

industrious. He was seldom on time while a clerk in his father's store. The men called him lazy. When about fourteen years old, while a pupil in the grammar school, he secured an exclusive right to sell the New York dailies in his home town. Previously a number of boys had handled these papers. In a month they were cut off—could get no supplies, except through him. Soon they were working for him. He made collections Saturday afternoon and loafed the rest of the time—and had a better income than half the skilled mechanics.

Later he came to grief. The news company contracted with an older man and thus changed monopolists. Then young Palmer went to college; joined the fraternity which had most of the good fellows in it, loafed a fair share of the time; and after four years was graduated about middle of his class.

At college, finding his funds running low, he secured permission to open a book shop in an unoccupied room. Here he placed a student in charge—and went through the course with plenty of money to supply his needs. Before the end of that year he had made a contract with the railway station-master, in consideration of a certain monthly payment, for the exclusive privilege of coming on the railway premises with hacks and transfer wagons. He then purchased several carriages and an express wagon. His drivers were alone permitted to come within a thousand feet of the station—and he got all the traffic!

Leaving college, young Palmer tried to study law, finally landing in a Western city, where he entered the law office of Judge Johnson. But the law did not suit him. After several years of indifferent success, one day Judge Johnson, who was careless about his own business, put Palmer to work examining the proposed right of way of a new railroad about to enter the city. Learning where the terminus was to be, he went out and secured options on a quantity of land. This lay the foundation of his fortune.

The railroad was built as planned; and Palmer sold many of his options for 200 to 300 per cent. advance; yet held many of them.

But his holdings were covered with small buildings which he did not care to replace then with better ones and he found the taxes burdensome. In self-defense he entered local politics, helped elect his man, and thereafter enjoyed some immunity. A little later the president of a bank in which Palmer had become director said he thought a street railway would be a good thing for the city and suggested that Palmer go in with him and secure the franchise. Palmer knew nothing of street railroading and had nothing to invest.

"Oh," said the bank president, "you can leave all that to me if we can only secure the franchise. You won't need very much capital, and we can secure men of experience to handle it."

So Palmer worked the political side and secured a twenty-five-year franchise; but he was obliged to give up \$15,000 to Murphy, boss of the Council, before the franchise was granted. It was then easy sailing; for they had no trouble in borrowing half a million dollars—and you know the old, old story of watering stock.

From this on, I need tell you but little of Palmer's rise. Naturally, a bunch of reformers eventually began kicking and Palmer had the fight of his life to retain control of the City Council. How he won is interesting—but every person who reads it will think it actually happened in his own particular city. There is really nothing so stereotyped as political corruption. From street railway magnate and banker, to coal operator, then president of a trust company, then railroad baron, were natural steps in the evolution of Palmer. Then state boss and then United States senator all in proper order. Mr. Howe has overlooked nothing.

Senator Palmer closes his interesting autobiography with "Some Rules of the Game." He says: "Long before

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lection to the Senate I had learned things pretty thoroughly. One if you want to get rich—that is, rich—in this world, make Society for you. Not a handful of men, even such an army as the Steel employs, but Society itself. The other thing was, that this can be done by making a business of it. The two things run together cannot be separated."

I have recently noticed that Mr. D. Rockefeller says that the only way for a man to get on in this world is to save, to be economical, to 'watch his gas bills.' That's all very well and expects to spend his life as a bank clerk. It's good advice for a company to post on its windows to urge upon its depositors. It was probably all right when Benjamin Franklin got out his almanac; but this sort of Smilesian philosophy won't make a man rich. I suppose if a man worked long enough and hard enough, he might possibly in time own his own cottage in some little suburban village ten miles from New York. But if he failed to learn anything more than about business it would never make him anything more than a second-rate bank clerk. No! Men don't grow rich by saving their gas bills any more than they do by working overtime for somebody else. The great captains of industry and the financial leaders of today didn't follow this road. Along with the rest of them, Mr. Rockefeller made Society work for him. If a man has any push and enterprise, he has more chance of success if he indulges in fast horses or a private yacht than if he puts his money in the bank at 4 per cent.

It's much the same way with competitive business. Just about the time you get a good thing started someone else comes along with something better, or hard times intervene and cut off the profits, if they do not land you in bankruptcy. The fact is the average business mortality in the United States is about 3 per cent. a year. That is, 30 per cent. every thirty-three years. In other words, a man has just a fight-

ing chance of business in business at the end of his life if he follows such advice or enters the strictly competitive field of business.

"And you cannot make a great deal of money, and by that I mean millions, by just having a lot of other men work for you. Not but that there are great opportunities in manufacturing enterprises, and considerable money is made that way; but it involves the hardest sort of work, years of experience, an awful brain fag, with the odds pretty heavy against success.

"The secret of great wealth, and I have studied this problem like one in mathematics for a quarter of a century, is to make Society work for you. If you are big enough, make the whole world work for you. If you cannot do that, be content to have America work for you. If that is impossible, get some city. Even the latter is a big enough proposition to put millions in your purse.

"This may seem like a Chinese puzzle, but it's true, and it is the most valuable business principle worth knowing. Mr. Rockefeller may think he made his hundreds of millions by economy, by saving on his gas bills, but he didn't. He managed to get the people of the globe to work for him. He did it by securing a monopoly of a commodity that all the world used. And Carnegie, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Gould, Astor, Hill and Harriman, the big leaders of finance, did the same thing. Only they were less ambitious. They were content with one nation. They confined their operations to America."

"Few men have brains enough to make more than a living with their hands; there is a considerably larger number who can beat the daily demands of life by working with their brains. But it's like educating every boy with the idea that he may be President of the United States, to say that he can get rich by economy, thrift and frugality. The fact is the Presidency doesn't go round fast enough to take care of more than one boy in a dozen million. And a man

must be far more than ordinary to get rich in a profession or in some big industry, even where he has thousands of men to work for him."

"As I said before, Poor Richard's Almanac is about as influential today in the making of a millionaire as is Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ.' It's not thrift, prudence or the saving of gas bills that makes the millionaire; it's the getting possession of a monopoly, and then making Society work for you. With that in one hand, and with the other hand on politics, one can do more in a few weeks' time than can a whole army by watching its pennies, dimes and dollars."

"These are the symbols, more magic than those of some prince of the Arabian Nights, by which to rule the game. First, let Society work for you; and, second, make a business of politics. Upon an understanding of these rules the great fortunes of America have almost all been reared, from those of the early Argonauts who built the Pacific railways from the sale of Government bonds and generous land grants, to the modern princes of finance who have capitalized iron ore underlying the barren lumber lands of Minnesota at thousands of millions, the franchises of New York at hundreds of millions, and the sugar, tobacco and many other trusts at many times their value. These are the rules of big business. They have superseded the teachings of our parents and are reducible to a simple maxim: Get a monopoly; let Society work for you; and remember that the best of all business is politics, for a legislative grant, franchise, subsidy or tax exemption is worth more than a Kimberley or Comstock lode, since it does not require any labor, either mental or physical, for its exploitation."

Mr. Howe has done well to avoid the pit into which many reformers have fallen: attempting to make a romance of political economy. Few authors have ever been able to combine love and economics into a readable story. Bellamy tried it in "Looking Back-

ward" and in "Equality"—and failed. Hundreds of lesser lights have failed. True, Dickens revolutionized Chancery practice by "Bleak House"; but De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" attracted no attention as a politico-economic tract.

Political economy may not be "the dismal science," but it seems a poor setting for a picture of the grand passion. One might use political economy as a sort of condiment for a love story—just a sprinkle of the salt; not more. But the conditions cannot be reversed. And the "alternating" method sometimes employed produces a sandwich of sole leather between pieces of angel food.

C. Q. D.

The \$30,000 Bequest, and Other Stories.

By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

One would like to recommend this book, but on second thoughts it would only be useless and futile and stupid and silly to try it. Just the heading for this "review" would do as well as any accumulation of language that could follow it. If there's anyone who doesn't want a book by Mark Twain, he probably can't read anyway, and most likely he's deaf, too, and can't be read aloud to. There's no use talking up a book to that kind—they aren't literary. There used to be a man named Higginson that lived out along the Ohio River—it's all right to say "along," because he lived in a shanty-boat and kept moving up or down according as people got tired of missing things about the premises—and who didn't have any feet but cork ones. Well, one day there came along an ambitious drummer—one of the kind that believes there isn't anything can keep them from making a sale once their mind is set on it. His line was a kind of foot-ease powder, and everybody said it was all right and did the work. Some way or another he happened to come on old man Higginson's shanty-boat tied up to the shore, and the old man sitting in the door of his little cabin

with his cork feet couldn't see the drummer opened out to foot-ease and the old man ran along and run he dragged up his feet anything and began to blade into them. The drummer came maybe half a minute and drawled out that he didn't need no more foot-ease he had already. "Nothing for that drummer was to have fainted or given him a box of foot-ease, seeing he didn't have any more. You believe it, he walked foot-ease for n to show how it would make cork feet fell overboard, till him clear up on the cork feet, which had on heavy boots on the heel and all they used to wear and, somehow, as if the his professional of him and just was his house's time, by box of foot-ease any market to there were thousands everywhere that glad, yes, and proud would have been just him to have hunted person's real feet and mess with them, only down somewhere around, and the other front, which would be the same way about a man that can't read interested in a business. There isn't any of doing business time there are millions of people just waiting a new book by him to argue or explain.

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you believe it, he went right on lked foot-ease for near an hour, to show how it was just the to make cork feet water-tight ell overboard, till the old man him clear up on the bank with his cork feet, which were light, ad on heavy boots with brass on the heel and along the sole ey used to wear. It always d, somehow, as if that drummer his professional pride get the of him and just wasted his time, his house's time, by trying to sell box of foot-ease where there t any market to speak of, there were thousands of other e everywhere that would have gied, yes, and proud, to get some. ould have been just as sensible im to have hunted up old man ginson's real feet and tried to do ss with them, only one of them down somewhere around Lookout main, and the other one up in out, which would have been hesome.

the same way about trying to a man that can't read and can't interested in a book by Mark n. There isn't any considerable e of doing business and in the time there are millions and mil- e of people just waiting to hear t a new book by him. You don't to argue or explain—all you have

to do is just to say there is one and you won't need any drummers to get trade. It might be taken as a kind- ness to say this last book of his has thirty-seven stories by him and a biog- raphy of him, but even that isn't necessary.

Back in 1873 or 1874 there was an old shyster lawyer out in Missouri that went to the golden wedding of a friend of his. The friend's name was Henry Bamqush, and the two of them had made mud-pies and played one-ole-cat together. Bamqush's wife had always been a little sensitive over his name— some held it was Indian, but mostly folks said there was Dutch in it. The only one who had what you might call an opinion of his own about it was a little German tailor who was a widower. His wife had been red-headed and had a hare-lip. Her sister Minna used to say— But, just as I said in the beginning, there isn't any need of recommending a new book by Mark Twain. All the people need is to know there is one.

A. S. H.

Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare. By Frederick W. Kilbourne, Ph.D. The Poet Lore Company, Boston, Richard G. Badger, Publisher.

To anyone interested in Shakespeare this book will prove extremely interesting, and to the teacher it will be found invaluable.

"General knowledge rarely goes beyond such facts as that Tate gave 'Lear' a happy ending or that Cibber is responsible for certain phrases, as the well-known 'Richard's' himself again, which are still heard when 'Richard the Third' is played, and which are sometimes popularly attributed to Shakespeare. Even professed Shakespearean students, however, know little or nothing of the great body of these versions, which in the eighteenth century nearly or quite displaced the original plays."

The book affords an easy opportunity to profit by Dr. Kilbourne's extensive investigations into material whose bulk

would be appalling to the everyday lover of Shakespeare. One gains a valuable insight into the history of the stage, former valuations of the Bard of Avon and the pitiful and futile attempts to improve upon his work, and if the author's style is not especially happy, he is quickly forgiven for the service he has done.

A. S. H.

From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A very charming book of essays "written at intervals, and in part for recreation, during years in which their author has striven to maintain a cheerful mind while a popular philosophy which he believed to be cheap took possession of men and translated itself into politics which he knew to be nasty." This philosophy against which he arrays himself was "expounded by an American Insurance 'Lobbyist,' a few days ago, before the Armstrong Committee: 'The Insurance world today is the greatest financial proposition in the United States; and, as great affairs always do, it commands a higher law.'"

It brings these essays home to us nationally, as it must also do to each of us individually. "But why (you will ask) do I drag this doctrine into a dedication? Because . . . I have fought against it for close upon seventeen years . . . so long a time that it has taught me to prize my bruises and prefer that, if anybody hereafter care to know me, he shall know me as one whose spirit took its cheer in intervals of a fight against detestable things." These are no political diatribes—rather political antidotes and tonics, not polemic but healing. It is the human, the altruistic, the esthetic and the literary that appeal and, incidentally, here is a bitter-sweet dose for those that scoff at "the literary" and fly therefrom, for behold! our essays are exquisitely artistic and individual, and yet so human, of so common experience that their reading must be a joy and warming to the

heart. Those who have read "Q's" romances and novels will not need this telling. It is possible that the world may some day wake up, as the world has a way of doing, to find Mr. Quiller-Couch a much bigger man than it had dreamed.

A. S. H.

Disenchanted (Désenchantées). By Pierre Loti. Translated by Clara Bell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

In this, as in all the author has written, is displayed his wonderful sentimental realism, but the sentimental is perhaps more repressed, in detail at least, and the realism impresses one as more wonderful than ever. "A purely imaginary tale" says the author's preface. "The only real thing in it is the high level of culture now prevailing in the harems of Turkey, and the suffering that comes of it." "This suffering," he adds, "more striking perhaps to my eyes as a foreigner is already an anxiety to my dear friends, the Turks, and they would fain diminish it."

Those who devoutly prim their mouths at the word "harem" may as well unprim them at once and let their brains and hearts prepare for action. The story has as much delicacy from the moral as from the artistic point of view, and the material itself can furnish no qualms even for those strait-laced to the point of suffocation. The attack is upon the system that makes Mohammedan women, no matter how cultured according to our own Western standards, mere puppets who, though they realize only too keenly the hopelessness of individual freedom and development, are helpless against laws adapted only to the antiquated period that gave them birth. There is, perhaps, a suggestion that the situation would be less acute if the education and culture of Turkish women were, for the present at least, not carried to quite such an extreme of excellence.

The story is of a Turkish woman who, through sympathy with his works, ventures into anonymous correspondence with *André Lhéry*, a well-known

writer, who has heart for the land through a romance. For reasons quite Lhéry secures a post and the correspondence of dangerous secret him and *Djenan*. It is they that the life of a high- is, so that he may in a book he is to mated." There is n of a book that c ings, but the roman in the book itself. y of the novels s, sweetmeats, and that is presented, y of today, equally sive, but with e us, phonographs a m Western science can furnish. The p sly painted, so tha one lives a life rath k. This is no more t et from a master-ha , but in this his l as even to have outd

bles on the *Riviera* Miltoun. With m tions reproduced f made on the spo McManus. L. C. Boston.

This book makes n g a work of histori cal importance; nor tional book of trave de-book. It is mere s seen and heard, al observations on t lantic and topograph e of the most varied ing-grounds in all th result of many pleas the author and art gway and byway, in ten track, in prefer

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A. S. H.

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writer, who has a warm place heart for the land of the Turks, through a romance of his own. For reasons quite apart from Jerry secures a post at Constanti- and the correspondence leads to a of dangerous secret interviews en him and *Djenan* and her two. It is they that teach him the life of a high-born Turkish is, so that he may espouse their in a book he is to write—"Dis- ented." There is more than the of a book that comes of these ings, but the romance can be told in the book itself. It is not "the ay of the novels of 1830—nar- is, sweetmeats, and the divan all that is presented, but the real ay of today, equally exclusive and utive, but with electric lights, os, phonographs and all that m Western science, art and cul- can furnish. The picture is mar- ssly painted, so that through its one lives a life rather than reads a. This is no more than one could ct from a master-hand like that of , but in this his latest book he s even to have outdone himself.

A. S. H.

ables on the Riviera. By Francis Miltoun. With many illustra- tions reproduced from paintings made on the spot by Blanche McManus. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This book makes no pretense at g a work of historical or archeo- tal importance; nor yet is it a con- tional book of travel or a glorified e-book. It is merely a record of gs seen and heard, with some per- al observations on the picturesque, antic and topographical aspects of e of the most varied and beautiful ing-grounds in all the world, and is result of many pleasant wanderings the author and artist, chiefly by away and byway, in and out of the en track, in preference to travel by

in these words of the author lies the

secret of the book's charm, for it is one of those rare books of foreign lands that preserve a comfortable and refreshing attitude of intimacy with the reader, seeming really to have in view his entertainment rather than the oppor- tunity to exploit the writer's vast knowledge of his subject—a book for the reader rather than of the author. And even under less skilful handling the material of this volume could hardly be other than vastly interesting to any- one with breadth enough to hold a mental horizon larger than his county lines. Gaul, Goth, Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, Frank and Lombard have left the mark of their civilization in Provence and along this same famous Riviera, and its resulting people are a race apart. What Mr. Miltoun has to say would be of comparatively little interest if he had followed usual tourist methods, and it is just because the author and artist have taken pains to wander away from the beaten track and into the less frequented nooks and corners that their material is so rich in interest and value. The illustrations, as in the others of this series, are excellent.

A. S. H.

The Saint (Il Santo). By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by M. Agnetti Pritchard. With an Introduction by William Roscoe Thayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A book that should be welcomed in America with the eager interest it has met in Europe. It is a bold revelation of the religious situation in Italy as the author sees it, and is regarded in that country as of such importance that it has been condemned by the Congre- gation of the Index on the one hand, and, on the other, eagerly accepted as a creed by the Christian Democrats. Published on this side of the water only because the author's agreement with his American publisher antedates the condemnation by the Congrega- tion and its proscription in Italy, the book has also been translated into several other foreign languages and everywhere leaves a strong impression.

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It is a great and wonderful picture of the Italy of today in high places and in low, from a point of view new in literature. And, last of all, it is a novel of which the hero, "a medieval in faith, a man of today in intelligence," is the centre of a movement toward more spirit and less form in modern Catholicism. So convincing is the portrait of this man, *Il Santo*, that we do not need the assurance offered by Mr. Thayer in his introduction that the anomaly of asceticism in our hero is explained by qualities deep in Italian character. The Saint explains himself.

He is real in his simplicity, his clear vision, his inspiration, his asceticism. Our sympathy, unlike Mr. Thayer's, does not go unreservedly to *Jeanne* in her lover's renunciation of the world. The psychological necessity that would not have it otherwise is an intrinsic part of the portrait of the man.

The love-interest with which the story is loosely bound up is not strong enough to supply the unity that one half expects from it, finding it nowhere else. Yet *Jeanne* is very real to us like all the characters of this remarkable book.

It is the immense variety of type and color in these characters, together with the strength of the drawing, that, more than anything else, gives "The Saint" its effect of movement, wonderful in a novel given to large problems and a serious discussion. The Pope (as he is pictured in that admirable interview), cynical statesmen, great ladies, progressive scholars, discontented students, the priests and the peasantry of the hills—this strange procession passes through the life of the Saint.

The effect of a book of action is thus skilfully added to the final impression of a book of thought.

M. D. J. H.

MEN are more like than unlike one another: let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity.

W. D. HOWELLS.

WHAT a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of his life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and writing news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

BEN JONSON.

I HAVE considered our whole life is like a play: wherein every man forgetful of himself is in travail with expression of another. Nay, we so insist in imitating others, as we cannot, when it is necessary, return to ourselves, like children, that imitate the vices of stammerers so long, till at last they become such, and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

BEN JONSON.

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Railroad Passes

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Child Slavery

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No Real Check

NEVELT has submitted to the railroad rate bill in this case, this will show his character. The United States Supreme Court, we are told, will recommend by railroad kings and they will have to pass upon that railroad officials and I demand, and hence a United States President and all, to check railroads and robbery. The trusts will keep them in office.

—Ford Norman's Semi-Monthly, Ia.

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Railroad Passes
States Senate by a vote of
abolished the issuing of rail-
road passes to all except employees. It
was brought about by an amendment to
the rate bill. The House will
pass the amendment before it
becomes a law. It is reported that the
Senate was delighted at the measures. The
agents in the Senate had to do
much in that body to conciliate railroad
men for prospective railroad legis-
lation to be antagonistic to rail-
road interests.—Dorchester Standard, Cam-

Standard Oil contributed toward
the administration

M. D. J. H.

Standard Oil contributed toward
of the present administration,
wish it had its money back.—Valley
Grand Forks, Minn.

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Child Slavery

slavery is a thing of the past, but
and has risen an institution more
than the mind of man can readily
child slavery in the great factories
North and South. And the masses
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gold they sell their brother or sister
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this that was considered a curse by
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No Real Check
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Why Fares Are High

THE real value of the railroads in this country is about \$4,000,000,000; fictitious value after the stock is thoroughly watered is about \$13,000,000,000, and it is upon this fictitious value that the public is paying a goodly interest. If the railroads earn a fair dividend on this inflated valuation, and it is presumed they do, for the owners are not in business for their health, then the public is paying rates three times as high as they should pay.—*Tribune, Palisade, Col.*

Spelling Reform
 "I HAVE every respect for the President, and pin my faith to his judgment in all matters," says Jacob A. Riis, whom Mr. Roosevelt calls "New York's Most Useful Citizen," "but I must draw the line on simplified spelling."

The line must be drawn by every friend of the President sooner or later, and there is no better place for drawing it than on the spelling question.—*Daily Record, Long Branch, N. J.*

KIRKWOOD, Mo., has passed an ordinance making it a felony to tell a lie in the town limits. Standpaters are warned that it is safer to talk about the Dingley schedules about eight miles down the road.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky.

Senator Bailey
SENATOR JOSEPH BAILEY, of Texas, is trying hard to make the people believe that he can serve Standard Oil and be a patriotic statesman as well. Senator Bailey aspires to become the great Democratic leader. He is a brilliant man, but not brilliant enough to fool the people into believing that he will serve them for \$5,000 a year, when at the same time he accepts a fee of \$225,000 for a little legal work done for the Rockefeller crowd.—*Green Lake Breeze, Spicer, Kandiyohi County, Minn.*

A Home Shot

It is real pleasant reading when we find a Republican newspaper throwing off the gag and saying things right out plain. Most of them are so effectually muzzled that they can only say what the party leaders expect of them, however much it may strain them to hold down their real sentiments, but

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occasionally one breaks away, as in this from the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette:

"We have been invited to send a dollar contribution to the Republican campaign fund that is being raised by popular subscription, and to which President Roosevelt recently subscribed. We would like to have our dollar in such select company all right, but we've done all the contributing we intend to this year. We have recently completed building a house at a cost of something over \$4,000, and for every foot of lumber, every pane of glass, every sack of cement, every pound of nails, and in fact for nearly every bit of material that went into it we made a good, liberal contribution through the Trusts that control them, and we guess we have done our share. It may be treason for a Republican newspaper to talk this way, but facts are facts, and it sort of relieves our conscience to tell the truth about the Trusts once in a while. We'll just let the several Trusts to which we have had to pay unwilling tribute in the past year pay our dollar for us. We need it and they don't.—*The Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

A New Trust

THAT was quite a disturbance, down there in Cuba, but now that Secretary Taft has gone down to sit on those fellows the thing seems about wound up—except the final annexation of that country to the United States. Let the thing happen at once. Sooner or later every one of the little governments will have to be added to this country, and we might as well commence now. Trusts seem to be a favorite institution in this country anyway, so let's have a big trust of governments. All the American governments under one head—that would be a trust worth while.—*The Recorder, Kingsburg, Cal.*

MR. FAIRBANKS replied to Mr. Bryan, and then Senator Beveridge took up the good work and replied the next night. Does it take two eminent Indianians working in relays to demolish the breastworks of words with which the Nebraska orator is surrounded?—*The Sun, Helena, Andrew Co., Mo.*

A WESTERN editor decided to try "phonetic" spelling in his paper and the experience seemed a success until he got the following: "Dere Sur—I tuk yuer paper fur leven yeres, butt ef yew kant spel eny beter than hev bin doin fer last to munths yew may stoppit."—*The Star, San Saba, San Saba Co., Tex.*

Dangerous to Criminals

ALTHOUGH Mr. Bryan is not a candidate for office he is now described as "a dangerous man," and it is noticeable that this description comes from men who in 1896 claimed

that the Hydes, the McCurdys and the Depews stood for national honor.

There were in Mr. Bryan's 1896 speeches many references to this charge that he was "a dangerous man."

For instance, in a speech delivered at Battery D, Chicago, during the 1896 campaign, Mr. Bryan said:

"They tell you that I will not enforce the law. My friends, the fear of these people is not that I will refuse to enforce the law; their fear is that I will enforce the law. They know that I entertain old-fashioned ideas upon this subject, and that according to my ideas the big criminals should wear striped clothes as well as the little criminals. I want to say to you that I believe in enforcing the law against all classes of society, and those who believe in that policy are better friends of the Government than those who would make scapegoats of little criminals and then let the big ones run at large to run the Government itself. The very men who would suffer most from the enforcement of law are the ones who seem to be most troubled. They are not afraid that I will encourage lawlessness, but they know that, if I am elected, the Trusts will not select the attorney-general."

At Ottumwa, Ia., Mr. Bryan said: "My friends, you have been told that I am a dangerous man. There is nothing in my past life, either public or private, that justifies any citizen in saying that my election would be a menace to law and order, or to our form of government, or to the welfare of society; but there is much in what I have said and done to create a suspicion that my election would be a menace to those who have been living on what other people have earned."—*The Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.*

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, the author, has written an entertaining advertisement in which he tells about how he became converted to life insurance, but the story is incomplete; he forgot to mention the price.—*The Herald, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Hearst

H. H. ROGERS expresses the opinion that Hearst cannot win the New York governorship, and it may be taken simply as his personal forecast of the strength of the contending forces. Unhappily it is the work of men like Rogers, in their attempts to defy courts and public sentiment and to break the laws for corporation benefit, on which Hearst has traded and retained his strength with radicals and malcontents. It may be counted on that Hearst will endeavor to show that Hughes will have the support of men like Rogers for their own purposes.—*The Narragansett Times, Wakefield, R. I.*

Cigarettes and Education

Two little boys, going down the street, each with his school books under his arm, and

with a cigarette in his mouth, never amount to anything. School books are put together. They are not an attack on a standpoint. It is a formative period of a tobacco will knock him to the university. The education that does not get a far of its mission. There go those two innocent their delicate little will-destroying habit their moral corruption; there they go, disposition instead of knowledge.

How blindly they go—and them into more harm than their fate. The quality of their life a wayward streak, might after a while. Reaching over the edge of fall. But many might all right, if they haven't.

is dangerous business of the chief concern. When the cigarette the delicate texture of the little nation hasn't half a million, Columbus, Ohio.

Power of Wealth

the power of the wealthy is underestimated. The power to the people. In his community taking about: know can reach him directly as through a pipe a mold of the country it reaches the veins. The country ed the pulse of the community. The independent editor is not usually rich in the world's goods. If he is a country editor. But if he is untrammelled else is characteristic of Georgia.

Needs the Truth

W. J. BRYAN declares interest in a favor of corporation should be in the Democratic for any office. It means an entire city—it means a nation that it calls itself. City of the people, I

with a cigarette in his mouth. They never amount to anything if they keep up. School books and cigarettes do go together. They are discordant and

is not an attack on tobacco from a standpoint. It is only to say that the formative period of a boy's life the use of tobacco will knock him out. And this is to the university as well as to the common school. The educational institution that does not get abreast of this fact is so far of its mission.

There go those two innocent boys, interfering their delicate little nervous systems with a will-destroying habit; there they go, losing their moral consciousness with a will; there they go, cultivating a sentimental disposition instead of a love of glad knowledge. How blindly they go—with no kind hand leading them into more hopeful ways. They are forming their fate. They are establishing the quality of their lives. It may be a wayward streak, that will come about right after a while. Maybe. Maybe that reaching over the edge of the precipice will fall. But many have. Maybe he might all right, if he does fall. But they haven't.

It is dangerous business. It ought to be one of the chief concerns of our educational system. When the cigarette fume mingles with the delicate texture of the brain and weakens the little nervous force there, education hasn't half a chance.—*Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio.*

Power of Weekly Press

The power of the weekly press is not to be underestimated. The country editor is close to the people. He knows what every man in his community is talking about and talking about; knows where he stands. He can reach him directly and almost personally as through a personal conversation. He is a mold of the opinion of the public which it reaches the weekly paper has few equals. The country editor can get his finger on the pulse of the community.

The independent editor of a weekly paper is not usually rich in money or in this world's goods. If he were he would not be a country editor. But he is rich in something else if he is untrammelled, and that something else is character.—*Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga.*

Needs the People's Help

W. J. BRYAN declares that no one having an interest in a favor-seeking franchised corporation should be a member of any committee in the Democratic Party or be nominated for any office. Should this be carried out it means an entire reorganization of the party—it means a new party regardless of what it calls itself. Bryan has the sympathy of the people, but can he carry out his

plan? We hope so, but it will be the greatest feat ever performed by one man if he does.—*Custer County Beacon, Broken Bow, Neb.*

Postal Savings System Needed

THE movement for the establishment of postal savings banks, started by the big failure of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank in Chicago, is rapidly growing, and when Congress meets again the question will probably have attained such proportions as to command serious attention. The postal savings system has been established in many countries and everywhere works satisfactorily. The movement to establish it here will no doubt be opposed by the savings bank interests as tending to divert deposits from them. It is possible, however, that instead of hurting the banking business, the Government's enterprise would help them by the encouragement it would give to thrift and economy. The postal savings system would give every village and cross-roads settlement that has a post-office facilities for saving money. It would be a convenience for those whose lives are spent on the road, and for those who go from home in search of employment. The deposits with the Government would be absolutely safe. The interest rate on deposits would not be as large as the banks allow, but depositors would have no fears to keep them awake nights.

This country has been slow in introducing the postal savings system. It is far behind England, Germany, France, Italy and other countries in this respect. One reason for this, perhaps, is that there never has been a determined effort to secure the necessary action from Congress. It is not certain that the present movement will command attention in Washington, but it will at least awaken interest and start discussion.—*Herald, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

MR. BAILEY says he has been offered a salary of \$50,000 per year if he would quit the Senate and practice law. Well, that isn't much compared to what his profession is worth to him while he stays in the Senate.—*Times, Temple, Tex.*

Tom Johnson Not Dead

THE press is always working overtime in its efforts to kill Tom Johnson politically. This, no doubt, is inspired by the wish being father to the thought. For ten long years we have heard of Mr. Johnson's political demise. He has been pronounced politically dead innumerable times, and the plutocratic press has always found a tomb for the last resting-place of this political corpse with no hopes of resurrection.

This familiar story is again being broadly circulated since the meeting of the Ohio state convention. When the smoke of the battle, however, will have cleared away, the



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chances are a hundred to one that Tom Johnson's ideas concerning public policies have been carefully taken care of in the party declaration of principles. Even his so-called enemies will be whooping it up for the very principles for which Mr. Johnson is contending. It was Mr. Johnson's idea for the Democrats of Ohio some years ago to declare in favor of a two-cent per mile rate. At the time, this idea was scouted, and at the election the candidates standing upon that platform went down before an avalanche of adverse ballots. Today, however, everybody is in favor of this original Tom Johnson idea. Even the Republicans of ring-ruled and corrupt Pennsylvania have been forced to favor a two-cent rate measure.

And so Johnson is pronounced dead every twelve months, but whether dead or alive, the Johnson ideas somehow have the persistency of everlastingly marching on.—*Commoner, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE New York *World* kills the Democratic Party every day before breakfast.—*Girard Herald, Erie Co., Pa.*

MR. ROCKEFELLER says that we Americans hustle too much. We would be glad to stop—but Mr. Rockefeller needs the money and won't let us.—*Chronicle, Centerville, S. D.*

How to Fight the Machine

THE difficulty, almost impossibility, of reform within the party is again illustrated, this time in New Jersey.

Winston Churchill failed in New Hampshire by a narrow margin, but it was sufficient, and in all probability will never become narrower. Now Everett Colby has fallen short of victory against the machine of his own party by a very wide margin.

The Independent Republicans in Rhode Island are acting far more wisely. They are fighting the corrupt machine from the outside.

Victory is almost assured.—*State, Providence, R. I.*

SOMETHING is stirring in the politics of the country. The protests of the editors who have always fought the people's fight are being heeded. Soon it will become fashionable and perhaps profitable to jump on the Trusts. Then, as rats desert a sinking ship, those papers that have existed as parasites of the corporate interests will bellow loudly against their former masters. Hirelings are first to turn traitors.—*News, Monticello, Fla.*

Graft Still Unchecked

THE suicide of Hipple, the criminal proceedings brought against several of those who are held to be responsible with him for the wrecking of the Real Estate Trust Company, of Philadelphia, and the arrest,

in Morocco, of Stensland, of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank of Chicago, are calculated to make people think about the wages of dishonesty.—*Wall Street Journal.*

True! And the moral cannot be too often emphasized. But when people remember the many instances of graft and embezzlement revealed, say, during the past year: when they recall the misappropriation of policyholders' money by insurance officials—misappropriations in which the Republican Party itself was the direct beneficiary; when they see all the laws enacted for the protection of the public from the encroachments of great corporations violated with impunity—the anti-rebate law utterly ignored, the law prohibiting conspiracy in restraint of trade ruthlessly violated—when they see these things and then observe that none of the individuals responsible for this gigantic wrongdoing have been sent to jail, the people may be pardoned if they reach the conclusion that under the Republican administration prison sentence is not part of the wages of dishonesty.—*Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.*

Simply a Game

RAILROAD companies everywhere are not only reducing passenger rates to two cents per mile, but are cutting down freight charges. They see that the people finally mean business and that they better reduce the charges themselves, somewhat, than to have it done for them and reduced radically.—*Free Lance, Schuyler, Neb.*

New York Politics

THE nomination of Hearst for Governor of New York by the Democratic convention is a terrific shock to some people. Heretofore there has been no discernible difference between a New York Democrat and a New York Republican. It was six of one and half a dozen of the other. Each set of candidates have been the creatures of their respective party machines with no difference in their principles whatever. Their idea has been solely to get and retain the offices for their respective organizations. As for doing anything for the people who cast the votes, such a notion would have been laughed at by either party machine.

