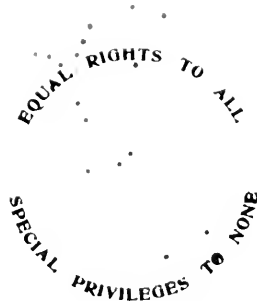


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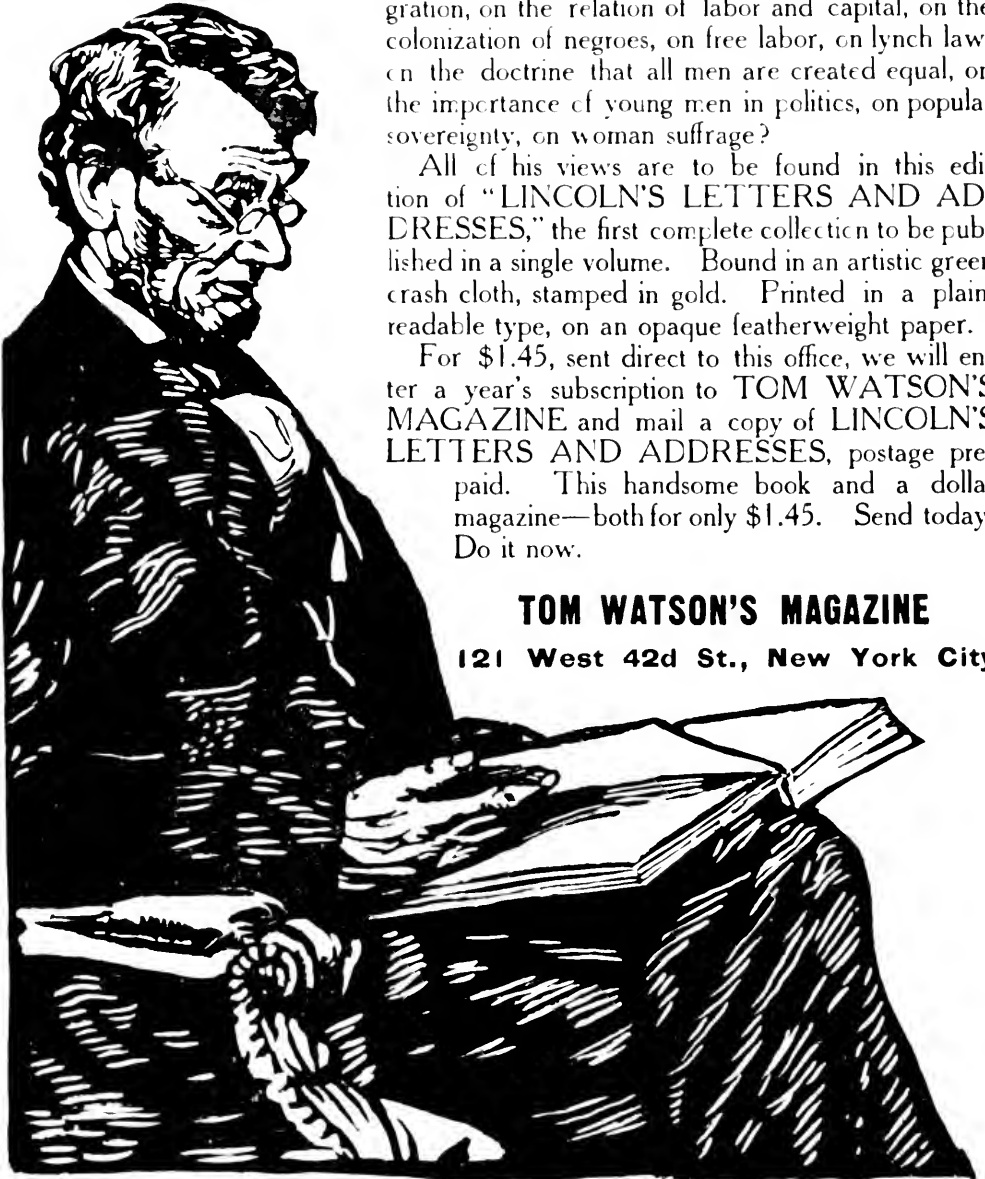
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# TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

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Application made for entry as Second-Class Matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office, March, 1905

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TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; 10 CENTS A NUMBER

# The Power of the Press

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THREE great divisions may be made of the Press of America, and it is difficult to say which division wields the greatest power. Each in its field is supreme. The monthly magazines constitute one division—one that is rapidly growing in importance as a political factor. The great dailies make up another division—and lead in the matter of producing quick results. And the weekly newspapers—commonly known as the “country weeklies”—constitute the third division. Compared with either the great magazines or the big dailies, these country weeklies seem insignificant; yet each has its clientèle of readers, many of whom seldom see either magazine or daily; and it seems certain that if the country press could be organized to act as a unit, it would be the controlling political force.

Today practically all reform publications are pursuing what may aptly be termed an iconoclastic course. Most of their space is given up to denunciations of “graft,” of trusts, of corrupt men, of censurable practices. All this is a necessary preliminary to reform. But there must come a time when the press of America will devote part of its space to constructive measures. It is not enough to denounce evil—a remedy must be shown. Every number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE contains suggestions as to feasible remedies. It denounces wrongs—but shows how to correct them.

A careful survey of the field convinces TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE that the country press can be made a wonderful power for good. It is that now—but it can be strengthened by concerted action. Unlike his brother on the great daily, the country editor is not coerced by the business office; he can “talk out in meetin'” whenever he feels like it. He is freer, more independent, even though he gets the county printing as a reward for political services.

Investigation shows that very many of our country editors are now convinced that public ownership of railroads and similar utilities is the great question soon to be solved by the American people. Their papers may be Republican, Democratic, Populist, independent, non-partisan, non-political, or what not, but the majority, it seems certain, are united upon this view. Not all favor public ownership—but nearly all feel that the question must be settled.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE represents a political party that has stood for public ownership since 1892. It has, therefore, a decided friendship for any paper—no matter what party label it bears—which is willing to give its readers an opportunity to learn more about public ownership. It is making a very liberal clubbing offer to country weeklies and expects to extend an invitation soon to every such paper in America. The list following is only partial—being made up hurriedly at the last moment before going to press—but it shows some of the country weeklies now offering a clubbing rate with TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE; papers whose editors, regardless of politics, realize that the question of public ownership must be settled in the near future, and who are willing that their readers shall study the question. The subscription price of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is \$1.00 per year. The first column shows the regular price of the paper named, the second column the price for both it and TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE one year. Subscriptions may be sent to this office or to the paper desired. Here is a chance to get your



local paper and TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE at a saving of 25 cents to 50 cents a year.

In this connection we desire to acknowledge with thanks the excellent clubbing work already done by several hundred friendly papers, and especially the large lists sent in by the *Missouri World*, *Nebraska Independent*, *Augusta Tribune*, *Southern Mercury-Pass Word*, *Dalton Herald* and *Savannah Morning News*.

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By FRED'K UPHAM ADAMS

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THEODORE DREISER

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ANNE McQUEEN

# TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. II

AUGUST, 1905

No. 2

## Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

### *Populist Principles Defended*

THE *Maple Leaf* is the attractive name of a bright, breezy magazine established at York, Pa., a few months ago.

Its associate editor, Mr. Herbert Cutler Schuyler, has been reading my explanation of Populist principles, and he is moved to ask me certain questions in the columns of his June number.

Mr. Schuyler is evidently a practical man who means business, for he pleads with me, in advance, to avoid "vague theories" and to give him "plain, practical, workaday plans."

Thus besought, I will do my best.

\* \* \* \* \*

(1) The *Maple Leaf* asks: "You propose that the Government should supply the country with a sufficient supply of national money, every dollar of which would be equal to any other.

"How can this be accomplished? What would be a sufficient amount of money? On what would you base this issue of money?"

I answer: The Government itself must decide what is a sufficient amount of national money, just as the Government decides how many troops shall be in the army; how many sailors shall be in the navy; how many battle-ships on the ocean; how many post-offices shall be established; how many R. F. D. routes shall be opened, and how many dollars appropriated to pay national expenses.

It all resolves itself into the ques-

tion of *whether the Government can govern.*

The power to create money, to regulate the volume and distribution thereof, is a governmental function, and no man has the right to presume that the Government could not as easily do it as that 5,000 national bankers can do it.

"What would be a sufficient amount of money?"

There is no fixed rule upon the subject. Nobody ever did know just how much money ought to be in circulation. Nobody ever did know just where lay the definite line between day and night, yet we all know the difference between daylight and darkness.

Most of us can tell the difference between decidedly too much money and decidedly not enough. Inflation has its unmistakable symptoms just as contraction has. All that can be known certainly is that the volume of currency should bear a certain relation and proportion to the size of the population and the volume of the business.

(See Jefferson's Letters to Madison and to John W. Eppes.)

Experience has demonstrated that fifty dollars per capita is not too much money to have in circulation. Twice that amount would inevitably tend toward a more general distribution of wealth, a quicker development of all resources, higher wages, lower interest, more freedom for the Man, less power for the Dollar.

"How can it be accomplished?"

Put the Constitution in force as construed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Gold and silver should be coined on equal terms, as the Constitution provides, and Treasury notes should be issued from time to time, as needed, just as Jefferson issued them; just as Madison issued them; just as Jackson issued them; just as Lincoln issued them.

The Populist platform, instead of being revolutionary, is strictly constitutional and claims only that the Constitution and the practices of the Fathers should be adhered to, and that the Government should exercise for itself the power of creating the paper currency, as the Supreme Court decided was strictly within its constitutional power. It is *the gold standard which is revolutionary and unconstitutional, not the Populist doctrine.*

You ask, "On what would you base this issue of money?"

My answer is, I would base it on the credit of the Government—its power to tax 80,000,000 people and the \$100,000,000,000 of wealth which lie within its borders.

Whatever bill is issued by the Government, based upon the credit of the Government and protected by the irresistible power of the "legal tender" clause, making such a bill receivable in payment and satisfaction of every public and private debt, will be good money wherever the flag floats and as long as the Government endures.

National bank-notes have no trouble in passing at their full face value. Why? Because they are based upon Government bonds and the promise of the Government to redeem them.

What is a Government bond? Simply a Government credit. If national banks can float their own notes, because supported by the credit of the Government, inherent in the bond, so the Government itself could issue the notes directly, without the interference of the national banks, and the same credit would give them the same stability.

(2) The *Maple Leaf* wishes to know how the Government would get the

money to purchase the railroads, telegraphs, telephones and express companies.

Where did the private syndicates get the money to buy them? Are eighty million people less able to buy these properties than the dozen corporations which now own them? Are *all* the people unable to do what a small minority of the same people have done? Is our great Government too weak to do what Wall Street has done?

Speculative and marauding syndicates got the railroads *by issuing bonds*. They got the public to buy the bonds, and thus the public paid for the property.

The Western Union Telegraph Company did not pay for the Western Union Telegraph Company.

It was the money of the great public which ran the capitalization of that company up into the hundred millions.

It was the public which paid for the Pacific railroads and furnished, besides, such an overplus that Stanford, Huntington, Crocker & Co. retired multimillionaires.

If the people can pay for the public utilities when private syndicates want them, why cannot the people pay when the people want them?

Government reports prove that the public pays in full for the railroads every fourteen years—in transportation charges.

Yet we do not acquire the property. We allow the corporations to retain title and to go right on compelling us to pay for the property a second time during the *next* fourteen years.

What monumental folly! Let the Government assess the fair value of the property and issue 2 per cent. twenty-year bonds to pay for them. Long before the bonds mature the railroads will have paid into the Treasury more than enough net earnings to pay off the bonds.

If in the payment of the purchase of the property the Government should issue two billions of greenbacks, so much the better. Such a wave of universal prosperity would roll over this land as has not been known since the

Rothschild - Belmont - John Sherman contractionists burned hundreds of millions of our paper currency and drove hundreds of thousands of honest, hard-working men into hopeless bankruptcy and ruin.

(3) The *Maple Leaf* asks: "What corporations are to be left to levy taxes on after the Government shall have purchased the railroads, telegraph, telephone and express companies?"

It seems to me that a very little reflection should suggest to the *Maple Leaf* that there are a great many corporations besides those enumerated. There are the various corporations which under many different names represent the Standard Oil Company.

There are perhaps a score of corporations which under different names represent the Beef Trust.

I cite these simply as examples. There are hundreds of private corporations and trusts which are not embraced under the head of railroads, telegraph, telephone and express companies.

(4) The *Maple Leaf* is troubled because of my proposition to break up the Trusts by putting upon the free list those articles upon which the Trusts exact monopoly prices in the home market. It inquires: "In that instance, what becomes of the immense sums of money invested in plants owned and operated by the aforesaid Trusts, and what is to become of the workmen to whom they furnish employment?"

In the first place, I answer: The men who own the plants operated by the Trusts should be made to count the consequences of organizing the Trusts against the American people. They have no right in law or equity to use against the people those advantages of the protective tariff which the people gave them for quite a different purpose.

Protection as preached by Hamilton and Henry Clay was meant to encourage and to support legitimate home industries and home manufacturers.

It was never meant by either Hamil-



"Are eighty millions of people less able to buy these properties than the dozen corporations which now own them?"

ton or Clay that those protective laws should become the instrument by which the great mass of the American people are relentlessly robbed by the privileged few.

Surely if the American manufacturers deliberately organized themselves into marauding corporations to plunder the American people, the people have the right of self-defense, the first law of nature, and that self-defense will be best exerted by taking away from these insolent marauders those advantages which the law gave them for benevolent rather than malevolent purposes.

The *Maple Leaf* raises the plea for "the workingman."

Under the present tariff system the workingman gets the smallest possible wage which the corporation can make him put up with.

Protective systems, as we have them in modern times, were originated by

Colbert, the great Minister of France, and Colbert very frankly stated that the purpose of the tariff was to benefit the capitalist, not the laborer.

The Manufacturers' Association of America voiced the same truth when it declared that the purpose of their organization was to "*monopolize the home market.*" It is the capitalist to whom the Tree of Protection yields the luscious fruit.

It is Mr. Carnegie who counts his money by the hundreds of millions, not his laborers.

It is Mr. Frick who rolls in unlimited wealth, not his laborers.

It is the protected Capitalist who has his royal preserve in the Adirondacks, his palace on Fifth Avenue, his winter home in Florida, his ocean-going yacht and his palace car, not the laborer.

The American capitalist who has been protected from foreign competition for a hundred years has heaped up wealth greater than that ever known in ancient or modern times; and the laborer who digs it out of the mines for him, weaves it at the spindles for him, sweats for it at the forge for him, lives within a month of starvation just as he did a hundred years ago.

He gets what the capitalist is obliged to let him have—just that much and no more. It has not been long since one of these protected manufacturers had the hardihood to declare that wages must be kept down—that high wages had a tendency to spoil the laborer.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I will meet the *Maple Leaf* on its own ground. Suppose the manufacturers of cotton goods and the manufacturers of agricultural implements charge the American people from 10 to 50 per cent. more than they do foreigners. Suppose they do this regularly, from year to year. Suppose they advertise the home price and the foreign price, and we all realize that the home purchaser, because he can't help himself, has to pay 25 per cent. more for the home-made goods than he would have to

pay for the same quality of foreign-made goods.

Suppose that this unjust and tyrannous tax amounts to twenty-five cents per capita on the American people, which is a most moderate estimate. You will thus have an annual tax, indefensible from any standpoint of justice or equity, amounting to something like twenty or twenty-five millions of dollars.

Let us suppose that the American people rise up against this robbery and defeat it by putting on the free list those goods which had been thus monopolized and made the subject of extortionate prices. Suppose that the manufacturers in their madness and folly refused to check themselves in time, and that half their factories have to be shut down, whose fault would it be, if not that of the jobbers who would not listen to reason nor hear the cry of those who plead for justice? Who would sympathize with them if they rushed blindly or recklessly into such an unholy combat with the masses of the people?

How many laborers would be thrown out of employment? Probably not 10,000. Possibly 100,000. Would it be best that 80,000,000 people be robbed of \$25,000,000 per year in order that 100,000 might work in a factory rather than on a farm; or would it be better for those 100,000 men to turn their strong arms and willing hands to some other industry than for them to earn a pitiful wage in order that the Privileged should continue the spoliation of 80,000,000 people at an annual loss of \$25,000,000? Does the *Maple Leaf* think that it would be sound political economy for 80,000,000 people to be outrageously taxed in order that 100,000 could get uncertain employment at a scanty wage?

But these are idle questions. The moment the marauding manufacturers saw that Congress really meant to defend the people—to defend them by putting manufactured goods on the free list—they would go upon another tack, would harken to the voice

of common sense, and mark down their prices to where the people at home could buy as cheaply as those abroad can buy. The *Maple Leaf* surely ought to know that such would be the case, because capital is proverbially timid, and while it tyrannizes with the spirit of a coward when it has the advantage, it is quick to retreat to cover when it sees that it is going to be opposed by resolute and fearless men who are backed by public opinion.

(5) The *Maple Leaf* asks, "If the eight-hour day is so desirable in some departments of labor, is it not equally so in all departments?"

The answer is obvious. In some departments, factory work for instance, where the labor is all performed within doors, the number of hours and the daily output can be regulated on the eight-hour plan, but when it comes to the farm, for instance, a different rule applies. There may be a week or a month of bad weather in which no labor at all can be performed. Therefore, lost time has to be made up, as far as possible, else ruinous consequences ensue.

Again, in farm work and household work it very frequently happens—in fact, almost continually happens—that the laborer has necessarily to commence with the day and close with the day, and every day perhaps will present a different phase.

It is the *regularity* which can be established in a mine or factory which



"The moment the marauding manufacturers saw that Congress really meant to defend the people, they would mark down their prices."

constitutes the difference between the various branches of industry. The People's Party has confined itself to factories, workshops and mines, where the amount of labor and the amount of production can be almost automatically regulated, without regard to accidents of weather or other natural inevitable variations.

\* \* \* \* \*

I trust that the *Maple Leaf* will find these answers satisfactory, and that it will henceforth help us in the good work of Reform.

### A Life Insurance Policy

IN the year 1886 I insured my life in the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. Judging by the evidence which an outsider was allowed to know, it appeared to be just as safe and as sound and as strong as its prospectus and its agents claimed it to be.

At that time I was a young lawyer without fixed income. I was doing a good practice, but my revenue de-

pendent upon the continuance of my good health. Had I been stricken down by sickness my income would have been at once cut off. Had death overtaken me my family would have been left without adequate means of support.

Therefore, to safeguard those I loved best against misfortune, I insured my life for \$5,000 in the Equitable, paying



“What has become of the surplus?”

a premium of \$113.50. For eighteen years I have annually paid that sum to keep the policy in force.

During the entire period I believed that I had a first-class investment, and that, to the extent of the policy, my family was absolutely protected against any providential mishap which might befall me.

After I had paid about fourteen premiums on this policy I tried to borrow some money on it from the company. I was unable to do so. I thought it very strange that the Equitable would not lend one of its own policyholders a small amount of money on its own security and at 8 per cent. interest.

Now, however, I know the reason why.

The whole world knows that a gang of speculative thieves and embezzlers has been in control of the vast resources of that company which I, in part, helped to enrich.

