble comes in the shape of an octagon, with seven sides dark.

□ □

The poor man's bottom dollar shows up on top of the rich man's heap at last.

□ □

Truth may be divided into two classes—the kind we like to tell about others, and the kind we like told about us.

□ □

A humorist is a man who tells jokes to friends who lie about not having heard before the stories he is about to tell again.

□ □

There are more poor people in the world who would like to die rich, than there are rich people who have expressed a desire to die poor.

□ □

Lucky is the loser who has no one but himself to remind him of the fact that he has no one but himself to blame for it.

□ □

Those people who are always reminded of something have a reminder that often repeats itself.

□ □

Nearly every man's wife who thinks she deserves a better husband, has a husband who knows he deserves a better wife.

□ □

In the South the negro is allowed to grow naturally. In the North he is cultivated.



# SOME HEROIC AND STRENUOUS RIDES WITH ZEB STUART

By COL. G. N. SAUSSY

## CHAPTER I.



JOHN ESTLIN COOKE, soldier, poet,  
author, and a genuine "F. F. V."  
sang of Stuart:

"Never was cavalier like ours!  
Not Rupert in the days before,  
And when his stern, hard work was done,  
His grief, battles, joys o'er,  
His mighty spirit rode the storm  
And led his men once more."

James Ewell Brown Stuart was born in Patrick county, Virginia, on 6th February, 1833. In 1848 he entered Emory and Henry College. During a revival he was converted, and joined the Methodist church. In 1850 he received his appointment to West Point. He was studious, and graduated thirteenth in his class of forty-six students.

Upon his graduation he was commissioned brevet second lieutenant and assigned to the Mounted Rifles, serving in Texas; his commission dated 1st July, 1854. On 20th December, 1855, he was promoted first lieutenant.

In the winter of 1858-59, while on leave of absence in Virginia, he was called to Washington by the War Department regarding a sabre attachment he had patented. While in Washington on this business, the insane raid of John Brown on Harper's Ferry occurred. Stuart was sent to Arlington with a sealed order to Lieut.-Col. Robert E. Lee, who had been selected to command the marines sent to suppress this insurrection.

Being on leave, away from his command, he volunteered as an aide to Col. Lee and assisted in squelching that act of madness that proved no small factor in coming events.

In March, 1861, he obtained two months' leave of absence, and on reaching Cairo, Ill., forwarded his resignation to the War Department as an officer in the regular establishment. Almost immediately thereafter he received notice of his appointment as Captain in his regiment.

But the die was cast, and on reaching Richmond he tendered his services to his native State. His first commission in the Southern army was that of Lieutenant-Colonel of infantry, dated 10th May, 1861, but on the 16th July, just preceding by two days the skirmish at Bull Run—18th July—he received his commission as Colonel of cavalry.

One of Stuart's first adventures is worthy of mention. Jackson had been sent by Joe Johnston to resist Patterson's advent into the lower valley. Here, with a part of a regiment and one gun, "Old Jack"—for he had not yet been baptised with the name that forever must be associated with him—Stonewall—Stuart acting on Jackson's flank emerged from a thick wood, and in advance of his men, came suddenly upon a body of the enemy, separated from them only by a fence. Riding toward them he directed some of the men, who probably mistook him for one of their own officers, to throw down the fence. This was quickly done, when Stuart ordered the whole body to throw down their arms on peril of their lives.

Bewildered by his boldness, the men obeyed and filing them through the gap he soon had them surrounded by his men, as prisoners.

The troops thus captured proved to be forty-nine men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Stuart's next duty was to curtain Johnston's rapid march to reinforce Beauregard. So successfully did he screen this, Patterson did not know Johnson was out of the Valley until the latter had fallen on McDowell's flank, and history had written "Stonewall" as the prefix forever to Jackson's name.

Stuart with two troops of cavalry, with Lieut. Beckham's battery, constituted the Confederate extreme left at Manassas. And on Early's arrival on that flank, encouraged Old Jube to attack, and did such effective work Gen. Early writes: "Stuart did as much towards saving the First Manassas as any subordinate who participated in it, and yet he received no credit for it in the official reports." On the 24th September, 1861, Col. J. E. B. Stuart was promoted brigadier of cavalry and the First, Second, Fourth and Sixth Virginia, First North Carolina and the Jeff Davis Legion, constituting the cavalry brigade of the then Confederate "Army of the Potomac."

Barring a skirmish at Dranesville, on 20th December, 1861, Stuart's command was engaged in outpost, picket and scouting duties.

When the seat of activities was transferred from Northern Virginia to Yorktown, on the Lower Peninsular, Stuart marched his troopers clear across the Old Dominion. Then began the incidents in the caption of this chapter.

Many skirmishes occurred after the clash of arms at Williamsburg, where on the 4th and

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