Now that one of the parties has been true to its name and its traditional purposes and nominated a real Democrat, a man who is devoted to the people and who all his life has fought in their interest, those who have heretofore rested in security in the enjoyment of the profits of every sort of monopoly, indifferent to which party should win, are shocked. They understand that a real contest is at hand and that they are represented on only one side instead of both, as heretofore. Therefore they and their dependents and sympathizers in both parties are beginning to turn their best energies to the abuse of the Democratic

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for nominating a Democrat, and to for the election of the Republican date.—*Free Lance, Spartanburg, S. C.*

DOUBTLESS Mr. Fairbanks thinks it is erty rude of the Republicans of the of Washington to demand that osevelt run again. Where, he would to know, are their manners?—*Twin Echo, Rocky Mount, N. C.*

NEITHER Joseph G. Cannon nor any other adpatter can carry the Middle West, ere the insurrection against corporation e includes the tariff with its protection of sky infant industries, now grown to rhoric and full-fed maturity on the tax ed on the public by tariff discrimination. o such platform of tariff privilege as lays down can Joseph G. Cannon or ybody else be elected to the Presidency.— *Milwaukee Free Press.*

It Is Our Fault

We ought to try to be just to the men office. And we cannot be just unless e remember that the people themselves e very largely responsible for the condiions which they deplore. When they learn e distinguish between the honest man and e demagogue; when they loyally sustain e former and sternly set the other aside, and when they make it clear that faithful ervice to the public will bring the reward e public confidence, we shall get better men e office and an improved condition of ings.—*Times, Logansport, Ind.*

MR. BRYAN is still in the South picking ut the small shot he fired into himself when e was in New York, and is apparently enjoying the operation.—*Spectator, Columbu, Ky.*

Sinclair and Socialism

SINCLAIR published a little autobiography in *Appleton's Magazine* for October. It ears up some things and accounts for his Socialism. According to his own story he went to college, but never pursued any study nly long enough to find what it was about and then took up another. He never was a student of anything, got into trouble, tried to sell his stories, failed and wrote "The Jungle," which made a hit. Here is a young man who knows nothing of government, transportation, finance, taxation, law or any of those things that have occupied the lives of the greatest thinkers who have ever lived, who turns all at once a teacher of the world and proclaims Socialism as the remedy for all the ills of which mankind complains. Compare him with the real reformers, all workingmen, who have laid the foundations for better government in Australia and New Zealand. These are men who, though belonging to the wage workers, have spent their leisure hours in the study of the complex

questions of government and commerce, and did not give up their research as soon as they found what it was all about, but hung on until they had mastered the questions. Senator Pearce, John Christian Watson, parliamentary leader, and Thomas Price, premier, all workingmen, stand out in bold contrast to such a career as that of Upton Sinclair. It is the difference between Socialism, the dreams of a novelist, and that of cold, logical thinkers. The latter are pushing the world on toward a happier day, but Sinclair and his theories.—*Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

Shaw's Weak Reply

JAMES H. BARRY, of the San Francisco *Star*, is a "sarcastic cuss." Here is a sample:

"Secretary of the Treasury Shaw attempts to crush Mr. Bryan's theory of government ownership of railways with the triumphant query: 'Does anybody suppose that if all lines were controlled by Congress, any road could be double-tracked and rock-ballasted until all other lines had been placed in the same condition?' We must confess that this profound argument has merits. For one thing it would make a wooden Indian laugh, and that is no small feat. We will cheerfully admit that if Congress were forbidden by public clamor to double-track one line until it had double-tracked all the others, Congress would be in a peculiar pickle. The little boy forbidden to enter the water until he had learned to swim found himself in the same predicament."—*Southern Mercury, Dallas, Tex.*

HAVE you read the Populist platform adopted at the Democratic State Convention? How wise it must make some of those old "Pops" feel when they see both the Republicans and the Democrats advocating principles that the Populists put forward ten years ago.—*Green Lake Breeze, Spicer, Kandiyohi, Minn.*

If the reply to Mr. Bryan made by Mr. Shaw is the best the administration can do in that line, we venture the friendly advice that it would do well to return to the formidable task of regulating the output of babies and the spelling of the English language, and leave problems of political economy to men who have graduated from the primer class in the study of that science.—*Southern Mercury, Dallas, Tex.*

Bryan and Public Ownership

MR. BRYAN seems to realize that his New York speech, in which he advocated the ownership by the general Government of the railroads, does not meet the views of his party, and he has made several explanations. One explanation was contained in a letter to Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi. In this letter Mr. Bryan wrote:

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"You are right in saying I prefer private ownership, if I thought private ownership consistent with pure politics and justice to the public. I came reluctantly to my present position and I believe that you and other Democrats will be brought reluctantly to the same position. As for the party, I can only act when the voters are

ready to act, and it is impossible at this time to say how far public opinion will support the suggestion I have made."

Now that Mr. Bryan is no longer in favor of public ownership of the railroads it is to be hoped the matter will be allowed a rest.—*Sentinel, Easton, Pa.*

The Visional City

BY GERALD GOULD

I GATHERED with a careless hand,
There, where the waters night and day
Are languid in the idle bay,
A little heap of golden sand;
And, as I saw it, in my sight
Awoke a vision, brief and bright,
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair
Turrets and domes and citadels,
With murmuring of many bells;
The spires were white in the blue air,
And men by thousands went and came,
Rapid and restless, and, like flame,
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away
The little mound before I knew;
The visioned city vanished, too,
And fall'n beneath my fingers lay.
Ah, God! how many hast Thou seen,
Cities that are not and have been,
By silent hill and idle bay?

(Selected.)

YOUTH, which is forgiven everything, forgives itself nothing: age, which forgives itself everything, is forgiven nothing.

G. B. SHAW.

MAN is the only animal which esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites.

G. B. SHAW.

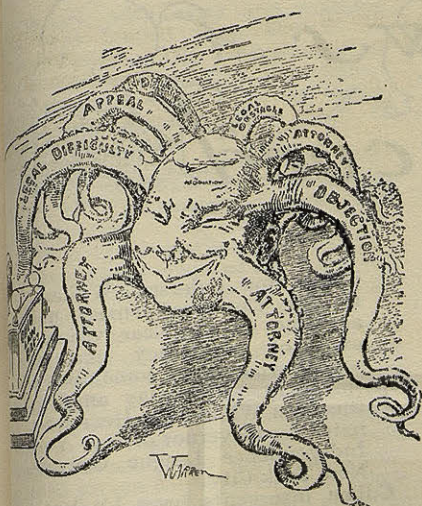


"Good morning, judge—do for you?"
—*in Boston Herald*



Russians in Spokane Spoke.

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"Good morning, judge—here I am—now what can I do for you?"
men, in Boston Herald.

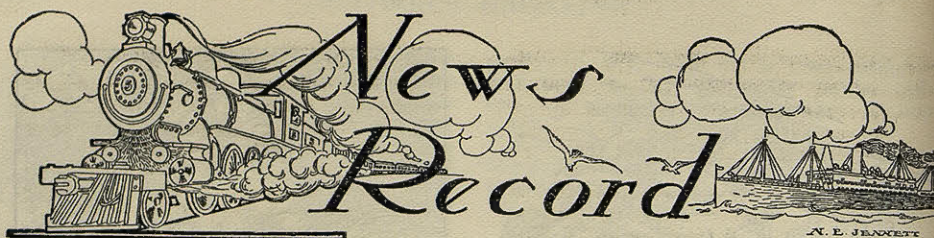


A Certain Old Party is Suspected of Having Designs Upon
Teddy Roosevelt
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal.



Russell Sage's Epitaph: I have done the best that I could by the light of the day
in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

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Home News

September 8.—Havana is surrounded by the insurgent forces. President Palma fears capture. The rebels have refused the Government's offer of a ten days' armistice.

Papers of Frank K. Hipple, suicide, and late president of the Real Estate Trust Company at Philadelphia, show that he was not only an embezzler of more than \$200,000 of depositors' money, but also that he was a forger to an amount in excess of a quarter of a million dollars.

September 9.—At Havana last night President Palma of Cuba issued a call for Congress to convene in special session September 14.

September 11.—At Portland, Me., yesterday Governor William T. Cobb, Republican, standing on a platform devoted almost exclusively to the continuance of the prohibitory law in the state, was re-elected by nearly the smallest margin of votes ever given a Republican in the state. Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, Republican, of the Second District, was re-elected by a greatly reduced plurality. He had been bitterly opposed by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who fought him because he had opposed labor measures in the House.

At Washington, yesterday, the new Government spelling primer was issued by the Government Printing Office. The preface states that the President's spelling order for simplified spelling applies not only to White House documents, but also to publications from all the departments.

September 12.—At New York City the convention of the Independence League opened yesterday. A full independent slate is probable, with William R. Hearst as nominee for Governor.

Reports from Washington indicate that the Government is prepared to intervene in Cuba to adjust differences between the Cuban Government and the revolutionists. Anxiety is felt in Havana lest the insurgents attack the city.

At St. Louis yesterday William J. Bryan was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by an audience of 12,000 persons.

At Dover, Del., the Democratic State

Convention indorsed William J. Bryan for the Presidential nomination as "one whose clear vision saw the evils of plutocracy and predator wealth which have come upon us."

September 13.—Yesterday amid great enthusiasm William R. Hearst was nominated for Governor of New York at the Independence League Convention in New York City.

Cuban insurgents have blocked railways which provides a traffic by blowing up bridges in the provinces of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio. The arrival of the American cruiser *Denver* at Havana has caused excitement in that city, where it is believed American intervention is bound to come, because the insurgents have threatened to begin a campaign of pillage.

At the Democratic State Convention of California, held at Sacramento, Theodore A. Bell was nominated for Governor and Thomas O. Toland for Lieutenant-Governor. The following resolution was adopted by the convention: Resolved, that in the so-called Independence League we recognize a political machine created by W. R. Hearst for his own political preferment and of which he is the undisputed boss, and an ingenious endeavor to forestall and prevent the nomination for President and to compass the defeat of America's greatest citizen, William Jennings Bryan. We therefore denounce such purposes and call upon all true Democrats to oppose such ends.

The first official trip through the north branch of the Pennsylvania's tunnel under the North River, New York, was made yesterday. The total length of the north tube is 13,700 feet; length under water 6,100 feet. The tube is 23 feet in diameter.

At the Democratic State Convention at Hartford, Conn., yesterday Charles F. Thayer, of Norwich, received the nomination for Governor. William J. Bryan was not indorsed by the convention.

At Chicago yesterday twenty indictments were returned against Paul O. Stensland, president of the wrecked Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, and Henry W. Hering, the cashier.

September 14.—Yesterday a detachment of

sailors, with arms, was landed from the *Denver*. The Government ordered the ship returned at once to the only a small guard

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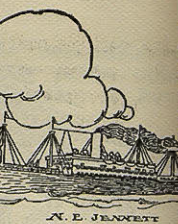
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The platform indorses Wil-
J. Bryan.

September 15 Lieut.-Gen. Henry C. Cor-
the ranking officer of the army, will
the retired list for age. In a re-

made public today, he says:
(desire to recommend once more, in
interests of the moral welfare and
discipline of the troops, the removal, if
possible, of the legislative prohibi-

against the sale of beer and light
Hearst was nominated in the post exchanges. It would
of New York at the Convention from unnecessary to argue to a fair-

ed person the superiority of a sys-
which provides a mild alcoholic
at reasonable cost in moderate
under strict military control
one which results in luring the soldier
from his barrack to neighboring
city, where his body and soul are
ruined and where his
intervention is taken from him by gamblers
the accompanying vice, and where his
begin a campaign

one of the five leaders of the
Standard Oil Company, died yesterday
Royan, France.

the result of a six-hour conference at
yesterday between Presi-
Roosevelt, Secretary of War Taft,
Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte, and
Secretary of State Bacon,
Messrs. Taft and Bacon are to start at
for Cuba as the special representa-
of the American Government. It
will be their mission to make a thorough
investigation and to render such aid as
may be necessary to the task of bringing
about an immediate cessation of hostil-
ties and the permanent pacification
of the island, which is declared by the
President to be imperative.

Many applications for per-
mission to change freight rates are being
received by the Interstate Commerce
Commission at Washington. In every
instance the carriers desire to make re-
ductions. It is hinted that the carriers
are preparing for the operation of the
Hepburn law, under which freight rates
cannot be changed with the facility
that was formerly the rule.

St. Louis yesterday H. Clay Pierce, of
the Waters-Pierce Co., an ally of Stand-
ard Oil, testified on the witness stand
that in 1905 he had retained Senator
Bailey, of Texas, to look after the Pierce
interests in various corporations.

Chicago the cause of municipal owner-
ship won a decided victory when

Judge Thomas G. Windes, in the Cir-
cuit Court, refused to enjoin the city
authorities from issuing certificates
under the Mueller law for the purchase
of the local street railway companies in
any sum not over \$75,000,000.

The Mueller law was the act passed by
the State Legislature under which the
City of Chicago was authorized to issue
certificates in amount not exceeding
\$75,000,000 for the purpose of acquiring
and operating the street railways of the
city. A committee of taxpayers op-
posed to municipal ownership attacked
the constitutionality of the law, and at
the same time the legality of certain
ordinances passed by the City Council
of the City of Chicago, also looking to
the control by the city of the street car
systems. The city filed a demurrer to
the bill of complaint entered by the
committee.

September 17.—It is reported from Havana
that the action of President Roosevelt
in sending Secretary of War Taft and
Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to
Cuba has impressed the Cubans with
the necessity of suspending hostilities.
President Palma hopes to avoid an
inquiry.

The Republican State Convention at
Heiema passed resolutions declaring for
the initiative and referendum and for
the election of senators by direct vote.

September 19.—At the Interstate Com-
merce Commission rehearing of the
Peavey Elevator Company case at
Chicago yesterday President Stickney,
of the Chicago Great Western Railroad,
the man who is back of the fight against
the Union Pacific Company, gave the
details of an alleged trust, augmented
by the Union Pacific, and of how two
men were crushed financially by it.

One of these men is E. M. S. Letting, a
former grain dealer of Lexington, Neb.,
who has written the Commission that he
wishes to testify in the present inquiry.
Mr. Stickney did not divulge the name
of the other man.

According to Mr. Stickney, this man
invested \$30,000 in the grain business in
Nebraska. He was having a hard time
fighting rate discrimination when he re-
ceived a check for \$5,000 for the Peavey
Elevator Company. He saw that a mis-
take had been made in sending him the
check, and asked the Union Pacific,
which sent the check, to give him a re-
bate of the same kind.

The man also found a letter accom-
panying the check, addressed to the
Peavey Elevator Company. The rail-
road, Mr. Stickney declared, told the
man he would be taken care of if he gave
back the letter he had received by mis-
take. The letter and check were both
returned to the railroad. Shortly after,



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ERS COURT.
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- Mr. Stickney declares, the man was put out of business altogether.
- September 20.—Secretary Taft, on mission of peace to Cuba, arrived at Havana and was received by President Palma. A deadlock exists between the Government and the revolutionists.
- September 21.—Congressman Robert Hitt, of Illinois, died yesterday at the age of seventy-six.
- September 23.—Mobs at Atlanta, Ga., killed ten negroes, following criminal assaults made on three white women in the course of one evening. Governor Terrell has summoned the militia to restore order.
- Crisis at Havana is approaching. Fifteen hundred marines from American warships are about to land in the city.
- September 24.—Rioting continues in Atlanta. Negro servants are leaving the city. Leading citizens condemn rioters and demand cessation of race agitation.
- The foreign commerce of the United States has crossed the three-billion-dollar line. In the twelve months ending with August the imports were \$1,254,399,735 and the exports \$1,759,417,898, a total for the twelve months of \$3,013,817,633. The total for the fiscal year 1906 exceeded \$3,000,000,000 if the trade with the non-contiguous territory were included, but in this case the three-billion-dollar line is passed without including the trade with the non-contiguous territory, which is no longer considered by the Board of Statistics as foreign trade.
- September 25.—Rioting between negroes and whites is reported from the outskirts of Atlanta as a result of the Atlanta riots.
- September 26.—President Palma of Cuba abdicates, and all his supporters in the Cuban Congress quit with him. Cuba is without a government.
- At Atlanta 3,000 troops keep peace between blacks and whites. Negroes are being disarmed by soldiers.
- The vote at the primaries in New Jersey yesterday indicates the return of United States Senator John F. Dryden to the Senate.
- September 27.—At Saratoga, N. Y., the Republican State Convention nominated for Governor Charles Evans Hughes, the insurance investigator, on suggestion from President Roosevelt.
- At Buffalo, N. Y., the Democratic State Convention nominated William Randolph Hearst for Governor.
- At Chicago, Paul O. Stensland, to whose confessed embezzlement of \$400,000 was due chiefly the collapse of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, of which he was president, was sentenced to serve from one to ten years in the penitentiary.
- Within three hours after Stensland's arrival in Chicago today from Morocco,

whither he fled before the bank failed, the ex-bank president pleaded guilty and received sentence. Before another three hours had elapsed he had begun service of the sentence at Joliet Prison, Georgia.

Stensland pleaded guilty on two indictments, charging embezzlement and violation of the state banking laws. A fine of \$120 was imposed on the latter charge, which was based upon the acceptance of \$60 in deposits after the bank was insolvent. The prison sentences imposed, which will operate concurrently, are from one to five and from one to ten years, making the longest term possible ten years.

September 28.—At Oklahoma City, Okla., before an audience of 15,000 people, William J. Bryan referred in his speech to the nomination of William R. Hearst by the New York State Democratic Convention for Governor in these words: "I am much gratified at the nomination of Mr. Hearst, because I feel that he will make not only a strong race, but also a good Governor after his election."

A tropical hurricane has been churning the waters of the Gulf of Mexico for the past twenty-four hours. Pensacola, Fla., is in ruins. Mobile, Ala., is cut off from telegraphic communication.

The amendment to the New York State Labor law prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen in any business after 7 P.M. takes effect October 1.

September 29.—Secretary of War Taft, it is reported from Havana, will tomorrow declare himself Military Governor of Cuba. President Palma will sail for New York tomorrow.

September 30.—The tropical cyclone that struck Mobile, Ala., on the night of September 26, and lasted till noon of September 27, caused the death of 100 persons and a property loss of \$10,000,000.

Secretary of War Taft became Provisional Governor of Cuba yesterday. The action of the United States Government in this particular is well received by the Cubans. More than 5,000 American troops are being sent to Cuba.

October 1.—Attorney-General Moody has directed that suits be brought against a large number of railroads for violation of the Safety Appliance law. The largest number of violations attributed to any railroad is 51, against the Delaware & Hudson Co.

October 3.—A despatch from Seward, Alaska, says that the party led by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Antarctic explorer, climbed Mount McKinley on September 15. They found the temperature at the top 16 degrees below zero. The day was cloudy, and two barometers failed to work. For this reason the scientists were unable to accurately compute the height of Mc-

They estimated it. The summit is divided into two parts, of which the lower one is the larger. Hoke Smith was elected Governor of Georgia.

John B. Moran, at the Democratic State Convention, was elected by acclamation for Governor of Louisiana. Tornadoes in the Orleans caused the loss of many lives and property.

Charles E. Magoon was appointed Secretary of War Taft as Governor of Cuba, exercising the powers of General Lee. He ruled Cuba as Governor.

Foreign News

8.—At St. Petersburg, revolutionists, at a meeting, the publication of the "Manifesto" was adopted.

9.—At St. Petersburg, the publication of the "Manifesto" was adopted. The revolutionists, at a meeting, the publication of the "Manifesto" was adopted.

10.—At Siedlce, Russia, 800 Jews were murdered by troops. The casualties at two hundred thousand wounded.

11.—At Warsaw, Poland, 12,000 Jews were murdered by troops. The casualties at two hundred thousand wounded.

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from Seward, the party led by Cook, the Antarctic hunter McKinley on July 1 found the thermometer 16 degrees below zero, cloudy, and two feet of snow on the work. For this reason they were unable to determine the height of Mc-

1906-10

October 2.—It was announced at Paris that the International Aeronauts' race had been won by Frank P. Lakin, of the Sixth United States Cavalry.



WELERS COURT.
NEW YORK.

BY *The Circulation Manager.*

1. That eight hours shall constitute a day's work in all employments, and that if there is any weakness in our present eight-hour laws that the same shall be remedied by our next legislature.

1. That eight hours shall constitute a day's work in all employments, and that if there is any weakness in our present eight-hour laws that the same shall be remedied by our next legislature.

8. We demand a law creating railroad commission; that competent authority of law be placed behind the commission; that it have the service of the prosecuting authorities of

the counties placed at its demand that household goods amount of three hundred dollars head of a family be exempt from taxation. We demand the public ownership of public utilities that are natural monopolies, such as railroads, street cars, telegraph, electric, waterworks, and so forth, that no person or corporation shall have a hand in dictating and controlling the legislation through the medium of the initiative and referendum.

16. Realizing that a great many of our citizens are people of small means and a large proportion of our membership wage-earners, and believing that the wage-earner is entitled to the full value of the wealth which his labor creates, and that in providing the daily necessities of life cash will purchase more than credit, we declare ourselves in favor of a semi-monthly payday.

17. We further declare our unalterable opposition to government by injunction, and pledge our members to the legislature, if elected, to the enactment of a law curtailing the power of the courts in granting injunctions restraining or hindering industrial organizations and industrial enterprises engaged in the lawful conduct of their affairs.

18. We are further unalterably opposed to government by precedent in these modern times, and fully realizing that the conditions surrounding employer and employee are different today to what they were centuries ago, when precedents were established exonerating employers from all liabilities where injuries resulted from the act of a fellow-servant, we are in favor of, and pledge our members to the legislature to the enactment of a law making employers liable for the negligent act of their employees, whether the above-mentioned employees are fellow-servants or not.

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The unexpected doesn't always happen. It need never happen, if men were endowed with more of the Sherlock Holmes faculty of inductive reasoning. Unfortunately, I'm not much of a practitioner along the Holmes line, but I've made several good guesses in this department lately. In the August number I mentioned that the Prohibitionists had nominated District Attorney John B. Moran for Governor, and that "he stands a good show of securing the Democratic endorsement if the rank and file can

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ELERS COURT.
W YORK.

dominate the machine." The rank and file won. Mr. Moran was given the Democratic nomination without much of a struggle; and our old-time Populist friend, E. Gerry Brown, of Brocton, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. I don't want to break my record for good guessing—but here's one more: Moran will be the next Governor of Massachusetts, if he lives.

* * * * *

Hon. Hoke Smith was elected Governor of Georgia a few days ago. This election was merely a formality. The real victory was won in the primaries in September. Mr. Smith happened to be in New York on Election Day and so was spared the embarrassment of voting for himself. After Inauguration Day he will have the hardest work of his life to fulfil the promises made during the campaign. Here's hoping that the people of Georgia may have no cause to regret their choice. I have no reason to believe they will; but they must be patient. Governor Smith cannot accomplish all in the first few months. Give him reasonable time to perform the great reform work he has begun.

* * * * *

In the October number I gave an account of the Independence League State Convention held in this city September 12. As that number was on sale the very day of the Democratic State Convention at Buffalo (September 25), I could give no news of it. I made no guess as to results there, because it was impossible to forecast what action Tammany might take. Mr. Hearst had a big up-State following, notwithstanding Norman E. Mack had come out against him after the league convention; but without Tammany he could not have been nominated, in all probability. The league candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of State were also indorsed, and the remainder of the ticket named by the Democratic convention. As the league ticket must go on by petition, a fusion will not be hard to bring about.

Except for the *News* and *World*, Hearst's own papers, every daily New York is fighting for Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate. Some of these papers are cock-sure of Mr. Hearst's defeat, but the *World* seems frightened. It believes Mr. Hearst a very strong candidate and warns its readers that only the hardest kind of work will defeat him. As might be expected, the point of attack is the alleged "deal" between Hearst and Murphy, the leader of Tammany. Last year the Hearst papers scored Murphy unmercifully for stealing the mayoralty election for McClellan. One cartoon showed Murphy in prison garb and this is being reproduced every day as a thumb-nail corner piece to larger cartoons.

Looked at dispassionately, I cannot believe that Mr. Hearst or his friends made any deal whatever with Murphy. They had no need to do so. Mr. Hearst, beyond question, would be just as strong without the Democratic indorsement, except with those voters who look for the emblem and vote the Democratic ticket regardless. And for every vote gained thus he will doubtless lose an equal number of independent voters who believe he did make a tie-up with Tammany. Even a little independent movement is sufficient to frighten the old party leaders; and one the size of the Independence League, with its carefully constructed organization, must have caused some "conspiration" fits. If the Democratic Party refused to nominate Hearst, its disorganized condition would be known to all the world on Election Day, for either he or the Republican candidate would be elected. The Democrats would be a bad third in the race.

But by indorsing Mr. Hearst Democracy's feeble condition could be kept a secret. If he wins, it will be heralded as a Democratic victory; if he loses, he loses as a Democrat, and is down and out. The party still lives, but Mr. Hearst as a Presidential possibility is done for.

Charlie Murphy is a politician.

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may be shrewder ones, but he is enough to see a brick wall. exactly what any other sane candidate. Some cock-sure of Mr. Hearst's power, every daily paper would have done under the same circumstances. No matter what hard had been said of him by the papers, he could not allow feeling to stand in the way of a firm grip on Tammany. the hardest kind of attack is thrown the Tammany vote to him. As might be expected, he did not because he liked the man, but because of any deal, but because between Hearst and the Tammany didn't do otherwise and retain his der of Tammany.

Hearst papers score for stealing the nomination, makes it very for McClellan. On that he is the league's candidate. Murphy in prison garb this writing (October 10) he has produced every day accepted the Democratic nomination. Many of his ardent supporters corner piece to large, hoping he will either refuse it or it altogether.

passionately, I cannot hearst or his friends it altogether. * * * * * ed to do so. Mr. and then a magazine editor question, would be a lemon handed to him" in the out the Democratic of a plagiarism. We have been not with those voters it twice by the same person. In blem and vote the August number, page 209, appears regardless. And for poem entitled "The Haunted thus he will doubt- and in the October number, number of independ- 17, "The Magic of the Invis- e did make a tie-up by George E. Woods. Both Even a little in- are stolen, we are informed by one ent is sufficient to readers. The first appeared ty leaders; and one years ago in *Harper's*, and the dependence League, in *Century* of 1901 or 1902, about onstructed organiza- member. Our editors were in high caused some "con- when Mr. Woods submitted his the Democratic scripts, for they believed they had nominate Hearst, its a discovery. They had; but not ion would be known a discovery. They had; but not n Election Day, for kind they bargained for. While epublican candidate regret being thus imposed upon, . The Democrats appreciate Mr. Woods's good d in the race. in stealing something really fit to

* * * * * g Mr. Hearst Demo- the Kansas Populists have a straight ondition could be in the field; but up in Nebraska he wins, it will be at in the field; but up in Nebraska eratic victory; if he is a fusion between Populists and a Democrat, and is democrats. The Kansas ticket is as he party still lives, s: is a politician. Governor—Horace Keefer, Leaven- th county.

Lieutenant-Governor—Joseph Wright, Smith county.

Secretary of State—Robert Heiser- man, Riley county.

Treasurer—D. C. Kay, Graham county.

Attorney-General—George H. Bailey, Jewell county.

Superintendent of Public Instruc- tion—D. O. Kemphill, Norton county.

Auditor—E. C. Fowler, Shawnee county.

Insurance Commissioner—C. H. Min- genbacher, McPherson county.

Justices of the Supreme Court (long terms)—H. C. Root and W. A. Eyster, Shawnee county. Nominations for short terms were left to State Central Committee.

Railroad Commissioner—G. R. Sell- yard, Greenwood county. Two places to be filled by State Central Committee.

State Printer—Charles A. South- wick, Clay county.

Chairman state central committee— George W. Hanna, Clay county.

Secretary and Treasurer State Cen- tral Committee—E. C. Fowler, Shaw- nee county.

The Nebraska ticket (fusion) is as follows:

Ashton C. Shallenberger, of Alma, for Governor.

William H. Green, of Creighton, for Lieutenant-Governor.

Carl R. Goucher, of Wahoo, for Sec- retary of State.

Frank C. Babcock, of Hastings, for Treasurer.

J. S. Canaday, of Minden, for Audi- tor.

J. V. Wolfe, of Lancaster, for Commis- sioner of Public Lands and Buildings.

R. H. Watson, of Valentine, for State Superintendent.

A. P. Fitzsimmons, of Tecumseh; George Horst, of Polk county; John Davis, of Fillmore county, for Railroad Commissioners.

T. S. Allen, of Lincoln, for Chairman of the Democratic State Central Com- mittee.

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Herbert S. Daniels, of Omaha, for Secretary of the State Central Committee.

Messrs. Canaday and Wolfe are Populists; the remainder, Democrats.

DISCRIMINATION

OUR readers will recollect that when application was made for re-entry of WATSON'S MAGAZINE (when we dropped the word "Tom" from the title) the Post-office Department objected to several hundred subscriptions which had been taken in combination with the Jefferson Bible. We sent out a letter to each subscriber who received the book, asking whether it was the book or the Magazine which induced him to subscribe. Ninety-five per cent. of the replies were that the subscriber primarily desired the Magazine, and took the book as a secondary consideration. We submitted these to the department, but to no avail; so we are still putting a three-cent stamp on each copy sent out to those subscribers.

The department's reasoning is: You offered a dollar book and a dollar magazine for \$1.35; therefore you received only 35 cents for the magazine one year, and that is not half of your then subscription price; hence, such subscription is not legitimate and cannot go at the cent a pound rate of postage.

A subscriber of ours in Michigan writes us as follows: "*Men and Women*, a Catholic \$1 magazine, published in Cincinnati, in May, 1906, offered 75 per cent. commission and cash awards for largest clubs. *Farm and Home*, semi-monthly, Springfield, Mass., offers 25 cents commission for 35 cent subscriptions in blocks of 25, and a premium worth 10 cents and up. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, offers 25 per cent. and cash awards that push the commission above the 50 per cent. limit. *American Home*, 15 cent monthly, New York City, offers 5 years for 50 cents and half of this to the agent, plus large cash and other awards.

"Now, why does the United States

Post-office Department discriminate against Watson's? I don't wish to hurt those journals—all good fellows—but 'special privileges to none'; and why should the special privilege of paying higher postage be awarded to Watson's?"

We are inclined to agree with the department that no publication ought to accept less than half its advertised rate for subscriptions. That is, after general agents and sub-agents have been paid, or the value of combinations deducted, at least one-half the advertised price should be received by the publishers. In the Jefferson Bible case we put in the book at actual cost to us, and received just about 95 cents for the Magazine. The book was originally printed as a dollar book, although we never knew of one being retailed for that price. And we inadvertently used the expression "a dollar book" just as one speaks of a dollar watch which Macy sells for 79 cents. However, the incident is closed so far as we are concerned, and whether the conditions now prevail as our subscriber has pointed out we do not know. Nor have we any desire to cause any other publisher trouble with the department.

A commission, such as suggested by the Publishers' Association, is evidently needed badly. It would constitute a court to adjudicate such cases and be much more satisfactory than the fiat of some clerk in the department.

Another form of discrimination is in the matter of advertisements containing corner coupons. The law permits the insertion in periodicals of advertisements "attached permanently to the same," and the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department some time ago rendered an opinion as follows:

"The word 'permanently' as used in the statute can convey but one meaning, namely, that which is made a part of the periodical with the intention that it shall remain attached indefinitely. The law intends that the peri-

shall remain a whole." "I don't wish to hurt those journals—all good fellows—but 'special privileges to none'; and why should the special privilege of paying higher postage be awarded to Watson's?" "We are inclined to agree with the department that no publication ought to accept less than half its advertised rate for subscriptions. That is, after general agents and sub-agents have been paid, or the value of combinations deducted, at least one-half the advertised price should be received by the publishers. In the Jefferson Bible case we put in the book at actual cost to us, and received just about 95 cents for the Magazine. The book was originally printed as a dollar book, although we never knew of one being retailed for that price. And we inadvertently used the expression 'a dollar book' just as one speaks of a dollar watch which Macy sells for 79 cents. However, the incident is closed so far as we are concerned, and whether the conditions now prevail as our subscriber has pointed out we do not know. Nor have we any desire to cause any other publisher trouble with the department.

On the

BY

ALF hidden in a dust, the Snake came dashing, of the town and the leading hotel, the wooden structure and sprawling, missing the customers, always gathering, come in announcing, splitting yell. Just throw out my," called out the open door of the Chicago drummer, you, but he's busy with Doc Billings to set 'em up; the boys air in an' join us." "I'm half an hour," responded, ed out the mail ed slowly and st seat. "Hey! my gittin' back a surprise for you Buck eyed Danny instantly descended, givin' us now? another paral- anin' to unload

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On the Rosebud Reservation

BY ANNE DOROTHY HEILMAN

HALF hidden in a cloud of alkali
dust, the Snake Flats stage
came dashing down the main
of the town and halted in front
the leading hotel, the "Waldorf," a
wooden structure with a sagging
and sprawling steps. The
er, missing the customary crowd of
ngers, always gathered to see the
come in announced his arrival by
ar-splitting yell.

Just throw out the mail-bag,
ay," called out the landlord from
open door of the hotel barroom.
the Chicago drummer's goin' back
you, but he's busy now, swappin'
with Doc Billings. One of 'em's
to set 'em up soon's they get
ough; the boys air all in here listenin'.

"I'm half an hour late, already,
k," responded the driver, as he
ed out the mail pouch and clam-
ed slowly and stiffly down from his
seat. "Hey! Don't be in such a
ry gittin' back behind your bar."
a surprise for you today, old boy."
uck eyed Danny suspiciously as he
stantly descended the steps. "Wot
givin' us now?" he growled. "If
another paralyzed Injin you're
nin' to unload on me you kin just

a railroad advertisement which has an
1½-inch coupon across the bottom of
the page. Cutting out either coupon
mutilates the page and leaves it an in-
complete and altered whole. In *Ridg-
way's* for October 13 is a coupon which,
if cut out, would leave a triangular
hole near the centre of the page. De-
partment rulings are difficult some-
times to reconcile with good reasoning
—and this is one of the times.

drive on. My hotel's all upst, yet
since Pieface's last high-lonesome."

The driver said nothing, but with a
grin and an impressive wink, pulled off
his tattered hat with a flourish as he
opened the stage door.

A general exodus from the barroom
took place as a slender young woman,
dressed in deep mourning, emerged
from the stage and entered the hotel.
The traveling man, grip in hand, passed
the new arrival on the wide porch with
an unmistakable look of recognition on
his face; turned as if to address her,
but being warned by the impatient
driver that if he expected to make con-
nections with the Fargo train no time
was to be lost, hurried to the stage.
His only reply to the storm of interro-
gation from the curious crowd was a
series of aggravating winks as he de-
liberately cut a huge wedge from a
colossal plug and carefully settled it in
his cheek.

"Look out for yourselves," was his
parting exhortation as the stage pulled
out with a terrific clatter. "This'll be
a hard winter on shorn lambs, my
boys."

Unsuccessful in their attempt to ex-
tract information from the jocose
drummer, the crowd disconsolately re-

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Buck found extra help in the n. In a week within a radius of a mile with his hands. He dispersed the enjoyment of coquetry. She gave much and forth on the idle, her eyes. I home sort of Doc Billings appeared. "Well, I'll allow that I did feel rather proud of that rhyme," said Pete modestly, on being warmly congratulated by his audience, "but that there red-headed drummer just beat me all holler. No sooner had we h'isted in our corn juice after I'd sprung that toast on him than he ups and gets off this verse:

"Dakota land, Dakota land,
Upon your burning soil we stand;
We look away across the plains
And wonder why it never rains,
Until Gabriel on his trumpet sound
And says the rain has gone around.

"I'll have to admit that the composition of my verses cost me considerable time and trouble; but he just reels off those lines, extemporaneous-like, without turnin' a hair."

"That fellow's all there," acknowledged the colonel. "By the way, he appeared to know you, Mrs. Rivers. His name is Henry Donovan and he travels for a big harvester concern in Chicago."

"Yes, I recognized Mr. Donovan," faltered the widow. "He was interested in business with my dear husband at one time. His unexpected appearance affected me at first; I was trying so hard to forget—" her eyes filled and her lips trembled piteously.