They have been lending their money

to speculative syndicates and investing it in doubtful securities, taking commissions to themselves for misappropriating the money which was a sacred trust fund.

Under the terms of my policy, which matures in October, 1906, I am entitled to a share of the surplus which the company has gained during all the years in which I have been paying premiums.

What has become of that surplus?

It has been squandered in the most shameless and criminal extravagance. It has been lavished on bacchanalian feasts which were charged up to me and to the other 600,000 policyholders in the company.

Twenty-thousand-dollar rugs, chairs that cost two thousand dollars each, have been put into the offices at our expense.

Enormous salaries have been paid to figureheads and dummies who did nothing to earn our money. A society



dude, James Hazen Hyde, has plundered us of \$100,000 per year.

A sleek old Oily Gammon, named Chauncey Depew, has been paid \$25,000 per year, and hasn't turned a hand to honestly earn it.

Right and left, front and rear, the policyholders have been robbed until the surplus, once a king's ransom, has dwindled to the vanishing point.

And now, at the last moment, what is the situation?

A stronger wrestler than all the other wrestlers has dashed into the ring, and Thomas F. Ryan, the very embodiment of commercial greed and heartlessness, has gobbled up the whole thing, and the assets, which belong to us policyholders, are to be used in furthering the private schemes and ventures of the corporation boss of New York City.

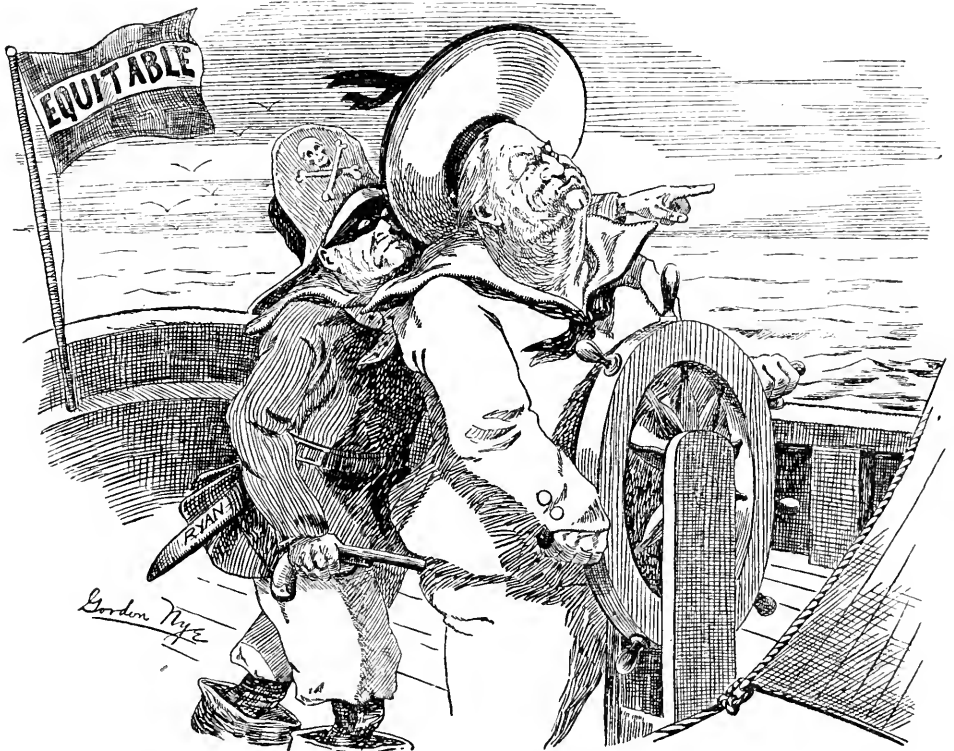
What matters it to me that a ras-

cally pirate like Ryan should cloak his designs behind the swollen proportions of Grover Cleveland?

What does it matter except more salaries to dummies who do not earn them?

What confidence can be put in a man like Grover Cleveland when we know that he prostituted his opportunities as President of the United States to enrich his law clients, J. P. Morgan & Co., by giving them, in a midnight deal, the bonds of the United States at a scandalously low figure on a contract drawn by his law partner, Francis Lynde Stetson?

The same Grover Cleveland, who befouled himself in that midnight deal by which the people of the United States were robbed, will not hesitate to prostitute his opportunity again to give to those who control him the same advantages over the Equitable treas-



“What matters it to me that a rascally pirate like Ryan should cloak his designs behind the swollen proportions of Grover Cleveland?”

ury which he gave to his former pals over the Treasury of the United States.

The situation is sickening.

Six hundred thousand policyholders, whose hard-earned money has rolled in for generations to make up the huge assets of the Equitable, must sit and hold their hands while these marauding scoundrels make successive inroads upon that surplus which, by law and by contract, belongs in part to us all.

Reader, if you have money to invest, throw it into the fire rather than put it into one of the old line life insurance companies.

The situation which a falling-out among the thieves exposed in the Equitable is, in all probability, the same in the other life insurance companies.

Their accumulated surplus and cash

assets are the spoil for which greedy gangs of speculators contend, and it is simply a question of who gets control. In the one case it is Morgan, in another it is Gould, in another it is Harriman, in another it is Ryan.

It is merely a question of which of the competitors outstrips the others in getting his clutches upon the insurance money—using it for his own private purposes.

The time has been when money paid on a life insurance policy was an investment. It is no longer so.

Life insurance now is little better than a game of chance, and you would be almost as safe in putting your earnings in cotton futures as to put them in a life insurance policy in one of the old line companies.

## A Free Man



"The editors of that respectable newspaper recite lessons to please the Boss."

Whom do you belong to, Mr. Man?

Whose collar do you wear? To what extent do you say what you think and do as you please?

I pick up a respectable newspaper—the *New York Tribune*, for example—and I glance at the editorials. How long does it take me to learn that the editors of that respectable newspaper recite lessons to please the Boss?

Any breath of freedom in those columns? Not enough to inflate a gnat.

To support the Administration, to echo Wall Street, to buttress the money-bag aristocracy of America and the birthright aristocracy of Great Britain—that's the mission of the newspaper for which Horace Greeley worked himself to death, a paper now dominated by as colorless a snob as ever truckled at the feet of wealth and power.

But the *Tribune* is no exception; it is the rule. Editors have no independence; newspapers have none. Editors are hired men only, and newspapers are controlled by syndicates and corporations.

Editors write to order. Newspapers publish or suppress by order.

\* \* \* \* \*

I see Mr. Preacher, decently clad in sober black, step into his pulpit and

face the "dearly beloved." In front, close up, sit the principal rascals of the vicinity. The usurer; the man who grinds the life out of the poor by extortionate prices on food and fuel; the unctuous robber who secured secret rebates from lawbreaking railroad managers and ruined a thousand dealers to make his own pile; the railroad wrecker who stranded a magnificent property, forced it to sale, bought it in for a song, reorganized it, filled it with millions of dollars of watered stock, plundered every patron of the road in the ruthless resolve to make the road earn dividends on fictitious capitalization, and who now counts himself a millionaire, while his victims count themselves paupers—they all sit pious-faced fronting Sir Preacher. They are as choice a lot of modern thieves as God ever frowned upon; and what does Mr. Preacher have to say to these church-going, pew-paying scoundrels?

Does he lash them with whips of scorpions, as his Master did?

Does he drive them forth in shame and with stripes from the temple which their presence defiles?

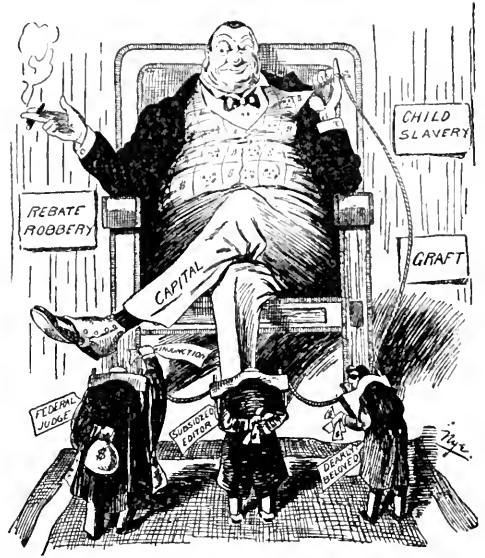
Not so. Poor little ecclesiastical slave! He cuts his sermon to suit those who pay that fancy salary of his and whose check-books are needful to the extravagant, unchristian style in which his church is run.

Not only does he rub the hair the right way on the notorious rascals who sit before him, but if wicked Gentiles dare hurl a word of condemnation against these fat sheep of his flock the Dr. MacArthurs are ready to tune up the voice of adulation and to disgust the decent, right-minded men of all ranks by throwing the mantle of ecclesiastical protection over the most infamously successful of all those who have grown rich in robbing the weak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Considering which, one turns with relief to such a talker, such a writer and such a publisher as Elbert Hubbard.

Here is a man who is free. He owns himself. He wears no collar. No corporation has thrown him down and



"Slaves of the Money Power."

put the branding-iron on him. What he feels like saying he says. If the world doesn't like it, the world is told, more or less pointedly, to "go to hell."

In all of his books the atmosphere is that of independence.

Hubbard says what Hubbard thinks—not in a whisper, with apologies for daring to breathe, but in the voice of a man who feels that the world is as much his as anybody's, and that his opinion is just as apt to hit the bull's-eye as that of another.

His courage stops at nothing. Much of Shakespeare is fustian—and Hubbard dares to say it. Much of Ruskin is rubbish—and Hubbard blurts it out.

I shouldn't wonder any day were he to say that most of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is trash, that Emerson didn't know what he was talking about much of the time, and that Tolstoy is a half-quack, whose gospel, to a considerable extent, is crassly idiotic.

I am afraid to say things like these myself, but when Hubbard says them—which he will some time—I am going to toss my hat in the air and whoop.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you ever read "Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors" or



"I will rouse your victims till they rise in elemental wrath and string you up . . ."

"Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great"?

Brilliantly entertaining works these are, rich in suggestion, noble sentiment, inspiring theory, contagious faith.

I don't mean to say that I always agree with Fra Elbertus either in his facts or his fancies. Sometimes he gears up his theory first, and then it is bad for the realities. The manner in which he can *then* drive against the facts and send them, limping and howling, off the field is a marvel to behold.

But what would you? Can we not spare a few facts? Haven't we really got more facts than we need, anyway? Why should I grieve over the slain and mangled facts which fall beneath the chariot wheels as Hubbard comes driving on, his countenance lit up by a consuming faith, and the force of Genius in his forward dash?

Beneath such a chariot of fire, what matters it if a Falstaffian troop of

ragged and discrepant facts get ground to powder?

It is naught.

The world is not a-hungry for prosaic, meaningless facts—materialistic and unemotional; what the world needs is the holy faith and enthusiasm which lift men out of their native mud, the sweep of the master-hand on the mystic chords of Passion, the surging of the great deeps of Sentiment, the resurrection of the Spirit of Consecration to Duty which exalts men, blinds them to danger, deafens them to abuse, steels them against ridicule, deadens them to persecution and sends them forth mail-clad in the armor of deathless determination to fight and die for the Right.

We want men in pulpits who will lash the rich rascals who sit in the pews; who will tear the church to pieces rather than see it longer used as the city of refuge by every self-laden scoundrel who can run in at the door before the avengers of crime can nab him.

We want men in the editorial-room who will write what they honestly think, or write nothing at all—men who are not afraid of driving fat advertisements away, men who will go up against political and commercial knaves no matter what family or corporation or political party they belong to, men who will beard such thieves as James Hazen Hyde, Thomas F. Ryan, Chauncey Depew, Paul Morton, and say to them: "Sirs, you are a gang of shameless, unprincipled, lawbreaking robbers, and if you don't drop the stolen goods I will rouse your victims till they rise in the elemental wrath of human nature and string you up to the nearest lamp-post."

We need political leaders who are not cowards, who cannot be bought, who are not ashamed to own allegiance to plain people.

We need tribunes whose principles are not to be lengthened or shortened by the resolutions of political conventions. We are tired, tired unto death,

of place-hunting statesmen who dress in a new stage costume for each national campaign. We are tired, mortally tired, of self-constituted leaders who reject any truth, reform or sound principle which does not come through the crooked lane of party politics. We want men whose ideas of Right defy the trickeries of party management, whose principles stand out like eternal hills against the sky-line, and who will suffer any isolation, any persecution, any personal loss rather than soil or surrender a single shred of the glorious life-garment of sacred conviction.

If ever our Government is halted in its downward course, *the men who are Free* will do it. If cowards, trimmers, place-hunters, hirelings, self-seekers, corporation serfs continue dominant, as they now are, our future admits of no uncertainty; we will reel forward toward the bottomless pit of imperialistic plutocracy which has engulfed every republic known to history.

### *Convalescent*

You had been a very sick man. For months the elements of disease had been gathering in your system—you had vaguely felt it, and had spoken of it—but had not known what to do; so you had gone on from week to week slowly approaching a crisis.

At length some trifling cause, some one-straw-too-many, had precipitated the inevitable, and had knocked you over. It might have been a stale "blue point" at a late dinner, a tainted bit of fish, a salad which angrily resented the wine—it might have been one of a dozen errors in diet, but whatever it was, you woke at midnight to find yourself in the throes of disease, and with the swiftest possible speed you stepped down toward the Valley of the Shadow.

Week after week you lay abed, racked with pain. The frightful cough which shook you almost to the point of exhaustion, the shiver of cold and

the burning fever, the rheumatism which swelled and stiffened every joint—then the lassitude of utter weakness in which you could barely muster strength to answer necessary questions or to swallow necessary physic.

It was a toss-up as to whether you would die. You knew it, and you didn't care.

Of all the phenomena of illness *that* surprised you most. You looked Death in the face and were not afraid. You simply didn't care.

Over the mantel was the picture of a schoolboy of twelve years, school-book and school-bucket in hand, with a white wool hat on his head, and in his freckled face the bold, frank, confident look of robust youth.

During all the years and all the changes you had cherished the little picture, a souvenir of the days when the world was young to you and none of the illusions were lost.

Now that you were so very ill that even She grew profoundly anxious you looked from the bed, waved a feeble hand at the little boy over the mantel and whispered, "You haven't got much farther to go, little boy."

Except for Her, you didn't mind it at all. She would grieve—you knew that—and for her sake you would keep up the fight; otherwise it did not at all matter to you whether the long lane turned or not. For you had reached middle age, and the illusions were gone. Perhaps yours had been a hard life, unusually hard. Perhaps in everything which you had undertaken it had cost you twice as much toil and persistence to succeed as it had seemed to cost other men.

Perhaps you had come to realize that you were one of those men with whom Fortune deals grudgingly, one of those whom Hope deceives and Success laughs at, one of those who *always* has wind and wave against him, and who never by any sort of chance finds himself in league with Luck.

It may have been that when you were a boy you read much, thought more soberly than most boys do, and dreamed dreams of the future. It may have been the ambition of your life to work manfully until you could possess a competence and then, made independent of Poverty, devote every talent and energy to the public service.

Public life allured you. To be a Tribune of the People, leading them upward and onward, cheered by their applause, made happy by the blessings of those whom your life-work elevated and benefited, seemed to you the noblest task you could undertake.

To prepare for it, you became a lawyer. In no other profession could you hope to earn an income so quickly and so surely. You buried yourself in law books. The midnight lamp never failed to find you at study. Year in and year out, you worked by day and studied by night.

You began with pitifully small fees. Often you rode all day, to and from Justice's Court, to earn the half of five

dollars. The entire labor of your first year at the Bar gained you but two hundred and twelve dollars. You lived in the country, walked three miles to your office, ate a cold dinner which you had brought with you, and waited for clients, eager for work.

Year after year passed. So wrapped up were you in study, labor, anxiety, ambition, that fireside pleasures were almost unknown to you, and you lost—ah, the sadness of it now!—the holy joys of home-life with your children while they were still children.

Ten years passed—then three more; and then the goal was reached. You were safe. You had gained a Competence. Fear of Poverty would trouble you no more.

You closed your office, went before the people, explained the principles which formed your creed, and asked to be elected as their representative in the national councils.

Court-house rings, town cliques, professional wire-pullers were all against you; but you went into the country precincts, you spoke to the people in the village streets, at the country school-grounds, at the crossroads stores. Wherever fifteen or twenty would assemble, there you would speak to them.

The politicians laughed at you, but when your opponent came home from Washington to meet you in debate before the mass-meetings throughout the district, lo! the people were with you, and your triumph at the polls was unprecedented in your state.

But there came a change.

The Democratic Party, which in convention after convention had adopted your platform, suddenly changed front and denounced those principles.

What were you to do?

You decided that principles were dearer than party and you stood by your principles.

The people of your district indorsed you—nine counties out of eleven giving you overwhelming majorities. In the other two counties the swindlers who had charge of the ballot-boxes simply stuffed them with ballots enough to

beat you; and so the people were robbed of representation.

As to you, the dream of your boyhood was at an end.

The object aimed at in thirteen years of steady, life-absorbing toil was forever put beyond your reach.

It was hard, wasn't it?

You tried again, at another election. The result was the same. Once more you tried; result as before. You appealed to Congress. Both political parties hated you and your creed, and Republicans voted with Democrats to bar you out.

You asked for a hearing on the floor of the House. It was denied you—for the first time in the history of your country.

Then, exhausted and disheartened, you quit the hopeless contest. Your enemies shouted with a great joy, and amid bonfires and street parades you were burned in effigy—a disgraced and ruined man.

You almost wished that you were dead. How near you came to losing your reason and your life in the bitter grief of that crushing disappointment She knows—She only.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then you shut the world out of your life, buried yourself to all but the very few, called around you the serene companionship of books, breathed the atmosphere of the past, entered into the lives, the hopes, the struggles, the sufferings of the sublime reformers to whose courage and sacrifice we owe all that makes the world tolerable—all that gives us liberty of person, of conscience, of speech.

And then, full of the inspiration drawn from the lives of these grand pioneers of human progress, you reached out for the long idle pen, and you wrote.

Ah, how your heart did forget its own troubles in the work! You wrote and wrote and wrote—many a night till it seemed that you alone of all the world was awake, the pen all too slow to follow the burning thought. Many a time you reeled with fatigue as you rose from the desk where six hours or

eight, of whose flight you had been unconscious, had sped; many a time the page was blotted with tears, and you could not go on.

Always, always, your soul was in the pen, and you wrote no word that did not come from the heart.

At length the task was finished, and your book (blue-penciled horribly by a critic who afterward became a lunatic) came forth.

What really had you hoped?

Had you dared to believe that the world would be fair to any book bearing your discredited name?

Had you faintly breathed some pathetic prayer that the fierce abuse which had beaten upon you as a political leader might spare your book?

Poor fool, you!

Political hatred never forgets and never forgives.

The very college professors who had examined your manuscript for the publishers, and who had, in writing, pronounced your history "the best since Macaulay," caught the contagion of attack, and they assailed you as savagely in the reviews as though you were a cross between Jack Cade and Marat. Your book was damned—incontinently, successfully, eternally damned.

But you must needs try again. Perhaps you would have better luck next time.

So once more it was toil at the desk; once more there was the rapture of composition; once more the long, shining lines of thought swept before your mental vision, and you were caught into and swept away in the ecstasy of creative composition.

Surely the world would be interested this time; surely the work and the workman would be recognized, appreciated. Not so. The world had no more of a welcome for the second book than for the first. Yet you tried once more. The third failed like the second, and a fourth completed the melancholy list.

Then you thought it time to quit, and you quit—swallowing as best you could the bitter pill of failure and the pangs of unconditional surrender.

\* \* \* \* \*

What was left?

Could you try your hand at anything else?

Oh, yes, you could go to work and make more money. And you did so. It was the only thing you could do. With disgusting facility you could heap thousand upon thousand. In the court-house you could name your own fees; you could choose your own cases. On the lecture platform you could name your own price, and you could earn as much or as little as you would.

Four or five years passed, and the one thing of which you had enough was money.

But the old hunger gnawed at your heart. You were not happy. You longed to do something worthier of what was best in your nature. You longed to fight a good fight for justice, for better laws, for beneficent institutions, for conditions that are more equitable, for a fairer distribution of the bounties and blessings of nature and human industry. You scorned the mere getting of money. You wanted to be useful, to be a power for good, to be a leader of public opinion, to the end that the best principles and the best ideals might prevail.

You especially wanted to reach the young, and to lay your hands gently upon the lines of their thought and conviction, so that long after you were gone from earth you would live in the brave, patriotic endeavor of men whose efforts for good might be happier than your own.

\* \* \* \* \*

And it so happens that, in the very midst of this new ambition and new work, disease smites you down.

No wonder you grow weary. No wonder you feel indifferent.

The way has been long, and it has

been rugged, and at last you are tired.

You look just a little contemptuously in the very face of Death, and you say in your thought—"I'm yours sooner or later; take me now if you like."

And to the little boy on the mantel you lift your eye and whisper, with a half-mocking smile, "Not much farther now, little boy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes; it all depended upon whether the inflammation would extend to and settle upon the intestines. You knew that well enough; and when the nurse applied hot cloth after hot cloth, hour after hour, for twelve hours, you knew what it meant. It was a pitched battle between death and the nurse.

Well, the nurse won.

The fever and the pain stood at bay; the exhausted nurse staggered off to take her rest; and when morning broke you knew that you would get well.

Were you glad? Not particularly so. Just what you had to live for was not so clear to you as it used to be.

You came back to life without regret and without enthusiasm.

The song of the birds is sweet, but not sweeter than before. The rustle of the wind in the trees, the breath of the flowers, the lazy beauty of the distant landscape, the splendor of summer evening, sunsets and rising moons—all these are glorious to you, but not more so than they ever were.

\* \* \* \* \*

Convalescent? Yes, convalescent. On Her account you are glad. She would have missed you.

As for the rest of it—the horse goes back to the treadmill, and the dull march around the circle goes on as before.

## "The Life Worth Living"

UNDER this title Thomas Dixon, Jr., publishes a handsome volume of 140 pages, illustrated by photographic views taken by himself. The publish-

ers are Doubleday, Page & Co., to whose fine work and energetic advertising Mr. Dixon's books have owed much of their merited success.



"The Life Worth Living" is a book which devotes itself frankly to the glorification of a home which Mr. Dixon partly discovered and partly created on one of the arms of the Chesapeake Bay.

Following the suggestion of the historian Fiske, Mr. Dixon calls this section of Virginia the Venice of America.

Wearied with life in and about New York City, Mr. Dixon sought and found his ideal home in tidewater Virginia, and proceeded to lavish upon it much money, much intelligent care, much enthusiastic love. In the delight of that ideal home he revels with all the abandon of a boy. The stately mansion, the grand hall and curved stairway, the beautiful view of the waters of the Bay, the lordly trees, the velvet reach of lawn, the endless joys of the yacht and the boat, the triumphs of the rod and the gun—all these are dwelt upon with a zest, zeal and intensely human sense of appreciation which fairly carry the reader off his feet.

So wrapt up is Mr. Dixon in the unrivaled advantages of his home that he is oblivious of the fact that his book is an affliction to those who must realize that there is but one home of that kind and that he alone owns it.

\* \* \* \* \*

In "The Life Worth Living" Mr. Dixon tells you all about the luxuries of existence in just such a home as his. The eye is ever pleased with landscapes which thrill and inspire; the plash of the waters and the song of the birds ravish the ear; the scent of flowers perfumes the air; game from the forest and the field mingle with the chickens on the lawn; diamond-back terrapin are fattened on crabs in convenient pens; ducks of all sorts await the gun, and fish of all kinds meet the angler more than halfway.

What more could the epicure demand?

Here indeed is "The Life Worth Living"—down on the Old Virginia shore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dixon is a genius.

I do not know a man of more striking personality and mental make-up.

As an orator he shades Bryan down into just what he is—a mere sophomorical Sir Plausible Platitude. Dixon will create more original suggestion and rouse greater depth of feeling in an audience in an address of two hours than Bryan could do in a lifetime—for the simple reason that original, creative, passionate, self-forgetful oratory was *born* in Dixon and was not born in Bryan.

Again, Dixon's genius does not fail him when he takes hold of a pen. He can write as well as he can speak. A more powerful, brilliant and versatile composer has not put pen to paper during this generation.

Here again he rises out of the class of such men as the Nebraska babbler.

Bryan can't write. Give him a pen and he barely escapes being deadily dull. Note, for instance, the special articles which he wrote for *Public Opinion* recently; had not Bryan's name been signed to them no first-class magazine would have published them at all.

They were not only prosy, commonplace, lifeless, but the remedies he suggested for existing abuses were impracticable to the point of imbecility.

In other ways Mr. Dixon's genius is manifest. When a steamboat corporation refused to establish a wharf at his ideal home, he prepared to establish a rival line of boats—and thus persuasively got his wharf. More than that, he built the wharf himself and earned the money involved in the job.

More than that, he can build his own ocean-going boat and run it like a seaman after it is built.

Better still, if he finds that one of his boats is a failure he can sell it at a profit, get a better boat for less money, and then crack a joke in his next book at the fellow-Christian who bought the unsatisfactory boat.

All of which proves genius—versatile and unconquerable.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few years ago Mr. Dixon was a

Doctor of Divinity and preached regularly to large audiences in New York. So far as I know, he may be a Doctor of Divinity yet, but he doesn't preach any more to the people of New York, or to any other people.

He had the good sense to realize that New York was past redemption—by any ordinary process—and, so far as the other places were concerned, they seemed to be about as well supplied with Doctors of Divinity already as was reasonably necessary.

Therefore Dixon became a Lecturer. In that field his success was phenomenal. He became known as the "King of the Platform," and he towered above all rivals.

Earning a princely income, he spent it like a prince—one of his outlays being the expenditure of nearly \$30,000 on that ideal home.

\* \* \* \* \*

But of all slaveries the lecture field is the most exhaustive, the most dreary, the most galling; and Dixon determined to escape the bondage.

Shutting himself up in a little out-house on his estate, he buried himself for several months in files of old newspapers, in musty records of the past, in the recollections of boyhood, in the reminiscences of old men; and then one morning he awoke and found himself famous, for "The Leopard's Spots" was selling by the tens of thousands.

After that his income, his fame, his future were assured. Whatever he would write the publishers would print and the people would buy.

Critics might carp, reviewers might sneer, partisan prejudice might howl, but it was of no avail. Dixon's books were eagerly bought, eagerly read; and the next one eagerly expected, for there was life in them, strength in them, fire in them, truth in them, and they stamped themselves upon the minds and hearts of men.

\* \* \* \* \*

In "The Life Worth Living" the canvas is not filled out. The picture is but half done. This is to be regretted. Dixon is a deeply earnest man, and it is a misfortune that he

should publish a book which leaves the impression, however erroneous, that "The Life Worth Living" consists of a fine house, lovely surroundings, open-air sports, abundant hunting and fishing and a never-ending series of terrapin stews.

Mr. Dixon did not mean this, of course, but his book is one-sided to the extent that he seems to leave Duty in the backyard, while Pleasure revels on the lawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

In that life which is really worth living Mr. Dixon would, I feel sure, be first to admit that Duty, the sense of Responsibility, consecration to some life purpose, the utmost development of talent in the effort to make better the world in which we live, must always be the supreme element.

To love and embellish the home, to enjoy every gift of nature, to relax in sport and pastime of every legitimate kind, to be fond of dogs and horses and sailboats—this is well enough; but, after all, the stern, inevitable questions which no superior man can dodge are these:

*"What are you doing with the talent which God gave you?"*

In what way do you construe the word Duty?

What are you trying to do for your fellow-man?

In what way are you trying to live for others as well as for yourself?

What is your conception of your responsibility as a wonderfully gifted, God-sent Messenger to the world?

\* \* \* \* \*

It is easy to say that we will cut loose from the jostling crowds of the cities and go away where the hurly-burly, with its noises and vexations, shall not affect us.

But *can* we?

Who can detach himself from the world, its crowds, its realities?

Who is it that can long be deaf to the promptings of conscience and of Duty?

You see that the world needs the earnest worker, and you are ashamed to stand idle all the day.

You hear the din which rises from the great battlefield of life; you see the lines waver and break; you hear the trumpet sounds which call you to enlist—enlist under the banner of the Right—and *you are ashamed not to go*.

You cannot bear that evil shall triumph while conscience calls you "coward" because you would not strike.

No; it may be folly, it may be madness, but wherever and whenever the Right throws out her flag and says "Follow me!" you *must* drop all and march.

\* \* \* \* \*

The law of nature binds us all. The easy-going, inert, bask-in-the-sun, loll-in-the-mud-puddle man is one thing, and a very useful sort of thing in some ways. He can, under favorable conditions, fill the house with children, delight the Roosevelts, who count progress by numbers, and wear out chair-bottoms on the village sidewalk with marked success while an overworked wife earns and cooks his dinner and the tax collector takes from thriftier citizens the money which educates his children. But the law of your nature may be different, and where it commands you dare not disobey. It says "Come!" and you come; it says "Go!" and you go. No matter how distant the journey, it *must* be taken; no matter how hopeless the task, it *must* be tried.

In no other way can you quiet the voice within; on no other terms can you make peace with *yourself*.

Death were better than loss of self-respect, and to keep *that* you and Duty must walk the long path hand in hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

What, truly, is the Life worth living?

It is to cultivate, expand, energize and consecrate all that is best within you; to search for Truth and Right and to lay your willing sword at their feet; to combat all shams and hypocrisies and superstitions and frauds and errors and oppressions; to love the best interests of your fellow-man and

to put your whole heart in the struggle for his advancement in spite of his own cruel hatred and persecution.

\* \* \* \* \*

What though this life condemns you to unrequited labor, unappreciated effort, the ingratitude which cuts like a knife, and the misrepresentation which chills worse than the wintry wind. All this is outward, temporary, inconsequent, the mere passing of fleeting clouds, nothing more than incidental discords on the great harp of life. Things like these wound, inflict pain, sadden the soul somewhat, but they do not change the course of the vessel nor make coward him who stands sturdily at the wheel steering, steering through the night by the everlasting stars.

He knows, he *knows* that he has laid his course aright; and that if, when morning breaks, the harbor is not in sight the fault will not be his.

He will keep his rudder true: no more is in his power.

\* \* \* \* \*

The life which is truly worth living has not always led to ease, worldly success, happiness and earthly honors.

Too often the man who consecrates himself to the nobler purpose has been what the world called a failure, has been led away into captivity by pitiless foes, has died at the stake amid tortures.

But, like the Indian brave, *such* a warrior has never feared the stake nor the tortures.

Like the Indian brave, *such* a warrior despises those who torment him, and amid the flames in which he dies his death song rises to thrill the world:

"I have fought a good fight. Never once did I lower my flag. To the Right, as God gave me to see it, I was always true. Not once did I bend the knee to the Wrong, consciously.

"All my life I fought for the betterment of humanity. Here are the scars to show it. Defeat has rolled over me, but not dishonor.

"To no man or woman have I knowingly done hurt: if I have not done

some good it is not because I failed to try.

"On millions of my fellow-men I found the chains of a bondage more galling than slavery: I did my utmost to show them how to be free.

"Millions I found hungry, naked, homeless: I did my best to point the way out of Poverty into plenty.

"I found the old foes of the human race winning ground day by day: the rich man grinding the face of the poor; the tyrant using Law and Government to rob the people; the priest again spreading the cloud of ignorant Faith over the sunny fields of God-given Reason; the Church and the State once more uniting to plunder the human race and to divide the spoil.

"Against these ancient devourers of men, against these relentless foes of the freedom and development of humanity, I raised the cry of defiance, fought them with all the power that was within me, doing what man might do to arouse my fellow-man to a sense of the peril which was coming upon him.

"Yea! I have fought a good fight. Here are the wounds. No white flag flew over my citadel. It held out to the last.

"Loneliness pained but did not subdue me; persecution saddened but did not conquer me; friends deserted me and foes multiplied, but I was not utterly cast down. The sacred torch of human progress I held aloft, even as better men had done in the ages of the past.

"Its light will not fail. Others will seize upon it and bear it on. Some day the night will pass, and the human race will no longer grope in gloom.

"In *that* my faith is strong. For *that* I have never ceased to watch and pray and work.

"And now my part is done. The shadows gather about me—but I am not afraid. The voices from the darkness call for me—and without regret I go.

"Duty grants me her honorable discharge; Conscience acquits me of her service; the boon of Peace Within settles upon me with the caress of infinite calm—and so I pass down into the turning of the darkened road, with no pang of remorse in my heart and no chill of doubt or fear on my soul."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus one will have lived the life worth living, whether he dwells in log hut or stately mansion.

While it is yet day and he *can* work, he works, unceasing and unceasing. At the loom of time he toils persistently, weaving into his life-garment threads of gold.

The creed of such a man is an inspiration; his life a call to duty. His tomb becomes an altar; his death a song of triumph. Neither rust nor time shall dim the splendor of his effort; and the influence of his thought and his example shall not be lost upon the world as long as Duty has a devotee and Truth a holy shrine.

### Editorial Comment

I QUOTE the following from a letter written by a citizen of Mount Vernon, N. Y., dated June 22, 1905:

"I have always voted the Republican ticket, but can find no good reason for doing so any longer. President Roosevelt's letter in this morning's papers, defending Paul Morton, breaks the tie between the Republican Party and myself. If we cannot depend

upon President Roosevelt to enforce the laws without regard to who get hurt, there is nobody in the Republican Party that the people can look to to do any better, and it is time we all got out.

"I have read your Magazine from the first number to the last issue and find it very interesting and instructive. It is a great educator. I like the prin-

ciples which you express and hope to have the opportunity of voting for some candidate of the People's Party next November."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Mr. Roosevelt made his speech to the deputation of labor leaders who called upon him in Chicago and presented a respectful petition protesting against the use of Federal troops, he was quick to warn them that the laws must be upheld, and that the entire military force of the Government stood ready to be used for that purpose. When recently there were some sputterings of trouble in the Indian Territory, caused by the enactment of new laws which the red men neither understood nor liked, the Federal officials were prompt and loud in their declarations that the laws must be upheld.

Why is it, then, that President Roosevelt holds language of one kind to those who are weak, and language of another kind to those who are strong?

The Chicago laborers had organized no systematic violation of the law. There was no Federal statute which they had persistently trampled under foot.

They were not robbing a helpless public, in contempt of statutory enactments. Paul Morton, however, is a self-confessed violator of Federal law, who has systematically robbed the people in his operation of the Santa Fé Railroad. He belonged to a gang of scoundrels who paid no attention to right or to statutes, but who in the determination to get at the money of the patrons of the road, took short cuts which ignored morality and which set aside the law of the land.

How many hundreds of thousands of dollars were pocketed by those rascals, who were granting to themselves and to their confederates secret rebates, illegal preferences and discriminations, nobody knows.

The sum probably runs up into the millions, and yet when this member of the President's Cabinet admits that he *did* violate the law, that he *did* assist in plundering the people who patronized his road, and who is shameless

enough to offer as an excuse the statement that he had to become a law-breaker because other railroad corporations were lawbreakers—what becomes of the Presidential proclamation that the law must be upheld?

Why should a railroad king, connected with other railroad kings, be measured by a different code of morals from that which the President applied to the laborers of Chicago?

Why should Minister Bowen be treated to a Presidential coat of tar and feathers because Mr. Taft declared himself in favor of Loomis, while a self-confessed, deliberate, systematic law-breaker like Paul Morton is treated to an elaborate and pearly coat of Presidential whitewash?

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the most demoralizing influences at work among the masses of the people today is the belief that the law is for the weak and not for the strong—that men of slender means and slight influence can be jerked up and severely punished for crimes which affect only a few individuals, while the rich men, strongly connected with those who likewise are powerful and rich, can do pretty much what they please and go unwhipped of justice.

In going out of his way to give Paul Morton a certificate of good character and to exonerate him from blame, Mr. Roosevelt has done himself immense discredit without having helped Paul Morton in the slightest degree. In the eyes of all honest and true men Paul Morton is a criminal who ought to be punished and whose crime is not to be covered up with Presidential whitewash, no matter how thickly laid on.

\* \* \* \* \*

Contrast the case of Brownlow, of Tennessee, with that of Paul Morton. That Brownlow was a thoroughly competent and honest official nobody doubted.

He came of a family which had proved the sincerity of its Republican conviction by withstanding three generations of persecution. If there was a Republican in all the South whose ancestry, record and character might

have seemed certain to win the respect and confidence of Mr. Roosevelt, it was Brownlow.

But, unfortunately for himself, Brownlow discovered that there was something rotten in the Post-Office Department.

At the head of this Department was the notorious Payne, of Wisconsin, a typical politician of the corrupt type, the man who abolished a New York State post-office to please William Rockefeller; the man who, when the post-office scandals began to be aired, told the newspaper reporters to publish to the world that when they mentioned the rumor of wrongdoing in his department to him, Payne, "*he just laughed.*"

Payne wanted to keep the lid on; Payne wanted to shield the rascals.

What was the upshot of it all?

Payne held his office till he died; and Brownlow was put out with a Presidential kick.

Contrast the fate of Brownlow, whose honesty and ability no man questioned, with that of Paul Morton, the self-confessed robber of the people and violator of the law.

The spectacle is not calculated to strengthen the belief that the law is impartial, and treats all alike.

\* \* \* \* \*

Apparently, the only offense which Colonel John B. Brownlow had given, and the only reason which could be assigned for his peremptory dismissal from the public service, was "impertinence and insubordination."

The "impertinence" consisted in writing to Hot-Air Payne (the man who "just laughed"), and referring to the conditions then existing in the Post-Office Department as "malodorous."

The insubordination seems to have consisted in refusing to pay \$2,000 to have Hot-Air Payne's picture painted by an artist of his own selection; said picture to be put on exhibit during the St. Louis Fair.

No accusation whatever involving the honesty and competency or the truthfulness of Colonel Brownlow was made at all.

When he refused to pay the exorbi-

tant fee to Hot-Air Payne's favorite artist, he simply blocked a small piece of jobbery which ought to have been blocked; and when he said that there was a bad smell in the Post-Office Department, he reached a conclusion which judges and juries afterward reached, and which Mr. Machen, in his penal servitude, illustrates with considerable vividness.