Doc Billings, transfixing the in-

considered a power in the Flats—a philosopher and reputedly this view of the Lower Brulé is "by those who are not so reasonable as to insist on trees and in their scenery. But I'll admit even the oldest and most prosperous inhabitants often take a hand at the place when there's nothing convenient to vent their ill-humor just notice that fellow pigeon-finger a tall, loose-jointed in-ual clad in an odd assortment of dated garments, with an ap- flighty, flirting in sight and out of sight, not satisfied with cussing season and out of season, composes of rhymes, abusing and vilifying land, the climate and the natives. looks like a typical hobo, but he draw his check any day for fifty thousand dollars or better, and he it all here, every dollar of it."

Pete Judd, that was his name in Dakota, drifted up to the porch, gave a whistling sigh in token of the heat, then drifted to a convenient chair beside Doc Billings, from which he began to swing the remnants of a hat between his legs and to take an extensive sidelong survey of the occupants of the rocker.

Buck came out of the barroom and addressed himself communicably on the steps. "Needin' rain badly, Pete," remarked, "an' from present indications we all expect it soon."

"We do," Pete answered gloomily; "we do expect rain, and we expect Christmas."

"I was just telling Mrs. Rivers about your remarkable talent for versifying," said the colonel, with a comprehensive wave of his hand toward the lady, which in Snake Flats etiquette constituted an introduction. "Won't you favor us with the toast you gave the traveling man, last week?"

Pete, nothing loth, cleared his throat portentously and expectorated

voluminously. Hitching his chair around to a position that gave him a better view of his fair auditor, and staring steadfastly at her with a pair of mismated eyes, he solemnly recited:

"Here's to the land of drought and heat
Where nothing grows for man to eat;
Our horses are of bronco race,
Starvation stares them in the face.
Our cattle have no grass to eat—
Our pigs go screaming down the street.
Pray, stranger, pray, before too late,
For strength to leave this hoodooed state.

We cannot leave, we have to stay,
We are too poor to move away.

"Well, I'll allow that I did feel rather proud of that rhyme," said Pete modestly, on being warmly congratulated by his audience, "but that there red-headed drummer just beat me all holler. No sooner had we h'isted in our corn juice after I'd sprung that toast on him than he ups and gets off this verse:

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Doc Billings, transfixing the in-



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never missed askin' me to all their doin's ever since. The last and swell-est of all was when old Crazy Snake's daughter married Pieface Charley. The Brulé Sioux kin put on a heap of style when they set out to, and they sure cut things loose that day. There was prizefights and chicken fights, foot races, pony races, a greased pig and a greased pole, balloon ascensions and fireworks till you couldn't rest. It was a great occasion, sorry you wa'n't here then, Mis' Rivers. But if you say so I'll round old Tub up right now and git a bid for the hull gang to the very next blow-out they hev."

"Pete means well," explained the colonel, as that worthy, having been assured of the widow's readiness to attend a "blow-out," wended his way to the barroom whence sounds of high revelry proceeded. "He means well, but occasionally in his enthusiasm, gets separated from his good intentions. That story about the dog sounds suspiciously like one I read lately. I've met exaggerators, regular Ananias-like prevaricators, in my day, but I must admit that Pete is the most phenomenal economizer of the truth I've ever met, even in Dakota."

Pete soon returned, a triumphant, lopsided grin betokening the success of his mission.

"The cowboys of the Circle Y ranch hev bantered the Indians for a race next Sunday," he announced breathlessly. "They've all chipped in and got a genuine Mexican saddle and bridle for the prize. The race'll be a hot one, Pieface Charley and Kid Waters hev both got rattlin' good critters; the rest don't amount to shucks. I'm to invite all my friends and Tub'll hev a bang-up banquet spread for us. Doc kin take you and the agent's wife in his buckboard; all the others as don't want to go horseback kin ride in my shay. We'll take Buck and the girls, too. There's bound to be lots of fun on the side and we'll hev a reg'lar hog-killin' time."

Chief Tub-Without-Hoops, half drunk, but genial, followed the loquacious Pete and repeated the invitation in

an impressive manner. The party solemnly agreed to be on hand.

To Mrs. Rivers the new experience was like a powerful elixir. She had all a town-bred girl's curiosity and interest in reservation life, and walked about the village freely, keenly watching the cowboys as they circled around on their agile ponies and talking to the squaws and their numerous progeny. The gorgeous evening, with its brilliant sunlight and freshening breeze, the shouts and jests of the cowboys, the barking of the swarm of dogs, the Indians in their gay raiment, all filled her with excitement.

The western sky was ablaze with red and gold when the bickering contestants were at last lined up in something like order. Owing to the lateness of the hour a single heat had been agreed on. Chief Tub gave the signal, and with a terrific yell the cavalcade sprang forward. Many cur-dogs were ridden screaming under-foot, and the others, addled by the excitement, fell into fierce, promiscuous battles.

Necks and eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the first that should appear after rounding the flag. In a few seconds the two favorites were seen, their riders bending low over their necks, and behind them, almost hidden in a cloud of dust, the crowd of yelling, waving, shooting horsemen.

As they neared the village, and the Indian was seen to be plainly in the lead, the excitement among the spectators was intense; groans, yells, curses and exultant war-whoops filled the air. Down the street behind the leaders, yelling wild oaths, shooting off their revolvers, flinging hats wildly in the air, and all enveloped in a cloud of dust, thundered the pursuing cavalcade.

The turmoil that followed the race was beyond description. The Indians were frantic with delight; Pieface was lifted bodily from his panting bronco, hoisted on the shoulders of two brawny bucks and triumphantly escorted by a horde of howling admirers to the judge's stand, followed by a flood of profanity from the crestfallen cowboys.

Chief Tub besto winner with a few of praise; then, emptied jug, str lodge, looking su dignified in spite obviously experi equilibrium.

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ved the race The Indians Pieface was ating bronco, two brawny escorted by a rers to the y a flood of len cowboys.

Chief Tub bestowed the prize on the winner with a few condescending words of praise; then, picking up the half-emptied jug, strutted slowly to his lodge, looking superbly reserved and dignified in spite of the difficulty he obviously experienced in keeping his equilibrium.

The Snake Flats party left the village with the usual expressions of farewell and their minds full of new and strange impressions; by this time the sun had gone down and the wind of evening came sauntering across Dakota.

The next day's mail included a bulky package for Mrs. Rivers, which seemingly caused her considerable annoyance and anxiety.

"I will have to go to Omaha soon—tomorrow if possible," she confided to the sympathetic Doc. "Oh, I'm coming back!" she cried, blushing charmingly at his loud and violent remonstrance. "The final payment is due on a large business block, included in my husband's estate; and there are troublesome formalities about deeds and transfers that absolutely require my presence. My banker stupidly sent me this"—showing him a certified check for a large amount—"instead of the money by express as I requested him. I haven't a single acquaintance in Omaha and it will be impossible to obtain security or identification or whatever is required. I know no more about business than a child and hate the very thought of notes, checks, drafts and identifications; and I don't want to wait there until communication is made with Chicago. If you will cash this tiresome check for me I can be back in three days."

Upon Doc's attempting to impress her with the fact that it would be vastly better to submit to the necessary delay than to risk traveling with such a large amount of money, he realized the truth of her assertion that she knew no more about business than a child. She insisted with a stamp of her pretty foot that she would not be annoyed with hunting up means of identification or waiting word from Chicago, and that she was perfectly

capable of taking charge of a much larger sum of money.

As Doc was somewhat prejudiced against banks, and banks in small frontier towns in particular—a circumstance which he had previously confided to the widow—and usually kept a large supply of money in his fireproof safe, he indulgently humored her and rode over to his ranch in the early morning.

"Hadn't I better accompany you on this trip?" he asked anxiously, on his return. "So many suspicious characters are traveling on the railroad, following the crowds that have come on for the opening of the reservation. I hear that Yankton is filled to the brim with sharpers, confidence men and sneak-thieves."

"No—oh, no! it wouldn't look well, not before the year is out," she added softly. "And I don't want you to neglect your business for me; you've been away from your ranch altogether too much lately."

"I'd sacrifice all my business interests for you, but—"

"For me?" She bent her eyes full on him, and looked into his. She had dark, lustrous eyes, around which long lashes curled; eyes into which there leaped a sudden fire, that glowed darkly, like burning velvet.

He said no more, but produced a large and luxurious roll of yellow notes, from which he counted five thousand dollars.

A gathering greater than usual was on hand that evening to see the stage pull out for Yankton, where it made connection with the railroad for Omaha, for everyone in town had learned that the handsome widow was going to the city for a few days. She shook hands with the landlord, Doc, Pete and the colonel and waved good-bye to a large and varied assortment of men, cordially inviting them all to be on the lookout for her return in three days.

SNAKE FLATS relapsed into dreariness unutterable; Pete and the colonel loafed no more on Buck's side porch

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and Doc remained in strict seclusion at his ranch until the evening of the third day. Although all were deeply disappointed when the stage pulled in without the expected passenger, no very great concern was manifested until the fourth day passed without the widow's appearance. An unexpected and steady downpour of rain added to the general gloom.

"Didn't see nothink of her," said Danny gloomily, in response to numerous questions. "But I seed that red-headed drummer over there; he'll be here tomorrow; he knows somethink, I'm doggoned sure, for he burst out a-laughin' when I asked him 'bout her. Naw, didn't say nothink, only grinned like a Chessy-cat."

"If she don't come tomorrow or if Donovan can't give us any information concerning her safety or whereabouts, I'll go to Omaha myself," said Doc Billings that night after the other clients had dispersed and the four friends were holding solemn council in the barroom. "I should not have allowed her to go on that long journey alone and with so much money and the place fairly swarming with sharpers. If anything happens to her, I'll never forgive myself."

In their anxiety, confidences had been exchanged. Pete acknowledged cashing a check for two thousand, the colonel one for fifteen hundred and the landlord a check for seven hundred dollars.

"Do you think it's possible we've been had?" hazarded Buck. "Seems mighty strange that banker feller'd send so many checks 'stead of a draft. Now if there's anythin' wrong with them checks——"

"The checks are all right," advised the colonel judicially. "I understand plainly why she failed to confide in either of us about having so many cashed—she knew we'd never allow her to go alone if we knew it. She don't know any more about business than a child. I feel very uneasy about her safety."

"So do I," chanted Pete. "What with worryin' about her and this con-

founded rain, my nerves are ackshelly raw. It never rains here when it's needed. I couldn't feel more upshot if I was in jail for horse-stealin' and lookin' forward to a business visit from a lot o' meddlin' vigilantes."

The speaker paused, glanced around Buck's bright, comfortable barroom, the shining array of bottles and glasses beyond, and the three gloomy faces fronting the stove, which glowed with a crackling fire; wagged his cadaverous face despondently to and fro and lifted his glass from the counter and, in spite of his deprecating remarks, took a long draught of the steaming punch with every symptom of satisfaction.

"I feel sartin sure she's in thar," hopefully remarked the landlord the next afternoon as the eagerly awaited stage hove in sight. "I allus sets 'em up to Danny when he brings me a customer, an' I kin tell by the cock of his old head when he's expectin' a drink."

The lumbering old vehicle had not come to a stop before the colonel and Doc together sprang to open the door, but to their surprise and stupefaction no one appeared but the Chicago drummer, bland, genial, debonair.

"Glad you're all here to meet me, boys," he cried, shaking hands affably all around, a knowing smile flitting over his face as he scrutinized the four disconsolate faces. "Real kind and friendly of you, I'm sure; sorry I won't have much time to tarry with you—have to go back with Danny soon as I straighten out that little account of the chief's," and he dashed across the street to the Indian agents', pursued by the excited men, besieging him with inquiries designed to extract such information as he might be supposed to possess in regard to the non-arrival of the fair widow.

"Do you mean Sue Gladsby?" he asked after hurriedly concluding his business with the agent. "No, haven't seen her since I met her here, last trip. I wondered then what lay she was on."

"It's Mrs. Lily Rivers we're askin'

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"young feller," snapped out Buck in truculent voice, fixing the communicative drummer with a filmy eye. "Not any Gladsby woman with a lay."

"It's Sue Gladsby, all right—Slippery Sue, as she's known to the detectives. I met her with her husband in Yankton the very day I came over here last month. A Chicago detective recognized them and the sheriff lost no time in ordering the pair out of town." "It's clearly a case of mistaken identity," declared the colonel in his most judicial manner. "This lady's husband has been dead nearly a year. Why, she said you were interested in business with him at one time."

"Interested in business with him!" exclaimed the drummer, with a grim and retrospective smile. "I was, but only to the extent of a hundred dollars. The trick was done so smoothly that I never squealed; but as I'd left the note with a bank for collection before I knew I'd been bit, I was summoned as a witness at the trial. The detectives had traced up their whole history; they were shown to be low-down, contemptible, swindling robbers, in the widows-and-orphans-swindling class. Their latest graft—the one that landed them within the stern clutches of the law—was to send out a number of alleged drummers through the West and then mail them from Chicago checks certified by their own private 'bank'—checks which they proceeded to cash in hotel offices and bars, the"—with a suggestive look at the belligerent landlord—"natural lair of the born sucker."

"The checks were usually drawn for small amounts except where the fair Sue took the field. Her favorite and most successful scheme was to pass as a guileless widow—in the interesting stage of mitigated grief—too unsophisticated to understand the intricacies of having checks cashed at the bank in due form. She'd gain the confidence of an impressionable old jay, and occasionally of an unlimited number of old jays with large, juicy bank accounts and corresponding lack of

common sense; when she received a check for a large amount, which she'd explain was necessary to complete the payment on some fancy priced real estate, the aforementioned jays would fall over each other in their haste to cash the check and so spare her any annoyance about identifications or delay."

Buck, who had been charging all around the room in his excitement, now collapsed into a seat and poured out a slow, monotonous sequence of curses in a savage monotone.

"I hope you're not taking this seriously," remonstrated Doc in a strained voice. "Donovan is only getting off one of his prehistoric jokes for our benefit." But the landlord continued to curse.

"It was thought by many that a regular syndicate of swindlers was concerned in the work," continued Mr. Donovan, amiably disregarding Doc's hostile attitude, "but it was proven conclusively that the whole thing was manipulated by Gladsby and his rubber stamp at the Chicago end of the line. Sue really was the brains of the concern. Owing to the favorable impression she produced on the prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, they were let off with a comparatively light sentence, which has evidently been shortened by the good behavior clause, as I thought them still doing time in Joliet. I was surprised to meet them in Yankton, and astounded when I learned from Danny that they'd worked the same old graft here."

"Danny is a bald-headed, doddering old leaker!" shouted Pete savagely. "I'll fix Danny!"

"Keep your shirt on, Pete," advised the drummer composedly, winking portentously at the interested agent. "Danny never intimated that Sue had succeeded in shearing any of the fat, unshorn sheep of the Flat's fold. But he *did* acknowledge, with numerous profane lamentations, that he'd been touched for three hundred dollars, all he'd succeeded in hoarding during five years' driving through alkali and

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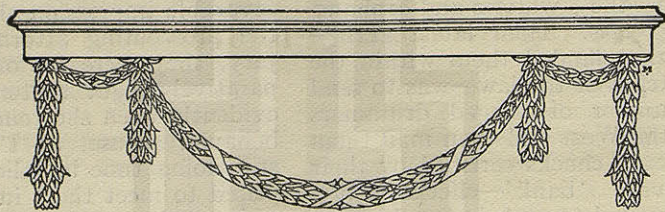
sleet. I rather think they were in a hurry to raise the wind and skip the country, for there isn't a dodge from Maine to California where they wouldn't be spotted—that is, in anything worth while."

Doc's full-blooded visage was purple with wrath. "It's evident you're laboring under a delusion, sir!" he protested stoutly. "Mrs. Rivers is a

noted authoress. She was looking for local color."

"It's more evident she was looking for local suckers," said the drummer, "and from the appearance of things in general, it's also evident that she found them. Mark my words, boys—you'll never see a dollar of your money or your festive widow again."

And they never did.



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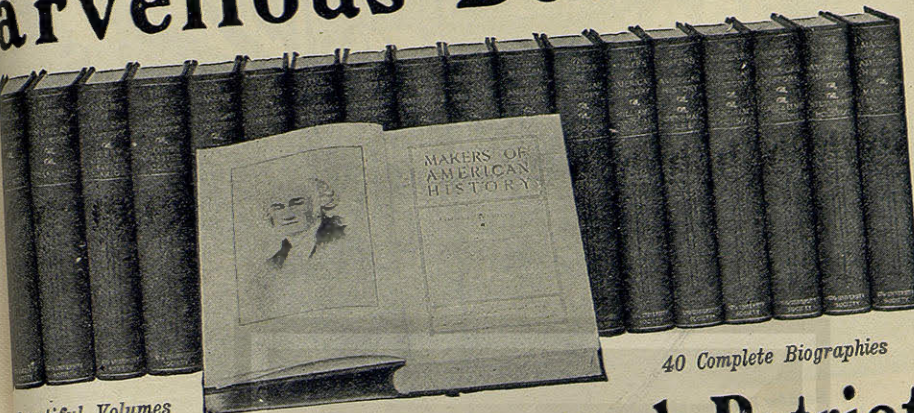
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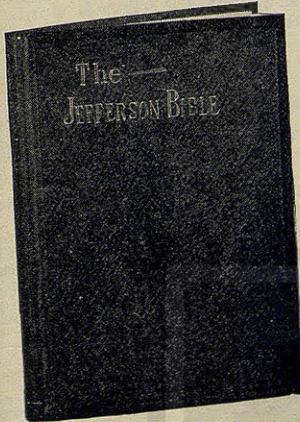
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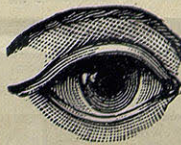
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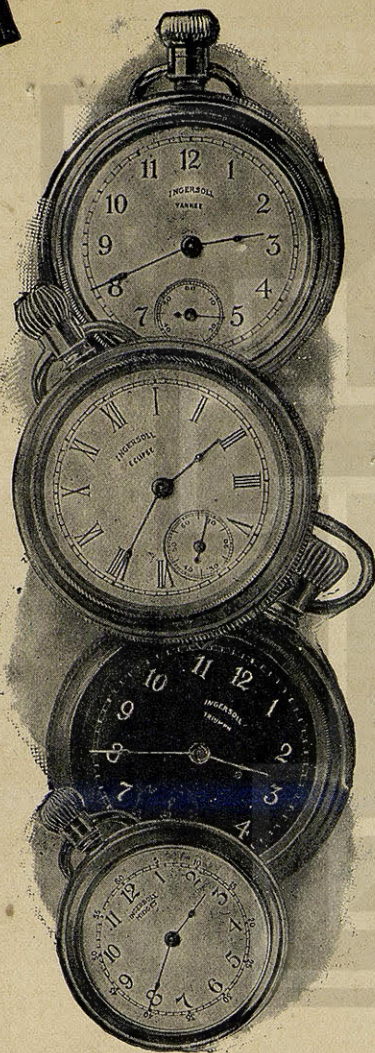
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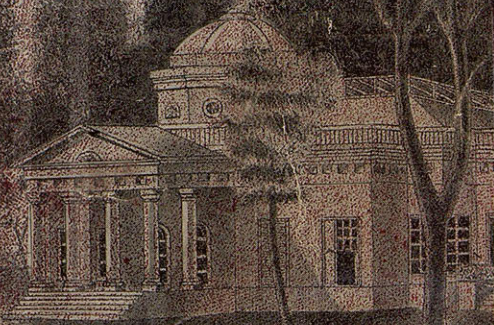
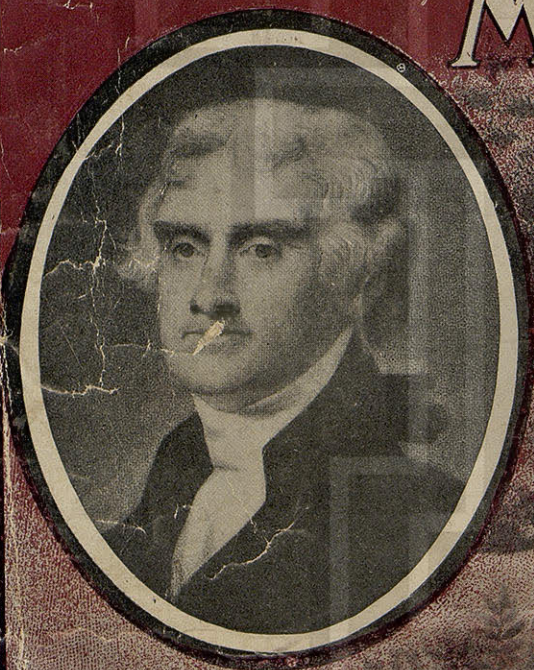
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Vol. III.

October, 1909

No. 10

THE HIGHER LIFE Frontispiece

EDITORIALS—

Socialists and Socialism	739
What the Papa Did for Erin	756
No Wonder They Are Proud, These African Girls	761
Editorial Small Talk	762

SURVEY OF THE WORLD by Tom Dolan 767

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER by Frank E. Anderson 781

UNEARTHED (A Poem) by Ralph M. Thomson 783

THE FAME OF JEFFERSON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA SOUGHT TO BE SOLD

by J. D. Showalter 785

TO A STILL-BORN BABE (A Poem) by Mary Gravely Jones 788

LETTERS TO AARON BURR 789

THE DARK CORNER by Zach McGhee 793

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON 801

LOVE'S TOUCH (A Poem) by Stokely S. Fisher 804

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT 805

TRUE HEROISM (A Poem) by Jake H. Harrison 807

THE RHYME OF THE CALIPH 808

THE JUNIOR JEFFS by Daddy Jim 810

COMMUNICATIONS 812

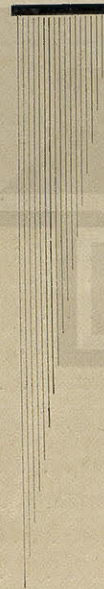
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The Higher Life



To live without envy, hatred, worry or malice; to work with earnestness and joy always, shattering hoary superstition, demolishing shams, letting the light into dark places, combatting evil in all its shapes; unfettering every enslaved mind from its ignorance, prejudice and dread of the Hereafter; reading beautiful books, writing beautiful books; inspiring men and women to nobler efforts, purer aims; slaying the sordid greed that puts the brand of the dollar mark on human beings who might be men; enlarging the ancient order of Knighthood with sun-crowned, chivalrous souls who would live and toil and fight for Love and Duty.



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Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

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October, 1909

No. 10

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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CHAPTER I.

IF YOU'VE nothing else to do and are at all interested in the subject, suppose you come along with me, and have a look at the Howling Dervishes. It takes all sorts of folks to make a world, you know, and the Howling Dervish is a time-honored institution. He has enormous faith in himself, and no amount of the opposition literature could exterminate him. He's a fixture, the Howling D. is, and we must reconcile ourselves to him, as we do to other inevitable and unescapable actualities.

The most amusing thing about the modern H. Dervish is, that he considers himself something new under the sun. He isn't. Plato dreamed of him; ancient Sparta knew him well: each savage tribe had to shake him off; and even the American colonies experimented with him, in their young and silly days. But the Socialists of our time bitterly deny the possession of a historic lineage, and wildly claim originality as they howl and whirl.

If you have no decided preference as to what part of the Socialist capon shall be put on your plate, I'll begin with young Robert Hunter. Young Robert is the Socialist leader who worked a get-rich-quick scheme by marrying a millionaire's daughter,—after which he published a book on "Poverty", and began to wear pink socks.

The Socialists run a daily screecher in New York City, and instead of naming it something reasonable, they christened it the *Call*. Young Robert Hunter (whom I know and dote on) had "a piece" in the *Call* recently, which reads this way:

"THE WRATH OF GOD.

"BY ROBERT HUNTER.

"If the wrath of God has ever been visited upon a people, that people is the people of the South.

"They have sought to free themselves from labor and to condemn another race to do their work forever.

"They tore an innocent, childlike, helpless people from the jungles of Africa.

"They chained them, scourged them, threw them into the holds of their vessels

and brought them to the white man's country to do as slaves the white man's work.

"They bred them as one breeds beasts. They sold their wives and children as one sells cattle. They trained them to labor, forced them to work under whip and musket, to build up the wealth of the South.

"They feared to let them know that they were human. They lied to them, classed them with animals, took care not to stir in them intellect or soul.

"Hoping to keep them in perpetuity their domestic animals, they crushed every human aspiration of their child-like wards.

"It was a struggle against nature, a fight against normal human development which ended in failure. The human spark in that black, innocent, long-suffering people could not be blown out.

"They did the dirty work, honestly, patiently, laboriously. And it was not until John Brown and Lincoln had lived and died that they knew themselves as part of humanity.

"The blacks suffered by slavery; the whites were brutalized by it. It stultified the intellect of the dominant race, because there was no time for other thought, except to keep the blacks degraded.

"It paralyzed the soul of the dominant race, because every ethical ideal had to be outraged.

"It wrecked the spirit of liberty, fraternity and equality, because the dominant race dared not believe in liberty, fraternity and equality.

"It demolished Christianity, because the dominant race became hypocrites.

"They cramped their souls, stultified their intellect, degraded their politics, and finally made war on their country to maintain mastery over the blacks.

"For profit they even bred themselves to the blacks and sold into slavery half their blood.

"At the thought of losing mastery they involved their country in a monstrous civil war. Over the heads of the simple childlike blacks a titanic battle was fought. A million white brothers cut each other's throats, tore each other to pieces, made rivers of each other's blood, pillaged and destroyed each other's homes.

"The very existence of the nation was threatened.

"All for what?

"To gain for the dominant race freedom from labor and to condemn another race in perpetuity to do the white man's work.

"Today, even, there is no end to that struggle.

"Senators and governors, clergymen and politicians, capitalists and land owners, still fight the same hopeless, unnatural, futile battle."

I begin the series of chapters on Socialism with Mr. Hunter's attack on the South, because it is desirable, first of all, to get the Socialist point of view of our most troublesome and important national problem.

The ignorant, narrow-minded and murderous fanatic, John Brown, is one of the patron saints of Socialism. Few Southern people are aware of this: it is well that they should know it. The frenzied old man who shocked his own following by his cold-blooded butchery of unarmed, unsuspecting and innocent white men and boys, in Kansas, is a hero and martyr in the eyes of the apostles of Socialism. The home of the peaceable citizen was not sacred to that ferocious monomaniac: the husband watching at the sick bed of his wife awoke no compassion in him: the sleep of men, women and children, unconscious of peril, did not check his implacable fury. Even the wicked, terrible old Jew, in "Oliver Twist", faltered, as he looked upon the innocent slumber of his intended victim, and muttered, in the low tones of awe, "not tonight: not tonight". But the heart of Fagin was tenderer than that of John Brown. The shield of home, of sleep, of night, of innocence—

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he beat it down with ruthless hatred, and he slaughtered in cold blood men and boys who had committed no crime, and done him no sort of harm.

And this raving monomaniac,—bloody-handed and bloody-minded,—is annually glorified in the Socialist papers, his name linked with that of Abraham Lincoln,—*who detested and denounced him*,—and his utterly impracticable and horribly wicked attempt to inaugurate a servile insurrection in Virginia ranked with the sane and glorious struggles of those who fought and won the battles for civil liberty.

Does young Robert Hunter know that the National Republican Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln unanimously denounced John Brown's raid as "*the worst of crimes*"?

Does he know that some of the most prominent Republicans, who were familiar with Brown's personal record, described him as a dishonest, blood-thirsty, lawless character?

Does he know that the first victim of Brown in the Harper's Ferry raid was a negro—a negro who was on duty at the freight station and whom Brown slew as ferociously as he had butchered Doyle and his two boys in Kansas?

Does he know that in Kansas John Brown robbed stores and stole horses, and that he raided the plantation of a peaceable old Missouri farmer, murdered him in cold blood, and stripped the plantation of its mules, oxen, wagons, and all such portable property as he could lay his hands on?

A patron saint of Socialism and joint-heir of immortal glory with Lincoln—this ferocious old fanatic who tore a husband from the bedside of a sick wife, and hacked him to death with a two-edged cleaver, *in her hearing!* It was not then, or ever afterwards, claimed that this victim of Brown's ungovernable rage had been guilty of anything that called for vengeance. He was a poor borderer, living in a little cabin on the Pottawattomie, and was nursing his sick wife through the lonely hours of the night,—unconscious that a human tiger was at his door. Brown broke into that humble home, dragged the man away from his terrified wife, and hewed him to death with the cleaver, more brutally than a butcher slaughters an ox.

And Southern men are rushing into the European mess called Socialism, blindly following the blind zealots who worship the memory of the bloody monster, John Brown!

Well might Andrew Johnson say of him in the Senate of the United States:

"Innocent, unoffending men were taken out (of their cabins), and in the midnight hour, and in the forest, and on the roadside fell victims to the insatiable thirst of John Brown for blood. Then it was . . . that hell entered into his heart—not the iron into his soul. Then it was that he shrank from the dimensions of a human being into those of a reptile. Then it was, if not before, that he changed his character to a demon who had lost all the virtues of a man!"

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hunter does not know more about the institution of Slavery than appears in his article. He holds the

South responsible, as though she had invented slavery and had alone been guilty of it. Surely Mr. Hunter has read the Bible: surely he knows that slavery is coincident with the earliest annals of the human race: surely he knows that Holy Writ expressly sanctions and regulates the system, that Christ never uttered a word against it, and that St. Paul commanded slaves to obey their masters as they would Christ.

The "Seven Wonders of the World" were the work of slave-holders: "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome", were the triumphs of slave-owners.

They who magnetized and were magnetized by the most glorious oratory of antiquity; they who scaled the loftiest pinnacles in science and art; they who blazed the trails along which the pilgrim-thoughts of the civilized of all subsequent eras have reverently passed; they whose civic achievements defy modern emulation and whose battle-fields cling to the memories of each succeeding generation,—were slave-owners.

The system had existed in all ages and among all nations, and it was thrust upon the American Colonies by the Old World. "Princes, potentates and powers" took a hand in the vile, inhuman traffic; and such monarchs as Queen Elizabeth did not scruple to become partners with piratical slavers, like Sir John Hawkins, and take their share of the blood money.

The Socialists ought to know well enough that the Spaniards brought negro slaves to this country, long before the Jamestown settlement was made. They ought to know that the Southern colonists were not a sea-faring people, and that New England enjoyed the lucrative monopoly of tearing "an innocent, child-like people from the jungles of Africa". From Marblehead, Massachusetts, sailed the first slave-ship that ever cleared from an American port; Rhode Island kept more than a hundred such vessels busy; it was from New York that the *Wanderer* put to sea, during the administration which preceded Lincoln's; and it was a Southern lawyer that libelled the ship, and put a stop to the piratical traffic which Mr. Hunter so fiercely and properly denounces.

I am not the least bit ashamed of the fact that the South owned slaves: if we had treated them with the brutality that Northern corporations inflict upon white slaves under the wage-system, I *would* be ashamed. Such doings as those at Pittsburg were never seen in the Old South. Such horrors as those we witnessed in Colorado, a few years ago, were foreign to our system. "Five dollars a week and a gentleman friend," was something unknown to our philosophy.

Does Mr. Hunter know that it was a Southern statesman who kept slavery out of the great Northwest; and that when the Committee, in the Convention of 1787, reported in favor of closing the slave-trade in 1800, New England voted down the proposition and made the date 1808? *Virginia voted to put an end to the infamy in 1800: Massachusetts voted to prolong it to 1808.* So did New Hampshire and Connecticut.

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These sanctimonious, better-than-thou pharisees made good use of the interval between 1787 and 1808, for they brought and sold to the South and to the West Indies, a million blacks, whom they "tore" from the jungles, and "chained, scourged and threw into the hold of their vessels".

Does Mr. Hunter know that the first code of laws of Massachusetts established slavery in that self-righteous colony,—whose severely pious Legislature, after the heroic Lawrence had made his splendid fight and gone to death with "Don't give up the ship!" on his lips, passed a resolution that, "it does not become a religious people to express approbation of military and naval exploits not immediately defensive?"

Does he know that in the very copy of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal* (July 22, 1776), which published the *Declaration of Independence*, "a stout, strong, healthy negro man, about twenty-five years of age", was advertised for sale?

Does Mr. Hunter know that New England practiced Indian slavery, negro slavery and white slavery, from the very beginning, and that *she never gave it up until she found a cheaper, better way of exploiting human labor?*

* * * * *

It was patriarchal,—Southern slavery was. The slave-owner allowed no human waste. The sick were visited, the hungry fed, the naked clothed. The African *savage* gradually evolved *the man*. The hideous devils that haunted his soul, in Africa, insensibly retreated, as hymns were learned and the Rock of Ages revealed. The despairing wail of barbaric music well nigh lost its place, as the lot of the poor negro improved. Never in all the Dark Continent has any explorer heard merry melodies—never. Terrorized by superstition, by malignant witch-doctors, and by merciless chiefs, the negro lived without security for property, freedom or life, and without hope of future happiness.

The New Englanders who bought their human cargo from the fathers who sold children, or from the chiefs who bartered captives, conferred an immense benefit upon the blacks who survived the Middle Passage. In this country, they were taught how to work, and made to do it. Naturally, the negro doesn't know *how* to work, and *won't* work, any more than is necessary to sustain life. In this country, he had set before his eyes high standards of living. He was compelled to curb his sensual appetites and to cloak his indecency. He *absorbed* much of what it had taken us centuries to learn. He *copied*, as well as he could, the picture that we had laboriously been painting for a thousand years; and when the negro now presents to the world *a tolerably fair copy of our original work*, his sap-headed admirers exclaim, "Oh, what marvelous progress Sambo has made!"

* * * * *

Envy had a vast deal to do with the sectional war waged against the South, and Mr. Hunter reveals the feeling when he repeatedly alludes to the fortunes piled up for us by negro labor.

I seriously doubt whether *any* Southern planter ever made much money out of the slaves. In colonial times, "the British mortgage" was an heirloom, handed down from father to son, along with the family estate. General Washington was a most vigilant, economical and successful farmer, but his account-books reveal very small profits. Nearly all of the manorial proprietors of Virginia were chronically "hard-up" for ready money. They were not lenders: they were borrowers. Even Andrew Jackson, with his tremendous driving-power, failed to make his farming pay any considerable amount. And when he allowed his adopted son to take control, he was almost bankrupted in a couple of years.

The negro-slaves got a greater share of what they produced than the wage-earners of the North and East are getting now. My grandfather was as good a farmer as ever wet his feet in the dew of early morning, but nearly all that he made was consumed on the place. A few bales of cotton constituted the annual surplus. He added nothing to his realty, and had no money out at interest. Yet he owned nearly a hundred of these ebony fortune-builders.

And I have never talked with one of my grandfather's slaves who did not speak of him with affection and regret. They are glad they are free, but they look back to their life on the old plantation as the happiest era of their existence.

The planters of the Old South were not good "business men". Everybody knows that. They were an easy-going lot, fond of a toddy, of a pipe, of an after-dinner nap, of congenial company, of field sports, and "a little game of cards". They were by nature incapable of deliberate, systematic cruelty. They were constitutionally unfit for that deadly grind of money-making, which eats the soul out of men and drives them to the desperate pace which prevails in our modern commercial system. "Dollar-madness" was an unknown disease in the Old South.

What went with the fortunes which the slave is said to have piled up? When the War broke out, it became evident that the specie was not on our side of the Mason and Dixon line. The banks of New York, Philadelphia and Boston held the gold and silver. We had practically nothing but lands and houses, flocks and herds, corn in the crib, wheat in the bin, hay and fodder in the barn. We had no considerable surplus of money.