Why should President Roosevelt have dismissed a man like Colonel Brownlow on frivolous charges like these, *refusing him a hearing and rudely declining a personal interview*, when, by the President's own statement, Brownlow had committed no crime, violated no law?

Paul Morton, upon his own confession, has been a persistent criminal, whose violations of the statutes have caused the loss of huge sums of money, wrongfully taken from the pockets of the people and wrongfully put into the pockets of a few scoundrels.

The contrast does not make a pleasant impression, and it is no wonder that Mr. Roosevelt's arbitrary, unjust and *ex parte* condemnation of Colonel Brownlow for alleged impertinence to a man like Hot-Air Payne, and his elaborate defense of a confessed, deliberate criminal like Paul Morton, creates a feeling of profound surprise and disappointment.

\* \* \* \* \*

If by hard work or otherwise you have made money which you would rather present to society swells who know better how to spend it than you do, go at once and invest it in a life insurance policy.

It doesn't matter which company. They are all alike. Their chief offices are held by men of the same stamp. Out of the millions which you, and hundreds of thousands of other dupes, will pay into the company, they will allot themselves salaries of \$100,000 per year.

They will throw to their confederates and their favorites perquisites and fees of from \$10,000 to \$50,000 per year.

The luxuries of land and sea, of Europe and America, will all be theirs

without expense to them. You furnish every dollar which they enjoy. You dig it out of the ground. You make it in the shop or mill or mine. You earn it in your store, where you patiently take in nickels and dimes. You earn it in your law office, in your editorial-room, in the schoolhouse, in the pulpit. You earn it as you guide the iron horse through the long hours of the night; earn it as you shovel the coal which drives the locomotive forward at the touch of the engineer. You earn it as a train-hand, risking your life a dozen times a day, coupling cars. You earn it as a conductor, working often from twelve to sixteen hours on a run. You earn it as a track-hand, working in the heat and the cold, the wind and the rain.

You need every dollar of it, your wife and children need it, yet you deny to yourself and to those whom you love best the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries which would give to you and to them *now* some of the pleasures of life, and you do it in the hope that when you are dead those you love best will receive the benefit of your self-denial.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet what are the actual facts?

Every one of the old line insurance companies has been systematically robbing those who trusted them. They have been misappropriating, using for their own selfish purposes, the trust funds which were confided to them. From 33 per cent. to nearly 50 per cent. of all the money which you have been paying into these old line companies has been absorbed by the greedy and unscrupulous methods of the rascals who were in charge of the assets.

Why should you continue to be a dupe? Why should you continue to feed the ravenous maw of the giant corporations?

If you are a wise man you will let life insurance in the old line companies alone. If you can get a piece of land, exercise good judgment and buy it. If you can get a house or any other tangible, useful, profitable thing, buy it. Use for your own good, use

for your own comfort, use for your own enjoyment and for that of your wife and children *now* whatever surplus money you have got in your pocket.

In the name of common sense quit throwing it away on libertines like James Hazen Hyde; on sleek, oily, voracious lobbyists like Chauncey Depew, or dummy directors like Cleveland, Westinghouse and O'Brien; on such self-confessed criminals as Paul Morton; on heartless, unprincipled grabbers and speculators like Thomas F. Ryan.

\* \* \* \* \*

I quote from another letter, written by a prominent Democrat who lives at Mount Airy, Ga.—dated June 23, 1905.

"Your Magazine increases in interest. The foundation upon which it is laid is strong and true. The remedy for the great evils which environ us is a New Constitution.

"Why not advocate the assembling of delegates chosen by the people from the states to frame a new charter under which we may be equitably governed?"

This quotation is made to show how widespread is the unrest which now prevails, and the dissatisfaction which existing conditions have created in both the old parties.

The gentleman who wrote this letter is a peach-grower, who last year shipped a crop which sold for \$15,000. The railroads robbed him of half of it in transportation and icing charges; the commission merchants got away with a large part of the other half; and there was left to the owner of the fruit barely enough to pay for the labor which made and gathered the crop.

Yet John Sharp Williams, leader of the Democrats in Congress, assures the world that the South will never be in favor of Government ownership of railways.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a cheerful lunatic who does financial stunts for the *Washington Post*, and who, alluding to the output of Alaskan gold, said, after mentioning the amount, "*And this gold is real money.*"

Will this interesting man tell us what it is that makes Alaskan gold "real money"? Will he tell us *when* and *where* it became "real money"?

Alaskan gold has probably been lying within the safekeeping of its rocky inclosures six, eight, ten or forty thousand years.

Was it "real money" a thousand years ago? Was it "real money" twenty years ago? Was it "real money" the moment the pick of the miner released it from its stony prison and brought it forth to the light of day? Was it "real money" when it lay in boxes in the form of bars?

Was it "real money" while it was on its way to the mint, or was it "real money" *after* it had passed through the mint? If it was "real money" *before* going to the mint, why was it necessary to take it there?

Why pay expenses and go to the trouble and incur the delay of bothering with the mint at all, if Klondike gold is, in fact, "*real money*"?

A trip to the mint wouldn't make it any better, would it?

The *Washington Post* would probably admit that the Klondike gold is not "real money" till after it comes out of the mint. Whereupon other questions start up:

What did they do to it in the mint to make it "*real money*"?

They did not simply test it and weigh it and give a certificate of its weight and purity. That would not have made it money.

No merchant, no tax collector, no holder of a note would have received it as a payment. At least, he could not have been compelled to receive it; and the exact amount which he would be willing to allow for it would have been a matter of bargaining, just as a deal in wheat or cotton would have been.

The gold became "*real money*" when the Government stamped it as money and thus put behind it the entire power and credit of the Government. This and the legal-tender law which *compels* every citizen, high and low, public and private, to receive it in

full payment of every debt, however large and however sacred, made it real money.

It was the stamp of the Government and the legal-tender law of the land which transfigured the dead commodity, *gold*, into the living agent of commerce, *money*.

It was the law of the land, it was the fiat of government which breathed into it the breath of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Take a certain amount of that dead commodity, gold; stamp it as \$20 at the Government mint. Immediately it becomes the universal agent of exchange, the universal messenger of business, the universal canceler of debt, the universal satisfaction of all pecuniary demands and obligations. Throw the same \$20 under a car wheel and have the stamp obliterated and the form changed; *then* try to pass it for \$20, *and tell me what your experience is.*

Try it *once* for yourself, and learn a lesson. The same amount of gold is there. Attempt to buy the same amount of goods with it. Attempt to pay your tax with it. Attempt to cancel your note with it. Attempt to get your goods through the custom house with it. *Try it once*—won't you?—and learn a primer lesson in finance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Herbert Spencer is considered to have been one of the great thinkers. He did not vote for Peter Cooper, he was not a Greenbacker, nor was he a Populist, and yet he said:

"Moreover, we have still more convincing illustrations—illustrations of the sudden cessation of commercial distress and bankruptcy, resulting from a sudden increase of credit circulation. When in 1793 there came a general crash, mainly due to an unsafe banking system which had grown up in the provinces in consequence of the Bank of England monopoly—when the pressure, extending to London, became so great as to alarm the bank directors and to cause them suddenly to restrict their issues, thereby producing a fright-



ful multiplication of bankruptcies, the Government, to mitigate an evil indirectly produced by legislation, determined to issue Exchequer Bills to such as could give adequate security. That is, they allowed hard-pressed citizens to mortgage their fixed capitals for equivalents of state promises to pay, with which to liquidate the demands on them. The effect was magical. Only \$11,000,000 (£2,202,000) of Exchequer Bills were required. The consciousness that loans could be had in many cases prevented them from being needed. The panic quickly subsided. And all the loans were soon repaid. In 1825, again, when the Bank of England, after having intensified a panic by extreme restriction of its issues, suddenly changed its policy, and in four days advanced \$25,000,000 (£5,000,000) notes on all sorts of securities, the panic at once ceased."

Here the great English philosopher, Herbert Spencer, lays down, broadly and strongly, a principle of Populism! The more it is studied the greater will be the benefit to the student.

I respectfully commend it to the cheerful lunatic who does the financial stunts for the *Washington Post*.

\* \* \* \* \*

If *the issue of paper money immediately stopped a panic*, as Herbert Spencer says it twice did within a short period in England, why did it do so?

If the issue of Government money directly to the people without the interference of the national bank monopolists immediately stops a panic, checks the ruinous tide of bankruptcy, puts an end to the storm which rages in the world of business and restores calm, confidence and prosperity, why *is not that kind of currency a good thing in itself?* If that kind of currency is the only remedy for a great financial crisis which the banks and the hard money men have brought about, *why wouldn't it be a good thing when there is no panic at all?* If it is an instrument of salvation in time of distress, tell me why it wouldn't be a good friend to business at other times than those of panic?

The literal truth is that most of the men who write financial articles for the old party papers know absolutely nothing about financial history, financial systems or cause and effect in currency legislation.

Those who manipulate our national finances for their own exclusive benefit control the press of both the old parties, and impart to the editors as much as they choose that the editor shall know. They teach the obedient parrot how to recite his half-dozen phrases; and the editorial parrot, satisfied with his cage and with the desired cracker and sweetmeats upon which he is fed, repeats from week to week, from month to month and year to year, the stock phrases which his master has taught him.

He never, by any chance, gets out of his cage. He never, by any chance, learns anything new; and, parrot-like, he never gets tired of repeating the few phrases which have been taught him by the master, who hands in his food and who paid for himself and his cage.

\* \* \* \* \*

The case is like this:

Jones is prostrated, about to die.

What is the matter with him?

Bad air, impure water, unwholesome food.

The good physician is called in. Being a man of sense, he prescribes fresh air, pure water, good stuff to eat.

Jones gets well at once. Then what?

He goes back to the foul air, foul water, foul food which made him sick!

What a fool Jones is! you exclaim. Why *wouldn't* he keep his health by continuing the regimen which rescued him from death!

History cites instance after instance where the financial health of nations was restored by *government money*. No other remedy would relieve the crisis.

Yet, the moment the nation is saved, the money kings drive the government back to the same old false system which caused the trouble, the misery, the danger of national ruin.

\* \* \* \* \*

The American world will be glad to know that Whitelaw Reid, the man

who scooped Horace Greeley's paper and who was recently appointed Ambassador to Great Britain, has been received over there with open arms and elaborate cordiality.

His Majesty the King has acted as house-agent to get Whitelaw an especially attractive palace to live in while he is Ambassador.

Almost as soon as Whitelaw could take a bath and change his clothes after his arrival in London he was called to a great banquet.

Speech-making, of course, occurred in the midst of the eating and the drinking.

Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, made the usual unctuous address of welcome, made the usual references to Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the usual mistake of referring to the United States as an Anglo-Saxon country—which it is not, by a jugful.

To say that this speech of welcome almost overpowered the little man, Whitelaw, is to put the case temperately.

Enthusiastically cheered when he arose to speak, and assured in music and song that he (Whitelaw) was "a Jolly Good Fellow" (the idea of Whitelaw ever being a jolly), he reeled off his speech amidst the usual cut-and-dried, made-to-order, it's-a-part-of-the-menu applause. Of course Mr. Reid made the usual statement that his feelings were almost too much for him to bear. Said he, in part:

"Words fail me for proper acknowledgment of the too kind things which you have been pleased to say, and the too generous manner in which they have been received. I have never received recognition of any bit of official work without wondering how a generous people could rate my work so far above its real worth."

Observe the grace of this phraseology, note the purity of this English idiom. Note the wealth of mental resource in this salutatory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Continuing his address, Mr. Reid said:

"With all my poor ability, I will try

to do my duty. I shall not equal my distinguished predecessor in winning your plaudits. What American in this generation can? But in one thing he shall not surpass me—in pride, alike, in the country which sends me and the country which receives me."

Who is the distinguished predecessor whom even Whitelaw despairs of equaling? Choate! Joseph H. Choate. Our own and only Joe, whose services during his residence at the Court of St. James can be summed up when we count how many banquets he has eaten, how many after-dinner speeches he has made, how often he has bowed to His Majesty the King, and how often he has replied to substantially the same speeches as those made to Whitelaw and to which Whitelaw replied in substantially the same words which Choate used.

\* \* \* \* \*

The one thing which I like about the speech of Whitelaw is that he attempts to define the duties of his position. He deserves credit for this, and I hereby give it to him.

Now let us see what he says we are paying him to do over there in London.

"*The chief duty of the American Ambassador has been to raise himself to the demands of British welcome and British hospitality, which have given a new meaning to the words and impose a new definition to the labors of diplomacy.*"

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Is *that* why our plutocratic press is demanding that we shall buy palaces for our ambassadors to live in?

Is that the reason why so many of the plutocratic editors howl with pain every time they remember how small the ambassadorial salary is? Must Congress be badgered and wheedled and bulldozed and persuaded into buying houses and increasing salaries for men whose chief duty is to "*raise themselves to the demands of British welcome and British hospitality*"?

Continuing, Whitelaw was good enough to say:

"He (the Ambassador) has had to

be equal to the fascinating but bewildering task of making in a few days or weeks the graciously offered acquaintance of half the men whose names mean to him the world and its history for the century. He has had to struggle with the equally fascinating and bewildering task of accepting a fifth of the charming invitations which pour in upon him, to be followed after every day and hour are filled by the additional task of giving in word or plausible writing reasons for his inability to accept the other four-fifths."

There you have it, my brothers! Didn't I say so in the last number of this Magazine? Didn't I tell you that these ambassadors had no duties to perform, were mere ornamental fops and figureheads, were mere society jumping-jacks whose most arduous labors were those of dress, display and digestion?

Didn't I tell you that they had no work to do, except to eat banquets, drink wine, attend social functions, make little cut-and-dried speeches, and swell themselves out in majestic formalities which mean nothing to the real business of the world?

When you read what I said of the ambassadorial sham and humbug in the June number of this MAGAZINE, you may have thought me captious, wrong-headed and unjust.

But here's the great Whitelaw Reid, successor of the great Joseph H. Choate, attempting in a public speech to define his duties, and he can absolutely name nothing that he has to do to earn his money except to "*rise to the demands of British hospitality*," make himself equal to the fascinating but bewildering task of becoming acquainted with the lords and ladies who control Great Britain, and to exert himself in some sort of mental struggle which consists in accepting one-fifth of the charming invitations which pour in upon him, and in refusing the other four-fifths without causing international complications, catastrophes, cataclysms.

Heavens! What a shame it is that the taxpayer of America should have to be burdened with the expense of

keeping at every court in Christendom such a lot of flunkies, society swells, political lay-figures, international dead-beats as these Ambassadors, by the confession of Whitelaw Reid, are seen to be!

Plow, Mr. Farmer, plow, get your share of the tax money.

Dig, Mr. Miner, dig, and find your contribution.

Mr. Laborer, wherever you are, whether you work with hammer or saw, pick or axe, spindle or anvil, throttle or oar, shove yourself along, do your allotted toil, and have ready your coin when Cæsar's man comes to collect tribute, for no matter what happens to you nor how much you may need the money for your own use, the Government must have it; though the heavens fall, ambassadors must be sustained. Universal anarchy would ensue if we no longer appointed the Whitelaw Reids to *raise themselves to the demands of British hospitality*, and "the fascinating duties of accepting the charming invitations" to the most delightful society functions of which the world has any knowledge.

\* \* \* \* \*

No wonder the English King and the English oligarchy who rule and oppress the people of England are so eager to court our friendship. For the last ten or fifteen years they have been leading us by the nose. They have made monkeys out of our diplomats. By their secret intrigues and secret combines they made the United States a party to the crime in the suppression of the Boer Republic.

By judicious encouragement and Machiavellian suggestion, they have led us into the tortuous maze of world empire. Principally by their allurements, we got the Philippines, which have been a curse to us up to this time, and which may some day be our ruin.

They are leading us down the road of militarism, to the great navy, whose necessary, inevitable counterpart will be a great army. With insidious persistency they have led us into imita-

tion of English methods in all things—social, financial, political, imperial, colonial. Unconsciously the United States has become second fiddler to Great Britain. The United States Government is England's assiduous ape.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unconsciously we are aping her manners and adopting her methods and principles. Unconsciously we are evolving the same social conditions, and the upshot will be that our plutocratic few, fattened and supported by the most infamous and unprincipled class legislation, will more completely dominate, exploit and absorb the wealth, power and privilege of this country than the hereditary aristocracy of England have done in the mother country.

\* \* \* \* \*

STONE MOUNTAIN, GA., June 26, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

MY DEAR SIR: I thought I would let you hear from a little Southern girl. My papa takes your wonderful MAGAZINE, and he could not do without it. He was reading about "The Three Toms" yesterday, and he took a hearty laugh over it.

Mr. Watson, if the girls were allowed to vote, I would vote for you. I read "Salome" in your MAGAZINE. It was sure fine.

My papa is a Populist, and a good Populist at that. I hope you will get elected next election. There is a good Populist that lives just across the road from us. He is a good old missionary preacher too. He is going to subscribe for your MAGAZINE.

I am twelve years old. I live in about a mile of the mountain. My mama laughs at me for being a Populist, but I don't care. I wouldn't be an old Republican girl.

I guess I will have to close.

Yours sincerely,  
\_\_\_\_\_

I give this letter just as the little girl wrote it.

Thank you, my dear—thank you.

May you never be less warm-hearted and happy than you are today!

\* \* \* \* \*

"WHERE AM I AT?"

A LIE which is popular has more lives than a cat. It travels with a speed which defies competition.

Trample it out in one place and it springs up in another.

Politicians do not hesitate to declare that a good campaign lie is more serviceable than the truth. Every student of history knows that there is no death for the lie which has once tickled the public ear.

Cambronne, the commander of the Old Guard at Waterloo, did not say, "The Guard dies: it does not surrender." Wellington did not cry out, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The English at the battle of Fontenoy did not say, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, will you please to fire first?" Nor did the Comte d'Aute-roche reply, "Gentlemen, we never fire first."

General Taylor did not exclaim, at the crisis of the battle of Buena Vista, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

Yet all of these alleged statements are so popular that they are immortal; and the man who would undertake to root out their existence from historical, rhetorical and oratorical literature had better swap his job for that of Dame Partington, who tried to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with her broom.

In like manner the phrase, "Where am I at?" clings imperishably to the man who did not use it, and is never attributed to him who did.

The New Orleans *Picayune* is supposed to be edited by men of average information, who ought to have some recollection of public occurrences within the last few years. And yet the *Picayune* repeats the old, old story that I was the Congressman who, in the course of a speech in the House of Representatives, asked the famous question, "Where am I at?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The official record of Congress showed at the time, and will show now, that the expression was used by the Hon. Jos. E. Cobb, of Alabama, during the course of a speech on a contested election case from New York, the Hon. Buck Kilgore, of Texas, being in the chair.

I took no part in the debate at all. I was simply an amused listener to the

discourse of the gentleman from Alabama. I was one of those who joined in the merriment when Mr. Cobb, having been momentarily drawn off from the tangled thread of his discourse by questions put to him right and left, turned to the occupant of the chair and inquired, "Mr. Chairman, where was I at in my argument?" To which the jovial Kilgore replied, "The Chair does not regard that as a parliamentary inquiry."

Soon after this I compiled and published a "Campaign Book" for the use of the People's Party, and in a chapter devoted to a general exposure of Congressional conditions referred to Mr. Cobb, his evident tipsy condition, and his now celebrated phrase, "Where was I at?"

When the book was published it caused a general stir among Congressmen.

Little Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, was especially wroth. He read the passage alluded to on the floor of the House, and denounced me as a liar. Amid the most riotous scene of disorder I rose in my place, reasserted the truth of the statements contained in the book, defied Mr. Wheeler and the whole gang.

A committee of investigation was appointed, the intent being to expel me from the House. I produced the original stenographic notes, swore the stenographer and proved the accuracy of my published statement. Not only that, I proved it by reporters and by members of the House. Hon. W. C. Oates, the colleague of both Mr. Cobb and General Wheeler, was manly enough to testify before the investigation committee that he became convinced that Mr. Cobb was in no con-

dition to continue his speech, and that he went to his colleague and persuaded him to take a seat.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, was an excellent gentleman. The personal relations between himself and me were friendly.

I did not personate him. It was never my intention to expose him.

No name was given in my Campaign Book. No name was given in my reply to General Wheeler on the floor of the House. Indeed, when Hon. Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, came to me and urged me to keep the name of Mr. Cobb from being exposed, I readily promised to do so. But when the investigation committee began its sessions and the scope of the investigation began to widen, Mr. Cobb became convinced that there was no further hope of keeping the secret; therefore he himself came before the committee, and thus he was for the first time identified as the Congressman who had been referred to as the author of the phrase, "Where am I at?"

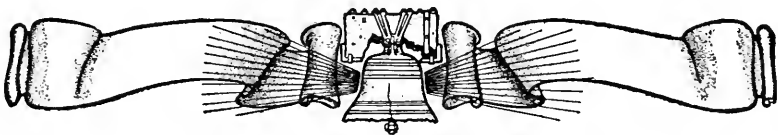
A funny thing happened while the "investigation" was in progress.

Little Joe Wheeler called me into his committee-room and suggested that if I would apologize to the House he thought Congress would agree to "drop it."

Having told nothing but the truth, and having proved it, I was not able to see the wisdom of the General's advice.

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NOTE:—In the September number will appear the letter of Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart in reply to Mr. Watson's May editorial, entitled "A Bitter Attack Upon the South." Mr. Watson will publish his acknowledgment of Dr. Hart's letter in the same issue.



# The Cost of Our Moneyed Aristocracy

BY G. MAJOR TABER

WHEN the liberties of a people are in danger every citizen who loves liberty in its broadest sense should buckle on his armor of patriotism and assert his inalienable rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The time is near at hand to test the patriotism of our industrial people, and he who fails to assert this prerogative must either be a willing slave or subservient tool—whether it be through ignorance or as a fawning sycophant to the aristocracy of wealth it matters little.

There seems to be sufficient cause for anxiety when thousands of our poor but industrious millions who depend upon toil for their daily bread have been driven to support politically the moneyed oligarchy by false promises of prosperity, or by threats of starvation, in order that the latter may continue to rob industry of its earnings and labor of its manhood.

Wherein lies the benefit of a free ballot when the public mind is warped by a press owned and controlled by the money power, and under the guise and wing of the old party of Lincoln, Seward and Sumner has established trusts and combinations to rob and plunder the people, and crush into poverty and crime the industrial millions, with a tendency to extinguish that love of liberty sacred to the memory of the founders of our once glorious Republic?

Wherein lies our hope in the ballot-box, while this unscrupulous money power owns press, pulpit, Congress and the Supreme Court, dictating even the price of every article we eat, drink, wear and consume? God forbid that our only hope of liberty lies in

following the example of our patriotic forefathers when they dumped "taxed tea" into Boston harbor, and solemnly declared that if they could not have liberty they preferred death. And yet it has been our proudest boast that under our glorious old flag the spirit of liberty lives and is the beacon light of liberty to all the world.

Although a sad picture, yet is it not true that want, starvation and beggary cry out in distress, while the multi-millionaires are coining millions, and their daughters by the score are rolled up in "bonds" stolen from industry, and sent to Europe to bolster up a titled aristocracy, which in the coming future may be useful, should they succeed in establishing a moneyed oligarchy upon American soil?

If any man has a doubt as to their monarchical tendency, he has but to recall the declaration of the *New York Tribune*, some years since, when its editor asserted in its columns: "I would freely give one million dollars to have a strong government, a monarchy, with Grant at its head."

How much love had the *New York World* for American laborers, who have been crushed, starved and shot down like dogs for demanding but a small share of the product of their toil, when that representative agent of American aristocracy remarked that "the American laborer must make up his mind henceforth not to be so much better off than the European laborer"? Is it not coming to that, and is not this old prophecy of some years ago being fearfully realized? Have we had any reason to think that there has been any change of heart in these aristocrats since those

sentiments were uttered? It would seem to a close observer that that same spirit is rampant today, and that the same would-be aristocrats are slowly but surely forging the fetters of bondage around labor and industry. They have robbed the people by statute law of their constitutional money, their public lands, their right even to the "pursuit of happiness," and have attempted to rob them of free speech by injunction of the courts, backed up by Pinkerton thugs and Gatling guns.

There are but two methods of regaining the constitutional rights of the people: one by ballot, and the other by revolution. What hope is there in the ballot, when the masses who represent labor and industry are split up into factions, each preferring the middle-of-the-road to a solid union and victory?

It might not be out of place here to recall some incidents in the past record of this "great moral party," in order to judge what may be expected of them in the future. Their career has been marked with robbery and plunder, and the principles have long since been ignored and forgotten which were formulated under the old oaks at Jackson.

It is my intention now to notice one of the most gigantic frauds which has ever been recorded in the history of nations. When war, for the freedom of 4,000,000 of our colored brethren, opened up with all its horrors, and while public sentiment in the North was divided and the nation trembled in the throes of agonized uncertainty, this great scheme was conceived by a few capitalists, who saw an opening to grow rich and fatten, while our brave and patriotic yeomanry were promptly responding to the call of 300,000 more for the protection of our national existence.

That great commoner, Abraham Lincoln, endowed with intelligence, patriotism and love for his country, when the sinews of war were needed, issued \$60,000,000 non-interest-bearing "bonds" of small dimensions, made receivable at the Treasury for customs duties and interest on the public debt, which were used as currency, and stood

side by side with gold when the depreciation of the national bank rags forced gold up to \$2.85. These same moneyed sharks found their chances slim for robbery if such currency was issued as needed to carry on the war, and in order to defeat that regime they sent to Congress one hundred and forty-nine bankers, and an infamous National Banking law was enacted which has cost the American people unnecessarily an amount which is almost too enormous for computation.

Let me ask the candid reader what would have been the result had the Government, instead of funding the war debt in interest-bearing bonds, continued the policy of Lincoln, Seward, Stephens and Chase, and even John Sherman—when he was poor and honest—and, as fast as the funds were needed to meet the expenses of the war, issued those debts? When the war closed in 1865 with a population of 35,000,000 and a national indebtedness of \$2,680,647,869.74 we would have had in circulation only \$76.58 per capita of full legal tender money at par with gold, instead of \$68 per capita of depreciated national bank rags worth less than fifty cents on the dollar, and no Wall Street Shylocks or bondholders to suck the blood out of the people for generations to come. The war debt would have been all held by the people and serving the full purpose of a currency at par with gold.

There is no lack of eminent authority to establish the assertion that such a currency would be the most perfect money; and, on the contrary, the intrinsic value idea of money is only a relic of barbarism, besides being an unnecessary expense.

Every dollar's worth of bullion, whether gold or silver, purchased by the Government costs the people collectively a dollar; and after it has been coined at the mint the people individually pay the Government a dollar for every dollar put in circulation; therefore, for every dollar issued in coin from the mint which has been coined from bullion purchased by the Government the people pay two dollars,

which makes "coin" a very expensive material to use for money.

When the Government had \$350,000,000 of silver stored away in its vaults the dear people paid for that bullion, and it cost the people \$350,000,000 more to get it into circulation.

In order to estimate fully the enormous expense, which has been an unnecessary burden upon labor and industry, imposed upon the taxpayers by the moneyed Shylocks who took advantage of the people during our Nation's peril, we have but to quote from statistics published in the *New York World Almanac* of 1897, which are, without doubt, taken from the public records of the Secretary of the Treasury and are presumed to be official. After having paid the amounts quoted below, we must remember that on November 1, 1896, the National debt amounted to \$1,785,412,640.90, which is 50 per cent. greater at the present price of the products of labor and industry—which will be called upon to meet this obligation—than at the close of the war. The amount actually paid and remaining unpaid is as follows:

Indebtedness in 1897, and unpaid.....	\$1,785,412,640.90
Amount of premium on loans and purchase of bonds.....	119,863,408.00
Total interest paid from 1864 to 1897 inclusive, estimating 1897 interest the same as 1896...	2,623,766,239.00
Paying bonds in gold by the passage of the "Credit Strengthening act," estimated at...	500,000,000.00
Estimating future interest to be paid at one-half already paid.....	<u>1,311,883,119.50</u>
Making the total cost of the war as manipulated by our national financiers to be the enormous sum of.....	\$6,340,925,407.40
The amount which has already been paid is....	3,243,629,647.00
Estimated amount yet to be paid is.....	3,097,295,760.40
Yet the original debt at the close of the war was only.....	2,680,647,869.74

This amount could have and should have been carried by the people as cur-

rency, and it would only have cost, at the time, the printing of these non-interest-bearing currency "bonds." This enormous amount has unnecessarily been paid to the bondholders, that they may have the extreme pleasure of growing fat and arrogant at the expense of the people, and that their daughters may bring forth "Princes and Dukes" by the score, sired by the poverty-stricken aristocracy of the Old World.

What a delightful picture to present to the "fathers of our country," should they ever return on a tour of inspection! It is doubtful if they would recognize their own "child of liberty."

Is it not about time that every man asks himself this question, "Am I responsible by my vote for giving this gigantic aggregation of millionaires the legal right thus to rob the people, as well as the power to dictate the price of everything we eat, wear and consume?"

Every American citizen who lives to labor and labors to live ought to paste this motto in his hat, and, before he casts his ballot, take off his hat and read this axiomatic fact, that, "When Republicans succeed Shylock has the victory, and when gold-bug Democrats win Shylock triumphs."

It might be well for the taxpayers to remember that these bondholders have already absorbed the enormous sum of \$3,243,629,647 unnecessarily, which, if it had been applied to the building or purchase of railroads for the people, would have built and equipped over 200,000 miles, giving the people their transportation at cost, and, if the same policy is continued, nearly as much more will be absorbed before the old war debt is paid.

In the general summing up of the long list of wrongs done to the industrial millions, we might consistently take into consideration the millions extracted by a system of "protective robbery," under the false guise of increasing wages and fostering industry. It would take a Treasury expert to estimate the untold millions paid into the coffers of trusts, corporations and combinations, which has been added to the necessities of life during the past thirty



years. How long would the people have endured this legalized robbery had every purchase made by the consumer been itemized under the three following heads?—

1st. Manufacturer's net cost, with reasonable profits of wholesaler and retailer.

2d. Amount paid into the United States Treasury as revenue tariff.

3d. Amount taxed for the benefit of the manufacturer and trusts.

We imagine that little disturbance caused by dumping a few chests of British tea into Boston harbor would have been a microscopic act beside the protests made by 70,000,000 of our overtaxed people. This indirect taxation has been covered up and smothered over by falsehood, misrepresentation and legalized fraud, until the coils of a monstrous financial anaconda have been wrapped around labor and industry with the cords of party ties, and the masses have been hypnotized into submission. This fact was thoroughly demonstrated in a Presidential election, when Hanna cracked the party whip, moistened with lies, lucre and lust, and marched hypnotized labor to the ballot-box, shouting, "McKinley, prosperity and protection."

How long the people will sleep before they awake to a consciousness of their helpless condition is the serious consideration of every patriotic citizen who believes in a government administered by the people, for the people and in the interest of the people.

An economic writer makes the assertion that "50,000 capitalists owned everything worth having in this country, and that four men—Gould, Astor, Vanderbilt and Rockefeller—practically controlled and were rapidly absorbing the wealth of the 50,000." In a figurative sense 50,000 men have swallowed 74,950,000 of our citizens, and four men were likely to swallow 74,999,996 of our poor, unfortunate citizens.

Accepting the above as a reasonable proposition, another question would arise as to how long it would be before Rockefeller would swallow Gould, As-

tor and Vanderbilt. Why should anyone doubt his ability to do so, when one turn of the screw in his oil tanks would add a million as often as he made the turn?

The process by which these results have been obtained should be the careful consideration of every man who has been obliged to bear his share of this loss, which is little less than a legalized robbery. The steady contraction of the currency during the past twenty years, the demonetization of silver, the adoption of a single gold standard and the high tariff robbery have brought about this result. Add to the above loss the loss of days' labor by the idle millions, and we have a sum which would run into billions.

This same loss which the people have already sustained would have built and equipped every railroad, telegraph and telephone line in the United States, which the people might have had the use of at cost.

It is a well-known law in finance that in proportion as the price of property decreases the purchasing power of money increases. If property has decreased in value 50 per cent. in the last ten years it is evident that the purchasing power of the dollar has increased in proportion, consequently our dollar of today represents two dollars in purchasing power. Is not this the secret of the solid union of capitalists, trusts and combinations in favor of a single gold standard?

It would seem that the most ignorant ought to know that this class of people always vote for their own interest, instead of the interest of the people, and yet while labor holds in its hands 70 per cent. of the ballots, this great aggregation of capital holds the balance of power.

It is a mooted question whether even starvation will teach labor and industry the necessity of self-protection. Party ties seem to be more powerful than the pangs of hunger. Perhaps it will be better for coming generations that this class of fools be starved out in order to give place to

a more independent class of people. Just as long as labor and industry protect and foster capitalistic control, just so long will there be poverty, desolation and starvation in the land.

Is it not then the duty of politicians of every shade, consisting of Silver Republicans, Bryan Democrats, Populists, Prohibitionists, Single Taxers, Social Democrats, Socialists, and all labor organizations, as well as every man who loves liberty, equality and national prosperity, to lay aside their "isms" for one day and unite upon a platform which will bring the greatest good to the greatest number, and with the courage of a Dewey and the dash of "Teddy's Terrors," wipe out politically from power this breed of bond-selling Shylocks; call in all outstanding bonds, paying them in full legal tender money, consisting of gold, silver and paper; cut down the tariff to proper proportions; pass a rigid income tax law; amend the constitution so that every office except the Cabinet officers be elected by a direct vote of the people, including members of the Supreme Court, Postmasters and Foreign Consuls. Then, as soon as practicable, the Government should purchase the railroads, telegraphs and

telephones, and run them in the interest of the people. All of this can be done by the labor element, who hold 70 per cent. of the ballots to be cast, but nothing of the kind will be accomplished just as long as the middle-of-the-roaders insist upon the adoption of their own peculiar "isms," to the exclusion of all other methods of reform.

We have a great many honest, one-horse reformers, who can see no other way of accomplishing this object but through their own particular party, demonstrating the fact that the curse of "party ties" is the cause of the antagonism between the different reform parties. It certainly smacks too much of "party spoils" to be patriotic. It looks as though the middle-of-the-roaders, like the old parties, wanted to be the first to get at the "pie" in Uncle Sam's cupboard. If they are honest in their efforts for reform they should be willing to accept any man's aid who desires to bring about a better state of affairs for the people. An unselfish reformer should be willing to stand up to the rack, "fodder or no fodder," as when victory is assured, every "Dewey" and "Hobson" will surely reap his reward at the hands of a grateful people.

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### *The Local Boston*

"HUR-R-R-UMP!" sarcastically rasped the Old Codger. "I was over to Allegash yesterday afternoon. Shakespeare, in one of his plays, wondered what sort of meat What's his-name fed on that he had grown so great. I don't know what the Allegashians have been eating, but just b'cuz a couple of Greeks have come there and opened up a fruit stand the local paper calls the town 'The Athens of Kohack County,' and the inhabitants of the village are going around looking as wise as a treeful of owls and as bulging-browed as if they had had the mumps and it had settled on 'em just above their spectacles."

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### *New Version*

FIRST WAR CORRESPONDENT—Any news?

SECOND WAR CORRESPONDENT—No, the blue pencil is mightier than the sword.

# The Money Show

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

*Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "John Henry Smith," etc.*

IT was seldom that Reginald Gridley met his father at the breakfast-table, but on this occasion the latter was unusually late and the son correspondingly early. When Reginald entered the room he noted that his father was opening the morning mail with a table knife. The young man smiled but made no comment. He knew that his father had been so engrossed in piling up millions that he had been denied a schooling in the niceties of table etiquette, and tactfully overlooked his many indiscretions.

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Gridley, handing Reginald a sheet of tinted paper after having studied it a moment with a gathering frown. Reginald glanced at it and smiled as if in recollection of some fond event.

"That, Governor, is the bill for the supper I gave in honor of Mlle. Flipandza," he said carelessly, tossing it back to his father.

"Twenty-one odd hundred dollars for a supper?" grimly demanded the magnate, viciously slitting another envelope.

"It was worth it, Governor," murmured Reginald, deftly sprinkling sugar over his grape-fruit. "Surry did himself proud that night, but it was my idea."

"Your idea, eh? I suppose you claim credit for squandering in a few hours more money than you ever earned in your life?" growled Mr. Gridley, a look in his eye that Reginald did not fancy.

"That was not it, Governor," he quickly responded, in hope of avoiding

the threatened storm. "It was a clever conception, if I do say so, and the papers were full of it. The banquet-room was set to correspond with the ballet scene in Mlle. Flipandza's new play. It was a glade in a forest, and we had real trees, Governor, real trees."

"Indeed! And did you eat the trees?"

"We dined in them," rapturously explained Reginald. "We climbed those trees, Governor, and the banquet was served in the branches of that forest. Rather neat; don't you think? We were dressed as tree-toads. Clarence DuPeyster fell off his limb, but the grass was unusually thick under his tree and he broke nothing but his monocle. And we had real squirrels running up and down the trunks and along the limbs. It was delightful to listen to their chatter, and——"

"Mingled with the chatter of the monkeys, I presume," interrupted the elder Gridley.

"By Jove! why didn't I think of monkeys?" exclaimed Reginald, looking at his father with admiration. "A troop of monkeys hanging overhead by their tails would have been ripping!"

"They would have raised the average of intelligence," coldly observed Mr. Gridley, breaking an egg into a cup. "Listen to me, young man. I will pay this bill, but it is the last one you will contract on my account. Hereafter I shall allow you one thousand dollars a month, and you will pay your own bills. If you run in debt I will cut that allowance in half. That

is final, and we will not discuss the matter."

It was final, and Reginald knew his father well enough to make no protest. He changed the topic of conversation, and was glad when the meal was ended. Mr. Gridley boarded a street car and went to his office. Reginald spent the forenoon in deep thought, and then ordered his chauffeur to drive him to his favorite club. He was delighted when he found that his friend, H. Hollister-Stevens, was there.

"I say, Horace, I want to talk to you," he said, greeting a tall, smooth-faced young man, whose slightly stooped shoulders were indicative of his habitual languor. "Come over in the corner; I have a great scheme."

"Another scheme for a banquet?" asked H. Hollister-Stevens. "That tree-toad dinner was an inspiration, Reggie; my word, it was an inspiration!"