And why? Because the North, with the infernal tariff, had skimmed the cream off the agricultural South every year. By this route, the net profits of slave-labor poured into New England. The manufacturers of the North understood this well enough, and so did such Southern statesmen as Benton, McDuffie, Hayne, Walker and Calhoun. If the slave-driver's lash enriched any class, it was the capitalists of the North.

Broadly speaking, there has never been any profit in growing cotton. The men who make fortunes out of the fleecy staple are those who manufacture it. Look at the amazing wealth of the capitalists of

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New England,—where was it produced? Not in New England. Everybody will agree to that. Where then? Most of it came from the cotton fields of the South. With their tariffs they robbed us of our rightful earnings before the Civil War, and the exploitation is fiercer under the "*Downward Revision*" bill than ever before.

But the power of vivid, persistent lies is very great. The Abolitionists had the floor: their speakers scrupled at nothing; their writers were equally mendacious; the task of fanning into a consuming fire the ever present embers of sectional animosity, was not Herenlean,—and so the North came to believe that the free and easy, hospitable, careless and open-handed Cavalier of the South was a remorseless master who was piling up wealth by inhuman slave-driving.

Sometimes when I see the hog-pen conditions in which the more shiftless negroes now live, and every time that I look upon the wearily monotonous and unpicturesque cottages in which mill operatives dwell (no privacy possible), my recollection goes back to the slave quarters of the Old South,—the comfortable cabins under the big trees, each house widely separated from the other, with a vegetable garden in the rear, and a vine and a flower at the front. Very happy seemed the black children that played in the sand-bed and about the doors. Very genuine sounded the laughter of those little slaves as they romped and played. They seemed to love "Old Miss": they did not tremble, at the approach of "Old Marse". No pall of fear hung over those plantation villages. And the privacy of these homes of the blacks was respected by every white person on the place. Regulated in this patriarchal manner, and encouraged to marry, the negro man practiced continence, and was but slightly contaminated by venereal disease. The race is rotten with it now, and the consequent deterioration is glaringly evident.

In "slavery days", many a white child taught the negro children how to read. Thousands of white preachers expounded the Gospel to them, and prayed with them. They came to know something of law and order, of right and wrong, of the peace and the comfort of methodical industry.

The yodel-song of the slave used to ring throughout the South, on summer nights, as it never will again. It had no grief in it, no hatred, no despair. I remember how it used to rise and swell and lingeringly re-echo over the old plantation, when the singer, "on his way to his wife's house", was miles away.

Not a single case of rape ever occurred,—yet the "slave-driver" was constantly leaving his wife and children alone of nights at the "Big House". Nothing was more common than for the master, in leaving home, to select one of his slaves to sleep at the door while he was away. And every night that the white man was gone the negro would stretch his blanket on the piazza, and, with his axe in his arms, lie down to guard the master's wife and daughters.

Ah, Mr. Socialist, you know nothing about it. When we Southern men were boys, we'd fight other white boys, "at the drop of a hat", if they "imposed upon" our black playmates. In like manner, the negro

boys would fight other negroes in defense of their white playmates. (In the cemetery at Macon, Ga., is a magnificent monument over the last resting place of a rich white man who lost his life protecting his slaves. I saw it often while at Mercer University.)

When the cruel War began, who was more eager to follow "Young Marster" to the front than his black "boy"? How can any Socialist, holding the views expressed by Mr. Hunter, explain the devotion which so many thousands of negroes displayed on the march, in the camp, in the hospital, and on the battlefield? And how do they explain the stupendous fact that during the four years when the white men were in the army, the negro men protected white wives and daughters?

Mr. Hunter says that we crushed every human aspiration of the slave, and that it was not until after Brown and Lincoln died that the negro knew himself as a part of humanity.

Will Mr. Socialist listen to a colored man, testifying upon that subject? My witness is the Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, a South Carolinian who has served in the legislature (1876), where he was made chairman of its leading committees. He is a lawyer who has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and he is a Colonel in the National Guard. I have never seen Mr. Thomas, but from what he says of his ancestry he must be a bright mulatto. He has recently published a most interesting and remarkable study of "The American Negro",—a work brought out by the Macmillan Publishing Company. I earnestly advise Mr. Hunter to get the book and read it. Speaking of the institution of slavery, this colored man says (page 21):

"Despite its barbarities, slavery wrought a salutary transformation in the negro race. It made rational men out of savage animals, and industrious serfs out of wanton idlers. It found the negro rioting in benighted ignorance, and led him to the threshold of light and knowledge. It clothed nakedness in civilized habiliments, and taught a jungle idolater of Christ and immortality."

This is the voluntary evidence of a South Carolina colored man who was born in 1843, lost an arm in service with the Union Army during the Civil War, resumed his studies in 1865 and spent three years at a Presbyterian Seminary, engaged in religious newspaper work awhile, and then (1871) went to Newberry County, S. C., to organize schools and teach free negroes. Mr. Thomas cast his first vote in 1864, and gave it to Abraham Lincoln.

If the Socialists reject the testimony of *such* a witness, whom *would* they believe? And if they accept his evidence, they must radically modify their absurd notions about Southern slavery.

* * * * *

It was by contact with the Cavaliers of the South, and in imitation of our gallantry to women, that the negro got his first idea of what the Caucasian calls *love*. In Africa, the black man has the same feeling for a black woman that the bull has for the cow: in America, he has, by slow degrees, come under some of the influence of sentiment. In

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Africa, the black man never "courted" the girl he wanted: he either took her without ceremony, or paid a cow or so to her father for her,—she having little or no voice in the trade. In this country the negro,—an imitative creature—saw how white boys "courted" the girls, and he delightedly copied the practice. On this subject, Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, in his book, "The American Negro", testifies:

"So bestial are negro men that *we have known them* to lead wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters to the sensuous embraces of white men."

Again:

"Fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters . . . abandon themselves . . . to sexual gratification whenever desire and opportunity arises."

* * * * *

Mr. Hunter speaks of slavery brutalizing the master, "stultifying" his intellect, and paralyzing his soul! How ridiculous! There was never a finer race of men, nor a purer, sweeter, nobler type of womanhood than those of the Old South.

In Mr. Roosevelt's "Life of Benton", he candidly admits that the Southern soldiers were, man for man, superior to those of the North. Everybody knows that the statement is true. Else, how could the Confederates have so long maintained a five-to-one conflict? Is Mr. Hunter ignorant of the noble tribute which Mr. Roosevelt paid to the Army of Northern Virginia, and to Robert E. Lee? (The other day a Socialist writer, and worshipper of John Brown, classed General Lee with Benedict Arnold. Inferentially, Mr. Hunter does precisely the same thing.)

Is the South now producing higher types of men than George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, John Marshall, James Monroe, Charles Carroll, John and Henry Laurens, Archibald Bulloch, Thomas Nelson, Nathaniel Macon, William Lowndes, Hugh Legare, John Forsyth, Edward and John Rutledge, George M. Troup, Chancellor Wythe, Peyton Randolph, William Cumming, Alexander H. Stephens, Henry A. Wise, Albert Sidney Johnson, Bishop Pierce and Jesse Mercer? These are just a few of the names, strung on at random: there are hundreds of others, borne by slave-owners whose "heads were great and whose hearts were true". Will the South ever see their like again? I doubt it. The capitalists of the North have commercialized us, and the olden standards wane and sink.

* * * * *

Mr. Hunter says that slavery "degraded our politics". He wrote the article in New Jersey, and published it in New York,—and lays "degraded politics" to *our* door,—this *New Jersey* Socialist writing for a paper in *New York*! Mr. Hunter's sense of humor cannot be very keen.

Slavery degraded Southern politics, did it? Why, we never knew anything about stuffing ballot boxes, using the fraudulent registration, the repeater, and the doctored "return", until after the Civil War; and then we imported them from New York. We never knew what it was

to have Northern corporations choose our Senators, boss our Congressmen, debauch our Legislatures, and prostitute our Judiciary, until after the Republicans and Abolitionists took control of the Government.

The very lands out of which sprung the legions that devastated Virginia, were unselfishly donated to the Union by that slave State. It was a slave-owning President that widened your Western frontiers until your flag flew from sea to sea. It was the slave-dynasty that called the imperial Lone Star into your national firmament. They were slave-owners who put European Kings upon notice that *all* the New World, every one of the Americas, should forever be free from Old World domination.

The slave-owners combatted New England's greed for robber tariffs: ended the existence of the national bank: paid off the public debt: governed the country economically, at a cost of less than two dollars per capita: and when there was a surplus in the treasury, they did not make a gift of it to Wall Street thieves, but returned it to the States.

No pampered few were made millionaires by the laws of the slave-owner; no millions of industrious men were reduced to poverty by his abuse of power. Many slave-owners entered the public service rich, and left it poor: none ever entered it poor and left it rich. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson,—each of them had to borrow large sums of money at the end of his Presidential term. It remained for the Abolitionists to give us a governmental system which spawns Trusts and bread-lines; a system in which the John Shermans, Arthur Gormans, and Nelson Aldriches go into office with good characters, but no wealth; and depart loaded with riches, but besmirched in character; a system under which the Guggenheims and Clarks and Brices and Depews buy Senatorial seats, as others purchase a berth in the Stock Exchange.

The very laws that make your paupers and your Socialists,—the refunding plots and contraction crimes, the resurrection of the national bank, the violation of the integrity of the Constitutional money-system, the Morrill tariff which begot the subsequent abominations, the partnership between Wall Street and the United States Treasury,—all these curses came upon the country *immediately* after the Republicans gained control.

The Abolitionists have done what Webster mournfully predicted, and they did it by forcing a war which the people of the North did not really want.

"Slavery degraded our politics!" O heavens, to think that such an indictment should be drawn against the proud, high-minded, scrupulously honorable statesmen of the Old South, by a Socialist who resides in *New Jersey* and writes for a paper in *New York*!

And to think that the accusation should follow so close on the heels of the extra session of Congress which framed the "*Downward Revision*" bill!

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If Mr. Hunter were a student, in the broad sense of the word, he would know that slavery was never the cause of the downfall of any nation. Peoples lose their civilization and sink into decadence, when they have suffered their blood to become vitiated by the infusion of inferior strains. *The nation that crosses its breed with lower races, is the nation that goes to hell.*

The creed of Socialism threatens Caucasian civilization,—for it offers to the negro absolute equality with the whites, social and political. With such a breaking down of barriers, the mongrelization of the higher race would begin. At present, no African blood is in our veins. Some of our blood has gone into theirs, but racially *we* are, as yet, pure.

Mr. Hunter, Mr. Medill, and the Northern and European Socialists generally, construe the Brotherhood of Man to mean the putting of all races on the same level. The brown peoples, the yellow and the black are to be recognized as our equals in every way. The magnificent superiority given to the Caucasian by the God that made him, and used by him for the betterment of the world, is to sink into a debasing, unnatural equality with the scum of creation. It is sickening to think of.

The effeminate, dissolute, cowardly and sensual Asiatic, pouring into Greece after Alexander's career of conquest, wrote "*Ichabod*" upon the record of the Hellenese, whom they hybridized and degraded. The influx of the inferior races subjugated by Rome, sapped her imperial vigor, corrupted her blood, destroyed her ideals. The most awesome spectacle in history is that of the mongrelized empire of the Cæsars, tottering from age to age, propped by the spears of pure-blooded Celts and Teutons,—who serve half scornfully, until such time as they dismember the impotent realm and divide it among themselves.

What ails Portugal, Spain, South America? The mongrel. What's the matter with Cuba? The mongrel. Who that knows the story of the nations can be ignorant of the fact that a superior breed, crossed with an inferior, sinks to a lower level? The Portuguese have too much African blood in their veins. In Central and South America, the Spaniards intermixed with Indians and negroes. In Cuba, there is almost no pure blood at all. Hence, it is incapable of self-government.

Teutons, Celts, Normans, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians, etc., could fuse, and not be hurt: they were all Caucasians, all members of the great white family. But fusion with a lower race is ruin. These Howling Dervishes who are eternally railing at the South and reviling her, are as blind as bats, or they would know that our invincible determination to protect ourselves from negro equality, *is the divine instinct of race-preservation.*

When such Socialists as Hunter, Medill and Debs strive to have John Brown accepted as a saint, and Robert E. Lee classed as a traitor, the ultimate purpose is to beat down what these fanatics call "prejudice against the negro". Socialism means to have the African classed as one of our brothers, whose skin freakish nature painted black. They ignore his *inferiority* altogether. They forget that thick skull which God gave him: they refuse to see the truth of history: they will not

admit that the African had as much time and as good an opportunity to evolve a civilization *from within*, as yellow, brown and white men had. They reject the evidence that the African was given the benefit of Phœnician civilization and lost it; of Grecian glories, and lost them; of Roman grandeurs, and lost them. They spurn the terrible testimony of San Domingo. They scout the pitiful lesson of Liberia. They simply *won't* learn anything about the *real* negro, *in the mass*. They judge every black man by the Booker Washingtons, and they don't know, as we do, that if Booker were to send his children to Africa, the third generation would be the slaves of Witch doctors, and would consider the thigh of a fat missionary an epicurean delicacy.

These Howling Dervishes ought to know, but do not, that there is no such thing, ethnologically, as a backward race,—no such thing as improving, racially, a fixed type. The brain-cavity of the negro skulls found in mummies 3,000 years old, is just the same inferior product of nature that it is now.

The German of a thousand years ago had the brain and the characteristics of the German of today. Herman, who smashed the legions of Varus, repulsed Drusus, and established the independence of his country, was a greater man than Barbarossa, than Frederick, than Bismarck. Charlemagne towers above his modern successors, as Alfred of England, the first Edward, and the Norman William take precedence of the monarchs of Britain. Once an Englishman, always an Englishman: once a Celt, always a Celt: once a Frank, always a Frank: once a Negro, always a Negro. God ordained it so: Man strives in vain to reverse the decrees of the Almighty.

Education does not alter racial characteristics. You can't make a Saxon or a Celt out of Jew, Turk or Chinaman, by sending him to college. All the waters of the Pierian Spring couldn't wash the inferiority out of the negro. And the most discouraging thing about the best educated negro is, that *education cannot be transmitted from sire to son*. Racial characteristics can be inherited, but *culture dies with the individual*.

Everybody who knows a blessed thing about it, will agree that, while a few of the negroes are becoming more and more like the better class of white people—in dress, manners, way of living, and education,—*the mass of the race is going backward*.

The towns are infested with young negro men who will not work at any price. They live on the negro women,—stealing what they can from the whites. Comparatively few of these men are free from loathsome maladies. Practically none of the girls and women are chaste. The South has squandered more than \$100,000,000 since the Civil War educating the blacks, but in most instances the schooling does the children no good. The average negro has no true conception of religion, of civic responsibility, of loyalty to the marriage vow, of *principle* of any kind.

Poor child of impulse! Anybody can lead him anywhere by playing upon his credulity, his ignorance, his superstition, his sensual appetites. The *mass of the race* are in a lower condition today—in

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health, in morals, in physical well-being, in racial purity and strength—than they were in the days of slavery.

And notwithstanding the fact that they now receive more of what they produce than white labor does in protected industries, Mr. Thomas figures out, in his remarkable book, that *the Southern farmers pay less for free negro labor than slave-labor cost.*

We Southern whites are the best friends the negro has got, but we know what he really is. We know where he would go to, if our sustaining hand, our compelling influence, our constant pattern and example, were not ever present, *coercing him our way.*

Yes, sir! We know Sambo, and we like him first rate, *in his place.* And he must stay there, too,—Socialists to the contrary notwithstanding.

By the sacred memories of the mighty past, in the name of every hero-martyr that fought and died to create this Christian civilization, as trustees of the glorious legacy of Caucasian ideals and achievements, as defenders of the inheritance of our children's children, we *must*, we *MUST* safeguard our race and our institutions from the infusion of negro blood and the degradation of negro standards.

The Hindoo, encompassed by a vast welter of mixed, inferior races, drew around himself the rigid circle of Caste, and so maintained his civilization for centuries,—a civilization which blossomed gorgeously and ripened the choicest fruits of science and the arts, of literature, philosophy and religion. But the ocean of mongrelism encroached, the lines of Caste were overflowed, Hindoo blood mingled with inferior currents, and Hindoo civilization sunk.

If ever there was a time when the Caucasians of America should take this historic object-lesson to heart, it is now.

Says Mr. Hunter, referring to our Southern forefathers:

"For profit, they even bred themselves to their blacks, and sold into slavery half their blood."

Deliciously delicate, isn't it?

Joshua Giddings, Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Ben Wade, Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner tongue-lashed the South with all the intensity of partisan fury, but that was when passions were raging, and the Niagara of Civil War thundered in the distance. To read a sentence like Mr. Hunter's at this late day, stirs a feeling of profound surprise and regret.

According to Mr. Hunter, the mulatto is the result of a mathematical calculation. The master figured out the amount he could add to his fortune by selling half-breeds,—and then went and begot the children. Does Mr. Hunter seriously contend that even the colder-blooded Puritan was ever so icily calculating, as he represents the Cavalier to have been?

As to "involving the country in a monstrous civil war" for the sake of slavery,—that is another naive conception.

There were only a quarter of a million slave-owners in the South, yet the whole section sprang to arms. To preserve slavery? Nonsense.

The truth is, the seceding States were so sincere in their belief that they had a right to leave the Union, that they made no preparations for war. They bought no supply of arms, threw up no defenses, strengthened no fortress, called for no troops. With the slaves, they had gone out of the old Confederation and joined the new one. The written condition was that slavery should not be disturbed. When that compact was violated, they withdrew, without bluster and without threats. The Southern leaders delivered farewell speeches to their Congressional colleagues—speeches which throb with profound emotion, suggestive of unshed tears.

If the capture of Fort Sumter was wrong, the Lincoln Government should have sent a fleet to Charleston and retaken the fortress. There was no legal, moral or other sort of justification for pouring armies into Virginia. It was Mr. Lincoln's call for troops to invade the South, that unified and electrified her people. Practically every Southerner, outside the mountains, intensely resented that invasion. Even the school-boys threw down their books, and rushed to Virginia to help defend her. Gracious God! why is it that Northern people will *never* understand that the South fought on principle, for what she considered her Constitutional rights, and *not* for the slave?

Mr. Hunter must know that when Lincoln took the oath of office, *he had just declared in his inaugural address that he had neither the legal right nor the inclination to interfere with slavery.*

With the advent of the rabid Abolitionists, the separation of the sections, or the abandonment by the Southern States of their Constitutional rights, became inevitable.

Jefferson foresaw the bloody conflict, when Senator Thomas, of Illinois, injected the slavery question, and demanded the arbitrary dividing line between free states and slave states, at the time Missouri sought admission to the Union. The "Missouri Compromise" was nothing more than a discriminating condition which the North imposed upon the South. In no sense, was it the work of Henry Clay or any other Southern statesman. The South simply accepted it, because the majority was against her. The agreement was that Maine and Missouri should both be admitted, but after Maine came in (1820), the Northern Abolitionists threw their whole strength against the admission of Missouri, and she did not get in until later, and after having drained a bitter cup of humiliation.

Apparently, Mr. Hunter is not well informed of the avowed purpose of the Abolition leaders to violate the Constitution and disrupt the Union. He probably knows that the first disunion threat ever heard in Congress was made by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, and that the first Secession Convention was held at Hartford, Connecticut, and that New England was practically out of the Union during the War of 1812—her capitalists lending money and furnishing supplies to the enemy, and her officials defying the National Government. But does he know that the leaders of the Abolition movement were avow-

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So early as 1850, William Lloyd Garrison was bellowing, "A thousand times accursed be this Union!"

In 1855, Senator Ben Wade, addressing a mass-meeting in Maine, exclaimed, "Let us sweep away this remnant which we call a Union."

Anson Burlingame said, "We need disunion, a new Constitution, a new Bible, and a new God." The old Union, Constitution and Bible had slavery in them, and Burlingame was against all three on that account. Mr. Lincoln appointed him minister to China.

Joshua R. Giddings introduced into Congress a resolution demanding a dissolution of the Union. Mr. Lincoln appointed him to a fine Consular position.

Mr. Langdon, of Ohio, said in a speech, "I hate the Union as I hate hell."

Wendell Phillips declared that, "Washington was a sinner! It becomes an American to cover his face when he places Washington's bust among the great men of the world"; whereupon, one of the disciples of Phillips cried out,—“And I would like to spit on that scoundrel, Washington.”

The Father of his Country owned many slaves, you know, and the Abolitionists had to give him *post mortem* punishment for it. In fact, it riles their descendants to this day, when they are reminded that the noblest, greatest, tenderest, most intellectual and inspirational men that ever walked this earth, were "*slave-drivers*".

Not only did such agitators as Phillips and Garrison go up and down the North and East, preaching sedition and sowing the seeds of disunion, but even the philosopher, Emerson, told a New England audience that, "We must go back to the original form: in other words, go back to the original right of resistance and revolution, and nullify the Constitution and the laws."

In old Faneuil Hall (1854) a mass-meeting adopted a resolution in favor of a dissolution of the Union.

At a Boston meeting (1849), Wendell Phillips shouted:

"We confess that we intend to trample on the Constitution. We of New England are *not* a law-abiding community, *God be thanked for it*. We are disunionists."

The position of William H. Seward, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner and the rest of the Abolition leaders was identical with that of Phillips.

When the South seceded, these Abolitionists rejoiced and, strange as it may seem, nearly all of them admitted her right to peaceably withdraw from the Union. Sumner declared that, "*Nothing can possibly be so horrible, so wicked, or so foolish as a war on the South.*" That was, at first, the prevailing sentiment at the North.

The argument which perhaps did most to produce the War, was

that which Wendell Phillips had made to the Northern manufacturers. Said he to them, in substance:

"If the Southern States remain out of the Union, they will become the customers of free-trade England. You will either have to compete with the mills of the Old World, or lose the profits you now reap from the Southern cotton fields."

This was unanswerable, and it caused the New England capitalists to join the Abolitionists and bring on the Civil War.

Mr. Hunter must be singularly obtuse if he fails to understand that the more enlightened opinion at the North tacitly admits the error of sudden, uncompensated emancipation; the bestowal of suffrage upon a servile horde unprepared to exercise it intelligently; and the humiliating, disastrous conditions imposed upon the conquered states. The North acquiesces, as we enact local legislation whose purpose is to exclude blacks from political privileges.

This is as it should be. The ballot and the office are not at all essential to the negro's happiness and prosperity. He should have in fullest measure the protection of life, liberty and property; should enjoy the absolute and relative *rights* of the citizens; but *political privileges* should be withheld. He should have no place in the army, none in the navy, none in the public service. This should be a white man's Government,—to the exclusion of yellow men, brown men, red men and black men.

The "door of hope" should not be shut in the negro's face; *but he should be taught that the door of hope does not necessarily mean a vote to sell, an office that puts him above white people, and a place in politics that is corrupting and nationally degrading.*

Social equality follows where political equality leads; and social equality between blacks and whites would open the road to amalgamation. Under Socialism, no color line could be drawn; everything belonging to everybody, the negro would come in on the ground floor. Do away with the marriage system, as Socialism proposes, and elevate Free Love into a cult, and nothing but a God-sent miracle could arrest this nation on its hellward plunge.

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The Socialists of the North and West, favoring political and social equality for the negro, join Lincoln's name to that of John Brown. To do this is to ignore the record of Mr. Lincoln. Not only was he a late convert to the Abolition cause, but his votes in Congress had been more pro-slavery than otherwise. In his famous letter to Greeley, occurs the oft-quoted sentence, "*If I could save the Union without freeing the slaves, I would do it.*"

And against the Socialist demand for political and social equality for the negro, there is the familiar declaration of Mr. Lincoln:

"I have no purpose to introduce political or social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two which will probably forever forbid their living together on the same footing of equality. I, as well as any other man, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary."

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To General Butler, went this letter, from Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

"President Lincoln desires the right to hold slaves to be fully recognized. The war is prosecuted *for the Union*, hence no question concerning slavery will arise."

That was the Lincoln attitude from the time Seward gave him a written suggestion to that effect, down to the time when military expediency required him to sign the emancipation proclamation.

Here is a passage from Miss Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln", which Mr. Hunter might study with profit:

"In 1864," relates Medill, "when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted. Chicago had sent 22,000 and was drained. There were no young men to go, no aliens except what were already bought. The citizens held a mass meeting and appointed three men, of whom I (Medill) was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton (the War Secretary) to give Cook County a new enrollment. On reaching Washington we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused. Then we went to President Lincoln. "I can not do it," said Lincoln, "but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides." So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Frye were there, and they both contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and was finally referred to Lincoln, who had been silently listening. When appealed to, Lincoln turned to us with a black and frowning face: "Gentlemen," he said, with a voice full of bitterness, "after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest opposed the South, as New England opposed the South. It is *you*, Medill, who is largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. *You* called for war until you had it. I have given it to you. What you have asked for you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for more men, which I have made to carry on the war *you* demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Go home and raise your 6,000 men. And you, Medill, you and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any other paper in the Northwest in making this war. Go home and send me those men I want."

The son of the Medill, to whom Mr. Lincoln said, "*You called for war until you had it! I have given it to you*", is now a shining light of Socialism, clamoring for political and social equality for the blacks, and no doubt as defamatory of the South as Mr. Robert Hunter.

In this Republic, the last hope of the world, we have been given an ominous riddle. We must solve it, or die.

Four millions of semi-savages, injected into our body-politic, have increased until every eighth person we meet is negro or negroid. To swell the bulk of that which we dare not assimilate, the mongrels and the inferior races are coming here from all parts of the world. The Germans no longer come; British and Scotch immigrants are few; the more liberal land-policy of England is rooting the Irishman to his native soil. From what countries, then, flow these high tides of immigration? Austro-Hungary, Russia, and Southern Italy, are flooding us with undesirables. The Orient threatens to follow suit. Actually, the foreign element predominates in many of our larger cities. Through our sea-ports have run torrents of loathsome disease, illiteracy, vice, crime and communistic longing. Millions of these immigrants never learn our language, never really become citizens, never understand our institutions, never care a continental for the country. And *into this huge mass of human dynamite, this chaotic and combustible world of*

negro, negroid, European mongrels, inferior race—remnants from every quarter of the globe, *the Socialist tosses the fire brand* of collectivism, of free love, of social and political equality, and of an indiscriminating fraternity which *ignores the God-made differences between the races*, and which forgets *the causes which have carried lost nations to their doom*. When John Brown's memory is worshipped, and the name of Robert E. Lee blackened to the shade of Benedict Arnold's, we might as well pull down the busts of Washington and Jefferson, and fill our Hall of Fame with statuettes of Anarchasis Cloutz.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



WHAT THE PAPA DID FOR ERIN

THE GULF STREAM, to which Chancellor Lipscomb gave the poetic name of "the wandering Summer of the sea", never nurtured a geographical flower more lovely than the Emerald Isle. Nature offers to man no dwelling place more variously tempting to his every desire, more satisfying to his every need. "Land of the green valley and the rushing river", as O'Connell was wont to call it, there is sublimity in its mountains, fascination in its waters, balm in its climate, wealth in its soil.

Sergeant S. Prentiss said, in the opening of that thrilling little speech of his at New Orleans, when Famine was slaying its thousands in Ireland:

"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; *while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.*"

Every word of this is true—true to the very letter. No other land has known more of the glory and the tragedy, the joy and the sorrow, of human existence. There isn't an island of all the seas which has sent forth so great a number of its sons to influence history by their words, their deeds, their inspiring examples.

Where blazed the torch of learning, of mental and spiritual light, most brightly during the medieval ages? In Ireland. At the beginning of the third century after Christ, Erin was not only Christian but evangelical. While Columba, a soldier of the Cross, invaded North Scotland to conquer and to hold, Columbanus, another Irishman, threw himself against the heathenism of Gaul and Germany. In those remote ages, the Celt from Erin was the Teacher of Europe. *Britain went to school to Ireland.* Sons of the Saxon sought the learning of the Celt.

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In Italy, Celt was selected as chief instructor and, under Charlemagne's grandson, an Irishman was made superintendent of the whole system of Italian schools and universities.

In those ages, there was a learned man whose erudition and whose genius placed him so far above all of his contemporaries that he has been called the Aristotle, Archimedes, Bacon and Newton of his time. This was Joannes Scotus, or Erigena, an Irishman. Between the sixth and the tenth centuries, the Emerald Isle was blessed with peace and general content, was the home of orderly government and advancing civilization.

Then came the irruption of the Danes, and the long, bloody wars which left their legacy of depleted population and national exhaustion. The heroic Brien Boromhe and Melachlan broke the power of the Danes (1003 and 1022), but the struggle left Erin spent and divided, with no chief to unite all Ireland for recuperation and self-defense. Across the Channel, seated upon the English throne, was the crafty, cruel and powerful Henry the Second. Upon bleeding and distracted Erin fell the Plantagenet's eye of desire, and he determined that she should be his. Cunning, as well as grasping, he schemed to seize his prey in the name of Religion—and of all the foul plots of Popes or Kings, none was ever more devilish than that which gave to Henry's design upon Ireland the sanction of "the successor of St. Peter".

Ireland was a Catholic country, as she had been for eight hundred years. A more passionately loyal adherent of the Papa at Rome was not to be found among the nations. There was no pretense that Erin had offended the Vicar of Christ. But a greedy and victorious monarch lusted after this marvelously fair island, and with a cold spurt of the pen, Adrian IV., the reigning Papa, issued the decree which was to mean the ruin of a devoted Catholic people, the setting up of detestable tyranny, the overthrow of Irish law and order, and centuries of oppression, of bloodshed, of misery and chaos and starvation which have made Erin's name a synonym for national woe and desolation.

Exercising a power which the Popes had long arrogated to themselves, and which they would exercise even now if they dared, Pope Adrian IV. granted a bull, authorizing Henry II. to take possession of Ireland, *as of right at the disposal of his holiness*. "As for Ireland", said he, "and all other islands where Christ is known, and the Christian religion received, it is out of all doubt, *they do all appertain and belong to the right of St. Peter, and of the church of Rome*. You have (our well beloved son in Christ) advertised and signified unto us, that you will enter into the land and realm of Ireland, to the end to bring them to obedience unto law, and under your subjection, to root out from among them their foul sins and wickedness, *as also to yield and pay yearly out of every house, a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter*. *WE THEREFORE DO GRANT THAT YOU DO ENTER TO POSSESS THAT LAND*. And farther also we do strictly charge and require that *ALL THE PEOPLE OF THAT LAND DO WITH ALL HUMBLINESS, DUTIFULNESS, AND HONOUR, RE-*

CEIVE AND ACCEPT YOU AS THEIR LIEGE LORD AND SOVEREIGN."

Literally interpreted, this document meant: "Go and seize Ireland and give me a share of the spoil,—no matter how much blood may be shed, nor how much misery may be inflicted upon the Irish, their children and their children's children."

Read in the light of the history of Erin, this document signed by Papa Adrian is the most wicked and fatal decree ever issued by mortal man. The death-warrant which led to the heartrending massacre of Glencoe is not a drop in the bucket when compared to this papal abomination. Beside it, the Vatican orders for the Albigensian Crusade, for the atrocities committed against the Waldenses, for the burnings and the butcherings under the Inquisition are as nothing. And concerning each of *those* horrible crimes of the See of Rome, it may be pleaded that something must be allowed to honest fanaticism. The Papa thought he was weeding heresy out of the land; and therefore Papa's sword and spear and wheel and rack and faggot were engaged in a holy work.

But Erin was Catholic: Erin was orthodox. The priest was ever a revered person to the Celt, and the Papa was his God. Oh, the heartlessness, the satanic malignity which could move Pope Adrian to unleash against his children the hell-hounds of Norman and Saxon ferocity and lust!

In the time of Tacitus, the commerce of Ireland was more extensive than that of Britain: in the age of Charlemagne the civilization of Erin surpassed that of England: for hundreds of years after the second century of the Christian era the Celt was the scholar and the missionary of Europe. But with the signing of that papal decree against her, Erin's glory and happiness departed. Thereafter, for many and many a century, her sons and her daughters were to be the victims of England's rapacity: her commerce and her agriculture and her learning were to languish toward extinction; her wretched population was to seek safety and opportunity in other lands than their own.

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In the year 1170, the invaders of Erin came—armed with no weapon half so effectual as that papal bull. Norman and Saxon swords, battle-axes and spears had no terrors for the Celt: the Danes, too, had had those, and the Irish had not been conquered. But these new invaders had armed themselves with an engine of war which carried division, consternation, despair throughout the Catholic millions of Erin,—the fatal paper on which their Papa had signed them away to the English King.

Only seven thousand soldiers were sent against Ireland by Henry the Second, but even that small force was sufficient. Awed and demoralized by the papal commands, the Irish could never muster enough strength to dislodge the English; and in course of time Irishmen lost their estates, their liberty, their commerce, their manufactures, their laws and their civilization.

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Yet, with dog-like fidelity, Erin licked the hand that smote her. She remained Catholic. Obedient to the priesthood, she adored her Papa—and dutifully sent Peter's Pence to Rome.

Early in the fourteenth century, the Irish chiefs addressed to the Pope a remonstrance which is full of sad meaning and admonition. They referred to the bull of Adrian IV. which had authorized the invaders to seize their country. These Catholic chiefs did not question the Pope's right to give Ireland a foreign master. Not at all;—as good children of their Holy Father they conceded his sovereign prerogative. He represented God, and it was for him to say what king they should have. If he, in his divine wisdom, ordered them to submit to Norman and Saxon tyrants, it was not theirs to ask the reason why: it was theirs to obey.

The remonstrance addressed to the Papa by the Irish chiefs went upon the idea that while the Pontiff possessed the supreme over-lordship of Erin, the English had not complied with the terms of the papal decree. On the contrary, they had set aside the laws of the island, had corrupted the morals of the people, had seized upon the lands and had committed all kinds of enormities against the persons of the Papa's faithful children. For these reasons, the Irish chieftains declared their determination to revolt against the British and Normans—a desperate resolution which was soon emphasized by the ten thousand Irishmen who lay dead on the bloody and futile field of Athunree.

It was too late. The Pope's grant of Erin to the Normans had too long paralyzed the devout Catholics who were commanded to submit themselves "with humbleness, dutifulness and honor" to their "liege lord and sovereign", Henry the Second. Two hundred years of submission to the Papa had done their work: the foreign yoke was so firmly fixed that no subsequent rebellion could throw it off.

But all the while, the Irish remained devout Catholics. Painfully as they might feel the cross which Papa Adrian had placed upon them, they remained the obedient and affectionate children of Rome.

When Henry VIII. had his epoch-making quarrel with the Pope, and went into the business of making a Church, on his own hook, the Irish refused to go with him. They adhered to Rome. Dire were the consequences. The wrath of the English King was visited upon Erin,—and humanity shudders to think of what these Catholics suffered. Under Henry, under Elizabeth and even under James I., the Irish tasted of the bitter cup which the Pope, the Spanish King and the Duke of Alba had compelled the Dutch to drain.

A more infamous lot of "laws" were never placed upon the books than those which the English imposed upon the Irish. If the most radical negro-hater were given free rein to legislate against the blacks he would frame just about such a code as the Saxon made for the Celt. Intermarriage between the two races was forbidden, and it was provided that if any Englishman should use an Irish name, Irish language, or Irish costume, he should forfeit his estate, and that if he had no estate he should be cast into prison. If a man of the English race

married an Irish woman his act was *high treason*, and his punishment, *death!*

To this wretched pass had the bull of Papa Adrian IV. brought his deluded children. God! the degradation! From that far time,—when Erin's commerce out-stripped Britain's in all the seas, and when Irish ages and apostles went forth among the nations to teach and to Christianize,—down to this, what a fall! The best of Irish womanhood not worthy to be the wife of the commonest English men,—the Saxon guarding his blood from the Celt as the Caucasian of today loathes miscegenation with the blacks!

Surely a piece of parchment never wrought greater damnation than the bull which Adrian granted to Henry—the rapacious King, the insolent Pope and the superstitious victims collaborating to create one of the most shocking stories known to the terrible annals of the human race.

By a riper title than that of any other European people, the Irish held their land. They lost it as the weak are ever losing to the strong. They became tenants to the absentee robbers. They paid \$20 and \$30 per acre for the use of their own soil. The law stepped in and seized a tenth, besides, for the Episcopal Church. Loyalty to the Papa yielded another tithe to the priesthood and to the “august poverty” of the old gentleman who personified God at the Vatican.

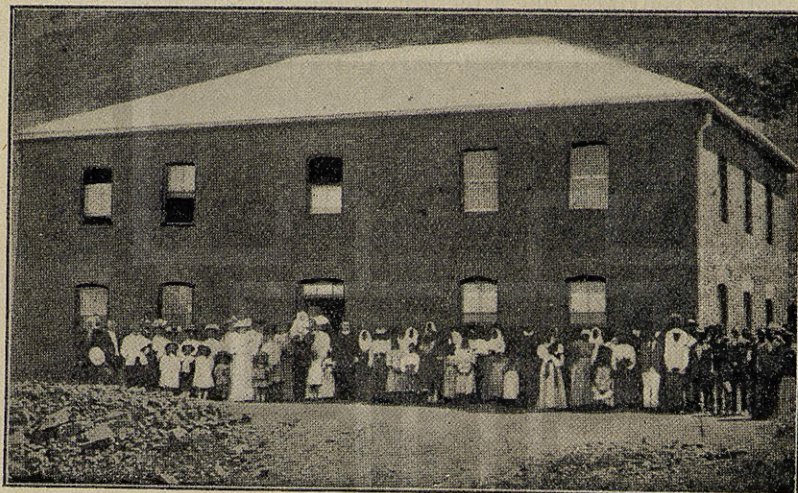
Is it any wonder that Ireland sent her emigrants to the four corners of the earth? Is it any wonder that a decline set in among those who remained at home? Can we marvel that a Providential failure of the food crop of a people who had no surplus should mean almost universal misery? Yet whose cheek does not blanch to learn that in one season of dearth there were two million beggars tramping and wailing between the hedgerows of Erin and that six hundred thousand of her children perished in four awful, famine years?

“The Deserted Village” of a Goldsmith could melt the heart of all the world with its tender pathos, but no cry of hunger or of anguish coming out of Ireland could ever stay the ferocity of exploitation and mis-government—not until the French Revolution, when Kings and Popes learned what the maddened under-dogs might do if once they learned how to hunt in packs.

Aweing thrones and Vaticans, Public Opinion arose, novel, portentous, invincible. One by one reforms were adopted, not because they were just, but because ruling powers dared not refuse them. Rather than hurl divided England into war against United Ireland, the worst of the old barbaric code was repealed. By the operation of recent Parliamentary acts, the soil of Erin is passing back into the ownership of the Irish. Gradually the waste places are being built up: the wilderness is becoming a garden. “First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea”, Ireland once was: may she become so again.

Viewing the tomb of Mary of Burgundy, at Brussels—the fatherless princess whose inheritance Louis XI. of France seized upon—the trifling but intelligent Louis XV. remarked to his courtiers, “There lies the cause of all our wars.”

With even stricter accuracy, an Irishman could point to the atrocious bull of Pope Adrian IV. as the source of Erin's calamities,—her centuries of strife, of misrule, of spoliation, of squalor, illiteracy, starvation and despair.



NEGRO GIRLS' HOME, OLD UMTALI, EAST AFRICA.—*World-Wide Missions.*

No Wonder That They Are Proud— These African Girls

ON PAGE 12 of *World-Wide Missions* for September, there is a description of the dedication of a new two-story brick building, erected for negro girls in East Africa.

This commodious home is "the gift of the women of America". Says Mrs. Louise M. Wadehouse, in her story of the dedication:

"It will be a great boon to the girls' work, for previously they had to be accommodated in huts. Now they are all together in this comfortable home, of which they are very proud."

No wonder these young black ladies are feeling good. To be promoted from the ordinary African hut to a fine brick house, and assured of comfort until they marry, is enough to justify their pride in their new home.

Meanwhile, millions of blacks and whites in America haven't even got huts of their own.

Are we Americans going crazy, or what? Maybe it's nothing more than a case of softening of the brain.

I feel as Truthful James did when he sang:

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

Nothing convinces like a picture, therefore I will waste a couple of bucks giving you a copy of the "likeness" of that nigger-girl home, which "the women of America" gave to the young black ladies of East Africa.



EDITORIAL SMALL TALK

WHAT IS CURIOUS?

In the *Washington Post*, our friend and philosopher, Mr. Ottinger, remarks:

"It is curious that no farmer has yet reported the loss of a handbag of jewels."

There isn't anything curious about *that*, John J.

The marvel of the thing is that the farmer should never inquire of the diamond-wearers, "Where did you get it?" and come to know that the jewels were taken, in a round-about way, from himself.

MR. HEARST

Is again calling Tammany a "convicted criminal", and other hard names.

Charles Murphy is the Tammany boss. He was so when Mr. Hearst cartooned him in felon's stripes, four or five years ago. He was so when Mr. Hearst became his political partner, two or three years ago.

And Murphy has not changed. Same old corruptionist, boodler, criminal and national pest that he was when Hearst became his partner, after having told the world what a rascal he was.

MUSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE HEATHEN

The Perry (Ga.) *Home Journal* announces the departure of Miss Bessie Houser, of that town, for China. She goes to Shanghai, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Mission Board of the M. E. Church, South.

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Miss Bessie's business in China will be the giving of a musical education to the yellow girls of that happy land.

I cannot, at this moment, put my hands on the passage of Scripture which makes it our duty to neglect the musical training of our own children, and hike off to Cathay to confer that benefit upon the heathen; but I've no doubt the fanatics can find a text that will stretch.

Shades of Peter, Paul, Timothy and Barnabas!

Think of assaulting the walls of heathendom with such battering rams as "Kiss Waltz", "Hiawatha", "After the Ball", "Tickled to Death", "Rastus on Parade", "Just as the Sun Went Down", and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie".

The Perry *Home Journal* states that seven other girls took passage in the same ship that carries Miss Bessie Houser across. It is not definitely stated what the other seven are to do, but they are bound for Korea, Japan and China, on mission work intent.

The "glamour of distance" exerts a powerful influence on most people; and the importance of giving music lessons to Oriental maidens impresses some as being far more Christ-like than the rescue of American white girls from their prisons in the slums.

DOWNWARD REVISION

Said Candidate Taft, when Bryan was chugging him about the ambiguous language of the Republican platform, last summer:

"The Republican Party pledges itself to a substantial downward revision of the Tariff, and I pledge myself, if elected, to call an extra session of Congress for that purpose."

Said Senator Aldrich, while the extra session was framing the new law:

"When and where has the Republican party pledged itself to downward revision?"

Said Senator Lodge, in the same connection:

"The Republican party has never intended or promised a downward revision of the Tariff."

Said President Taft, when signing the bill which Senators Aldrich and Lodge had framed, and which leaves untouched the duties on imports worth \$447,000,000, and which reduces by twenty-three per cent. the duties on imports worth \$132,000,000, and which increases by 31 per cent. the duties on imports worth \$105,000,000:

"This bill is not perfect, but I officially approve and sign it because it is an earnest effort at downward revision." ! ! !

Then, when the prolonged, luxurious and delightful vacation is at last ended, the President opens his junket-campaign in Senator Lodge's good city of Boston, and fills his address with laudations of Aldrich!

Think of all these facts in the same connection, and then tell us whether your confidence in Mr. Taft's sincerity is increased.

Did he mean what he said when he pledged his party to substantial downward revision?

Did he not feel the insolence and the insult, when Senators Lodge and Aldrich virtually informed the country that the Republican party was not bound by anything that Candidate Taft said?

Does he not know that the bill framed by Lodge, Gallinger, Smoot, Hale and Aldrich was not meant to be a downward revision?

Does he not know that the new law will inevitably increase the living expenses of every family in America?

What does he mean by public and fulsome praise of this cynical Mephistopheles, who sneeringly asked on the floor of the Senate:

"When and where has the Republican party promised a downward revision of the Tariff?"

USELESS FLUNKIES

There will be a mighty effort made at the next session of Congress to have our Ambassadors supplied with palaces in foreign capitals. The plea is that "the dignity" of the Government requires it. The true reason is that the pride and vanity of our diplomats demand it. In the Fifty-second Congress, when our foreign ministers were raised to the rank of Ambassadors, we were assured, most positively, that no other change would be needed to assert and maintain our dignity abroad. But, as any tyro in public affairs might have expected, the salaries were almost immediately increased. Now these proud and useless officials must be sumptuously lodged in palaces, in order that they may give magnificent entertainments, for the glorification of themselves and the gratification of our Smart Set, sojourning in foreign capitals.

The Ambassadors are entirely unnecessary, and instead of wasting additional money on them, they should be abolished, as out-of-date relics of the ages when there were no telegraphs, cables, newspapers, steamers, and quick letter-carriage.

L. H. HARRIMAN

"*Courage, comrade, le diable est mort!*" exclaimed Dennis, the bold Burgundian, in "The Cloister and the Hearth".

Edward H. Harriman has left us. Would that he had gone sooner, —or, that he had never come at all. His precept was bad, his example was bad, his methods bad, their results demoralizing. Some of his victims he merely robbed,—as when he sold stocks that never did have and never could have value. Others whom he combatted he killed,—as in the case of John W. Castles.

Some of his financiering was plain cheating and swindling,—as when he, as an individual, bought from himself, as director of the

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Union Pacific Railroad, bonds at 65 cents on the dollar, and, as an individual, sold these bonds to himself, as director of Insurance and Trust Companies, at nearly 100 cents on the dollar,—pocketing millions by the swindle.

It was *larceny after trust* when he and his group of insiders swelled the indebtedness of the Alton to \$80,600,000, and took all of it for themselves, excepting the \$18,000,000 spent on the road.

"The Bishop of Wall Street",—the name given to the Rev. Wm. Wilkinson,—went into J. P. Morgan's office, and preached to the wealthy thieves who gathered around,—preached about Harriman!

Among other things, the Bishop said:

"He was a good Christian. He often said to men, 'You ought to go to church.'"

Then the Bishop prayed.

SMALL SLIPS OF MEMORY

In his editorial in the *New York American* of September 16th, John Temple Graves makes the following startling statement:

"There is nothing more vital than investigation."

After having paused to subject this announcement to the mental process of benevolent assimilation, we continue to read J. T. G.'s editorial. The next line thereof is:

"John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, once declared that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Dear and familiar sentence! How it reminds one of the Friday afternoon at the old school-house, when the girls had swept the yard with brush-brooms, and the books had been put in the desks, and we were all primly seated on the pine-plank benches, and little Julius Cæsar Smith came forward, at the teacher's word, to commence the regular Friday evening declamation. Ducking his head, and perhaps catching at his top-knot, the tiny chap would elevate his voice to the stilted sing-song, usual in such cases, and begin,—

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak", winding up with the glorious climax, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

It was Patrick Henry who said, *"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"*,—though not in that particular speech. John C. Calhoun belonged to a much later era, as Brother Graves well knows. All of us make these little slips of memory. One day at an impromptu spelling-bee, in which I was fool enough to take part, the word "victuals" was suddenly shot at me, and I brought down the house by spelling it, "vittles". Have had an utter loathing for spelling-bees, ever since.



AS THE MATTER STANDS.



—New York American.

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A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

"The Frozen Grail"

ON APRIL 21, 1908, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of New York, claims to have reached the North Pole, as the almost unexpected, splendid conclusion of an unostentatious, first attempt on his part. The thrilling tidings reached civilization September 2nd. While yet the world was ringing with this news, came word from Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, that he had reached the pole likewise, on April 21st, 1909. His first laconic message read:

"Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole."

Quick following this was word warning against taking the claims of Dr. Cook seriously. No coincidence had ever been so startling, none perhaps ever caught and held such universal interest, and the questions rapidly rose: Did Peary find the Stars and Stripes nailed to the pole, did he himself nail them, had both men succeeded, had neither been there—or, if one only, which "somebody lied"?

As yet no definite answer can be given. It is most deplorable that the glory of the achievement should be dimmed by bitter accusations of stolen supplies and underhand work. Lieutenant Peary is well known to the public, having for 23 years given his life to the polar quest, while Dr. Cook is comparatively unknown. Yet the reports are all in favor of the latter, while his bearing has as-

surely been that of a quiet, winning dignity. The main points made by Peary in support of his contention that Cook could not have reached the pole, are, the short time of the final dash, and that he had no white witnesses; yet Peary himself claims to have made his final dash in much less time than Cook, and has no white witness. But all these matters will before another moon be threshed out, and perhaps the honors will be even.

Quiet in Pittsburgh

THE strike at McKee's Rocks Plant is over! The United States Pressed Steel Car Company has conceded every demand of the strikers, and they will return to work victorious. At the very height of the difficulty, the sudden, lulling tidings were announced.

The company had gone too far. Even the subsidized press could not indorse the lawlessness and brutality of the company and to the demand of the public, the feeble, deprecating voice of the "vested rights" papers had to be added. And, when the Government got busy with its probe, the sudden collapse came in the inflation of one Hoffstot.

Now, let the work go on to a finish.

If the Pressed Steel Car Company had not been *guilty*, would it have attempted to side-track

the investigation, and to conciliate public opinion and remove the just indignation of the community? Not on its precious life! It hadn't a thing to arbitrate until the threat of haling the company before the bar of justice for violation of peonage laws, and worse crimes, was being put into

commit grave stultification of itself if it does not pursue and punish the heads of this company. As in the case of the Sugar Trust, they are trying to placate, to pay out, to avoid the penalty that would be imposed upon private individuals for smaller violations of law, but the one case at least



The Eternal Question

Washington Herald

effect, and the investigation should not halt now because the company has thrown a sop at its long abused laborers. In their woe and want and hunger, they may gladly accept the work and wages, and let bye-gones be bye-gones, but the Government will

comprehended, so far as the matter came directly under observation, only varied forms of stealing—not murder, not peonage, not red-handed crimes against humanity.

Let the guilty Hoffstot and his confederates be prosecuted.

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NOTE:—Further outbreak of hostilities between company and employees, and between foreign and native workmen is reported as we go to press. Details cannot now be given.

The Monetary Commission Gets Busy

WHETHER or not the Taft administration will let itself be loaded with an issue of "Currency Reform" as well as that of "Tariff Revision" is doubtful, and, if the former is to be as complete a perversion of common sense and honesty as the latter, it is most earnestly to be hoped that the administration will rest upon its laurels.

However, the present Monetary Commission, under the domination of Cannon and Aldrich, is busy "fixing" up a Central Bank scheme, under the direction of "some of the ablest financiers of Wall Street". The public is cordially invited not to meddle. If it does, through any evil emissary, such as a newspaper reporter or other over-curious gentleman, said emissary will be courteously elevated by one ear and gently assisted to the untrammelled, sweet freedom of the outer air.

* * * *

No ordinary citizen, even of those who traditionally favor everything that emanates from a Stand-patter, understands what a "Central Bank of Issue" means, nor where it would be located, nor who would control it, nor what would be its functions. We get, however, from the indiscreet mutterings of some of those on the ground floor, that it is to be a reservoir into which all the banks,

everywhere, would drain the deposits of the people, so that, in time of panic—the bank would not be hurt! Nice idea, truly. A single, consolidated financial institution that could at one breath absolutely ruin any individual, or any section. We have heard much of the influence of Wall Street, but such a bank would not depend upon the veiled manipulations,—its authority would be absolute, its beck and nod greater than the power of all kings.

* * * *

We need a "Central Bank of Issue" about as badly as we need air or water or any necessary of life; but we need it to be a government bank of issue, founded for and by the people, and for the profit of no person or set of persons.

Maybe all these schemes will result, by the mysterious ways in which Providence is said to perform its wonders, toward the happy goal. Those who are hypnotized and befuddled over the complexities of present finance might one day discover that if a central bank could run successfully, a national, direct issue currency couldn't be so dreadful a thing, after all.

* * * *

Meantime, the President pudges along in favor of a Postal Savings Bank that we are going to get some time. Not that it matters so much, for people were never in a fairer way to need less a bank of any kind than under the extortionate system that prevents all but the few from accumulating a dollar ahead. It is a good deal like giving literature to those who can't read, and still,

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Washington Herald

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there's hope that it might some day be useful.

The Postal Savings Bank will assuredly lop off one of the limbs of the banking octopus. Speed the day the system is an assured fact. And let the Parcels Post be a close second.

* * *

The American Bankers' Association will fight this to the last ditch. It is understood that they will insist that this, as a financial measure, be referred to that famous Monetary Commission. If the Monetary Commission in any sense represented the people and under any circumstances would work for the interests of the people as a whole, the contention of the bankers would be eminently just. Conceding, as Taft must concede, and as all intelligent, disinterested parties must understand, that the Monetary Commission is a mere tool of the present financial oligarchy, what reliance can be placed upon anything it does?

The conclusion is inevitable even to the most stupid: That if the Monetary Commission is unfit to handle the matter of Postal Savings Banks, a minor measure, how can it be trusted with the vital matter of the nation's industrial blood?

The Waterways Question

FOLLOWING the meeting of the Mississippi River Congress about this time last year, the board of engineers of the Interstate Waterways Commission made a report upon deepening the waterways from the Lakes to the Gulf, which, shorn of its verbiage, amounted to: "Yes, the work is

practicable, but what on earth do you want it done for? We don't see the desirability."

Yet the desirability has always been apparent, and the criminal neglect which lets the internal waterways be practically unused, while millions are expended on a canal in Panama, the necessity for which is not pressing, and the theoretical advantage of which is not universally admitted, cannot be too strongly condemned.

It is not that the Government has not appropriated enough money for the development of its waterways, but that grafters and railroad ringsters have connived to see that the appropriations accomplished nothing toward the public weal.

* * * *

The freight rates question has seared and burned, still sears and burns, unanswered. The small shipper, when "times are hard", has his rates increased arbitrarily and without redress. When "times are good" the railroads never have cars enough, and, according to the railway magnates, will always be about 40 per cent. short in freight facilities, so his fruits and vegetables perish unhailed, while trains laden with Standard Oil and other non-perishable goods puff past. With no little satisfaction he hailed the terrible "probe" that was thrust into the rebate charges, only to find that instead of giving rebates to favored shippers, the roads now politely pay "damage claims" for destruction that never occurred, while he is left to cool his heels for ninety-nine years before his little claim for a real and expensive breakage takes its unhurried

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with the broad principle of waterways development.

However, in this there need be no undue haste, seeing we have allowed so many years to pass without taking the necessary steps. Some queries must be satisfactorily answered. One, why do the railroads seem now to fa-



Will He Be Able to Satisfy Them?

—Baltimore Sun

It is obvious that non-perishable goods should be compelled to take the slower route, thus relieving congestion and insuring abundant transportation facilities to commodities which must have quick transit.

So, there can be no quarrel

vor the plan? Is it because they have reached the conclusion, even before the public arrives at it, that government ownership is inevitable, and that, if they yield to the idea of waterways competition, they will stave off the inevitable a quarter-century longer?

It will take many years to develop the river traffic, and in doing this, the public mind will naturally expect so much relief from the ultimate competition there will evolve no strong sentiment for taking over the railroads. Or, will the railways get hold of the water traffic, as they manage to get coal mines, or anything else that they want?

Another thing is the suggestion of "bonds" in connection with this scheme. Bonds for Panama, bonds for all the rivers that trail through the great valleys, bonds for everything! And who would own the bonds, and control the waterways?

Let the Government make this a public work, in very truth. Put on the project the army of unemployed, and issue the currency for their payment. Any other policy will prove sap-headed subservience to the same element which already has us by the throat from one generation to another.

End of Swedish Strike

THE general strike in Sweden is over, and its result will not be known until the text of the promised new labor law is given out from the Diet. There will evidently be some labor policy adopted, which is likely to prove a compromise between some hard conditions assigned to the Swedish toilers, and the gains they sought to force.

Throughout, the strike was peaceable, and resulted in nothing save annoyance and the exciting of apprehension. Nature itself has put certain "checks and balances" between those who earn their bread by the sweat of their

faces, so that the "general trades" on a general strike, find the non-producing and the farming classes to reckon with—in short, the complete tie-up is almost impossible, and if it were, would create so much vexation as to lose entirely the sympathy of that vastly larger portion of the public which does not belong to the ranks of organized labor. A peaceful, general strike is a threat of little weight; and a general strike that were not peaceable would be—revolution. Men can adjust their industrial difficulties without revolution, if their political rights are securely enforced. Just laws, fairly followed, will make strikes impossible, because unnecessary. No nation would oppress its workmen, if a purified public opinion dictated the national policies.

Missouri Rate Cases in a Cul-de-sac

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has swung around the circle, to where its activities have apparently brought it back to the point from which it started. In the Missouri Rate Case, the temporary injunction granted some months ago, has been made permanent by Judges Grosscup and Kholsaat of the United States District Court at Chicago, they holding that the Commission has no right "to artificially divide the country into trade zones tributary to given trade and manufacturing centers, the Commission in such cases having as a result to predetermine what the trade and manufacturing centers shall be; for such power, vaster than any one body of men has heretofore

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exercised, though wisely exercised in specific instances, would be putting into the hands of the Commission the general power of life and death over every trade and manufacturing center in the United States."

* * * *

This is a queer mix-up!

You can not find fault with the judges for their logical conclusion as to the vastness of the power of any Commission which can, by deciding the freight rates of all America, commercially make, or kill, any city or section. Yet this power, so vast as to terrify them, is *NOW* virtually in the hands of insatiable private greed, and the railroads themselves exercise undisputed "power of life and death over every trade and manufacturing center in United States."

The Commerce Commission and the Railroads meet the sharp issue as to which shall control; and thus far the Courts have made the Commission bump the bumps. The Supreme Court may reverse all this, but it is a slow, hard legal struggle. And makes ever plainer the certainty that the railroad problem will never be settled until this great public utility comes under the administration of its real proprietors—the public.

Something Else for Ballinger to Explain

ON the heels of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy over water-power sites, comes the ugly suggestion of scandal involving the Secretary of the Interior in reference to Alaskan coal lands. 35,000 acres belonging to the public domain, and containing almost

inexhaustible veins of coal, have been rapidly passing into private ownership, through methods that reek with fraud, "dummy" entries and other chicanery being resorted to in order to give the seeming of distribution to these lands, and afterwards consolidating the claims so that the ultimate ownership would be confirmed in a powerful monopoly.

It is time the Department of the Interior unveiled its workings. Unless they are in the public interest, on what ground *does* it exist?

Oh, You Panama!

WHILE the chaste consciences of the gentlemen concerned in the original Panama purchases are seeking vindication in the courts from the libellous, slanderous and truly scandalous charges made against them by the rude and rowdy creatures of the fourth estate, it is painful that Congressman William Bennett, of New York, should bob up with the awkward assertion that the purchasing department of the canal commission has fairly wallowed in unnecessary barrels of paint, and has paid for cement \$600,000 more than the amount specified for that article by the lowest bidder.

Mr. Bennett is evidently one of those beings who torture everybody by their lack of tact.

It is not considered good form at all to make charges when, for instance, that paint is so fresh and the cement graft stigma apt to harden and indiscriminately adhere to the garments of the purchasing agents.

He should have waited until

the statute of limitations, and other pacifiers, had a chance to get in their kindly offices. In the pursuit of great projects, moreover, the "Guvment" can't stop to scrutinize every little Million Dollar piece it is called upon to expend. The thing seems mean and miserly, and does not comport with true and lofty dignity. Our best stewards will be deterred, we fear, from entering our service, if

oughly unravelled", however. The better to do which, investigators have sailed over seas, to get at the French end of the skein and find—O joy!—that the Government of France doesn't want to stir up its old, dimly remembered de Lesseps affair and so, as freely predicted, the truth of the purchase, the identity of the men composing that "French syndicate" which received the good

American bond-born bonus, will be known only to those who pocketed the coin.

Given time enough, what in its hoydenish youth is a raw, plain steal, ripens into one of those hallowed Secrets of State without which no World Power would be genuine.

Taking the Census Out of Politics

RECOGNIZING that Census taking covers a multitude of soft snaps, Mr. Taft has issued an edict—an elegantly embossed, gold embroidered, elaborately chased, filigree entwined edict—distinctly forbidding the discussion of anything bordering

upon politics by the swarm of official locusts sent forth to devour statistics.

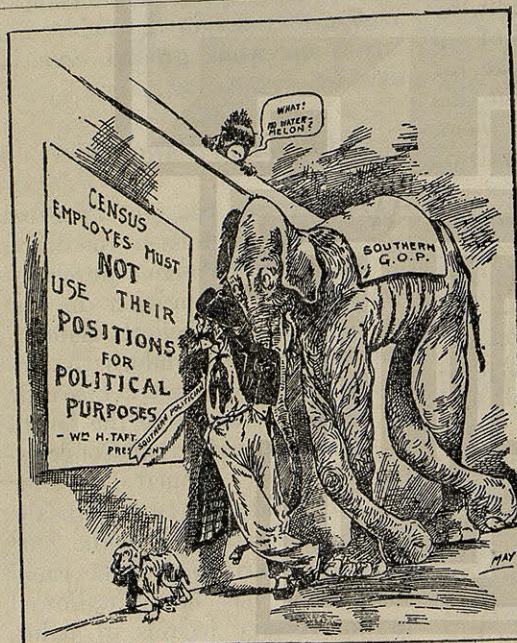
And, thereupon, Mr. Taft skillfully divides the patronage, so that the solidity of the South may, by a crevice or two, afford room for a trickle of the 'lasses, while the Democrats in the solid Republican communities won't get even to lick the drippings from

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Another Crop Failure

Detroit Journal

somebody is forever at their heels, prowling through the pantry, and checking up the contents of the store-room.

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Have you kept up, by the way, with the progress of that famous libel suit of Roosevelt, et al., versus Delavan Smith and other Muckrakers? No? Neither has any one else. The case is being "thor-

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the bottom of the cask.

Having stuffed the Census full of politics, Mr. Taft sagely believes that the machinery will work better without squeaking and, after all, hath it not been said of old that actions speak louder than words?

* * * *

If Mr. Taft is afraid of political impropriety, why has it not occurred to him that one of the best ways to keep partisan wire-pulling out of the work would be to divide the Census army so that the residence districts would be in charge of ladies? We suggest that the average woman loathes the visit of the census enumerator and his questions that, all too often, verge upon the impudent. It is quite bad enough that this periodical impertinence is demanded by the exigencies of civilization—but it could be mitigated by having women to question other women, while the insistence on negro census takers, clothed with authority to quiz, to invade white homes is an intolerable degradation.

Don't be too insistent, Mr. President and Supervisors, upon giving jobs to the voters, if by handing a few of them to the non-voting class you would have the work equally well done, and at the same time recognize, with high chivalry, that womanly modesty which is the flower of American life.

Graft, in its Worst Form

THE magazine articles of General Bingham, ex-Commissioner of Police, New York, relative to crime in that city, are not

so much in the nature of "revelations" as of statistics from a source that ought to be authentic. Gen. Bingham is not a "low-brow" promoted from doubtful obscurity, but a West Point graduate, an ex-army officer, and a cosmopolitan citizen, and though his writings at this time may be the outcome of personal pique at his deposition by Mayor McClellan, that does not necessarily lessen their truth. Indeed, from a distance, it would seem that Gen. Bingham made an honest effort to reform the abuses of the police department *from the inside*, a thing that the reformer has generally found to be a hopeless and thankless task. From the outside, he lifts the lid, and says to his city, and the nation at large, that New York pays through graft and blackmail "not less than \$100,000,000 a year"; and that "New York is ruled, not by her wealth, or her virtue; but by the politicians, who control the poverty-stricken and criminal aliens on the East Side".

* * * *

This is putting it a bit too strong, perhaps. There is always a host of rich and reputable "business interests" which look askance at any reforms that will "deaden" their town. These can be found behind the Legislature at Albany, working against the cleaner element that would abolish some of New York's crying abuses.

With reference to the existence of the "white slave" traffic there, the following is simply enough to stupefy one with horror:

"A large number of men who formerly made their living by following the races

—tipsters, bettors and minor book-makers—have engaged in the white slave traffic, or of prostitution, which, in its various ramifications, is now controlled almost entirely by politicians, or by men useful to them as repeaters at the polls. Nine-tenths, if not all, of the men who control and conduct this great traffic in crime, in which from 15,000 to 20,000 persons are engaged in New York, are identified with the Democratic organization which this fall will depend upon them to furnish anywhere from 5,000 or 10,000 of the 30,000 to 50,000 illegal votes which Tammany relies on polling in a doubtful campaign. The 25,000 to 40,000 illegal votes brought

flag has been hoisted, in Crete, and hauled down again under the glowering of the powers—England, Russia, France and Italy, only a lover of statistics for their own sake would care to count. The manoeuvres appear to have more of grand-stand play than real significance, and the outcome will no doubt be that Turkey will have to surrender the empty honor of its present suzerainty over the island.

Little Crete comes down to us



The Rival Brothers

DUET—"My pretty maiden, won't you, pray,
Take my arm and come my way?"

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)

in through other channels are furnished entirely by gangs of trained repeaters, that is, men who repeatedly vote at an election, and whose sole occupation between campaigns is law-breaking in one form or another."

With only variation of names and locality, Chicago reveals the same graft, blackmail and political rottenness. What is the matter with our big cities?

The Cretan Crisis

THIS "crisis" is the one fixed quantity in a variable world. Just how many times the Greek

from mythology, with all the charm that clusters around the Aegean. Aside from the foreign garrisons that have been policing her, she has but a handful of citizens who desire to be Greeks in letter as well as spirit. And it is doubtful if these citizens will encounter real opposition, since the matter is really one for the powers, not Turkey or Greece, to determine, and it is difficult to believe that they will exert themselves on behalf of the frail claim of the Sultan, except perhaps to

save his face. King George is anxious to be bound to his rage over the

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save his face, as well as that of King George, neither of whom is anxious to go to war, but both bound to bristle with apparent rage over the situation.

The Cry of Perpetual Maintenance

THE National Association of Letter Carriers will petition the Government for pensions! Last year, they asked for a graduated increase in pay, which was duly granted, and they now believe that they can be put on the same basis as United States soldiers. If this be true, why should not every Government employee demand a pension for himself, his widow and his children? So that the army of leeches sucking at the National Treasury could yearly be multiplied at the expense of all non-Federal workers? The thing would be ridiculous, were it not so very possible that the ever facile Republican party is delighted at the prospect for using a little more oil on its main machine.

If the carriers are sufficiently paid, and no one contends that they are not, their *own* scale having been accepted within a twelve-month, what justice lies in their demand for anything else? Other wage-earners expect to care for themselves in old age, or be cared for by the able members of their own families. And the average earnings have been abundantly shown to be far smaller on the part of most heads of families than the letter carrier receives. The carrier has easy hours and no expense or loss attaches to his service. He risks no more than other men in respect to inclement weather. If he cannot take care

of himself on his wages, as others must, he shouldn't follow the pursuit at all.

* * * *

Here enters the race problem again. The black letter carrier is legion, and to have foisted upon us an army of pampered Poms and Dinahs, with their little George and Booker Washingtons is an outrage to common sense and decency. The negro carrier now receives more pay and privilege than he would have anywhere except under Federal partiality to the black Republican voter. Naturally, his responsibilities do not increase. His wife usually finds her own board and clothes, and probably those of the pickaninnies, while the house they live in may cost all the way from practically nothing to a few dollars a month. The tax-payers educate his children, and his race is the recipient of perhaps more free medical attention than any other.

* * * *

The self-respecting white man should demand, and be content with, fair wages for fair work. And as for the black, who is rapidly becoming predominant in the postal service, a pension would be a case of buttering his already fat and greasy 'possum.

"A grateful nation" may be willing to do something for those who lost property, health or limb in its battles, and to care for the widows and orphans of those who fell. But must the unprotected and unpensioned farmer, laborer, clerk and artisan be literally saddled with the perpetual support of every doorkeeper, or stamp-licker who ever got on the

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Government pay-roll? It will amount to that before long if the idea of increasing the legion of parasites is encouraged.

Esperanto Yet Survives

THE recent Congress of the Esperanto Association of North America at Chautauqua, New York, brings this new tongue again to attention.

Among the many artificial languages,—perhaps 150 in number,—Esperanto seems to have succeeded better than its predecessors. It is said that public recognition of it as a universal language is increasing. The War Department at Washington was the first to give official recognition of the value of Esperanto and it has now quite an assortment of its literature on hand. There are probably more than a thousand schools and societies formed for the furtherance of this tongue and conferences are from time to time held which report progress. Germany has been impressed by the possibilities of its use in international trade and most of the nations are friendly to the spread of this mode of speech.

* * * *

Some one laments that "Esperanto, like simplified spelling, is confined to the very few and is given scant consideration even by the mass of the educated classes." More's the pity. The universal use of the metric system in mathematics; the simplification of spelling; the favoring of any measure that will save years that are now spent by children in acquiring the cumbrous and antiquated forms, ought to be promoted. Unfortunately, the "educated classes"

consider that they now know it all, and the uneducated classes are awed by them into silence, so that proof positive, presented by those interested in educational reforms, that years of time would be saved to pupils by the adoption of more rational systems in some branches, goes unheeded. The child of today has very much more to learn of history, science and art than the child of yesterday had.

If he could be as well equipped for life by measuring in the easy metric system instead of the laborious one now in vogue, or could enjoy literature just as well with some unnecessary letters left out altogether, or could have the wealth of foreign libraries brought within his reach through employment of a universal language, surely the most pedantic should not cavil. Insistence upon learning so many languages results, to the average busy person, in a pathetic superficiality which is a very travesty of *knowledge*.

Witch Doctors

AN article just published in the *New York American* from Reading, Pa., gives a detailed account of the presence in that region of witch doctors and of their work. From time to time statements of this sort have appeared in the newspapers, but this is of somewhat wider scope and evidently authentic. It is estimated that within the past year at least a thousand babies and an indefinite number of men and women have been allowed to die through superstitious reliance upon these witch or "hex" doctors. It is not alone the ignorant who believe in

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What sport an intelligent man
from Mars would have with us,
as a people with our conglomerate
beliefs and crazy theologies! With

rent fad, anything that professes
to "C'yore", gets the confidence of
the gullible who are by no means
always the illiterate. It is the
touchstone of quackery. No le-
gitimate, educated, conscientious
doctor ever professes to *cure*. The



The Trust Crows and the Sherman Law Scare-Scrows

—Baltimore Sun.

Theosophy, Catholic relics work-
ing miracles, all sorts of mental
"healing," witch and "cunjure"
doctors, no stratum of society is
exempt from rank superstition.

The "C'yore" is the thing. From
the patent medicine to the cur-

true physician treats, Nature
alone can effect the cure. The
doctor relieves suffering and as-
sists Nature. All the rest work
miracles and get the credit there-
for, yea, even unto trying to ob-
tain legal recognition.