"I have something which will beat it a mile," asserted the confident Reginald when they were alone. "Have you any money?" he suddenly asked.

"Money—money?" repeated the other with polite surprise as he fumbled in his pockets. "Certainly, my dear fellow; how much do you want?"

"I don't mean that kind of money," explained Reginald, refusing the proffered roll of bills. "I mean money to invest in a really brilliant scheme—say, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Money to invest!" gasped Hollister-Stevens. "What do you mean, my dear chap? I never invest money, don't you know. It was invested in stocks, bonds and all that sort of thing before I had anything to do with it, and I really never bother about it. I say, Reggie, what are you driving at?"

"My governor has cut me down to a thousand a month," began Reginald. "I don't mind telling you that I've been spending five times that."

"A thousand a month! I say, Reggie, you can never get along on that, don't you know!"

"I have no intention of doing so," calmly responded Reginald Gridley, "but I must have some capital to

start with. You advance the money, I'll do all of the work, and we'll share equally in the profits and glory."

"I couldn't think of taking profits, my dear fellow," hesitated Hollister-Stevens, "but are you reasonably sure you wouldn't lose the money?"

"Lose?" exclaimed Reginald. "Lose? We'll quit not less than a hundred thousand to the good."

"Tell you what I'll do," eagerly proposed Hollister-Stevens. "I'll turn the money over to you and wager the dinners that you lose it."

"Done!" agreed Reginald, and they solemnly shook hands on it. "I'm going to give a Money Show in Madison Square Garden!"

A recital of the long interview which followed would anticipate the climax of this narrative. For the same reason we shall omit an account of the campaign waged by Reginald and H. Hollister-Stevens, which secured the support of Mrs. Van Bullion, the acknowledged leader of our aristocracy. It was far more difficult to win the cooperation of Mr. Stonychap, the famous centi-millionaire and, beyond reasonable doubt, the most wealthy man in the world. It required diplomacy to secure an interview with this great capitalist, but the influence of Mrs. Van Bullion was potent.

Mr. Stonychap listened quietly to Reginald's outline of the proposed Money Show and Festival of Wealth and Power. He was silent for moments after the young man had ceased talking.

"Does it not occur to you, Mr. Gridley," he asked, with much deliberation, "that the common people resent the inordinate display of wealth?"

"It does not," replied Reginald. "The people love to see luxury on parade. They love to see their rulers surrounded with pomp and splendor."

"That is true of a monarchy," admitted Mr. Stonychap, "but is it true in this free republic of ours?"

"It is," was Reginald's unhesitating response. "You would enjoy more popularity, Mr. Stonychap, if you were more arrogant in the display of your

unprecedented wealth. The people are so ignorant that they fail to respect things they do not see. They will not have the proper awe for a billion dollars until you show them what it means."

"I have thought of that," Mr. Stonychap said, the lines of his mouth becoming stern.

"Let property show its splendor and power to the masses," declared Reginald, "and their feeble resentment will change to worship and silent admiration."

"You have the right idea, Mr. Gridley," frankly said the centi-millionaire. "For years the public prints have hounded me about my wealth. I have lived modestly, I have submitted quietly to a thousand printed insults, but I realize now that I have made a mistake in doing so. I will make an exhibit."

"I am sure it will be an instructive and interesting one," said Reginald, controlling his elation by an effort.

"It will be all that and more," asserted Mr. Stonychap. "I will give my detractors something to write about and think about. I will show them what money can do. I will give them a kindergarten lesson in what a billion dollars means. More than that, I will guarantee that every man and interest of considerable property in this country takes part in this exhibition. Call it the 'Money Show,' and let there be no equivocation about it. I will arrange a conference of the proper men at once. Come to this office a week from today. Good afternoon, Mr. Gridley. You have a great future before you."

Long lines of soldiers stood guard on the four sides of Madison Square Garden. Six regiments of the regular army had been assigned to this duty by the War Department. Two of these regiments were camped in Madison Square, one in Union Square, the others making their headquarters in adjacent armories. They were protecting the Money Show at the demand of Mr. Stonychap.

Ten o'clock of a Monday evening had

been set for the opening of the week's festival of wealth and fashion. Though the military arrangements were excellent it was with difficulty that the million or more spectators were held in check. These onlookers were not attempting to attend the Money Show. All the tickets had been sold in advance at enormous prices, but the common people had gathered to witness the exterior glories of the exhibition.

These simple folk wished to see the gleam of bayonets in the hands of the soldiers, to watch the prancing horses of the gallant officers, and, if fortunate, to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Van Bullion and other famous society leaders as their automobiles swung down the streets between the parallel lines of troops. Later they were to witness the unveiling of the tower.

Hundreds of dinners were given that evening in public and private banquet halls. Never in the history of America's gay capital of wealth and culture were the resources of those who cater to refined appetites taxed as on that night. To describe fittingly any one of these affairs would exhaust adjectives which must be reserved for the events which followed.

We may mention that Mr. H. Hollister-Stevens gave a dinner in a room overlooking Madison Square. It was in honor of Reginald Gridley and Mr. Stonychap, and among the few guests was Mr. Simon Pence. The latter had walked from his Fifth Avenue residence to save carfare, and was so hindered by the crowds that he was late in consequence. The dinner ended, Hollister-Stevens and his guests stepped out on a broad balcony which had been constructed for the occasion at enormous expense. For some moments they gazed in silence on a wonderful scene.

As far as the eye could reach were solid masses of people held back in their proper places by the troops and the police. Through these glistening lanes the vehicles conveying the nobility and those of lesser rank were already arriving. There was much excitement, but it was orderly. As the

automobile of some great lady moved swiftly toward the exhibition hall one could follow her progress by the scintillation of her gems, also by the craning of necks, the instinctive pressing forward of the spectators, and the not unmusical murmur of surprised delight from those who gazed for the first time, perhaps, on one of far superior station.

From warships in the East and North Rivers came the thundering boom of saluting guns. Great balloons supporting American flags floated overhead. A military band of several hundred pieces crashed out the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and from myriad throats came a patriotic roar which swelled above the boom of the cannon and the blare of the instruments.

"Where but in America could one look on such a sight as this?" impressively asked Mr. Stonychap, placing his hand on the shoulder of Simon Pence. "How proud and happy the people are tonight!"

"They should be proud and happy," observed Simon Pence thoughtfully; "just think of what they are getting for nothing."

"If this does not inspire them with added love for their country and respect for its institutions, I don't know what will," remarked Mr. Stonychap. He turned to Reginald Gridley.

"I regret that more of these people—many of whom are undoubtedly worthy—cannot see the wonders of the Money Show," he said, taking the young man's arm. "They are perfectly harmless, don't you think so?"

"Absolutely," declared Reginald. "And the more we are able to impress them the more harmless they will be."

"You are entitled to credit for that idea, Mr. Gridley," said the centimillionaire. "Hear them cheer! What is happening, do you suppose?"

"Mrs. Van Bullion is passing with her retinue," announced H. Hollister-Stevens. "Is she not a remarkable woman?"

"A most remarkable woman!"

agreed Mr. Stonychap. "When is the tower unveiled?"

"At 9.45," replied Reginald Gridley. "What time is it now, Mr. Pence?"

"I don't know, young man," said the great financier. "I don't carry a watch; it costs too much for broken crystals."

"It lacks only a minute of the time set for the unveiling," volunteered Hollister-Stevens. "Look! All eyes are turned to the tower!"

It was as he said. Scores of searchlights were focussed on the huge draperies which covered the tower from the base of the gilded statue of Diana to the roof of the main structure. For weeks the tower had been covered with scaffolding and later with canvas, beneath which a large number of men worked at some mysterious task, heavily guarded by soldiers and detectives. The press and the posters announced that the unveiling of the tower would "reveal the most wonderful sight witnessed since the dawn of civilization," but no hint of its character had been made to the public. The papers made wild conjectures, but only those persons in the immediate confidence of Reginald Gridley and Mr. Stonychap knew the truth. The secret had not been revealed to Simon Pence, and as the seconds passed he fixed his eyes on the gleaming drapery.

There was a fanfare of trumpets, a crash of musketry fire, and at this signal the huge folds fell gracefully away from the tower, revealing every detail of its architecture—flaming with the irradiant splendor of spangled gold!

It was not the effect of burnished gold with its even yellow radiance. There was life to it, lambent, scintillant, reluctant life which seemed to feed on the flames which enveloped it. All the shades of gold were there, so blended under the direction of some master artist as to produce an effect never before witnessed. Against this coruscant glory there appeared near the base of the tower black letters which spelled: "THE PATRIOTIC NATIONAL BANK OF AMERICA."

The silence which had fallen on the vast multitude surrounding the structure was hardly broken when this flaming torch of gold cast its yellow sheen over them. The first murmurs of admiration ended in gasps, and from streets, windows, roofs and all vantage points the dazed mob gazed dumb and breathless at this superb spectacle.

"What is it; what is it?" exclaimed Simon Pence, clasping and wringing his hands with excitement. "Is it gold—real gold?"

"Listen, and you will hear!" exclaimed Reginald, and as he spoke men with huge megaphones located at hundreds of points roared forth this explanation:

"To the People: You are now looking at the largest mass of gold ever accumulated. It is the gold reserve of the United States Government, and it amounts to five hundred millions of dollars. At the request of Mr. Stonychap the Government has coined it into various denominations, and displayed it as you now see. At the end of the Money Show it will be deposited by your Government in Mr. Stonychap's leading bank—the Patriotic National Bank of America, and it will draw no interest. This wise action on the part of your Government will increase Mr. Stonychap's revenue by not less than \$25,000,000 a year. So long as you remain quiet and orderly you may look at it as long as you please. It was raised by taxation, and more than any one symbol represents the national honor of which we are so proud."

What a cheer went up from those honest and loyal people! The one unpleasant incident of the evening was occasioned by some half-crazed agitator who started a speech in which he declared that the Government had no right to deposit its funds in a private bank. He was attacked by the crowd, badly beaten, finally rescued by the police, taken to jail and later committed to an insane asylum.

"I shouldn't think you would dare tell the people that," said Simon Pence

to Mr. Stonychap, after listening to the reading of the announcement.

"Why shouldn't I tell them?" demanded Mr. Stonychap. "It's the truth, and I'm going to make them like it. See how pleased they are! It is too bad those uncouth but gentle and loyal people cannot see the real Money Show. Let us start, gentlemen, or we shall be late for the opening."

Escorted by a troop of cavalry this distinguished party started for the exhibition hall. The spectators recognized Mr. Stonychap and Simon Pence, and roars of applause greeted them as they passed. The scene as they neared the building was one of bewildering magnificence. The glittering bayonets of the soldiers holding back an ocean of excited humanity; a moving flood of automobiles and carriages laden with the fashion and beauty of the metropolis; the air vibrant with music, cheers and salvos of artillery, and overhead the blazing beauty of the gold-incrusted tower.

The lower decorations of the building were simple but impressively beautiful. The whole was a study in gold and the American flag. There were thousands of flags fluttering between clusters of electric globes cunningly designed and shaded to imitate gold coins.

It is possible to touch with ineffective description only a few of the thousands of exhibits displayed in the Money Show. The general decorative scheme was that of the exterior—gold and the Stars and Stripes. As Reginald Gridley escorted his guests into the great auditorium they were met by a reception committee and conducted to a platform. The Mayor made a brief speech formally opening the Money Show, and closed by introducing Mr. Stonychap, who spoke as follows:

"I am a man of few words. Money is the most interesting thing in the world, hence this is the greatest show ever given in the world. I will now touch an electric button and set in motion an illustration of a force greater than that of Niagara."

He smiled, pressed a button, and the next instant there was heard the pleasant and musical jingle of coins. From a height of fifty feet above the platform there fell a broad cascade of newly cast pennies, a flood so deep and steady that the startled audience was unable to see Mr. Stonychap and others on the platform who were back of it. An electric sign blazed forth with an explanation of this metallic cataract, and Simon Pence and those on the platform took places where they could see and admire it. The inscription read:

**"THE NIAGARA OF INTEREST:** This illustrates the amount of interest paid to the banks by the American people for the privilege of borrowing their own money. This Money Fall has a flow of 2,310 pennies a second, \$1,388 a minute, \$83,333 an hour, \$2,000,000 a day and \$600,000,000 a year. A large and steadily increasing percentage of this goes to Mr. Stonychap."

All of the leading trusts made exhibits, and some of them were very interesting. Each attempted to show by maps, diagrams and other devices that its control of the commodity handled was absolute. A description of one or two exhibits will suffice. The Standard Soap Trust displayed a huge map of the United States, showing the location of its hundreds of factories, also the railroads from which it receives rebates. Former competitors, now crushed by various expedients, were appropriately marked in red. The fifteen state legislatures owned by the Standard Soap Trust were indicated by models of the various senates and lower houses, each elected official being beautifully molded in wax. This feature of the exhibit was much admired.

The Standard Soap Trust also had wax figures of editors, clergymen, judges and others on whom it can depend. On a platform were several women and children poorly dressed and seemingly in destitute circumstances, but an attendant explained that these were the "Widows and

Orphans" who own not only a large share of the stock of the Standard Soap Trust, but that of all other trusts, corporations, railroads and banks. Any shot aimed at Mr. Stonychap is almost certain to hit one of these defenseless "Widows and Orphans."

The daily profits of the Standard Soap Trust—which amount to about \$350,000—were strikingly illustrated by an American flag, the stripes being indicated by three hundred and fifty thousand-dollar bills, half of them reversed to form a contrast. The stars were formed of cakes of soap, one for each State in which the Standard Soap Trust has wiped out all competition. This beautiful flag was surrounded by an enthusiastic and patriotic throng of spectators. For a fee of one dollar those who cared to do so were permitted to lift the flag and gently wave it once or twice; and long lines were constantly waiting for that rare privilege.

The Beef Trust, the Coal Trust and scores of other trusts made splendid exhibits, and many of them were highly ingenious in the designing of expedients aimed to illustrate their wealth and supremacy.

A huge and wonderfully lifelike automaton in the Beef Trust exhibit attracted much attention. It consisted of three figures, the first representing the cattle raiser, the second the Beef Trust, and the third the consumer. The cattle raiser approached the Beef Trust leading a steer. The latter deftly cut the tail from the critter and gave it to the cattle raiser in payment. The former owner did not seem satisfied, but he had no other market. Then the customer timidly approached the Beef Trust and purchased the steer. After pocketing the money tendered the Beef Trust hesitated a moment, and then gave the customer the head and hoofs. Before the customer recovered from his surprise the Beef Trust would devour the choicer parts of the animal, throwing a piece now and then into a box marked "Excessive Freight Rates." This was re-



peated constantly, to the vast delight of all observers. The pleased expression on the fat face of the Beef Trust was irresistibly comical.

Twenty of the leading banks displayed huge amounts of money arranged with much taste; also cords of bonds, mortgages and other securities, on which they had loaned money. Some of the booths were entirely covered with bills of various denominations.

The life insurance companies made a combined exhibit, the most attractive feature of which was a pyramid consisting of \$1,500,000,000 worth of bonds, stocks, mortgages and securities, surmounted by a sign which read: "These Belong to Our Policyholders, But We Have Them and Propose to Keep Them." In a large frame were the certificates of the stock of one of the companies, and a placard which read: "This Stock Has a Par Value of \$100,000, Pays Seven Per Cent. Dividends, But Is Not for Sale at \$5,000,000. The Person Offering the Best Solution of This Puzzle Will Be Given a Prize of One Dollar."

Even more interesting were the exhibits of private wealth which were displayed on both sides of a broad aisle called "Plutocratic Boulevard." Here were shown tokens of the property of the hundred wealthiest men and women in the United States. Space forbids more than a glance at the wonders of this feature of the Money Show.

Mr. Hazitt was surrounded by a model showing more than one thousand apartment buildings, business blocks and tenement houses, having a value in excess of \$150,000,000. This booth was decorated with signs, which explained that he possessed other income-producing property worth not less than \$50,000,000.

Mr. Hazitt was extremely affable and was ready to answer all questions. He shook hands with Mr. Stonychap, Reginald Gridley, Simon Pence and other members of that party, and then turned to greet a young man who wished to ask him a question.

"According to your claim, Mr. Haz-

itt, you are worth \$200,000,000," observed this young gentleman, who, though decently dressed, was evidently one of the ordinary people.

"Yes, my dear sir," smiled Mr. Hazitt, offering him a pamphlet containing a complete list of his holdings and his revenue from each item.

"But you pay taxes on only \$600,000," remarked this inquisitive person.

"Quite true," agreed Mr. Hazitt, with an amused glance at Mr. Stonychap. "That is a matter of public record."

"But how do you escape paying taxes on the full amount of your property?" he persisted.

"That is also a matter of public record," replied Mr. Hazitt, not in the least offended. "I swear it off."

"That is perjury, is it not?"

"Really I cannot say," calmly responded Mr. Hazitt. "Possibly it is; but it is the proper thing to do."

"But, having made this exhibition, you surely will not dare to make such an oath again?" exclaimed this young man.

"My dear sir," laughed Mr. Hazitt, "I perceive that you know nothing about our system of taxation. I pay on \$600,000 not because I have to, but because I deem it my patriotic duty to contribute my share to the support of public functions. With those of wealth, taxation is entirely voluntary. Mr. Holder, in the next booth, is worth \$100,000,000 and pays no taxes. He is opposed to taxation on principle, and we must respect his motives. I am liberal, but take no credit for it, I assure you. I am glad to have met you, sir. Good evening."

It was a goodly sight to pass along "Plutocratic Boulevard" and see these great men surrounded by what they had saved or inherited by their own unaided efforts. Of the hundred multimillionaires nearly two-thirds announced that they were "self-made," but the others left the public in doubt as to their origin. There was not an exhibitor who was worth less than \$50,000,000, and those who did not

estimate their wealth at twice this amount received scant attention.

Mr. Chumawat-Farrington's collection of summer houses and winter palaces was much admired. The model of each house was in charge of a pompous butler. There were four summer houses, three winter palaces, four hunting lodges, a fishing hut which cost \$150,000, a private golf house and several minor dwellings in addition to a Fifth Avenue residence which is rarely used. Mr. Chumawat-Farrington's income is derived almost entirely from Government and high-class municipal bonds, hence it was difficult for him to make a suggestive display. This clever idea occurred to him, and it was one of the best features of the exhibit. The butlers were great.

Mr. Rattleton-Lackhead, the wealthy young bachelor who recently inherited a mass of gilt-edged securities from his father's estate, lived in his various clubs, and for a while did not know what to exhibit. In the nick of time an idea came to him. He had three hundred and sixty-five lay figures made of himself—one for each day of the year—garbed each of them in a new suit of clothes, and grouped them in easy attitudes on a stage set in imitation of the lounging-room of a clubhouse. Each of these figures carried in its right or left hand a package of stocks or bonds. A circular containing a key to this most effective setting was given to all who desired one. By consulting this diagram one could learn just what securities were in the possession of each figure, the amounts varying from \$50,000 to \$250,000, the whole making a total of \$58,000,000.

Mr. Rattleton-Lackhead also exhibited six thousand scarfs and ties, five hundred pairs of garters, many of them of exquisite design; one thousand pairs of stockings, eighty-five suits of pajamas, and an array of boots and pumps which, when closely placed side by side, made a row nearly three hundred feet long.