Houses Melted and Poured

THOMAS A. EDISON, Wizard of America, has just solved the problem of cement consistency, whereby the composition is just right to run through huge iron moulds, and dry neither too quickly, nor too slowly, to keep the mass in shape until the whole is ready to come forth, as from a chrysalis—a house, ready for habitation, with bath-tubs, sinks, stationary wash-tubs and all “modern conveniences” in place. It will take two weeks to finish one of these houses from top to bottom, and their cheapness, comparing the cement houses with those of any other construction, it is said, will be profoundly gratifying.

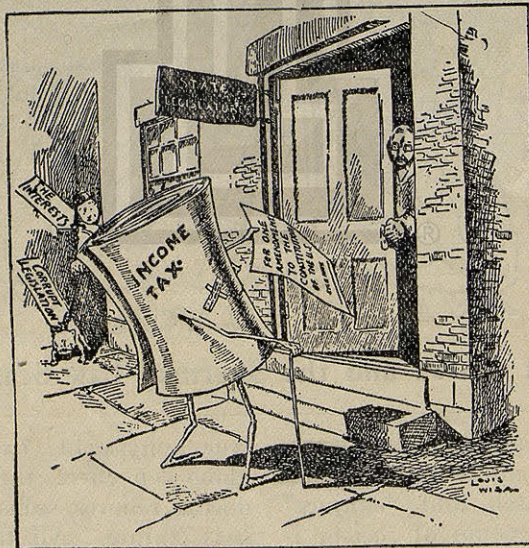
At present, we have Mr. Edison's word for it that such homes can be erected at so little cost that the crowding in the slums, and the frail, unsanitary dwellings

elsewhere need not much longer be with us.

* * * *

As a plane surface of cement cracks, subjected to the profound changes of temperature in our latitudes, what will be his plan for obviating this difficulty has not yet been published. Doubtless he will find a way, as in all other things to which his genius has turned.

Meantime, a “Concrete Trust” had better form, so that if there is, by reason of the unselfish and transcendent invention of gifted men, any hope of human betterment, it can forthwith be estopped. By putting the price of cement up to a prohibitive figure, we can maintain indefinitely the present breeding places of tuberculosis, and make certain as much life and property loss from fires as we have always been accustomed to enjoy.



Look Out for the Dog

—Wisa in the Newark Evening News

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THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

By FRANK E. ANDERSON

SOMETHING in the big red letters on the window caught him and he stopped—a tall slender figure, all in black, obstructing the throng rushing homeward toward Harlem. They elbowed him—but he had got used to that. Some cursed. Six months ago, he would have answered with a blow—but he was tired now. As he paused under the vulgar glare of electric lights, which made the sky shudder with disgust behind her dark veil meshed with trembling stars, the vile noises of New York screamed in his ears like maniacs being beaten to a pulp by brutal keepers. And how cold it was! Sweeping up from the Bay's green waters—now fading to gray in the dying twilight—the wet wind raced howling up the street. Under the skyscrapers, which frowned down sullen and half-asleep, it pounced on the loiterer, worried him savagely, bit him to the bone. In vain, he drew his coat more closely round him. His clothes were summer clothes and he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was no warmth within, which that coat could save to screen him from the blast.

"B-r!" said he. "I'll go inside for a minute."

It was but a small establishment, was this restaurant of Tommy Gent, wedged in between two giant buildings and destined to

disappear, once the lawsuit over it had ended. In the rear were little tables, set for supper; in front, on one side, the quick-lunch counter where patrons fasted at five cents a fast, yet called it eating, while opposite stood something which had been once a young tree, green with lusty vigor, but now—stripped of leaves and bark—stood there, with its piteous dead trunk and branches, only the skeleton of a sapling, lifting its yellow fingers in vain to heaven. The evening rush had not begun, so no one was in, except the proprietor, who was also its single waiter—Mr. Thomas Gent. The rosy Irish face of this cheery old bachelor was edged by a light-brown beard, cut in the shovel fashion. Not a wrinkle marred his pink skin—not even a crow's-foot at the corners of his pleasant hazel eyes. Daily acts of kindness had kept him young in heart and young in look. With snowy apron protecting his short form, he was making up fresh sandwiches, whistling the while to his pet, a green parrot huddled together on the topmost twig of the dead tree. But Poll was in no mood to talk. Perhaps she was dreaming of the South.

Just then the man from outside walked up to the counter and put one hand upon it. It was a small and shapely white hand, as Tommy Gent did not fail to notice.

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Slightly lifting his head under its sunburnt felt hat, the stranger fixed on Tommy eyes of wistful gray, which were shadowed by the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe, yet had within them fiery sparks, which burned like bits of flaming steel. A heavy dark moustache drooped over his thin and sensitive mouth. So dusky were the locks, clustering thickly round his temples, that the young man's countenance seemed almost ghastly pale.

"Give me a cup of strong black coffee, please," said he.

As he spoke, his fingers opened. There on the counter lay a nickel, which shone like silver and was hot as with a fever, he had held it gripped so long. But, before he could seat himself, Tommy Gent was beside him, saying:

"Don't sit down there."

His customer drew himself up. A flash of the oldtime lightning jumped into his gaze and the subdued music of his soft, well-modulated voice hardened to a sterner tone as, turning sharply on his heel, he demanded:

"Don't you wish to serve me?"

"It will be a pleasure, sir," replied Tommy Gent, "but this way, please."

He led him to the cosiest table and, after hanging up his hat, drew out a chair for him.

"Be seated, sir," quoth he. "Your coffee comes at once."

It brought, "And now, sir, what else will you have?" he inquired, laying a fresh napkin by the plate. The glances of the two men met—then, "Oh! That's all right, sir," exclaimed Mr. Gent, with a slightly redder color on his cheek. "Don't you suppose I

know a Southerner at sight, when I spent my happiest days myself in Dixie? And now that's settled," he continued heartily, "What will my guest have first? I would suggest that we start in with a sirloin steak, cooked Creole fashion—" But the wayfarer stopped him.

"Thank you very much," said he quietly, as his hand found the hand of Tommy Gent and wrung it hard, "but I shall take only the coffee, tonight."

Left to himself now, he sat, watching, with eyes which saw not, the rings of silver mist rising from the warm black bosom of the coffee to melt away like silent ghosts bearing off on their shoulders the scent of the spice-lands. Just then the parrot woke.

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" she whistled, with the true note of that night-bird of the wilderness. For the first time he observed the green creature perched on her dead twig and the tree with its fleshless fingers thrust upward in that vain appeal to heaven.

"How like my life!" he muttered, with an impatient sigh.

With rustling sweep of wings, which whispered of tropic winds, the parrot darted down to her master and laid her gray beak against his ruddy cheek. As she bent, one small round crimson tuft of feathers burst into sight on her side like a drop of blood new-fallen on green grass. In the cracked staccato of a stuttering old lady, she quavered forth:

"Polly—wants a—c-racke-r—c-racker—"

"That's like my life, again," murmured the listener, with a

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low bitter laugh. "For, don't I need my daily bread, too? Though," he added gently, as he watched Tom feeding the bird, "Good fellow, he would have fed me, also. But not that! O, God, not that—"

And now the graphophone began songs, which came to him out of the long ago like loved and lost voices wailing sweetly to him through the grave—*Dixie—Maryland, My Maryland—My Old Kentucky Home—The Old Folks at Home*. The soul of the Old South filled the room, yearning over him, her lost son, astray in New York that night. The wanderer felt her presence. His heart swelled fuller and fuller with the agony of tender memory and his chin sank lower on his breast. As a clear pure voice at last started singing, "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer", the soul of the Old South, Mother to us all, intensified itself into the spirit of his own dear mother brooding over him, her boy. Two heavy tears welled up and brimmed over. His lip quivered.

Quickly he put up his hand to screen his face. How often she had sung that to him, there on the piazza in the moonlight at home! Again he felt himself, a little lad, clasped in her loving arms. Again her dark head—rich with youth and lovely with Southern beauty—bent over him, as she sang—

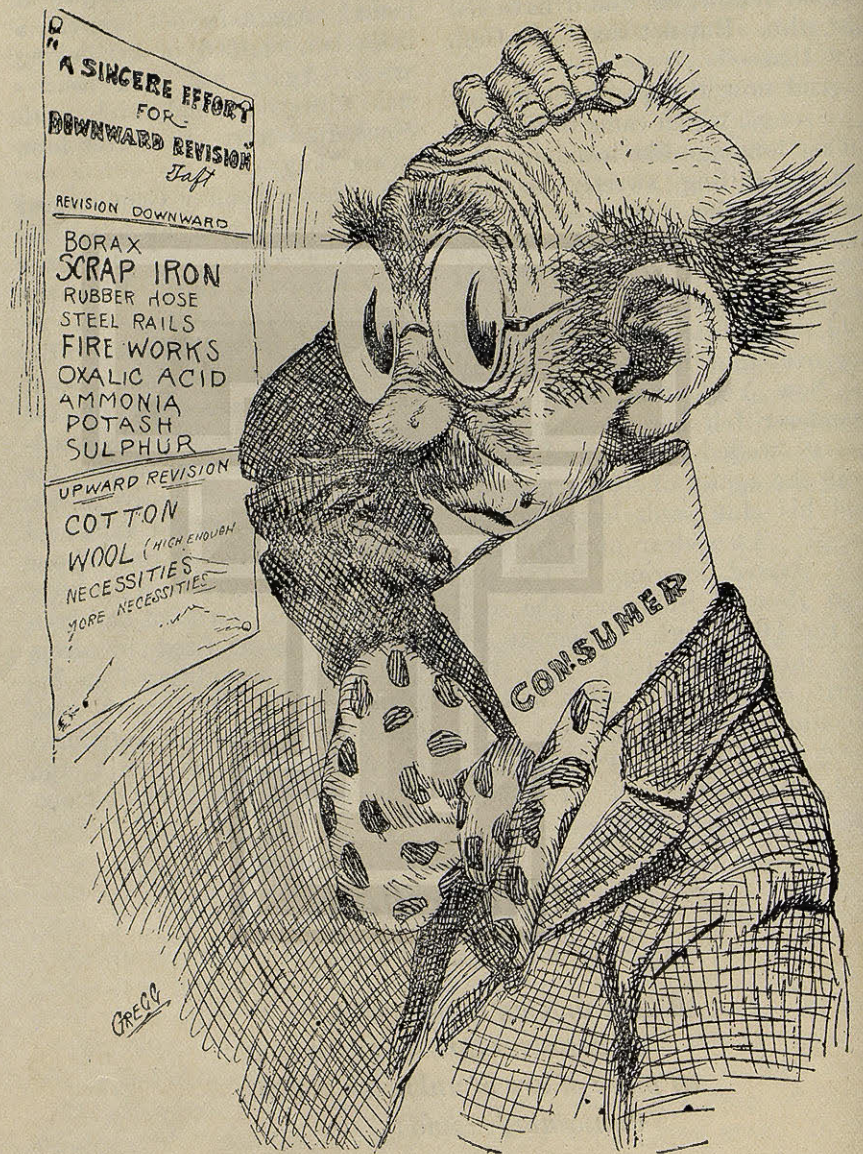
Suddenly Tommy Gent seemed to smell the scent of bitter almonds—a smell as of Christmas come before its time. With the uncomfortable feeling that he was a fool, he walked over to the table. It had been but a scant half-hour, as measured by the clock. The coffee was still smoking faintly in its cup before the stranger, who sat easily in his chair, with eyes closed and head fallen back, in the attitude of one who, though worn out, had yet been trying to listen but had been overtaken, as he tried, by sleep. Still, something glittered in his hand. It was an empty vial. The tired feet of John Taliaferro of Alabama would walk the streets of cold New York no more.

Unearthed

By Ralph N. Thomson

*A little digging in the earth,
A constant turning of the mold;
A piece of ore of unknown worth,
Containing—gold!*

*A little stirring of the breast,
A rending of reserve apart,
And in the nugget roughly dressed,
Behold—a heart.*



Oh, Happy Days!

—N. Y. American.

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The Fame of Jefferson and the University of Virginia Sought to be Sold

By J. D. SHOWALTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the following article, an alumnus of the University of Virginia fires some red-hot shot at Dr. Alderman because the Doctor "went after" and obtained a goodly bit of the loot which Andrew Carnegie and Thomas Fortune Ryan have wrung from the American people.

Mr. Carnegie's wealth is tainted with "blow-hole" frauds, Homestead massacres, class-legislation bought with campaign contributions, and Steel Trust consolidations which wrecked thousands of private estates and overflowed the markets with half-a-billion dollars of watered stock. Carnegie bitterly opposes the income tax upon the alleged argument that it would necessitate the swearing to lies upon the part of himself and other law-made millionaires who don't intend to pay a fair share of the taxes.

Thomas Fortune Ryan was one of the five thieves who were caught up with in the stealing of a huge sum of money from one of the New York street railway corporations, and who, to prevent further trouble, *returned the stolen goods*.

This happened within the last twelvemonth, but may have escaped Dr. Alderman's attention,—he being no doubt a very busy man.

Thomas Fortune Ryan is the same eminently successful financier who, under forms of law, stole the Seaboard Air Line Railroad from John Skelton Williams, the builder and organizer who had created the same. Having bled the Seaboard of its last possible drop of blood, Thomas Fortune let it drop, and John Skelton is now trying to make it strong again.

Thomas Fortune Ryan is likewise the powerful Wall Street magnate who formed the Tobacco Trust, obtained from Congress the laws which drove the pillaged farmers to desperation and Night Riding, and is therefore responsible for every life that was lost, every house that was burnt, in the fight of the tobacco growers against the heartless, insatiable Trust.

In connecting the name of the University of Virginia with those of two of the most conspicuous beneficiaries of the system of legislative favoritism which is so utterly at variance with the Jefferson doctrine of "Equal and exact justice to all men, without special privilege to any", *Dr. Alderman did a bad day's work.*]

NOTHING shows so forcibly the great Revolution in this country and the supreme omnipotence of money, as the occurrence narrated below. Mr. Jefferson wrote his own epitaph. He made no reference to the high offices that he had held; but he did write that he was "*The Founder of the University of Virginia*". It is probable that he took more pride in this one act of his life than in any other. He founded the Uni-

versity upon Democratic principles, and his main object in so doing was to inculcate, both by precept and the mode of instruction, *Democratic faith*. It was intended to teach to the young men of this country the great and cardinal political principles of the Revolution. It fulfilled this object in an eminent degree, and it is safe to say, that more than any other one influence, it shaped the destinies of this country previous to 1860. It was a synonym of

honor and lofty purposes. We all look back with pride to some event in our lives. The writer has always regarded with grateful satisfaction, that after the close of the War, it was his great privilege to attend the Law Department of this institution, and to there have more deeply impressed upon his mind *reverence for the great Constitutional principles, exemplified in the life and teachings of Mr. Jefferson.*

Recently an event has occurred, which not only causes pain and sorrow to every alumnus of the University, but indignation in the breast of every man, not lost to every sense of propriety. It is difficult to speak in moderation of this disgraceful transaction.

A few years past, the office of President was created. This in itself was contrary to the wishes of Mr. Jefferson, and not in harmony with the plan that he had formulated. Doctor Alderman was elected to this position. Not a graduate of the institution, his actions show that he has not the faintest conception of the original aims and purposes which Jefferson had in view.

At the recent commencement, a dispatch to the New York *Herald* reports him as saying, "It is not my ambition to be thought of as a money-getter, with the greedy and glittering eye fastened upon increasing the endowments." The next sentence disproves this statement. For he then "announced the recent completion of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Endowment Fund of one million of dollars". And who, pray, were the principal donors to this fund? Andrew Carnegie and Thomas F.

Ryan were among the largest and gave over half.

Certainly the high and lofty ambitions and methods of these donors, instead of the amount of their subscriptions, did not furnish the the evident gratification—to Dr. Alderman.

Could Mr. Jefferson come forth from his grave, he would have *burnt the buildings before he would have accepted such an "endowment"*. What right has Dr. Alderman to connect the names of Ryan and Carnegie with that of Mr. Jefferson?

But more, the half a million of Mr. Carnegie's is to be used to establish and maintain schools of law named "after great men who have helped to build the Union and the Republic". Think of it, *Carnegie and Ryan, whose lives and teachings are the reverse of what the University was founded to teach, and whose acts have gone far towards destroying the Republic*, are to found three Schools of Law to honor great men who founded the Republic!

They are to be called "The James Madison School of Law; The James Monroe School of International Law; The James Wilson School of Political Science and Political Economy". Who that has any regard for historical truth, or public virtue or decency, would thus associate the names and virtues of four men, long dead, in a manner that they would detest and indignantly repudiate, if living? What right then has Dr. Alderman thus to seek to connect the names of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Wilson with the names of Ryan and Carnegie, *in consideration of so much cash?*

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I hav sorrow, stated. Universi should owls wo once sac thankfu and Lee to sell t ey, nor other p those w and hav law, ho fare, is schools youth o young r method and pr man pl name o and sou a millic ed in so the Boc spirit, t derman And if

Another matter, James Wilson was a great man; after years of study, I am impressed with the belief that intellectually he ranked first in the Constitutional Convention. But the Constitution adopted, he became a prominent member of the old Federal party and advocated a strong Central Government. There was afterwards no political harmony between his views and Mr. Jefferson's. What is the "Political Science" that is to be taught in this school—that of Jefferson held by James Wilson at one time; or, *the after* views of Alexander Hamilton, held by Wilson at another?

I have written this article in sorrow, but the facts should be stated. Every student of the University, who reveres the past, should pray that only bats and owls would hereafter inhabit the once sacred precincts. Let us be thankful that the "Washington and Lee" has not yet attempted to sell these two names for money, nor to join them with these other persons. *If the money of those who have defied our laws, and have gained it in defiance of law, honesty and the public welfare, is good enough to found schools of law, to educate the youth of the land, why may these young men not be taught that the methods of the donors are lawful and praiseworthy?* Dr. Alderman placed in the balance the name of Jefferson and his fame, and sought to sell it for a half a million of dollars—and succeeded in so far as he could do so. *If the Board of Visitors had the old spirit, they would dismiss Dr. Alderman and return the money.* And if they do not, every old

student should rise in protest, and see that the University is ignored hereafter.

Two of my mother's brothers were among the first students; an older brother of the writer's also, and I had hoped that two nephews would follow in their footsteps. No man, who reveres the name of Mr. Jefferson, the University and all it stood for, will or can condone this act. *Better the old poverty, and the old honor, than the present wealth and disgrace.* If the donors' money is honest, so must be the methods by which it is notorious they gained this money, and it is but logical that, with the former as a basis, the latter may be, consistently, held up to emulation. What a travesty; what a mockery is this whole disgraceful matter in the light of history and of present conditions! The whole Federal Government, and that of each of the States, is trying to devise some means by which the Carnegies, Ryans and their methods can be made impossible. It is recognized that the very conditions which they have brought about constitutes the most serious and alarming menace to the "Republic", that Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Wilson sought to establish. It is recognized that these conditions arise from causes and methods more serious than the ordinary fractions of the law; that they strike at the very foundations of all government itself—Municipal, State and Federal; that it involves the very integrity of every branch of government, Legislative, Executive and Judicial. In a word, that it makes impossible "the more perfect Union—designed to secure the blessings

of liberty". It is a notorious fact that they and their class make the government of the Fathers impossible.

Yet they contribute the money to found a "School of Law", named after three of the greatest statesmen of the past, who labored to establish all that the other class have pulled down. In this school of "Political Science" they should have an appropriate text-book. I recently ran across one which professed to be written "for use in law schools". It occurred to me then that it would be appropriate in law schools, endowed by the trusts. It affirmed

that a Federal Government meant a nation of people united; that Federal and Confederate Governments were entirely different in form. And so it went on. Then there should be another text-book teaching that larceny of a million is a conventional crime, and of five million and up, a shining virtue. The surroundings would then harmonize. Is there any hope for the liberty of the people or free institutions, when even a university founded by Jefferson, with all its former name and fame, will barter all for money? "How have the mighty fallen!"

Independence, Mo.

To a Still-Born Babe

By Mary Gravely Jones

THOU tiny little waif!
How strange that thou hast lived
But that thy faint heartbeats were
stilled.
Ere yet the breath of life thy nostrils
filled.
On earth's dark borders thou didst fight,
The human in thee battling for the light.
But God, for thee, a heavenly fate had
sealed
And called thee home, ere thou
To earth didst yield.

My teardrops wash thy cheek,
And still, my heart is glad.
That thou art all of good and none of
bad;
That only heaven thy heart hast known;
That none of earth's dark seed were sown.
A loving Father lent thee for a moment
here
That earth might seem less sweet
And heaven more dear.

Thy angel form dost lure without sur-
cease

My feet, to seek the Prim-rose path of
Peace.
In thee is the essence of our Saviour's
smile
When in their midst He placed a little
child,
Saying, "Except ye become as one of
these,
Ye can in naught my Heavenly Father
please."
A flower of heaven, thy hand a petal
curled,
Thou'rt born of God to bud, but not to
blossom in the world.

(Through the loss of the last verse of the foregoing poem, the name of the writer was given, in the September JEFFERSONIAN as Nina Hill Robinson. Attention having been called to the error, we take pleasure in giving the proper credit, as well as in restoring the poem to its entire beauty.)



LETTERS TO AARON BURR

[DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF ST. DOMINGO WHEN THE NEGROES DROVE OUT THE FRENCH. PUBLISHED IN 1808. THE LETTERS WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN IN 1801-2. AARON BURR WAS AT THAT TIME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE NAME OF THE LADY WRITER IS NOT GIVEN IN THE BOOK.]

LETTER IV.

THE BALL announced by the admiral exceeded all expectations and we are still all ecstasy. Boats, covered with carpets, conveyed the company from the shore to the vessel, which was anchored about half a mile from the land, and on entering the ball-room a fairy palace presented itself to the view. The decks were floored in; a roof of canvas was suspended over the whole length of the vessel, which reached the floor on each side, and formed a beautiful apartment. Innumerable lustres of chrystal and wreaths of natural flowers ornamented the ceiling; and rose and orange trees, in full blossom, ranged round the room, filled the air with fragrance. The seats were elevated, and separated from the part appropriated to dancing, by a light balustrade. A gallery for the musicians was placed round the main-mast, and the whole presented to the eye an elegant saloon, raised by magic in a wilderness of sweets. Clara and myself, accompanied by her husband and Major B——, were among the first who arrived. Never had I beheld her so interesting. A robe of white crepe shewed to advantage the contours of her elegant person. Her arms and bosom were bare; her black hair, fas-

tened on the top with a brilliant comb, was ornamented by a rose which seemed to have been thrown there by accident.

We were presented to the admiral, who appeared struck by the figure of Clara, and was saying some very flattering things, when a flourish of martial music announced the arrival of the General-in-Chief. The admiral hastened to meet him, and they walked round the room together.

When the dances began the general leaned against the orchestra opposite Clara. Her eyes met his. She bent them to the ground, raised them timidly and found those of the general fixed on her: a glow of crimson suffused itself over her face and bosom. I observed her attentively and knew it was the flush of triumph! She declined dancing, but when the waltzes began she was led out. Those who have not seen Clara waltz know not half her charms. There is a physiognomy in her form! Every emotion is full of soul. The gracefulness of her arms is unequalled, and she is lighter than gossamer.

The eyes of the general dwelt on her alone, and I heard him inquire of several who she was.

The waltz finished, she walked round the room leaning on the arm of Major B——. The general followed, and meeting her

husband, asked (pointing to Clara) if he knew the name of that lady. Madame St. Louis, was the reply. I thought she was an American, said the general. So she is, replied St. Louis, but her husband is a Frenchman. That's true, added the general, but they say he is a d—d jealous fool; is he here? He has the honor of answering you, said St. Louis. The general was embarrassed for a moment, but recovering himself said, I am not surprised at your being jealous, for she is a charming creature. And he continued uttering so many flattering things that St. Louis was in the best humor imaginable. When Clara heard the story, she laughed, and, I saw, was delighted with a conquest she now considered assured.

When she sat down, Major B—— presented the general to her, and his pointed attention rendered her the object of universal admiration. He retired at midnight: the ball continued. An elegant collation was served up, and at sunrise we returned home!

The admiral is a very agreeable man, and I would prefer him, as a lover, to any of his officers, though he is sixty years old. His manners are affable and perfectly elegant; his figure graceful and dignified, and his conversation sprightly. He joined the dance at the request of a lady, with all the spirit of youth, and appeared to enjoy the pleasure which his charming fete diffused.

He told Clara that he would twine a wreath of myrtle to crown her, for she had vanquished the general. She replied that she would mingle it with

laurel, and lay it at his feet for having, by preserving the Cape, given her an opportunity of making the conquest.

Nothing is heard of but balls and parties. Monsieur D'Or gives a concert every Thursday; the General-in-Chief every Sunday: so that from having had no amusement we are in danger of falling into the other extreme, and of being satiated with pleasure.

The Negroes remain pretty tranquil in this quarter; but at Port-au-Prince, and in its neighborhood, they have been very troublesome.

Jeremie, Les Cayes, and all that part of the island which had been preserved, during the revolution, by the exertions of the inhabitants, have been lost since the appearance of the French troops!

The Creoles complain, and they have cause; for they find in the army sent to defend them oppressors who appear to seek their destruction. Their houses and their negroes are put under requisition, and they are daily exposed to new vexations.

Some of the ancient inhabitants of the island, who had emigrated, begin to think that their hopes were too sanguine, and that they have returned too soon from the peaceful retreats they found on the continent. They had supposed that the appearance of an army of thirty thousand men would have reduced the negroes to order; but these conquerors of Italy, unnerved by the climate, or from some other cause, lose all their energy, and fly before the undisciplined slaves.

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reign of Toussaint, regret the change, and say that they were less vexed by the negroes than by those who have come to protect them.

And these negroes, notwithstanding the state of brutal subjection in which they were kept, have at length acquired a knowledge of their own strength. More than five hundred thousand broke the yoke imposed on them by a few thousand men of a different color, and claimed the rights of which they had been so cruelly deprived. Unfortunate were those who witnessed the horrible catastrophe which accompanied the first wild transports of freedom! Dearly have they paid for the luxurious ease in which they revelled at the expense of these oppressed creatures. Yet even among these slaves, self-emancipated, and rendered furious by a desire of vengeance, examples of fidelity and attachment to their masters have been found, which do honor to human nature.

For my part, I am all anxiety to return to the continent. Accustomed from my earliest infancy to wander on the delightful banks of the Schuylkill, to meet the keen air on Kensington bridge, and to ramble over the fields which surrounded Philadelphia, I feel like a prisoner in this little place, built on a narrow strip of land between the sea and a mountain that rises perpendicularly behind the town. There is to be sure an opening on one side to the plain, but the negroes are there encamped; they keep the ground of which General LeClerc suffered them to take possession, and threaten daily to attack the town!

There is no scarcity of beaux here, but the gallantry of the French officers is fatiguing from its sameness. They think their appearance alone sufficient to secure a conquest, and do not conceive it necessary to give their yielding mistresses a decent excuse by paying them a little attention. In three days a love affair is begun and finished and forgotten; the first is for the declaration, the second is the day of triumph if it is deferred so long, and the third is for the adieu.

The Creoles do not relish the attacks made on their wives by the officers. The husband of Clara in particular is as jealous as a Turk, and has more than once shown his displeasure at the pointed attentions of the General-in-Chief to his wife, which she encourages, out of contradiction to her husband rather than from any pleasure they afford her. The boisterous gaiety and soldier-like manners of General Rochambeau can have no impression on a heart tender and delicate as is that of Clara. But there is a vein of coquetry in her composition which, if indulged, will eventually destroy her peace.

A tragical event happened lately at Port-au-Prince. At a public breakfast, given by the commandant, an officer just arrived from France, addressing himself to a lady, called her *citoyenne*. The lady observed that she would never answer to that title. The stranger replied that she ought to be proud of being so called. On which her husband, interfering, said that his wife should never answer to any mode of address that she found displeasing. No more passed at that time, but be-

fore noon Monsieur C—— received a challenge: the choice of weapons being left to him, he said it was absolutely indifferent: the stranger insisted on fighting with a rifle; Monsieur C—— replied that he should have no objection to fight with a cannon: it was, however, finally settled that the affair should be decided with pistols; and at sunrise next morning they met: the officer fired without effect. Monsieur C——, with surer aim, laid his antagonist lifeless on the ground.

On what trifles depends the destiny of man! But the Europeans are so insolent that a few such lessons are absolutely necessary to correct them.

Monsieur C—— is a Creole, and belonged to the staff of the general who commands at Port-au-Prince, from which he has been dismissed in consequence of this affair, which is another proof of the hatred the French officer bears the inhabitants of this country.

We have here a general of division, who is enriching himself by all possible means, and with such unblushing rapacity, that he is universally detected. He was a blacksmith before the revolution, and his present suits bear some affinity to his original employment, having taken possession of a plantation on which he makes charcoal, and which he sells to the amount of a hundred dollars a day. A caricature has appeared in which he is represented tying up sacks of coal. Madame A——, his mistress,

standing near him, holds up his embroidered coat and says, "Don't soil yourself, General."

LETTER V.

THREE of your letters arriving at the same time, my dear friend, have made me blush for my impatience, and force me to acknowledge that I have wronged you. But your friendship is so necessary to my happiness that the idea of losing it is insupportable. You know what clouds of misfortune have obscured my life. An orphan without friends, without support, separated from my sister from my infancy, and, at an age when the heart is most alive to tenderness and affection, deprived by the unrelenting hand of death, of him who had taught me to feel all the transports of passion, and for whose loss I felt all its despair. Cast on the world without an asylum, without resource, I met you:—you raised me—soothed me—whispered peace to my lacerated breast! Ah! can I ever forget that delightful moment when your care saved me? It was so long since I had known sympathy or consolation that my astonished soul knew not how to receive the enchanting visitants; fleeting as fervent was my joy: but let me not repine! Your friendship has shed a ray of light on my solitary way, and though removed from the influence of your immediate presence, I exist only in the hope of seeing you again.

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THE DARK CORNER

By ZACK MCGHEE

CHAPTER IV.

JIM was awakened the next morning by the musical shuffling of a shoe brush—No, it was not a shoe brush: it was a blacking brush, the sweet sounds of which have now died away forever and are heard only in our dreams. Before the merciless sweep of civilization, with its liquid inky concoction called polish, its little box of paste, and its assortment of dirty rags, the old-time blacking brush, along with its most intimate associate, the old-time negro, has been pushed aside to take a place beside the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

It was an old-time negro, though not an old negro, that was shuffling the blacking brush, and he was accompanying his melody with low, even grunts in syncopated measure.

"Hello, there, Colonel! You're playing a tune, are you?"

Jim rubbed his eyes and yawned. The negro cocked his woolly head to the left so that the whites of his eyes appeared from over his shoulder, and his black lips parted, showing two rows of pearly white teeth.

"Naws'r, I's jest blackin' yer shoes, suh."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I thought perhaps you were giving me a morning serenade." Then opening his eyes a little wider and shifting the position of his head

on the pillow so that he could get a better view of the negro, he said reflectively, "Just this little thought came into my consciousness, Colonel, that rather than allow such peaceful, Elysian repose to be subjected to the violent shock of an abrupt awakening, it were your custom here, as in the Happy Valley of Rasselas, to have sweet music gently charm one back from the realms of fairy-land into this world of—a—of—a, say, ships and shoes and sealing wax, Colonel, and cabbages and kings—and—a—and—a—queens, too, Colonel, for I have learned, unless I have been in a dream all the time I have been here, that you have queens hereabouts. Isn't it so, Colonel?"

The woolly head tucked itself down over the shoe, and the brush shuffled vigorously. Jim raised himself, slightly resting his head on his elbow, and eyed the negro closely for a moment.

"You have read Rasselas, I suppose, Colonel, have you not?"

The negro turned his head again, looking over his shoulder, his mouth open wider as he saw the look of serious inquiry on his interrogator's face.

"I dunno whut dat is."

"Never have read it, eh? Well, I envy you. You certainly have a treat before you." Jim yawned again and lay back on the pillow, drawing the counterpane up around his shoulders to get another nap. The negro finished

shining the shoes, put some fresh water into the pitcher on the wash-stand; then, going up near the bed, he gently touched the sleeper on the shoulder.

"What's that!" exclaimed Jim, starting.

"Hit's jes me," the negro apologized, stepping back a few paces. "I jes wants ter ax if yer wants er fire, suh?"

"A fire? O no, I guess not, Thomas. It isn't cold, is it?"

"Naws'r, hit ain't cold."

"Well, what the deuce you suppose I want a fire for?" asked Jim, more amused than angry, though he spoke sternly.

"Well, suh, dey ain no tellin' whut a gemmun mout want, specially sometimes."

Jim laughed.

"That's a fact sure," he said. "I see you are a philosopher, Colonel."

"Naws'r, I ain no flossopher, but I dooz my best ter satisfy er gemmun whut I waits on."

"Well, you're all right, anyway, Thomas. Give me my trousers there."

"Yo' which, suh?"

"Trousers, trousers, Colonel—breeches!"

"Oh, yas'r, yo' britches, yas'r."

Jim got a dime from his trousers' pocket and gave it to the negro, who bowed and grinned profusely and said, "I thanks you, suh," several times and left the room.

"Dat's de jabbernest perfesser I ever see," he said to the cook as he entered the kitchen a few minutes later. "He tawk en tawk, en haf de time you kyant unerstan whut he tawkin erbout. I don' speek he know heself."

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Alston.

"De new perfesser. I don' know whut he name."

"Oh, that's Professor Thompson."

"Dat ain't Mr. Jim Thompson! Whar he come fum?"

Jim was still asleep when a few minutes later the negro again entered his room and stood over him, looking at him a long time in silence. At length the sleeper's eyes gradually opened.

"Hello, there, Colonel! What's the matter now? Breakfast ready?"

There was no answer.

"You have breakfast in your establishment, don't you, Colonel?"

"Yas'r, we haves brekfuss."

"What interval of time would you say will elapse before that event?"

The negro scratched his head.

"You means how long it's gwi be 'fo' brekfuss?"

"Certainly," said Jim. "That's what I am driving at."

"Hit'll be 'bout twenty-five minutes, suh."

Jim began slowly to lift himself up and throw back the cover.

"But what did you come back for, Thomas?"

"Nuffin 'tall, suh. Cep'n I 'low you mout want sump'n else."

"No, nothing, thank you, Thomas. Call again. I hope I make no mistake. It is—ah—your name, you know—it is Thomas, isn't it? Or is it just Colonel?"

The negro stopped again and stood looking at him with his eyes and mouth open, his tongue hanging out.

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er. Of course, you are a Colonel; but are you Colonel Thomas, or Colonel Bill, Colonel Jim or what? or perhaps you are just plain Colonel?"

The negro grinned now all over.

"I ain no colonel, suh."

"But you've got a name, haven't you?"

"Hit's Simon, suh."

"Simon!" repeated Jim, "O yes, I thought so. Simon Peter." Then, after a slight pause, he knit his brows and asked in a melancholy and solicitous tone, "How is your mother-in-law, Simon?"

Simon's under jaw went down, and his hand was slowly raised to his woolly head, which he began to scratch as a stimulant to his mental activities.

"Mudder-in-law? I ain't got no mudder-in-law, suh."

Jim looked graver than ever.

"Ah!" he said in a tone of sympathy. "I hadn't heard a word of it. Then, the old lady is dead?"

"Whut old lady dat you tawk-in' 'bout, suh?"

"Why your mother-in-law, Simon. Who else should we be talking about?"

"I specks you done git me mix up wid some er de udder niggers on de place. I ain never been mah'd yit."

"What!" exclaimed Jim in astonishment. "Some mistake somewhere sure. The Bible says so. You believe what the Bible says, don't you?"

"Yas'r, I believes de Bible."

Jim was now sitting on his pillow in bed, his arms folded around his shins, his knees pressed up against his breast, and his chin hooked over the caps of his knees. The early morning sun streamed through the open window and fell

upon the heavy and disheveled mass of brown hair. His whole face was illuminated and his gray eyes seemed to glisten as they looked intently at the dusky but benignant countenance of the negro, who stood at the foot of the bed; one of his hands pressed his ragged wool hat against his side, while the other rested lightly upon the lower railing of the bedstead. A strange light seemed to come into his eyes as he stood there hesitating for a moment. Then he ventured in an apologetic tone:

"My name ain Simon Peter, suh: Hit's jes Simon."

"Oh, that explains it."

But the next moment Jim himself was wonderstruck, for the negro had stepped up closer to the bed and was now leaning away over, looking him full in the face and scrutinizing every feature.

"What's the matter, Simon?" he exclaimed. "What are you staring at me like that for?"

Simon straightened up, but still kept his gaze fastened on the man in bed.

"I jes wanter ax yer one question, suh."

"Well ax away, Colonel, ax me a hundred, but don't look at me that way. You scare me to death."

"Is you the same Mister Jim Thompson whut used ter live up in Wilson?"

"Yes," said Jim, "but I never killed anybody."

"He! he! he!" laughed Simon, "I knows dat, Mister Jim, but fit er fellow pow'ful hard one time."

"I did, eh? I don't remember that. Who was it?"

"Mister Jim, is you done fergit Ole Simon?"

"What's your other name?"

"I's Simon Vance, suh, whut used ter play in de yahd wid you en de udder chillun. Don't you member we had de fight 'bout de little gal whut yer ma tuk kyeer uv which—"

"Simon, you black rascal, you!" exclaimed Jim, springing up. "Come around here and shake hands with me. Bless my soul, and yours too. Why didn't you tell me it was you?"

CHAPTER V.

THE Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President, opened on Monday morning, for it was not raining, promptly as soon as the hall was filled—somewhere between ten and twelve; the hour announced for the opening was nine. The whole town and surrounding country had been summoned to be present, and the whole town and surrounding country was present, for it was a great and auspicious occasion.

The Reverend Jeremiah Owen Jaspar, the good Baptist divine who had been pastor in Hollisville since grandfathers were school boys, opened with a fervent and comprehensive prayer. Ed Oldham had been heard to say that the Reverend Jeremiah, when he preached or prayed, reminded him of one of those old-time eight-day clocks striking. The good ladies of the church said Ed was a disgrace to the community. Ed waited outside and smoked cigarettes until the prayer was over. The good divine prayed that the "Great Architect

of the Universe, the Author and Finisher of our Faith," might shower his rich and plenteous blessings upon all men who deserved them. "The Lord knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him," he quoted. He prayed for peace on earth and good will to men, and "death to our enemies." He prayed that there might be no more war, and that they might have strength to fight their battles to a glorious victory. He prayed that they might be like St. Paul, "in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," while they yearned and struggled till this "weary, weary life is o'er." He prayed that they might have everything that mortal heart could hope for, and that those things which they could not get they might have strength to deny themselves, because "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." He mentioned many things by name, and lest anything be left out he added the including petition that the Lord would send them those things which "Thou seest we need." He repeated his prayer for certain things which seemed to him to be of especial importance, so that the Lord might not forget them; among these were grace, mercy, peace, redemption. He prayed for these in many different phrases, metaphors, quotations from Scripture and hymns. After he had exhausted his vocabulary and his stock of Scripture and other quotations upon mankind in general, and after Ed Oldham had smoked five cigarettes, he began to particularize upon that especial community and that especial assembly, enlarging his supplications now and then so as not to be charged with

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the fault of not being comprehensive in his prayer. He now prayed that rich and plenteous blessings might fall upon the teachers and children of that school, and upon the fathers and mothers of these children, upon those composing that assembly, and upon their friends, relatives, and acquaintances; upon the entire community in general; and here he put in a few special petitions for all other school children, teachers, parents, other assemblies and communities in general, with the friends, relatives, and acquaintances of all concerned, or who might, could, would, or should be concerned, and also their enemies. Ed had smoked up his package of cigarettes and was leaning over the window sill to borrow one from Dick Wilson, who sat just inside. He smoked this while the Reverend Jeremiah stopped to catch breath; then Dick having no more, he was considering whether he should go down town and get another package, when the good divine began to get particularly fervent and eloquent. Ed recognized the place and knew it would be only about fifteen minutes to the end. The Reverend Jeremiah was just beginning his prayer for "that noble and distinguished man, the learned scholar and polished gentleman, that leader of men and guiding light of little children, that great and good man, who has been such a blessing to this community and the world, whose name was, therefore, emblazoned in shining letters of gold in the great Book which the Angel of the Lord held aloft in his right hand, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson."

When finally he finished—for he did finish at last—the great and good man, Professor Tilson, arose and looked out over the admiring multitude. He stood there for a few minutes in silence and majesty, so that all might see and be impressed. Then in measured accents and a voice quivering with emotion and with greatness, he thanked the people for the support they had given him in the past, which support had enabled him to accomplish such wonderful things in that community. He gave them the figures as to the number of students, the number of counties represented in the school, and the number of miles traveled by the students to come to the school, which reached up into the thousands. At each one of these announcements, a look of awe came into the faces of his listeners; they were in the presence of the miraculous and the miracle worker. But great and wonderful as were the things that had been and that were, they were nothing compared with what was going to be.

Then, after waiting for the applause to die away and for the audience to cease contemplating these wonders and behold the man who had wrought them, the miracle worker begged leave to introduce as the "Orator of the day," "the Honorable Thomas Raymond Allen, Senator from Pee Dee and a distinguished member of the Waxton bar."

The distinguished gentleman from Waxton arose—pulled down his vest,—took a drink of water,—cleared his throat,—made a sweeping bow,—and, as Ed Oldham said, "opened fire."

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" he

ostensibly to make a few remarks, but really to prevent the charge of partiality to the Baptist preacher. Then Captain King, the Chairman of the Board, made a few remarks, and several others, including the county superintendent of education, who, by special invitation of Professor Tilson, and by his sufferance, was allowed the privilege of appearing before that large audience. Each of these paid the customary tribute to the noble head of the splendid institution and exhorted the boys to emulate so illustrious a preceptor.

Then, after all these speeches, and after a hymn or two had been drawled out, Tilson, the great man himself, again arose and begged leave to announce as an evidence of growth and prosperity and an example of the great things which he was bringing about and was going to bring about, that he had secured the services of a "celebrated professor," Professor James Carlton Thompson, who had been elected Vice-President and Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages and English Philology. Him he begged further leave now to introduce to the audience.

The celebrated Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages and English Philology arose and stood for a moment stage-struck. At length, realizing that he must speak, he was about to deliver an oration, possibly about Rome and her seven hills or something like that, when a fortunate accident came to his rescue. Old man Zeke Woodward's peg leg suddenly dropped off the box and the audience took that as a signal for applause, during which he had an opportunity to collect himself.

Then he started out to give some of his ideas upon the subject of education, with special reference to what he conceived to be the mission of this school and his own relation to it. He spoke in a mild conversational tone, in such striking contrast to the pomposity and rant which had preceded him that many of the people waked up and listened. Even Brother Zeke Woodward, whom the fall of his peg leg coupled with the lull in the storm had aroused, opened his eyes, and, getting more and more interested in what Jim was saying, soon got to smiling and nodding his approval; and Ed Oldham, who when he had seen Tilson get up had gone outside to smoke another cigarette, poked his head through the window to see who that fellow was talking instead of making a speech.

"I am not much of a speaker, Ladies and Gentlemen. My understanding with Mr. Tilson"—Yes, he actually had the nerve to refer to the great professor as "Mister." It horrified most of the audience, but some of them excused him on the ground that he was young: he would learn better, they thought. "My understanding with Mr. Tilson," he said, "is that I have not come here to make speeches but to teach. There was a time, you know, when the man who could make the biggest speech in the neighborhood was the biggest man in the neighborhood, but now, when a man makes a big speech, many people begin to think that is all he can do."

And he did not attempt to make a speech, but rambled on for a few minutes in a conversational tone, in the course of which he said:

"My idea in teaching is to develop a well rounded Christian character; and the way to do this is to do the work set before you, leaving all other things which tend to divert absolutely and completely alone. I should like to see all schools emphasize that it is not what you appear to be but what you really are that is worth while in this life: and in accord with this, it is not what you appear to know but what you really do know that is important. That is why I have little to do and have no patience whatever with this showing off business so prominent in the affairs of some schools."

If Jim knew he was making a break he did not show it. He had heard mention of certain frequent entertainments (with the accent on the *ments*) which had been instituted by the Professor, though since he had arrived none had been announced. But it was strange doctrine to that audience, which had been so carefully trained to believe that the "showing off business" was the most important part of all well regulated schools; and, as Jim turned to take his seat, he noticed that Tilson's face had lost its smile of satisfaction. The Methodist preacher's face wore a troubled look. He had been to call on his new member and had been nourishing the hope of having a Methodist rise to prominence in this flourishing institution, but this was a daring stroke and he feared the consequences. There was a benignant placidity in the smile of the Reverend Jeremiah. His

views agreed with Jim's exactly, and after the meeting broke up he took him patronizingly by the hand and told him so; the one interesting circumstance about this being that the Reverend Jeremiah had not the most remote idea of what Jim meant, and but the faintest idea of what he had said.

In spite of this break, the speech on the whole made a very favorable impression on the audience. This is why the great Professor did not like it. He smiled, though, when a number of the good people, as they passed out, said to him that they liked the new professor. With his smile, however, he put in this word: "Yes, I think he will be all right when he catches on to our way of doing things. He is quite young yet, you know."

"I fear I made a fool of myself today; it looks like that is to be a part of my duty here, too," is the way the entry in Jim's journal for that day begins.

Miss Hall and her friend, Miss Anderson, discussed the speech and the speaker on the way home.

"Don't you think he's very impractical?" asked Aileen of her companion.

"I don't know," replied Miss Anderson thoughtfully. "We ought to give him a chance."

"Well, I don't like him a bit, anyway," said Aileen, impulsively. "I think he's too Big-Ikey."

They walked along for several minutes in silence. As they were entering the house, Aileen turned to her companion and said,

"But, Kathrine, don't you think he's nice?"

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—CHAPTER IX.

ON DECEMBER 5th, 1823, the General was sworn in as Senator, and for the remainder of the session of nearly six months he spent the greater part of his time in Washington City. Aunt Rachel remained at the Hermitage, in Tennessee.

Some of the General's votes in the Senate are surprising, and the wonder is that his personal and political foes, who were numerous and rancorous, did not dig into the records at Washington, instead of harping upon the high-handed manner in which he took another man's wife. They attacked him savagely and continuously about John Woods, and the six militia men, and Ambrister and Arbuthnot; but in all these cases Jackson and his defenders could interpose in his behalf the findings of courts-martial. But there was nothing to screen him from direct personal responsibility for his vote *against the removal of the tariff duty on cotton bagging*.

Henry Clay's partisans could not have made political capital out of that, but the Crawford men might have used it with telling effect throughout the cotton belt.

The General also voted against the reduction of the duty on cotton goods. This, likewise, could have turned into a most damaging weapon in the intensely hot political battles that raged during the subsequent years. The same thing may be said of his votes against the reduction of duties on imported iron, and upon wool and woolen goods. True, the tariff on these various articles was nothing like the prohibitive rates that have since been wrung from Congress by the insatiable manufacturers, but they were too high, even then. The General's votes were bad votes. No word of defense can be uttered in behalf of his antagonism to free cotton bagging; nor for his opposition to the increase of the duty on silks. To go upon record as favoring the increased cost of the necessities of life, which the poor are compelled to buy in that they may continue to exist, was certainly a strange thing for Andrew Jackson to do. And to extend his Senatorial protection to those who robe themselves in silks, was even more out of keeping with the popular conception of Old Hickory. "*Luxuries* must not advance in price, but the *necessaries* shall", is a queer policy to discover in the Congressional record of the Presidential candidate whose champions proclaimed him "the Friend of the People".

How short-sighted is partisan hatred! Had Jackson's enemies let his wife's name alone, and said nothing about his military doings,—concentrating their assault upon his expense-accounts and his Senatorial votes, there might not have been a "Jacksonian Era" for historians to wrangle over.

A very potent factor in political discussions for the last eighty and odd years is "the Colman Letter". One of the original Jackson men of Virginia, L. H. Colman, of Warrenton, wrote to the General, inquiring how he stood on the "*protecting duty policy*". Very promptly, he received a reply,—and a delicious specimen of flexible composition he got.

The General's letter refers to the manner in which "Heaven smiled upon, and gave us liberty and independence". Then the General argues that "If we omit or refuse to use the gifts which He has extended to us, we deserve not the continuance of His blessings." The General then proceeds to say that it is our solemn duty to provide ourselves with means for national defense, and that we must protect our manufacturers and laborers from European competition in order "that we may have within our own country a supply of those leading and important articles so essential to war". The General is careful, very careful, to say that the tariff which he favors must be "a judicious one". Furthermore, he contends that the agriculturists are suffering for lack of a market for their surplus products; and that too much labor is employed in agriculture, anyway; and that the channels of labor must be multiplied, so that the superabundance of farm labor may be drawn into manufactures,—thus simultaneously decreasing agricultural products and increasing the demand for them. The General figures that there are 600,000 people engaged in agricultural pursuits who ought to be drafted into the factories, mines, and quarries. Make this change, argued the General, "and you at once give a home market for more breadstuffs than all Europe can furnish us".

It is in bitterness of spirit that one reads this Colman letter and its confident prophecies, in the cruel white light of actual conditions. And the General's own votes are glaringly inconsistent with it. He based a part of his reasoning upon agricultural distress, and *not only voted against relieving it, but to increase it!*

The Colman letter was a mighty vote-winner for Jackson. The Southern States worshipped the hero of New Orleans too fervently to be lost by anything that he was apt to do or say; and such states as Pennsylvania were won to him because of his firm stand for the Tariff.

Boldly as the General voted against free bagging for cotton and lower rates on cloth and iron, he cast some anchors to windward. He favored a lower duty on blankets, and he came out squarely for the untaxed frying pan.

He likewise voted for the abolition of imprisonment for debt. The Tariff might reduce people to poverty, but the usual and inevitable consequences of such laws should not be penalized. As Joe Gargery said, "When you *do* come to a J and a O, and says you, 'Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe', how interesting reading is." Subsequently when the philosophic blacksmith was more despondent, and Pip made the consolatory remark, in allusion to this the finding of the occasional J and the occasional O,—"*That is something*", the pessimistic Joe answered, "Yes, but I'll take my oath that it ain't much."

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On went the Jacksonian campaign. The General's partisans worked like beavers. They were loud, confident and aggressive. Whenever every other argument was exhausted they fell back on "*Hurrah for Jackson*"! In vain, such men as Clay characterized the old hero as "a mere military chieftain". In the first place, military heroes have always been more popular than any other sort; and in this country, which had for its first President "a military chieftain", the objection of Clay was particularly lacking in force.

While the battle roared, the General behaved admirably. His friends all told him that he was sure to be elected, and he believed it. Serene of temper and conciliatory in manner, his stay in Washington was marked by a constant increase in the number of his friends. He made the first advances to Thomas H. Benton, and converted that ancient foe into a life-long champion. He even exchanged civilities with Henry Clay. He buried the hatchet with General Scott. He won the admiration of Webster. "My wife is decidedly for him", wrote the "steam-engine in breeches."

In short, Old Hickory, who had proved himself to be a "natural-born" military genius, was now giving the country at large some evidences of what was already well-known in Tennessee,—that he was a first-class political strategist.

Had not the General taken the stand he did on the Tariff, Henry Clay would probably have won the race. Winningly magnetic, where Crawford excited no enthusiasm and Adams repelled, Clay would almost certainly have been one of the names before the House, had not the Colman letter carried so many Protectionists to Jackson. And as Clay was Speaker of the House, and had a devoted following there, he would have found it much easier to have made himself President than it was for him to throw the prize to John Quincy Adams.

Nothing could be loftier than Jackson's bearing during this campaign of 1824. He made no speech, went on no tour, issued no address. When urged to invade the Adams territory, he wrote, "I have no doubt if I was to travel to Boston, that it would insure my election. But this I cannot do; *I would feel degraded the balance of my life*. If ever I fill that office (the Presidency) it must be the free choice of the people." In another letter, he declared that he would not "intrigue nor combine with any man, nor any set of men", to get the office.

What a noble, beautiful contrast that is to the standards of today! No yelling into the phonograph, at \$500 per screech: no rear-end harangues, with a throat-specialist along: no continuous stream of fulminations in the newspapers. None of that for Andrew Jackson.

The deportment of Adams, Clay and Crawford was equally proud and unbending. Neither of these great political leaders and masters of strategy would stoop to the circus-ring methods of our own day and generation,—methods which are as worthless as they are beneath the dignity of Presidential office.

How Clay proved to be the hindmost man in the race; how the election was thrown into the House; how the stroke of paralysis kept Crawford from receiving the support he expected, and put it out of

Clay's power to consider him instead of Adams; and how the warm Kentuckian allied himself to the cold Puritan,—making him President,—is one of the most familiar and dramatic episodes in American history.

General Jackson was among the first and the heartiest to congratulate Mr. Adams upon his election by the House. He went to the White House reception, gallantly, genially, and with a handsome lady on his arm. But in his soul, a storm of anger was raging. He believed that he had been cheated out of his just due. Between Clay and Adams, a guilty bargain had been made, and thus by corruption had the will of the people been thwarted. So thought Andrew Jackson. His letters were full of it. His private talk with confidential friends throbbed with it. And by the time Clay had been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of State, the old General's fury burst all bounds, and his journey from Washington back to the Hermitage was made memorable in many places by his wild denunciations of Adams and Clay.

He had not wanted to run for the Presidency, had been slow to enter the race, and had made no compromise of personal pride to win; but all the lion of his nature was roused by the disappointment and the wrong put upon him. Everybody could see that the General would try it again, and that the next campaign would be bloody.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Love's Touch

By Stokely S. Fisher

*I am loved, loved! I am loved!
Like sun-rays athrill in a bud,
Her first kiss, a swift fire, moved,
A keen, sweet light in my blood,
Lustration of love! All clean
At touch of her soul grew mine;
I entered her high demesne
Renewed in the likeness divine!
Oh, joy, she loves me—me!
And my life is attuned to the beat
Of the infinite heart to agree
With a woman's love, all sweet!*

*I am loved, loved! I am loved!
And the autumn evening
Is aflush with the pulse that moved
In rhythm and rapture of spring!
My heart is strong! I am strong
With more than the strength of youth,—
Her true knight, to right the wrong;
Her pure priest, to die for the truth!
My veins with such music fill
As gladdens a new day's birth:
One woman's leal love is still
Enough to make Eden of earth!*



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FACTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

Has the King of England or the English Parliament ever had the power to impeach the English ministry?

Mobile, Ala.

ANSWER

Since the Revolution of 1688, no English King has had the power to impeach the ministry, but Parliament can throw them out or impeach them at any time.

Was or was not George III. entirely responsible for the War of the American Revolution? Should not a great deal of the blame be placed upon the ministry? Was it not principally the source of all the outrages (the Stamp Act, tea tax, glass tax, etc.) which preceded the declaration of war?

I am well aware of the fact that George III. has the reputation of being one of the worst monarchs of modern times, and I do not doubt that England's aggressions upon the Colonies well pleased him. However, I would like to know if he had the power to prevent these aggressions, had he so desired to do.

J. H. C.

ANSWER

George III. was partly responsible for the American Revolution because he was intriguing to regain personal rule which English Kings had long before lost. George III. was not, himself, a bad man, but he was ambitious for sovereign power: he wanted to substitute the personal will of the King for the national will as expressed in Parliament. It is so well known among historians that George III. was waging a determined campaign to carry out his purpose, that many of the books declare that England would have lost her liberties if America had not achieved its independence. The resultant effect upon England herself in the triumph of the American Colonies was immensely beneficial to the cause of

representative government based upon the people's will as against government by royal prerogative.

FUSION, DEMOCRACY AND CURRENCY

DEAR COMRADE:—The reasons stated by Mr. _____ for joining the Democratic party may have weight in Georgia, but when fifty-two Democrats in the Illinois House of Representatives and six in the Senate of that State *can* be counted for a Chicago Beef Trust boss for the United States Senate; when a Straforth Colorado Legislature *cannot* be counted for a single one of the party's pledges, and when the Aldrich-Cannon gang *can* count on as many Democratic members and Senators in Congress as they need, whenever they need them, is a poor time, it seems to me, for anyone, Populist or not, to think of saving that party by joining it.

And, as to that "silver dollar"—don't you know, comrade, that the present situation of that dollar proves the necessity of getting rid of all metallic money? Don't *YOU* know that the restoration of the silver dollar could possibly benefit no one but speculators and holders of that metal, and its mines? It could not prevent speculation in the metallic basis for our currency.

The people are disgusted—have settled into indifference because neither party presents, nor can present a sufficient remedy for the evils they feel, and understand. What is now needed is a reformation from the ground up—one that rebuilds the whole monetary structure.

Yours,

A. T. MORGAN.

Denver, Colo.

ANSWER

Mr. Morgan could now include the Nebraska Legislature in his specifications of the Democratic doings that disgust the people. If the Populists of Bryan's state are not now sick unto death of their fusion record they must have zinc-lined stomachs.

No, I *don't* know that a restoration of our constitutional financial system would benefit none but speculators and silver mine owners. I *think* that a return to constitutional money would be of immense benefit to everybody excepting the sharks of the Money Trust.

SUPREME COURT'S USURPATION OF POWER

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE:—Adams' and Trent's United States History, page 187, in a paragraph treating of the "Characteristics of the Constitution", says: "The authority given to the Supreme Court to declare Acts of Congress contrary to the Constitution, and, therefore, null and void, was a new element in government, and made the court stronger than any other court in existence."

I am surprised at such a statement—else, I believe it to be—made as history for pupils to believe.

Please give your criticism of this paragraph.

J. L. KIBLER.

Standardsville, Va.

ANSWER

The statement to which Professor Kibler refers is one of those innumerable errors with which all of the histories of this country are crowded. The Constitution gives no such power to the Supreme Court. On the contrary, the proposition to vest the Supreme Court with authority to set aside Acts of Congress was proposed several times in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and was voted down every time it came up. This most important fact, however, was not publicly known, for the reason that the Convention sat behind closed doors, under a pledge of secrecy. It was not until 1843, when the Madison papers were purchased by the Federal Government and given to the world in book form, that anyone save the members of that Convention knew what had taken place during its deliberations. Had the Convention held open sessions, the Constitution which they framed in disregard of the credentials which they bore would probably never have been adopted, and had their deliberations been published, and the people generally in possession of the fact that the proposition to give the stated authority to the Supreme Court had been voted down, it is probable that even the Federal Courts would never have usurped the powers which

they now exercise. In no other country in Christendom do the courts undertake to set aside statutes enacted by the sovereign legislative of the land.

A LIST OF BOOKS

Having, because of conditions over which I had no control, failed to secure the university training which I coveted as a preparation for a literary career, what books would you recommend that I read on the subjects of Language, Literature, Rhetoric, Logic, History and Philosophy to best atone for my loss and equip me, in a measure, for the coveted career?

F. D.

ANSWER

We would advise our young friend to read "Plutarch's Lives", "Macaulay's Essays", "Green's Short History of England", "Dickens's Short History of England", "Montaigne's Essays", "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius", "Souvestre's Attie Philosopher in Paris", "Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", "Carlyle's French Revolution", "Thackeray's Vanity Fair".

From these books you will extract much in the way of history, of philosophy, of logic, of rhetoric, of literature proper, and of variety of language.

CAUSE OF THE WAR

Will you please tell us through THE JEFFERSONIAN what was the primary cause of the Civil War?

A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER

Racial and sectional prejudice. The one great fact, which is easily to be learned by close students of our national history, is that the North and South were settled by antagonistic classes of people. They disliked each other from the very beginning. This is true of the Colonial era: it was true during the Revolutionary War: it cropped out in the old Confederation: it burnt deep into the discussions of the Constitutional Convention of 1787: it left its evidences upon the finished work of that Convention: it flamed out in the debates on the adoption of that Constitution: it caused New England to make the first public threat of seceding from the Union when Jefferson purchased Louisiana: prior to that time it had almost convulsed the country over the question of opening up the Mississippi River to navigation: it

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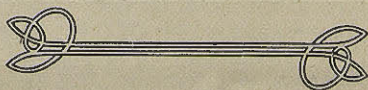
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caused New England again to threaten to disrupt the Union when Texas came in: it caused the fierce struggle over the admission of Missouri, and the culmination of the debate was logically bound to be just what happened.

Differences so inherent, antagonisms so fierce, rivalry of interests so deep and so vitally important led naturally to the clash of arms. I have come in for a good deal of ridicule, misrepresentation and abuse for saying that just such

legislation as New England has forced upon the country in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill will some day or other split the Union into four grand divisions.

The more closely one has studied the underlying causes which made our Civil War of the 60's almost inevitable, the less one will be inclined to ridicule what I have said about the future consequences of such monstrosities of sectionalism and class-legislation as are embodied in the new tariff act.



True Heroism

Jake H. Harrison

*Quite often, with a mirthless laugh,
With badinage or lively chaff,
A man conceals the poignant smart
That rankles in a breaking heart;
And fain would cover with a smile
The trembling of his lips the while,
As sobbing tongue sends forth its laugh,
Or tears leave moisture in the chaff.*

*He who keeps his sorrow back
And smiles with soul upon the rack,
Is more a hero, in his way,
Than he who fights in mortal fray;
For he who fights for land or fame,
Expects the glory of a name,
While he who does the harder part,
Is known alone by his own heart.*

The Rhyme of the Caliph

THE CALIPH ABDERAMA, in the pleasant south of Spain,
Long continued, firmly grounded on his people's love, to reign;
And one day his courtiers left him in his palace-hall alone,
And he fell into deep musings, sitting on his golden throne.

"Fifty years" he thought, "have vanished since I've held the royal power,
Standing in the midst of war-fare with the calmness of a tower;
Fifty Winters, fifty Summers, fifty Autumns, fifty Springs,
Rise like flocks of birds before me, fluttering on their airy wings.

"I will shut mine eyes in darkness; I will close up both my ears;
That my soul may look and listen down the vista of the years;
For I fain would gather wisdom of the rich and solemn past,
And, from many visaged action, pluck the central Truth at last.

"Lo the visions gather thickly. Through that length of time my hand
Has been clothed with awful power, and been honored through the land;
The young mothers murmur of me, as they sing their babes to rest,
Sitting at the open casements, when the sun is in the West.

"Riches I have had uncounted—ample pleasures—regal state—
Might in all its sumptuous aspects—homage of the good and great—
And the liquid lays of poets, glittering from the gorgeous East,
All exalting Abderama, have I had at many a feast.

"Round my throne I have assembled grey philosophers, whose sleep
Bring them fiery revelations from the distant starry deep;
And my court has shown with warriors of the old Arabian race,
With their eager souls outlooking in the quick blood of the face.

"Art and science, the twin-sisters, speak my praises near and far;
Learning, from her groves and cloisters, hail me as a morning star;
And though threatened by the Faithless, I have kept my lands entire,
Underneath the sacred lightnings of the Creseent's silver fire.

"To increase my glory farther, and the largeness of my joys,
I have caused a wondrous palace in a garden to arise—
In a garden deep and leafy, where the sparkling walls are seen
Through the crowding of the tree-trunks, and the heavy tremulous green.

"Like a vision in a sunset rise my palace towers in air,
And the domes suspended lightly, and the galleries light and fair,
And the terrace-walks of marble, shadowy dim with citron bowers,
Where the birds made faint with perfume, fall asleep upon the flowers.

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"And within, the walls are builded all of lapis lazuli,
Overwrought with rubies sanguine, and the diamond's glancing eye,
And the air is cooled with fountains, springing from the metals rich,
Each one with its golden sculptures, standing in a jasper niche.

"Forty thousand silver columns lift the ceiling sappharine,
Where the lamps of lucid crystal shed a languid light divine—
Shed a light on orbs of gold, that start and tremble into view,
Like the constellations kindled in a depth of evening blue.

"Who so happy as our Caliph, cry the people 'every hour',
Is to him a stately vision, full of loveliness and power—
Lying in a light of jewels, laughing under lips of love—
Like a rose-bud deeply reddening to the regal sun above.

"Idle words and lightly spoken, in that lapse of fifty years
I have noted every day which has been free from doubts and fears—
Every day of perfect pleasure, luscious lingering and serene,
When my soul has seemed a monarch. And the number is fourteen.

"Better had I been a herdsman keeping flocks upon a hill,
Eating the earth's simple produce, drinking water from the rill.
Better had I been an Arab in the desert's luminous haze,
Living like a patriarch, after nature's unadulterated ways.

"Better to have dwelt unlooked for in some forest's shadows dun,
Where the leaves are pierced in triumph by the javelins of the sun.
Better to be born, and die, in some calm nest, however obscure,
With a vine about the casement and a fig tree at the door.

"Had I known no greater riches than the common earth and air;
Had my flatterers been the tempest, blowing from the mountains bare;
Had my palaces been the caverns; had my fountains been the floods;
Had my gardens been the valleys and the barky, black-limbed woods;

"Had I seen no other pageant than the trooping clouds at even
(Islands of the airy ocean, with their baseless tops in heaven),
Or the Autumn forests, burning into heavy red and brown,
And great flamey breadths of yellow, ere the leaves are shatter'd down;

"Had I never felt the aching and the fiery seeming pain
Of the sceptre to the hand and of the crown about the brain,—
Happier would my days have glided, calmer would my nights have flown",
And the Caliph sigh'd full sorely, sitting on his golden throne.

FOOTNOTE:—I am sending you a copy of a poem I found in an old bound volume of "Household Words", conducted by Charles Dickens, Vol. 5, pp. 512 (1852), Abderama, the Third, one of the Spanish-Arabian Caliphs, is said to have left behind him, after his death in the year 961, when he had reigned fifty years, a paper containing the substance of the complaint embodied in these stanzas. There is no author given for these beautiful and exquisitely musical verses. I hope you will enjoy the reading and re-reading as much as I have.

Yours truly,

JOEL B. FORT.

THE JUNIOR JEFFS

By DADDY JIM

The first thing we must do this month is to make a correction. Two fine little fellows, Harry and Russell Shirley, of Powder Springs, Georgia, sent us their photograph, and it was published in the



TOM WATSON SPENCE
Owassa, Alabama

August magazine. By some mishap, or misfortune (we will explain the difference in a minute), the printers made the address, Powder Springs, Alabama. So Masters Shirley write:

"DEAR DADDY JIM:—We wish to thank you for the excellent likeness of ourselves that appeared in the August issue of the magazine, but regret that the printer made us residents of Alabama, for we are, and insist on being known as Georgians."

Now for the difference between a mishap and a misfortune. If Mr. Bryan had fallen into the Missouri River last fall, it would have been a mishap; and if anyone had fished him out, it would have been a misfortune.

OUR PICTURES

We are varying the monotony this month by presenting the pictures of a bright and happy baby, and an equally bright and charming young lady of 8 years. Now that Miss Gussie Aaron has started the ball rolling, we hope some other girls will send us their pictures for publication.

Of the baby, Mr. M. Johnston, of Owassa, Ala., writes: "I have so much faith in Tom Watson, that my daughter has named her baby Tom Watson Spence. I enclose you his picture. He is 12 months old, and weighs now about 50 pounds. He is grandson of an old Populist and firm believer in Tom Watson."

YES, LET'S SHOW 'EM

As I've not written to Daddy Jim but once, I thought I would write to the "Conglomerate Society", or rather to the Junior Jeffs. Oh, yes, dear children, come on and let's show the readers what we can do! The page is for our training, and exists for our benefit. It fills me with so much joy to see children take pride and energy to build up our native land.

I'm going to school now. I'm 14 years old, and am promoted to the eighth grade. My expectations are to be a school teacher, and an industrious, intelligent lady. The institute, which I was a member of last year, was burned in February. It is now being built again. When completed, it will cost about \$40,000. Everything will be in honor of the new R. E. Lee Institute, located at Thomaston, Ga. I've never seen Mr. Watson, but I read after him.

As I'm afraid Daddy Jim does not think this will do for publication, I will ring off by saying I will come again soon.—ALPHA ELLERBEE, Crest, Ga.

IN THE HOLIDAYS

Here I come again. I am going to tell you a few things I did through the holidays. Well, I spent one month in the country with my grandma and uncles and aunties. And I learned to milk the cow, and cook, and wash, and ride the old mule. I have made eight or ten

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dollars getting subscriptions for the JEFFERSONIANS. I have been taking music, and playing with my dolls, too; but our school starts in the morning, and I will not have much more time to play, but I will keep working for the JEFFER-

eyes. I certainly do have a fine time in the holidays. I have an aunt whom I visit during my holidays. She lives just three miles from here, on a lake by the name of Lake Alberta; and when I visit her, I go fishing, boat riding, and also go in swimming every day. Sometimes a crowd of us girls and boys meet there on holidays, and go in swimming. On Sundays I mostly go to church, and I enjoy it very much. I also go out driving, and think it is the finest sport of all. I hope that my letter will be printed, and also wish I could win one of the prizes. I know my letter is not interesting, but am going to send it, anyway.—CLYDE ZIPPERER, Lake Park, Ga.
(This letter takes the second prize.)



GUSSIE LEE AARON
Lyons, Georgia

SONIANS. Your little friend, GUSSIE LEE AARON, Lyons, Ga.
(Miss Gussie's letter wins the first prize for the holiday letters.)

ANOTHER BUSY GIRL

Guess you will let me try my hand at "What I Did in the Holidays". I am 14 years of age; have dark hair and blue

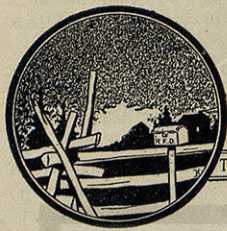
WE WANT THIS PICTURE

Here I come to bother you with my nonsense. Daddy Jim, why don't you put your picture in the magazine? We would all be glad to know how you look. What will I have to do to become a member of Our Post-Card Club? I would like to be a member. I am going to have my picture taken, and when I do, I will send it to you. Well, I will close, with love to all.—BEATRICE RICE, Brittany, La.

(All you have to do is to write a nice letter to the Post-Card Club, receive some post-cards, and send some, when you have them; and be a good fellow.)

AN ENTHUSIAST

DEAR MR. WATSON:—Enclosed please find one dollar, for which please send me your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. My papa takes both of your papers, and thinks that you are one of the greatest men in the world. If anyone wants to get up a row, let him say something against you, and they have got it right now. Please send me the beautiful little knife. Papa has one, and I want one. I am only 13 years old. I was named for you and one of my grandfathers.—THOMAS F. ENGRAM, Coleman, Ga.



Communications

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY.