All of these exhibits, instructive and interesting as they were, paled in comparison with that made by Mr. Stony-

chap, who required fully one-quarter of the building. As one entered this space from "Plutocratic Boulevard" he looked on a topographical map of the United States, with Mr. Stonychap's possessions reproduced in miniature. From a study of this map one learned that Mr. Stonychap controlled 135,000 miles of railway, more than half of the total of the entire nation. A "barker" declared that his employer was absorbing American railroads at the rate of 10,000 miles a year, or, as he explained, "about thirty-three miles a day for each working day in the year. As you all know, Mr. Stonychap does not work on Sunday. I doubt if many of you can walk thirty-three miles in a day, and the best carriage horse cannot keep up that speed for a month, to say nothing of a year. In ten or twelve years Mr. Stonychap will control, if not own, all of the remaining railroad mileage."

The map was very large, and it was dotted in thousands of places by tiny American flags, each of which represented a factory, mine, oil well, forest, legislature or some other form of property belonging to Mr. Stonychap.

"This gives a general idea of how I am fixed at present," smiled Mr. Stonychap as they stood before the map of the United States. "See those little flags flutter! The breeze which flutters them is artificial. It is generated in one of my gas houses." Mr. Stonychap laughed heartily.

"Ten years ago," he said, his face having resumed its business expression, "some of our humorists said that the time would come when I would charge them for air. That struck me as a practical suggestion, and I put it into operation. They now find the charge for air in their gas bills at the rate of a dollar or more a thousand feet."

"I know that," remarked Simon Pence, who, through strict frugality, has amassed seventy-five millions, "and hence I burn no gas."

"Then you burn my kerosene," observed Mr. Stonychap good-naturedly.

"I burn candles," triumphantly declared Simon Pence.

"I will control the Beef Trust inside of a year," smiled Mr. Stonychap. Mr. Simon Pence sighed and said nothing.

They then entered into a wilderness of models. There were hundreds of steel mills with armies of men toiling in them; there were battalions of gas tanks, sugar refineries, electric lighting stations, shipyards and a fleet of vessels compared with which the United States Navy seems insignificant. It was an impressive and inspiring sight.

In the centre of the Stonychap exhibit was a tall, square tower, on each of the four sides of which was this inscription in letters worked in thousands of tiny electric globes:

UNTO EVERY ONE WHICH HATH SHALL BE GIVEN; AND FROM HIM THAT HATH NOT, EVEN THAT HE HATH SHALL BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM.—*Luke xix, 26.*

Above and below this inscription the tower was draped with American flags, the whole fittingly typifying the piety and the patriotism for which the Stonychaps are distinguished.

"What is the attraction there?" asked Simon Pence as they found their way blocked by an enormous crowd.

"That is my money machine," explained Mr. Stonychap, pointing to a printing press which stood on a raised platform. "Let us step inside where we can get a better look at it. I will explain what it means."

A guard admitted them into an inclosure, and they soon came to the centre of attraction. It was a perfected press, beautifully lacquered and embellished with gold and mother-of-pearl. It was running at a rapid rate, and was striking off neatly printed placards which attendants were distributing to the excited throng which surrounded this wonderful piece of mechanism. These placards were printed in colors, and in addition to the text contained a portrait of Mr. Stonychap.

The latter asked one of the attendants for several of these mementos,

and handed them to Simon Pence, H. Hollister-Stevens and others of the party.

"These explain themselves," said Mr. Stonychap. "This is the best method I could invent to give the common people an adequate idea of my income. Read them."

The placards contained the following information:

Mr. Stonychap's income last year was about \$54,000,000. These cards are printed at the rate of five a second, and for the purposes of illustration may be supposed to represent dollars. For the ten working hours of the 300 working days of the year Mr. Stonychap makes money at the rate in which this press prints these cards, viz., at the rate of \$5 a second, \$300 a minute, \$18,000 an hour, and \$180,000 for a working day of ten hours. Mr. Stonychap started in life as a poor boy, and the greatness of our country consists in the fact that each and every citizen has a chance to make as much or more money than Mr. Stonychap. Spectators may amuse themselves by attempting to see if they can count aloud as fast as the press produces these beautiful placards. Take one of these home to your neighbor.

Blessed are the meek.

Very truly mine,

SOLOMON STONYCHAP.

Mr. Stonychap escorted his guests to the platform and stood with them near that part of the machine where the cards pattered merrily out at a breathless rate. He placed his hand on Reginald Gridley's shoulder.

"Look at that multitude," he said, directing the attention of the young promoter to the vast crowd. "Do you recall what you said to me when you first suggested this Money Show?"

"Among other things, I said, 'Let property show its splendor and power to the masses and their feeble resentment will change to worship and silent admiration,'" replied Reginald Gridley.

"And you were right," warmly asserted Mr. Stonychap. "Look at them! Do they show any resentment? Not the slightest. They are dazed, but are proud of the fact that an American is the wealthiest man in the world. They love big things, and this is the biggest thing they ever saw. They love display, and here they have

it by wholesale. They love to be taxed, and I am taxing them. Since they must work for somebody, they prefer to work for a billionaire rather than a mere millionaire. My dear young man, you have performed a real service for your country and for society. Let us see what the ladies have done to make this affair a success."

The crush in the sections set aside for the queens of society was terrific. Mr. Stonychap and his party first paused to admire the collection of lap, poodle and pug dogs owned and cared for by Mrs. Doolittle-Busby. There were twenty dogs in this exhibit, each in charge of a maid who had nothing else to do but care for the pretty and intelligent canine placed in her charge. Each dog had several suits of clothes, and each was provided with a rosewood locker in which his wardrobe was kept. It was too cute for anything.

The larger dogs sported watches, specially designed and engraved, and of course of great value. They also wore rings, bracelets, charms and other ornaments. Three of the older dogs wore gold-rimmed glasses. Some of them were being bathed in perfumed water, others were submitting to the deft manipulation of a massage artist, others were having their toes manicured, while others were tucked away in silk sheets taking naps. A famous physician was constantly on hand in the event that any of these little pets should be taken ill. Mrs. Doolittle-Busby put the favored ones through many wonderful tricks. She knows each dog by name, and has devoted her life to them.

"That is an instructive exhibit," said Mr. Stonychap. "It teaches the common people that wealth is their best friend. Mrs. Doolittle-Busby furnishes employment to twenty maids, a physician and others, and her bills for jewelry for those dogs amounts to \$75,000 a year. The people must have work, and she is generously furnishing it to them."

Mrs. Magnus-Purse exhibited four

hundred uniformed servants, selected with much care from her various establishments in this country and abroad. There were butlers, footmen, pages, valets, coachmen, lackeys, chauffeurs, hostlers, mechanics, gardeners, musicians, porters, bell-boys, huntsmen, beaters, kennel-keepers and others who serve her faithfully at such times as she favors their particular establishment with her presence. Most of them were absolutely expressionless, and it is to be doubted if any foreign aristocrat can produce a finer collection or show better discipline.

Mrs. Mainwaring displayed her famous collection of diamonds and pearls, as also did each of the four hundred ladies who were on exhibition. Never in the history of the world was there witnessed such a display of gems. One's eyes were blinded by the flames of light. It is impossible to place an estimate on the value of the jewels placed on exhibition by these cultured ladies, and the books of the tax collector's office are silent on this subject.

It would take a catalogue as voluminous as an unabridged dictionary to list the articles on view in the sections reserved for the fairer sex, but by common consent the honors were won by Mrs. Van Bullion. It was not on account of her superb collection of diamonds, which equaled if not surpassed those shown by Mrs. Mainwaring; it was not on account of her dogs, equally pampered with those belonging to Mrs. Doolittle-Busby; it was on account of a feat which never has been approached in the history of refined American society—a feat which places Mrs. Van Bullion in a class by herself; a feat which may never again be equaled.

There were six evening sessions and five afternoon sessions of the Money Show, each lasting five hours, a total of fifty-five hours. Mrs. Van Bullion undertook a great task, and since this remarkable woman never failed in anything, it is needless to say that she accomplished it.

During the Money Show Mrs. Van

Bullion appeared in two hundred gowns with hats to match!

In attempting to describe this superb performance, it may seem vulgar to mention figures; but it may interest those of a statistical turn of mind to note that Mrs. Van Bullion appeared in a new gown and hat at intervals averaging sixteen minutes and thirty seconds. Her receptions in these separate creations took four and a half minutes, leaving an average time of twelve minutes in which to complete these toilets. When it is considered that Mrs. Van Bullion also appeared in thirty-three original designs of coiffure her performance seems all the more wonderful.

Think of the work of designing and being fitted for these two hundred gowns! Think of the ordeal of submitting to the pulling, hauling, lacing, buttoning, pinning and primping of five maids and two hairdressers! Think of the nervous strain incident to repeatedly bursting on the view of assembled thousands of envious or admiring spectators, listening to compliments, making bright responses and then returning to the dressing-room! Think of doing this two hundred times in a week!

In the light of this great event who can doubt the pre-eminence of our American womanhood?

A distinguished jury awarded Reginald Gridley first prize for the most unique banquet. There were scores of competing banquets given, but Reginald won handily from his nearest rival, Percy Ogle. The latter had pinned his faith on a dinner served on automobiles traveling at speeds of not less than eighty miles an hour. Twenty dashing young men of fashion took part in this novel affair, and it went off without a hitch. So great was the success of the "Scorcher Feast," as it was called, that the odds were that Percy Ogle would win, but Reginald Gridley was not to be denied.

Reginald's banquet was served in a tank of distilled spring water. This tank was forty by thirty feet in area, and the water had a depth of twelve

feet. The thirty banqueters appeared in diving suits. Before adjusting their helmets they sang, "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea," and were greeted with wild applause. They were then lowered to the bottom of the tank. When all was ready the waiters dropped weighted tables covered with viands and bottles properly secured. Then the banquet began.

By an ingenious device, shown for the first time, Reginald's guests were able to drink and eat without letting one drop of water into their diving suits. Naturally the food menu was restricted, and it was necessary to drink directly from the bottles; but those who emerged from the tank two hours later voted the affair a huge success, and the jury was unanimous in voting Reginald the first prize.

Those who have witnessed recent Money Shows may smile at my enthusiasm in praising the more conspicuous features of the pioneer one. Now that the Money Show has become a recognized annual event I wish to pay this small tribute to its founder, Reginald Gridley, and its greatest exhibitor, Mr. Solomon Stonychap. The latter has far surpassed his original display, but the record made by Mrs. Van Bullion stands untouched.

It is a pleasure to note that in addition to founding an institution which has done more than any other one thing to deepen the respect of the masses for the patriotic wealth of the nation, Reginald Gridley also cleared more than a million dollars on this enterprise, after repaying the money so generously advanced by H. Hollister-Stevens. The latter cheerfully paid his wager that Reginald would lose the money advanced by him.

"My dear fellow," Hollister-Stevens said abruptly, pausing to adjust his monocle—this was at the dinner given in payment of his lost wager—"my dear Reginald, it has just occurred to me, don't you know, that the only way I could have won this wager, my dear boy, was to have lost that hundred and fifty thousand dollars. My word; I just thought of it!"

"L'Equitable; C'est Moi!"



KING RYAN—The Equitable? Why, I'm the Equitable!

T. S. Sullivant, in N. Y. American

"NOTHIN' DOIN'."



F. Opper, in N. Y. American



© 1905

CALLING THE LAMBS.

Cory, in N. Y. World

# A Study in Crime

BY HON. JOSEPH M. DEUEL

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The author of the following article is a Justice in the New York Court of Special Sessions and was formerly President of the Board of City Magistrates. Judge Deuel is also author of the Children's Court legislation and of many statutes affecting criminal procedure.

IS the city of New York degenerating? Is it as bad as it is printed?

Are its present inhabitants less virtuous and moral than those of a century ago? Is the city growing in vice and crime, so that the pace can be measured and an approximate forecast made when absolute degeneracy will arrive? Unless much that is printed about the city is absolutely untrue these are not idle questions. The impression has gone abroad that vice and crime and immorality are in the saddle, driving at furious speed, and that virtue and manhood skulk by the wayside. Even lifelong residents are beginning to entertain doubts as to the supremacy of uprightness and half believe what they hear and read of triumphant iniquity. And why should they not? The city is on the defensive and has been for thirty years or more—ever since Boss Tweed built the county court-house.

With many avenues for the bad things and few for the good and commendable to reach the public it is not strange that we are generally regarded as bidding against Biblical history for fame like unto Sodom and Gomorrah. If deserved, it is well to determine the precise extent of the city's ill fame. A public service not wholly worthless will be performed if it can be shown that the repute is unfounded.

The purpose here is to institute comparisons between three periods during the past one hundred years upon a

basis of annual police arrests. It would be irrational to draw deductions from single years, however widely separated, because crime does not move in either direction by a straight line. Statisticians frequently prepare sectional diagrams of the subject under investigation in which a line moving up and down, obliquely, indicates progress or decline. If we were thus to diagrammatize the crime rate of this city, the line would show as many angles as the number of years covered. Therefore in selecting individual years at random the best in one period and the worst within another might be put in contrast. More satisfactory results can be obtained by taking periods of not less than ten years and, computing the averages of each period, show comparisons between them. We are confined to periods not exceeding ten years by the available statistical material, provided we carry the investigation back far enough to be of practical value.

It is to be understood that we are dealing with the old city of New York; the boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond do not enter at all into the calculations. No comparison as to them is possible for lack of statistics.

We are to deal solely with police arrests, using the process of the One Hundred American Cities' tabulation, wherefrom three of the wickedest cities were specifically named. This method has never been successfully questioned; it withstood the attack of an official committee of one of the wickedest cities, which took three months for the onslaught.

A few words are due as to the source of the statistics and the method of using them.

In 1874 the Board of Police Justices, in obedience to legislative requirement, began yearly reports with tabulations of the business done. The Board of City Magistrates, as successor, has continued these reports.

In order to preserve statistical information contained in early police court dockets, the last named board caused the years from 1801 to, and including, 1810 to be examined, entry by entry, and the material facts to be collected. Tabulated under proper classifications for each year they were published in the report for 1901. I can personally vouch for this work as having been done carefully and conscientiously. From these sources three periods of ten years each have been selected; the first begins with 1801, the second with 1874, and the third with 1895. So much for the statistics. The method of using them is novel in that nothing like it has come to the writer's notice. Statisticians ordinarily figure on prison records appearing in the Census Reports of persons in prison at the end of each decennial period; in cases of long sentences the same individuals may be counted in two or more periods.

All convictions for the ten years would be more satisfactory, but even then it might be urged that the ingenuity of counsel, the strict rules of evidence, the quibbling possibilities in the question of "doubt" and the legal indispensability of obtaining the concurrence of twelve minds, bring acquittals or disagreements in the face of strong evidence of guilt. Every instance of this character, as well as those in which the accused is not brought to trial because of some missing link in the chain of evidence, or for some other reason, is as much a smudge on the peace, virtue and good order of society as when twelve men are unanimous on the question of guilt. A criminal act, by which in the aggregate society should be judged, has been committed, and it cannot be wiped out by a disagreement of a jury, by failure of evidence connecting it with some specific individual, or by a verdict of acquittal. If the crime itself cannot be proven, the case is dif-

ferent, but with that established, it should become a part of the data for determining conditions. We should know the number and nature of the criminal acts, not how many individuals have been convicted. Police arrests as classified by the judiciary give the nearest approach to this in accuracy of any official information. It is then easy to sort out and aggregate those acts that are inspired by moral turpitude, which is the basis of the present comparisons. All such acts during each of the periods have been aggregated and then divided by ten to give yearly average. From official sources average population for each period has been computed.

Not all crimes of the character indicated, however, should be included. Disorderly House Keeping, for instance, which should be omitted because of police inconstancy in dealing with it. Gambling is another. As to the other serious offenses, police vigilance and efficiency in making arrests are uniform and constant. If there is any easing up it comes after the arrest. Simple assault is not counted, except in volume, because ordinarily it is merely the expression of temper and rarely indicative of moral obliquity. Felonious assaults are counted.

A column in the comparative tables is given to vagrancy because it reflects something of existing conditions. Each computation is on a basis of 1,000 of population, and Table A, which follows, presents all the figures necessary for reaching conclusions.

TABLE A

Periods	Number per 1,000 of population		
	Volume	Mala in se.	Vagrancy
1801 to 1810 inclusive	32.97	5.69	3.85
1874 to 1883 inclusive	64.79	7.00	3.86
1895 to 1904 inclusive	52.10	6.08	2.63

The second column alone is used in determining the moral tone of each period. It shows that in one hundred years we have deteriorated to the extent of thirty-nine one-hundredths of one individual in each one thousand of population, which does not show rapid progress toward degeneracy. As



compared with the second period, there has been a substantial advance in the opposite direction.

Some explanation may be given to account for the large excess of the second period. It was selected simply because 1874 was the first of the police court reports. In the preceding year occurred a great industrial and financial panic, which brought enforced idleness to thousands, and to many complete demoralization. A normal or low crime rate is always coincident with eras of prosperity; it turns sharply when business is disrupted and manufacture or construction is curtailed; criminal deeds of all kinds are then numerous, but begin to fall off when the financial crisis passes, taking several years to reach the normal again. This unquestionably accounts for the large figures of the second period.

This will be appreciated better by studying Table B, which follows, giving in the first column the average for these ten years of total arrests, and of some of the offenses, and in the second column the like average for the first three years, viz., 1874-5-6.

TABLE B. (SECOND PERIOD)

Offenses	10 yr. av.	1st 3 yr. av.
Volume. ....	75,045	85,509
Felonies .....	4,128	4,605
Misdemeanors .....	12,757	13,893
Grand Larceny .....	1,106	1,503
Petit Larceny .....	3,847	4,513
Insanity .....	754	937

While insanity is not a crime, public safety requires that persons showing signs thereof should be brought to the police courts, so that, in proper cases, they can be subjected to medical observation and, if dangerous, to restraint. The insanity figures are inserted in the tabulation because, in this connection, they are significant and interesting.

In studying this table it must be kept in mind that population was increasing rapidly, and offenses naturally would increase in number as the period advanced. The phenomenon has repeated itself so often as to show

its connection with some communal disturbance.

The third period was preceded by the financial disturbance of 1893, which was not sufficiently severe and protracted to leave much of an impress upon criminal statistics, save in minor offenses and misdemeanors. The latter jumped from 16,667 in 1893 to 23,621 in 1894. Except in the year 1895 these figures were not again reached during that period; the average being 15,910.

Volume of Crime—that is to say, the number arrested and arraigned, irrespective of the acts committed—is shown in Table A. It is of slight consequence, save as indicating police activity or minor conditions. Before such figures can be used for any purpose, each period is entitled to some credits. The first to all offenses that since have become obsolete, such as Master and Apprentice, and Master and Slave Complaints, and arrests for dueling. The other periods should be credited with statutory offenses since created; cruelty to animals, corporation ordinances, sanitary code and the laws pertaining to agriculture, automobiles, bottles, buildings, dentistry, electricity, factories, lottery, labor, medicine, railroads, etc.