THE ONLY SOLUTION

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN:—The letter of "Citizen" from Douglas, Ga., brings up a very important matter. Much is being said about the race question, but little is being done, that will settle the question.

The situation today seems to be about this: The negro is a beastly criminal, notwithstanding our efforts to civilize him. We have hanged, burned, and shot negro fiends for thirty years, but every paper you pick up gives an account of some horrible crime against a white woman or child. Hardly have the flowers faded on the grave of one victim, before the shriek of another victim sets men wild. Stop lynching them? No, never, as long as the black rapist is found. But lynching doesn't stop it. It is time to try some other remedy. Men can't stand about their homes with shot guns. The only way to stop the crime is to put the negro away from among the whites.

The Georgia Railroad strike is only the beginning of trouble between black and white labor. Such schools as Booker Washington's are paving the way for a world of trouble. The fool Yankees who want to put their money into negro schools, should locate those schools in the North, and keep the "educated" negro up there. A negro should not be allowed to do anything in the South but plow his first cousin, a mule. White labor is not going to be walked over in this country.

The only solution is in the separation of the races. A territory should be bought for Sambo. Then buy his property at a fair price, give him a free ride to his new home, and turn him loose.

This can be done. Ten years would be time enough for deporting the whole gang. Some would go; others can be made go.

If this is not done what? Negro crime will continue until the pent-up fury of the white men breaks out and negroes will be hunted down and slain like wolves. I know what I'm talking about. Thousands of men in the South and West are now waiting the day to begin the slaughter. They are anxious for it to come. The old ex-slaves are nearly gone. The old sympathy of the whites is dying out. Negro competition and negro crimes will not be borne much longer. This gush about the friendship between blacks and whites becoming stronger is all wind.

It is time for the organization of a National Caucasian League, whose aim will be to remove negroes and Asiatics from this country. Are you willing to be one of such a society? Then drop me a card. Let's get our forces together.

S. GRADY.

Leary Ga., Aug. 24, 1909.

MORE ON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS

DEAR SIR:—I am glad that you have been aroused on the Mission question. I am of the same opinion. I trust you will not stop until you have aroused the whole nation. Respectfully,

JOHN ODOM.

Doles, Ga.

WANTS THE PREACHERS TO PROVE IT

MISSIONARY BAPTIST PREACHERS:—Take the Bible and prove that Mr. Watson has lied; put aside your mean denunciations, men of God, and come at Mr. Watson fair; come at him like Paul and Peter, and like he comes at you, with the Bible and the words of Christ. Use God's weapon with the love of God in your heart. Just as long as the people see preachers clashing at Mr. Wat-

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Dozier, Ala.

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DEAR SIR:—You
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Cheneyville, La.

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son with the spirit of the devil, we are not going to have much confidence in what you say.
Dozier, Ala.

W. H. JONES.

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

I have just finished reading the August number of the *JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE*, and if everybody had the same idea that I have and which you express, this good Southland of ours would never make herself ridiculous by sending her dimes, nickels and pennies, aggregating millions of good American dollars, to China and other foreign countries while millions of our own children are in want and many thousands perhaps dying for the bare necessities of life.

Yours for individual and collective home missions,

RUFUS L. FOSTER.

Lambert, Ga.

MORE GRAPE

DEAR SIR:—Your articles on Foreign Missions and Socialism are much enjoyed and admired here, and in the language of General Taylor in the heat of battle, we all say, "Give 'em a little more grape", Col. Tom.

LINN TANNER.

Cheneyville, La.

LUXURIES OF THE MISSIONS.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to commend what you are publishing about missions. It is astounding that our people through ignorance should allow the waste of money that is going on in China all the time. I can speak with authority.

The *Woman's Work* is run on the basis of a sacrificial work. The applicant is usually a woman handicapped in the conflict of life, either from misconduct, failure to marry from obvious reasons, etc. Others are in a class who, from a lack of intellect and over-conscientiousness, go to do good. This class is paid more than would have to be paid those of the best ability in the open market, if the truth was told them. But "sacrifice" is the magic word to conjure money from the public. Here is their stakes, after they have made the sacrifice they are then sent away to school for two years. When they are through they are given passage on a first-class steamer, \$400 for outfit—an illusive

term—when she arrives she is provided with an elegant home. Missionary houses are such as princely city merchants live in here. The very finest doctor is paid by the Board and he is called for every pin scratch. She is then paid \$750 gold to buy food and clothing that is worth there now about \$1,750—sometimes more, sometimes—not often—less. The purchasing power of that sum is equal to \$1,500 gold in this country. To bear out my statement, I refer you to the copy of the *Advocate* I send, with the dinner price on a railway marked, that gives you some idea of the cost of food. The markets are excellent. She has various vacations during the year, three months in summer, which she spends in travel or on the mountains, where a home is provided for her. When she leaves the field she is given \$600 a year for life, with choice of residence. These women in return with their small ability are helping along a civilization. As far as making real converts to Christianity, I would say the work is nil, except the broader view, as education, medicine and modern appliances take hold and advance their ideas. These conditions make an aristocracy and one dare not criticise it. Every seventh year this missionary spends at home, all expenses in first-class style, salary continued.

ONE-WHO-KNOWS.

FIRST LETTER ON HIS R. F. D.

DEAR SIR:—Recognizing you as the originator of the R. F. D. system of our Government, I wish to honor you, and acknowledge my appreciation and gratitude for your untiring efforts in behalf of the wealth producers of this country by mailing to you this, the first letter that passes through my R. F. D. box.

Hoping that you may live to know that the greatest number of our people believe and practice that charity does and should begin at home, I am,

Yours truly,

R. H. CABINESS, R. F. D. No. 4.
Huntsville, Texas, Sept. 1, 1909.

SOMETHING NEW AS TO MISSION WORK

MY DEAR SIR:—Through the kindness of Mr. Jos. W. Baird of this place I received and read your articles on "Foreign Missions" in the April and June issues of the *JEFFERSONIAN*.

I want to say a **HEARTY AMEN** to nearly everything. I believe if you would express yourself a little clearer on a few minor points, I could indorse every word you said. I must say you did a grand work, and wish I had those two articles in tract form to scatter everywhere.

I believe in mission work, but the unscriptural methods used today are enough to make infidels of many who are weak.—John, 17:23.

The church is God's only missionary society (Eph., 3:21; I. Tim., 3:15). So much of the money contributed through the "Mission Boards" goes to "grease the machinery", but when the churches, through their own officers, communicate direct with the preacher, as the primitive churches did with Paul (I. Thess., 1:7-8; Acts, 13:1-4; Phil., 4:18; II. Cor., 8:18-19; Acts, 14:26-27; I. Cor., 16:1-3), there will be no need of the "Mission Boards" and their "grafters". Nearly all of them are appealing to Rockefeller for donations. When the church sends direct to the preacher (not through the Mission Board) the preacher gets all save postage and money order fees, otherwise the president, secretary and treasurer, etc., all must be supported. They sometimes employ lawyers.

I have evidence showing how much is held back to support the "middle men". I also have evidence showing the directorship in the "Christian Missionary Society" is bought with money. Even life membership is bought. This is worse than indulgences in the Catholic church. If you want this evidence for publication I will gladly let you have it. I am a member of the Church of Christ. I am not a member of the body who favor fiddles, horns, leg-shows, old maid auctions, mission boards and anything for money.

I send you a tract that you may locate me. Let me say to you again that your articles are *fine and logical*. I hope you understand this letter. Do as you please with this, and pardon my liberty.

Yours truly,

(Rev.) J. B. NELSON.

Paris, Texas.

FROM A STUDENT OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

DEAR SIR:—Your Book Review in the May issue of the Magazine on Ewing's

book is, indeed, Anglo-Saxon like. Thirty years ago Constitutional History was a hobby with me. Since reading your review have looked through "Elliot's Debates" once more. Of course, Hallam, Hume, McCaullay and Blackstone are aids, but for the American view I prefer the "Debates".

Wishing all success, I am, etc.,

W. P. BRUSH.

Fredonia, Pa.

CONVENTS: IMAGE WORSHIP: FALCONIO.

Editor JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE:—I have read with a great deal of pleasure your article in the August JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE alluding to the position Southerners hold regarding the Civil War, and, although a Northern man, I yet feel that probably their position, after all, is the right one.

I am delighted with your showing up of the wrongs inflicted on the poor, and I think your position on the missionary question is correct; but I am sorry you attack the Catholic Church. I feel sure that Protestants do not know what the Catholic Church actually teaches. It is outrageous to think of Protestants establishing missions amongst Catholics. It would be like "Satan rebuking Sin." I feel certain that your opinion of priests and nuns is erroneous; but even supposing, for sake of argument, that they do have a little fun together occasionally, surely they are but human beings, and it is but natural to find here and there an individual overcome by his or her appetites and passions. How often do you find this the case with Protestant ministers and sisters? In regard to the allegation that Catholics worship images, *it is absolutely false in every particular*: it is true that they sometimes kneel and pray before an image of Christ, the Virgin Mary, or of some saint, but there is always present in the mind of even the most ignorant and unlettered person, the distinction between the image and that which it represents.

C. J. BUDLONG.

Phenix, R. I.

Ed. Comment: It cannot be denied that many scandals crop out of the relations between Protestant ministers and the sisters; but *we have no system* which inevitably produces the scandalous conditions. We don't persuade beautiful young women to offer themselves as spouses of Christ, and then confine them



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within convent walls, teach them that
the priest cannot commit sin, and then
give the priest every opportunity to
"have a little fun" with the nun.

Mr. Budlong may not be familiar with
historical evidence on the subject of mon-
astic life. The conditions which were
shown to exist in the English convents,
at the time Henry VIII. broke them up,
were awful beyond allowable description
in plain terms. In some parts of Eu-
rope, the heads of families will not suffer
priests to have access to their wives and
daughters, *unless the priest is living
with a concubine.*

Are men ever anything else than men?
Are normal women anything more than
women? Why ignore facts that are as
old as the world? As Gibbon relates in
the "Decline and Fall," the monks and
the nuns used to pretend to be spiritual
affinities, but the ordinary consequence
was a baby.

No man can rid himself of the sexual-
ity divinely implanted in him by the God
who said "increase and multiply". If
he does not gratify that natural passion
in the natural way, he will resort to
some form of pederasty or self-abuse.
Everybody knows this to be true,—why
then should it be so shocking to assert
that priests do not cease to be men
when they take to wearing frocks?

In the decadence of paganism, when
immorality was universal, there was a
motive in taking the black veil. The
woman-enthusiast called the world to
witness that *she* meant to be pure. But
now, when chastity among women is the
rule rather than the exception, it is un-
natural for them to be herded off to
themselves, sworn to live unmated, and
then put in the power of full-sexed young
priests. *It ought to be forbidden by
law!* Any girl who determines to devote

herself to a life of Charity and Good
Works, can do so without going into a
convent.

As to the worship of idols, the evi-
dence is overwhelming. No heathen ever
more truly worshipped his pagan gods
than do the lower classes in Spain, Por-
tugal, Italy, and South America vener-
ate their images.

Travellers from Charles down to the
latest returned tourist, bear testimony
to that effect.

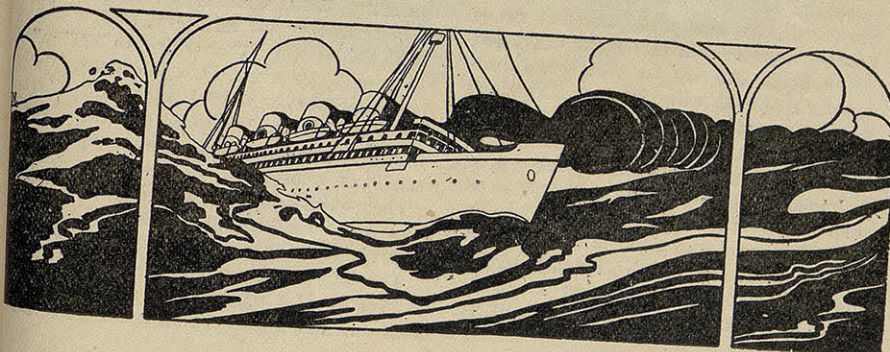
The other day the newspapers were
carrying a story that our Papa at Rome
meant to have the sepulcher of Christ
removed to Italy. "No!" said Falconica,
the ambassador of the Pope to the Presi-
dent,—"No," we will not remove the s-
pulcher: we already have the Holy Steps,
at Rome, and they are sufficient."

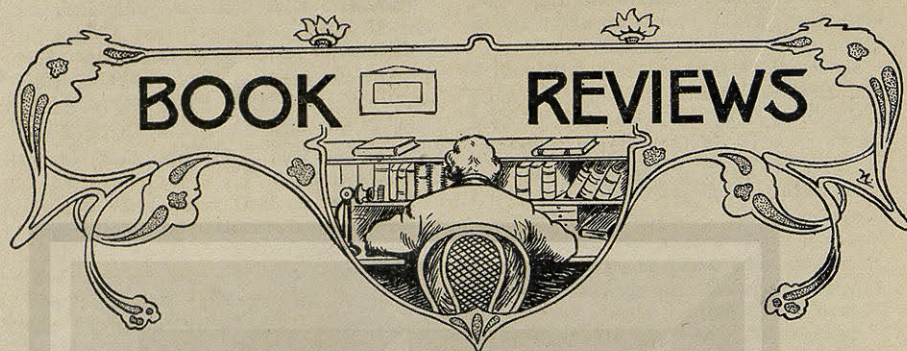
Ask travellers, and they will tell you
of this flight of marble steps, up which
superstitious idiots creep on their knees,
kissing each step as they go. It is
enough to make a sensible man despise
his species.

Those marble steps, the *Via Sacra*,
were made in Italy, and never any more
saw Jesus Christ than you did. They
are one of the countless impostures of
Roman Catholicism, one of the number-
less conquests of superstition over human
reason.

Did you ever stop to think what a
queer thing it is that the Pope sends an
ambassador to your President? The
Church of England doesn't do it. Why
are the Roman Catholics allowed to do
it? And for what purpose do they do it?
If Falconica's mission here is not political,
why does he reside at the National Cap-
ital, the place of residence of all the
political ambassadors?

Can you answer?





"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD". By Hon. J. E. D. Shipp, Southern Printers, Publishers, Americus, Ga. Price, \$3.

Every public-spirited citizen of the Empire State should feel grateful to the author for bringing out this extremely interesting volume. It represents years of research, the examination of ancient records, the study of many out-of-print books, the sifting of many a mouldy private paper and letter.

The average historian of the United States deserves killing on general principles, but he is peculiarly mean when dealing with such characters as Crawford. Not finding anything much about him in the "histories" which precede his own, the said average culprit, indolent and no glutton for new facts, classes Crawford as a sort of ancient whose eminence must have been due to "nigger luck".

Yet the most casual examination of Benton's Abridgement and of the Congressional report of debates, would convince any one that in soundness, strength, breadth and depth of mind, Crawford was head and shoulders above Benton, more than a match for Clay, and but a trifle inferior to Webster, if unequal to him at all. In fact, Crawford was what we call a solid man, with a great big natural capacity that fitted him for almost any task requiring good judgment, sagacity, power of initiative, and resourceful in advocacy. When he argued a great question, he exhausted it. In the debate on the National Bank, he made Giles of Virginia seem a surface man, and Henry Clay a mere brilliant declaimer.

We are earnestly thankful to Mr. Shipp for his valuable contribution to American history, and we hope that the state-pride of Georgia will start many a three-dollar cheque to Americus.

The copy which came to the JEFFERSONIAN was accompanied by a note that reminds us of old legislative comradeship in 1882-3:

"AMERICUS, GA., Sept. 2, 1909.

"DEAR TOM:—Please accept this volume with my compliments. It is the first one that falls from the press.

"Your sincere friend,

"SHIPP."

"CLASSICS OF THE BAR". By Alvin V. Sellers, Classic Publishing Co., Baxley, Ga. Price, \$2.00.

With a brief Foreword and a briefer Preface, the author spreads his collection of oratorical gems,—specimens of court-house eloquence, gathered without reference to North or South, East or West.

Mr. Sellers' collection represents every different type of forensic oratory, and he ranges all the way from the trial of the Tammany Boss, Croker, for murder, to that of Beecher for adultery, and of Admiral Schley for "Cowardice in action". Seargent S. Prentiss, Dan Voorhees, William H. Seward, Robert Ingersoll, Clarence Darrow and Delmas, of the Thaw case, are among those whose speeches have been quoted.

The selections are classics, and the book a most desirable acquisition to any library.

The author is a young Georgian, a lawyer of Baxley, and we are proud of him and his work. From a recent letter

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of his to Mr. Watson, we take an extract which we think our readers will find interesting:

"I regret very much that none of your forensic utterances are included in the volume. You were one of the very first persons to whom I wrote asking for some copy. I felt that I owed it to the South to have you there. And I remember also how kind you were to me, when I was about fourteen years of age, and wrote to you for advice. You very promptly replied in a long letter, which I have in my scrap-book unto this day. You wrote of the high ideals that a young man should strive to attain—you wrote of what success consisted. I read your letter and read it again. And I have tried to do the right.

"I went to school—graduated from a high school over at Abbeville, Ga., and was elected alumnal orator by the former graduates of that institution. I then went to Mercer and graduated from the Law Department, then came to Baxley, the county seat of my native county, and began the practice of law. Last year, although some of my friends were afraid on account of my youth (am only twenty-six now) that I might not win, I announced for the Senate. We had a warm campaign. Two very prominent and distinguished men of the county were my opponents. We had joint debates all over the county, but when the votes were counted one of them had received 225; the other 256; and I had received the remainder:—1026, and am at

present the youngest member of the Senate.

"I think I can say that I have been successful in life so far, and have always kept in mind those royal virtues of which you wrote me—those elements that go to make and form a splendid character—the greatest crown that manhood can wear upon its brow. I have thanked you in my heart many times for those words that came "like apples of gold in pictures of silver".

"LEGISLATIVE REMINISCENCES". By Hon. W. Irwin McIntyre. Times-Enterprise Publishing Co., Thomasville, Ga.

Some time ago, we made mention of "Wire-Grass Stories", and spoke of genuine merit which they possessed. The author of that little volume has now appeared again, in a booklet of 22 pages, paper covers, to relate some of the funny doings and sayings of members of the Georgia Legislature.

Bill Arp did not possess a richer vein of quiet, homely humor than Mr. McIntyre. There is no exaggeration about it, and no straining after effect. Incidents and conversations are reported in the simplest manner, and "the fun of the thing" seems to come along naturally, of its own accord.

"Some Experience With Colleague Stubbs" is the best chapter of the "Reminiscences", and is as laughable as anything in "Major Jones' Courtship".





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Sizes for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34-inch waist measure; 26-inch waist measure requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

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- 242 Ivy
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- 246 Kiss Duet (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera)
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- 248 Little Dolly Driftwood
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- 250 Lorna Doone
- 251 Ma Li'l Sweet Sunbeam
- 252 Mary Ann
- 253 My Nightingale
- 254 My Old Kentucky Home
- 255 Nyomo

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- 256 Old Folks
- 257 Old Blarney
- 258 Old Oaken
- 259 Old Faithful
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- 260 Peggy Lee
- 261 Piccolo-Piccolo
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- 262 Sally in the Sun
- 263 Somebody Loves Me
- 264 Twilight
- 265 Villa (from "The Merry Widow")
- 266 Waltz Dream
- Waltz
- Opera)
- 267 When First I Saw The Love-Light in our Eyes
- 268 When the Sun is Shining
- 269 Yankee Doodle

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- 188 Afterwards
- 189 Anchored
- 190 Calvary (H)
- 191 Calvary (M)
- 192 Calvary (L)
- 193 Come Unto Me (Medium)
- 194 Dream of (High)
- 195 Dream of (Medium)
- 196 Dream of (Low)
- 197 Flee As a Bird
- 198 Forsaken
- 199 Good-Bye
- 200 Heart Bowe
- 201 In Old Madras
- 202 Jerusalem
- 203 Last Hope
- 204 Last Night
- 205 Lost Chord
- 206 Marching Through Georgia
- 207 Maryland, My Maryland
- 208 Massa's in the Land
- 209 Oh, Fair Dove
- 210 One Sweetly Thought
- 211 Palms (High)
- 212 Palms (Medium)
- 213 Palms (Low)
- 214 Perchance (The Dream is O'er)
- 215 Rosary
- 216 Star Spangled Banner
- 217 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
- 218 Alone (G. Med.)
- 219 Ave Maria
- 220 Angel Voices E
- 221 Daily Question, Dear Heart
- 222 Dear Heart
- 223 Good Night (Db)
- 224 Home, Sweet Home
- 225 Juanita
- 226 Love's Old Sweet
- 227 Still as the Night
- 228 Spring Song

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- 1 Alpine Hut
- 2 Arbutus Waltz (Bells)

PREMIUM MUSIC, Continued

POPULAR-VOCAL

- 256 Old Folks at Home
- 257 Old Black Joe
- 258 Old Oaken Bucket
- 259 Old Farm House on the Hill
- 260 Peggy Mine
- 261 Picolo-Piccolo (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera)
- 262 Sally in Our Alley
- 263 Somebody Bye and Bye
- 264 Twilight
- 265 Villa (from "A Merry Widow" Opera)
- 266 Waltz Duet (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera)
- 267 When First I Saw the Lovelight in Your Eyes
- 268 When the Gold Is Turning Gray
- 269 Yankee Doodle
- 188 Afterwards
- 189 Anchored
- 190 Calvary (High)
- 191 Calvary (Medium)
- 192 Calvary (Low)
- 193 Come Unto Me (C. Medium)
- 194 Dream of Paradise (High)
- 195 Dream of Paradise (Medium)
- 196 Dream of Paradise (Low)
- 197 Flee As a Bird
- 198 Forsaken
- 199 Good-Bye
- 200 Heart Bowed Down
- 201 In Old Madrid
- 202 Jerusalem
- 203 Last Hope
- 204 Last Night
- 205 Lost Chord, The
- 206 Marching Through Georgia
- 207 Maryland, My Maryland
- 208 Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground
- 209 Oh, Fair Dove, Fond Dove
- 210 One Sweetly Solemn Thought
- 211 Palms (High)
- 212 Palms (Medium)
- 213 Palms (Low)
- 214 Perchance (The Dream is O'er)
- 215 Rosary
- 216 Star Spangled Banner
- 217 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
- 218 Alone (G. Medium)
- 219 Ave Maria
- 220 Angel Voices Ever Near
- 221 Daily Question, The
- 222 Dear Heart
- 223 Good Night (Db. Low)
- 224 Home, Sweet Home
- 225 Juanita
- 226 Love's Old Sweet Song
- 227 Still as the Night
- 228 Spring Song
- 1 Alpine Hut
- 2 Arbutus Waltz (Merry Bells)

CLASSICAL-INSTRUMENTAL

- 3 Autumn Gavotte (Merry Bells)
- 4 Beautiful Blue Danube, Waltz
- 5 Black Hawk, Waltz
- 6 Bluebells Polka (Merry Bells)
- 7 Brook, The
- 8 Champion March (Merry Bells)
- 9 Con Amore (With My Love)
- 10 Convent Bells, La Clochette
- 11 Chaconne
- 12 Chapel in the Forest
- 13 Consolation
- 14 Daffodil, Schottische (Merry Bells)
- 15 Dorothy, Old English Dance
- 16 Dying Poet
- 17 Evening Song
- 18 Fifth Nocturne, op. 52
- 19 Flatterer, The, La Lissonjera
- 20 Flower of Spring, A
- 21 Fur Elise
- 22 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
- 23 Gipsy Dance
- 24 Heather Rose
- 25 Heartease
- 26 In the Country
- 27 In the Meadow
- 28 In the Twilight
- 29 Invitation to the Dance
- 30 Jolly Fellows, Waltz
- 31 La Fontaine (The Fountain)
- 32 Largo
- 33 Last Hope, Meditation
- 34 L'Argentine (Silvery Thistle)
- 35 La Czarine, Mazurka
- 36 Last Waltz of the Madman
- 37 Le Tremolo
- 38 Love's Dream After the Ball, Waltz
- 39 Lily of the Valley
- 40 Longing for Home (Helmweh)
- 41 Loin Du Bal (Sounds from the Ball)
- 42 May Has Come
- 43 Maiden's Prayer
- 44 Melody in F
- 45 Menuet, de la Antique
- 46 Monastery Bells, Nocturne
- 47 Music Box, Caprice
- 48 Moment Musicale
- 49 Mountain Belle, Schottische
- 50 One Heart—One Soul
- 51 Palms, The
- 52 Peri, Waltz
- 53 Pearly Dew Drops, Mazurka
- 54 Polish Dance, op. 3, No. 1
- 55 Pretty Picture
- 56 Pure as Snow, Edelweiss
- 57 Remember Me, Far Away
- 58 Rippling Waves
- 59 Rustic Dance
- 60 Scarf Dance, Scene de Ballet

CLASSICAL-INSTRUMENTAL

- 61 Schubert's Serenade
- 62 Secret Love
- 63 Silvery Waves, Reverie
- 130 A Frangesa, March
- 131 Americana, March
- 132 April Smiles, Waltz
- 133 At Sundown
- 134 A Trip to Niagara, March
- 135 Buds and Blossoms (Tone Poem)
- 136 Cherry Blossoms
- 137 Clown Pranks
- 138 Colonial Medley
- 139 College March Medley
- 140 College Airs
- 141 Crimson Blushes, Caprice
- 142 Dixie, Transcription
- 143 Dixie's Land, Theme and Variations
- 144 Falling Waters
- 145 German Airs, Medley
- 146 Girlhood Days, Three-step
- 147 Herald Chimes March, The
- 148 Irish Airs, Medley March
- 149 Josh Billings, Characteristic March
- 150 La Sorella, March
- 151 "Let'er Go," March
- 152 Loving Hearts (Tone Poem)
- 153 Mendelssohn's Wedding March
- 154 Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Transcription
- 155 Merry Widow Waltz (from "Merry Widow" Opera)
- 156 Merry Widow Selection (from "Merry Widow" Opera)
- 157 Moonbeams on the Lake
- 158 Morning Flowers, Gavotte
- 159 My Old Kentucky Home, Transcription
- 160 National Airs
- 161 National Echoes, March
- 162 Nero, Characteristic March
- 163 Olama, Intermezzo
- 164 Old Black Joe, Transcription
- 165 Old Folks at Home, Transcription
- 166 Old Oaken Bucket Transcription
- 167 Padishah (Persian March)
- 168 Patti Waltz (Tyrolienne)
- 169 Pious Peter
- 170 Plantation Airs, Medley March
- 171 Plantation Medley (of Southern Airs)
- 172 Placida (Tone Poem)
- 173 Peacemaker, March
- 174 Princess Patches
- 175 Ramona, Waltz

Additional Numbers are on page xvi., advertising section

AN IDEAL FRUIT AND POULTRY FARM

Description of a New York Farm Conducted on Scientific Principles

UPON the west bank of the Hudson River, about a hundred miles from New York City, there is located in the quiet little village of West Camp a model farm known as Larchmont Farm.

Not long ago a company was organized under New York State laws to engage in raising fruit and poultry products for the New York City market, and the selection of a site for a farm was immediately begun. It seemed at first as though the prospect must be abandoned, for although nearly three hundred farms were considered there was not one that met all the requirements specified. In some the water supply was insufficient, in others shipping facilities were poor, some were too far from New York City, etc. The company considered the following as being the general requirements of a site suitable for the industry:

1. Proximity to New York City.
2. A large frontage on the Hudson River near a dock.
3. Land elevated so that entire farm could be seen.
4. Convenient freight and express facilities.
5. Land must be well drained.
6. Land must slope to the south or east.
7. Must contain several young fruit trees.
8. Must contain a stream with abundant water supply.
9. Must be a fertile soil free from stones.
10. Must contain some timber.
11. Telephone and telegraph communication.
12. Should have some sand, gravel, and stone.

Finally a farm was thrown on the market which the owner had recently inherited. This farm was visited, inspected by the company and immediately purchased, as every requirement had been met. Considering the remarkable adaptability, the farm was purchased for a sum far below its intrinsic value. It is an interesting fact that the company in less than two months after purchasing were offered for one-tenth of the farm as much as they paid for the entire tract.

Development work soon commenced, and as a result the company owns a splendid one hundred acre farm, unsurpassed in fertility and located in the fruit belt of the Catskill range of mountains; on the east the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts; to the south the Shawungunk Mountains; while by the farm runs the Hudson River visible for twenty miles. The river frontage of the farm is about three thousand feet.

A narrow strip of land was purchased running from the farm to the railroad station, over which a private road was built. This road shortened the distance to the railroad station from two miles to a thousand feet. By railroad, express shipments reach New York City in about three and one-half hours. A steamboat landing adjoins the property where shipments to New York in the evening reach there the next morning. For shipping facilities there are few farms as well located.

From the extreme north end of the farm the land slopes to the south and east. Here the office building and manager's house were erected, where a view of the entire farm is obtained. The land is well drained, fertile and free from stones. There are at present about five thousand young fruit trees just coming into bearing. They consist of many varieties of apple, pear, peach, plum, cherry and quince, with an abundance of small fruits as currants, berries and grapes. These are maintained in the highest state of productiveness by modern scientific agricultural methods, the

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ADVERTISING SECTION

vii.

FARM

products shipped to the "fancy trade" in an attractive manner, and the highest prices obtained.

Through the farm runs a stream furnishing an average flow of 120,000 gallons daily. This is fed by a number of never failing springs of pure cold water. Additional water is obtained from wells, one of which runs one hundred and thirty-six feet into the earth through solid rock.

A portion of the farm is in timber, much of which is cedar. There is also sand, gravel, and rock which is used for building purposes and roads. There is not an acre of marsh or waste land on the farm. Outside of the woodland, the entire farm is arable. The location is dry and healthful, so essential to success with poultry.

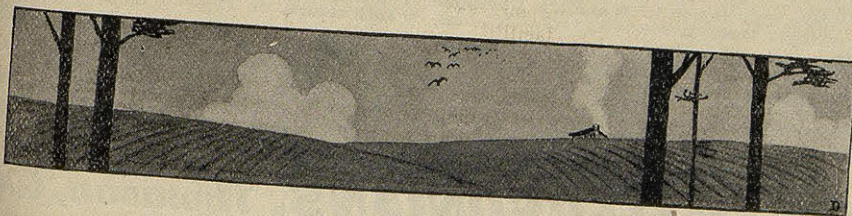
Telephone and telegraph communication is available and every facility for the rapid and satisfactory handling of business has not been overlooked. Ice may be obtained from the Hudson in any quantity. Many of the buildings are already up. They have been designed to reduce labor expenses to a minimum, and to afford convenience.

The location and contour of the land is such as to afford an excellent air drainage for all parts of the farm, which in a large measure insures against destruction from late spring frosts so damaging to fruit buds in some localities. The soil is deep, rich and black and contains an abundance of humus, and showing by the tree and vegetable growth on the land to contain plenty of available plant food of all kinds. The physical and chemical properties of the soil make the farm ideally adapted to the production of fine quality fruit. Fruit grown at Larchmont Farm attains remarkable size owing to the care given the orchards, and cannot be surpassed for richness of flavor and coloring. A large yield is always assured. Scientific fruit culture and poultry raising are two of the most profitable business enterprises known, and in which this company are making a grand success. The demand for their product is unlimited.

The incorporators of the company owning this farm decided that modern "high finance" would not be desirable and to the best interests of stockholders and have therefore kept the capitalization low. Although the assets of the company are over \$60,000.00, the capitalization is only \$20,000.00, which is divided into two hundred shares full paid and non-assessable, with a par value of \$100.00. The company is offering the balance of its unsubscribed stock to investors at par, in order to complete development work. No bonds or preferred stock has been issued, thus giving the shareholders the first lien on the company's earnings. The officers of the company are assuring stockholders of the future brilliant success of the enterprise by agreeing to receive no compensation for their services until after dividends of 24 per cent. are earned and paid. With these dividends and the assets behind the company the value of the stock will be greatly enhanced and will mean a profit of many hundred per cent. for present stockholders and those subscribing to the present offering.

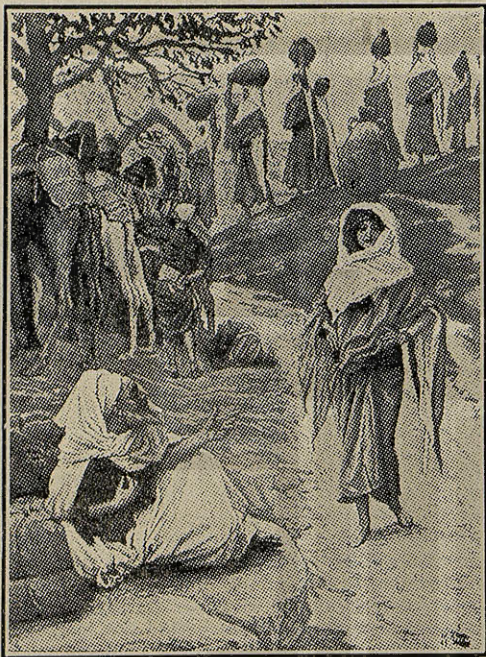
The company is putting out a prospectus which deals with the science of investment, and describes the enterprise with an outline of the poultry business. This prospectus is mailed postpaid to any investor requesting it. The company is financially sound and present conditions at the farm indicate a future of prosperity, with every prospect of increasing revenues each year. With the issuing of the balance of its treasury stock the plant will be fully equipped and turning out its maximum with the efficiency the additional capital will provide.

If you are looking for a safe and sound investment, where the element of risk is eliminated and large dividends assured, we suggest that you write to this company, whose address is Larchmont Farm (Inc.), Box 108, West Camp, N. Y. They will be glad to supply any further information.



Mothers! Fathers!

If you want your children interested in the stories of the Bible;
If you want to give them a true and accurate knowledge of the famous characters of Sacred History;



ABRAHAM'S SERVANT MEETETH REBECCA.
(Gen., xxiv, 17)

"And the servant ran to meet her, and said, 'Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher.'"

120 OLD TESTAMENT PICTURES
120 NEW TESTAMENT PICTURES

The Jeffersonians will offer to their subscribers, absolutely free, 240 pictures. No better gift to a friend or child or Sunday School teacher.

These pictures are in **full colors**, beautifully printed on high-art paper, 5 x 6, and each picture bears its appropriate Bible verse, and is a lesson in itself.

The originals of these pictures were shown throughout the Old and New World, and created, as nothing had ever before, great religious revivals. Here you will find, pictured in life-like colors, Moses, the Law-Giver; Abraham, the Friend of God; Joshua, the Colonist; David, the Mighty Ruler; Job, the Afflicted Man; Joseph, the Successful Man; Caleb, the Soldier; Solomon, the Wise Man; the Sweet Story of Ruth; the Devotion of Hannah.

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For 25 cents, 3 months' subscription and 10 pictures.

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If you want to give them a true idea of the customs, scenery, landscapes of the Holy Land;

If you want to uplift their souls, and give them a knowledge of fine art;

If for your own instruction and delight you want this art treasure in your home;

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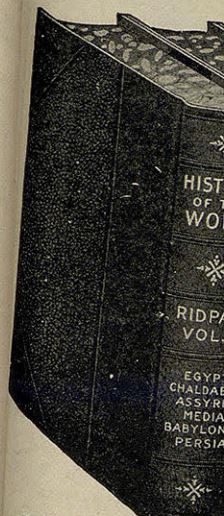
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