Allowances in favor of the second and third periods should be made for simple intoxication arrests. For the entire ten years of the first period there were but 41, and they were such as now are classified as "drunk and disorderly," which are charged against the other two periods. The fine was 37½ cents, but it was not once imposed. The following quotation from the minutes of September 4, 1802, will show how such arrests were then treated: "Mary Patterson was brought into court very much intoxicated, but, in consideration of her soon being likely to become sober, she is permitted to lie in the hall until she becomes sober."

That was the only judicial action taken in her case. "The hall" in which she was permitted to sleep off her debauch was the City Hall on Wall Street, now the site of the Sub-Treasury.

Excise arrests should not count against the two later periods, because in the earliest one no such arrests were made. Enforcing obedience to the excise law, or attempting to, by arrest and criminal prosecution was discontinued in the latter part of 1800, and it was not again resumed until long after 1810. From January 1, 1800, to such time of discontinuance there were 145 such cases. Upon the basis of population this would be the present equivalent of 4,133 for the year. During 1904 such arrests amounted to 2,468.

Making the deductions and corrections specified, the number of arrests for each 1,000 of population, for the respective periods, is as follows:

First period, 30.25; second, 30.41; third, 33.60. Here, again, the period a century ago is less than the last one, but not enough less to counterbalance the difference between policing the city during the nighttime only by 72 watchmen, each getting 68½ cents per night, and having the city under constant supervision by a uniformed force drawing a liberal salary. The 72 watchmen were commanded by 2 captains and 2 deputies, making a force of 76, which, increasing in proportion to population, would have given us, in 1900, a police department of 2,740 men; it then had 5,249.

The present cosmopolitan character of the city and the ceaseless ebb and flow of visiting strangers are, in this study, entitled to some consideration. The offendings in decency and decorum, by which her good name is sometimes smirched, are not encouraged wholly by permanent residents; they are largely the result of catering by the mercenary to the whims and predilections of temporary sojourners. The city's advantages for business and residence are a constant attraction to the wealthiest, the brainiest and the most progressive in every department

of human endeavor. Attractive to the captains of industry, she is equally so to the captains of crime; the deftest thief, the most consummate rogue, the shrewdest swindler come here from all parts of the world because opportunities are prolific and promising. While the victims and villains meet in numbers, they do not appear in the enumeration of inhabitants. It is impossible to estimate the amount of crime chargeable to visiting strangers—committed by or against them—in their morbid quest for excitement or to "see the sights." Every day adds something to the criminal statistics of the city.

There is a powerful factor operating now that did not exist a century ago: volume and character of immigration. Unfortunately it can neither be weighed nor measured by official statistics. Figures carefully compiled at the Children's Court during the first three months of the present year give a fairly correct idea of its malevolence. That court deals only with boys and girls under sixteen. The pedigrees of 1,990 boys carefully taken disclosed that 73 per cent. were of parents born abroad, 26 per cent. were foreign born, and 12 per cent. had lived in this country three years and under.

The comparisons herein presented have more than local interest. If New York City has held its own, morally, for a century, and has improved during the past thirty years, it is safe to assume that the balance of the country has materially progressed. This would distinguish the United States as an exception among nations, for in a report made to, and printed by, Congress in 1902 it was asserted that the verdict of official statistics of the leading countries of the world is: "With few exceptions, within the last thirty or forty years there has been an increase (relative to population) in crime, suicide, insanity and other forms of abnormality."

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THE average politician does dirty work before he gets his job and very little of any kind afterward.

# The Girl Beyond the Fence

BY WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

*Author of "Sons of Strength"*

LIKE every other street that ever I heard of that in which Davy's home stood had two ends; so there were two ways of looking at it and two ways of thinking about it.

If you had happened to enter it first from the direction of "downtown" you must have thought it a mean and ugly street. Just outside the bustling centre of the city the asphalt paving stopped short and there was a stretch of yellow clay road, very dusty on dry, summer days and very miry at other times. There were no trees along the walks; in many places there were no walks, but only crooked, beaten footpaths through patches of weeds. Wherever there was a vacant lot there was sure to be a heap of rubbish—old cans and bottles and scraps of rusted iron. On one corner was a junk shop, with a great litter of broken odds and ends, and beyond that stood a dingy building whose weather-stained sign-board read, "Old Furniture Bought and Sold." On another corner was a shop with a lot of second-hand clothing dangling on wires above the walk, flapping in the wind, and a frowsy, melancholy Jew standing all day long before the door with his hands in his pockets, sadly waiting for those who never came to buy. One who believed in ghosts disliked to go by that place in the evenings, with those gaunt Shapes overhead, like the limp forms of wicked folk who had been hanged until they were dead, and with such a graveyard smell coming out of the low, dark doorway.

There seemed to be nothing offered for sale anywhere along the street but

what had been already worn out and cast off. The rickety little dwelling-houses that stood here and there, cramped into dirty little yards, had a second-hand look; the very children who swarmed, unkempt and quarrelsome, in the gutters appeared to have been cast off and forgotten. That part of the street was just a sort of byway which nobody ever traveled save in case of pressing need. None of its people seemed to have anything worth while to do or to think about; it was as if the whole street were always lounging and idling in its grimy shirt sleeves.

But if you had chanced to come along, instead, from the other direction—from the hill to the west—you would have called it a fine street. So much depends on how you first view a thing. At the foot of the slope the clay road ended and the asphalt began again, smooth and well kept; and at the same point neat houses appeared, with trees and grassy lawns, growing finer and grander toward the hilltop, where the very richest people of the town lived.

Just where those two parts of the street came together there was Davy's home. Standing halfway between, it seemed quite right that it should be neither wretched nor grand. One look at it would have shown you that Davy's folks were poor, but you would not have needed another look to prove that they were not of that sort of poor who make poverty ugly. The place was small, almost tiny, but everything was waxy neat. In the little front yard was a bed of pansies, and another of

verbenas, and another of phlox and marigolds and such-like old-fashioned flowers, and the front porch was a bowler of madeira vines. The window-panes shone, and the cheap white curtains were speckless. At the back was a square rod of garden, without a weed in it. Anybody of a sensible turn of mind might well envy such brave, clean, cheerful poverty.

Davy was not envious of those who lived farther up the hill; for the life of him he could not have thought of a reason why he should be. Poverty and riches had as yet no particular meaning for him; for him happiness was what one made it by keeping busy in the right way and looking at the right side of things. This was Home, and to his untrained heart it had a grandeur all its own that could not be bought or sold and that was not to be exchanged for anything in the world. Mother was there, and so it was a place of sure refuge from every ill that could possibly befall him while he was getting his early lessons in life.

Besides, there had been a time, once, when the Big House, next door, was home, and Davy had ways of knowing that that time had not been altogether good. He had a very dreamy remembrance of it, a remembrance so faint that it would always escape from him, like a handful of smoke, whenever he tried to lay firm hold upon it. It was a good deal like remembering the time before he was lame. When he was younger—six or seven, instead of eight—and thoughtless he used to coax Mother to tell him stories about the things that had happened in those days. They were fine stories, as Mother told them—as fine as any in the story-books; but as he grew older and learned to take secret account of Mother's ways he noticed that she never spoke of the Big House unless he asked it, and that afterward she was likely to be quiet and thoughtful, sighing to herself. He could not be sure what it was, but he guessed that there must be something she did not tell him—something that had gone wrong, maybe, to sadden her; and when he had

thought this out he did not lead the talk that way any more. Yet there was a sort of mystery about the matter that charmed his mind, and he liked to dwell upon it sometimes, inventing explanations of his own. In some ways that was better than knowing the plain truth, for he could make up a new fancy whenever he grew tired of the old ones. One thing was sure: he had once really lived in the Big House, with Mother and Father; and he was equally sure that life there must have been, somehow, disagreeable; else why should they have moved out and come to the little house?

And now the other folks who lived there were moving out, too, and still another family was moving in, all at the same time, making a great bustle and excitement for Davy to enjoy as he sat in a corner of the yard—his corner, where he had a low bench beneath a stunted apple tree. When his lame leg hurt so badly as to forbid play, or when he had a new book or something new to think about, he went to that corner. Since early morning he had been there, with his thin face pressed against the palings of the fence, looking and looking, while strong men staggered in and out with heavy burdens—pianos and mirrors and all sorts of splendid things. He got so interested that he could hardly stop long enough to eat his dinner.

He had never cared much for the people who were leaving—a gray, grave old man, who never spoke to anyone, and an old woman who talked all the time, scolding at everything and everybody; but when the new folks appeared, just after dinner, he knew at once that he was going to care a great deal. They came in a closed carriage, with a driver who wore gloves and gold buttons, and they got out at the side porch on the driveway—first a tall, square-shouldered man with a long coat and a shiny hat, then a handsome, proud-looking woman, and then The Girl. So soon as he had got one look at her Davy felt within himself that life would not go on thereafter in the old, placid way.

She was an exquisite little creature, perhaps a year younger than Davy, slight, fair and golden-haired. She wore a fluffy pink dress, with pink ribbons all over it, a pink hat, pink stockings and pink kid shoes; and she carried her finery with an air that was wonderful to Davy—just like a grown-up woman. She stood for a few moments with her father and mother, looking about the yard; then they all went inside. But she seemed to like outdoors better, for she came out again at once, skipping down the steps, swinging her hat by its ribbons, her hair shining gloriously in the sunlight.

The yard was full of gorgeous flower-beds, all in full bloom, and she seemed to like flowers, for she passed lightly from one mass to another, not picking any, but stooping over to smell them with her dainty little nose. Sometimes she would be hidden from sight behind the shrubbery; but she always came into view again, and she was slowly drawing nearer to the fence. Presently she was so close that Davy could hear her humming a sweet little tune half under her breath. He was so entranced that he stood up on the lower bar of the fence, letting his crutches fall, gripping the palings hard with his hands and looking over. The Girl was very near him now; he could almost have touched her if he had had his crutch in his hand. She went on quite calmly with her singing and her smelling of the flowers, carrying herself with more and more of her pretty air, quite as if she did not know he was there. Had Davy been wise in the ways of girls, he would have taken that as a very good sign that she did see him out of the sly corner of her eye, and he would have let her practice her innocent arts a bit longer; but he did not know, and so, when she turned her back toward him and seemed to be going away, he spoke.

"Hullo!" he said faintly, half afraid.

She turned about again and looked at him full-eyed, as if much surprised to find him there. She looked well before she answered; looked him carefully up and down, from his tousled

head to his bare, brown feet, taking account of his patched trousers, his dangling leg and his crutches that lay upon the ground. She was very self-possessed. When she had taken her time to it and seen everything, she drew away a little with a proud lift of her chin.

"I don't like crooked folks," she said, and with that she moved off toward the Big House, not hurrying in the least, but stepping with slow, haughty disdain.

Davy got down from the fence and sat upon his bench, looking after her until she had disappeared within the house. She had given him a hurt, but he felt no resentment. He could think of nothing but how beautiful and wonderful she was. Besides, he had a feeling that this meeting was only the beginning. Other days would come.

He saw nothing more of her for a week, until menservants and maidservants had put the Big House in order. Then the new people came to live there in earnest. Davy had watched for them every day, staying at home when he might have been with the Other Boys; and his small heart quickened its beat when, one morning, he saw The Girl come out upon the side porch.

She was not clothed in her finery this time. She wore a simple play dress of blue chambray, and her hair was not carefully curled, but was gathered in two plain, thick, lustrous braids that hung over her shoulders. She appeared demure, rather than haughty, and Davy was sure that they would get on better now, if chance would only bring about another meeting.

She came down into the yard, as on the first day, and walked around among the flower-beds. Davy had a book in his lap, and he kept his eyes upon it, after his first glance, though without seeing a word. He knew when The Girl came close to the fence, but he was not going to give her another chance to be scornful, so he pretended to be deeply intent upon the page before him. Being a girl, with the instincts of a woman budding

in her, it is not likely that she was deceived in the least, but for reasons of her own she chose to appear so. Perhaps—also womanlike—she feared that she had gone too far before; perhaps she had thought out an atonement that would not look too much like a surrender; perhaps it was the clothes that made the difference; or perhaps this was just one of her days for feeling the pure tenderness and compassion of childhood. For a little while she sang, in her light, clear undertone, and then, when Davy felt that he could not stand the suspense a minute longer and that he must look, her voice broke into a delicious ripple of laughter and there fell upon his head and shoulders a shower—yes, a very deluge—of the richest blossoms in all that gay garden.

Davy's heart stirred with a thrill of warmth, and he could feel the warm blood flushing his cheeks. When he looked up there she was, in her turn, standing on the lower bar of the fence, her elfish face alight with smiles. In sheer gladness Davy laughed back at her and they were friends.

"What are you reading?" she asked. "You were awfully interested, weren't you, not to notice *me*?"

Davy flushed again, guiltily, remembering how little he had cared for his book.

"I like to read," he said, without answering her question.

"I don't," she returned, with a pretty grimace. "Books are stupid. I like horses, and dogs, and things that *happen*; but I don't like books, not a bit."

"Some days I can't do anything but read, when my leg hurts me, and then I couldn't hardly get along if it wasn't for books," Davy said, with the wish to be faithful to such good friends, even though it did not seem quite polite to dispute The Girl's opinion. But she appeared not to mind that; she was looking again at his crutches and his crooked leg.

"How did you get your lame?" she questioned, as if she had a right to know.

"I fell, once, on an icy place, and bumped my leg, and it never got well." He said it quite simply, as he always did when people asked that question. He was so matter-of-fact about it that there were few who guessed what it meant to him. The Girl hardly understood; how could she, with her buoyant, sparkling, happy health? But she wanted to show sympathy of some sort.

"My pony got hurt, once," she said, "and, don't you believe, why, James had to shoot him! It killed him, too. James said it was best, because he said he'd always be lame. But I cried awful. I don't care; I'd have loved him just the same, if he was lame as anything. Don't your folks love you, even if your leg does make you look so—so——?"

"Mother does," Davy answered, wincing a little at the hint she gave. He had often suspected that he was not very good to look at, but he was not used to having people tell him so to his face. It was not the hurt to his pride that he minded now, but the fear that she would think the less of him on that account. His eyes fell away from hers for a moment while he turned this over in his mind, but then he raised them again courageously. They were honest eyes, with no shadow in their clear depths but that of the pain he had suffered. Looking into his eyes one could easily forget that his body was misshapen and un-beautiful. Meeting his glance The Girl smiled again with increasing friendliness.

"Oh, have you got a mother?" she asked, as if that were surprising. "Aren't mothers nice? I just love my mama, most of the time. I think it's awfully funny, when papas are the same relation to you, that you think the most of mamas. My papa's lots gooder to me, too, than my mama is, and lets me do what I want to; but I *depend* on my mama, don't you know?"

Yes, Davy knew, and was glad of this new bond of kinship with The Girl; he would rather have had her say

that than call him beautiful; it made her seem so much more human, somehow, and of his own simple, honest ways of life.

"I'd invite you to come over in our yard," she said after a time, in her grown-up manner, "but my mama is very particular not to let me have anyone she isn't acquainted with. But I'm going to tell her to hurry and get acquainted with you, right away, so you can play with me, because—" and now she spoke with a return to the frank simplicity of childhood—"because you look like a nice boy."

Just then Reddy Lynch and Nig and Speckle happened along, on their way a-fishing, and stopped to flatten their faces impudently against the fence as they peered through at the two. They saw at once that The Girl was out of their set and fair game.

"Ho, look at 'em!" Reddy scoffed. "Limpy likes the girls; Limpy likes the gir-r-ls!"

Davy flashed hot with anger on The Girl's account, and would dearly have liked to say something brave and fierce in reply; but he was ashamed, too, knowing that Reddy's contempt was genuine and would be shared by all the Other Boys, who had a low opinion of petticoats. So he could only hang his head, finding that the words would not come. But The Girl was above such weakness. On the instant she assumed again her air of lofty disdain. She gave the three a brief, chilling stare and a scornful shrug. She did not retort upon them, but spoke to Davy instead, as if over their heads—the cruelest of all ways of cutting an enemy.

"They're low and horrid and not a bit well bred," she said, and turned her back upon them.

If she expected them to be crushed she was disappointed. They broke into a shrill chorus of taunts and mockings, raising so great a clamor that The Girl's mother came out to see what the matter was. When she found The Girl the centre of a rude, hooting gang of ragged boys she commanded her, rather sharply, to come away. The

Girl waited long enough to speak a parting word to Davy.

"I'll tell mama you're not like them," she said, "and she'll be sure to let me have you over." Then she moved, with slow, unruffled dignity, toward the house.

Reddy stood for a little time speechless, his small, beady eyes glittering, his freckled face twisted all out of shape by the feeling that was astir in him. Then he spat and then he swore. None of the Other Boys could swear with his ease.

"She'll be sure to let me have you over!" he mimicked. "Oh, dang, fellers; come on!" And they, too, went their way.

Although Davy had his shy hopes, the invitation did not come. He met The Girl very often in the fine summer days that followed; but it was always with the fence between them. Sometimes The Girl's mother saw them together there; once she came down and took a careful look at Davy and spoke a careful word or two to him; and afterward she let them be. Her creed forbade that they should meet as full equals; but the fence must have seemed a safe barrier, since barrier there must be. After a while Davy and The Girl did not mind it but took it for granted, and got on very well.

Theirs was a fine companionship and something more besides. Has anyone yet tried to say just when the wondrous charm of sex may first put its spell upon the heart and soul of a boy? It may happen very early, if only the right one comes along. No boy had ever been to Davy what The Girl was. He had worshiped his heroes in the past; but never again could any boy be his chief idol, his heart's delight. He had not turned anyone out; it was rather as if he had built on another room in the home of his affections, a room sacred to The Girl alone. Should she ever go out, that room must be left closed and empty forever after.

It was not simply that she was a girl with fair youth and beauty. She belonged to him, it seemed, by right of perfect sympathy and understanding.

The one who first understands a boy becomes to him more than human—seems to him to have divine gifts. There were things that Davy had thought about and then kept to himself in shy secrecy, feeling them too sacred to be spoken aloud, in the breath of the common day, to everyday ears. The reason was not plain to him; but even Mother could not share all those thoughts. They must be kept for One. And here she was, coming out to meet him in the golden mornings, looking at him with clear, seeing eyes, listening to him with ears that heard more than the words. They were not all grand thoughts that he laid bare before her; most of them were very simple indeed, relating to only the very simple things that made up his life. Perhaps that was what made them so sacred. Grand or simple, she listened with generous patience and made him feel that she understood him perfectly.

She was not perfect, as Davy knew well enough; but somehow her very faults gave her a firmer hold upon him, for they proved her human and alive. In some ways she was old far beyond her years, while he was still a child; and in other ways the maturity was on his side. Hers was the worldly wisdom, his the serious habit of thinking about things. She had a light, skimming sort of mind, as airy as her step and as full of carefree health. The things they talked about were as wide apart as the ends of life. When the subject was grave she would let him do all the talking for a while, until she grew tired; then she would call him "stupid" and bring the talk to an end with a gay laugh. Her laugh was like the bursting of a hundred silver bubbles; it always made Davy laugh, too, in spite of himself; and afterward he would find himself wondering at the lightness of his heart and the golden glow that had suddenly fallen all around him. She was seldom wholly serious save when her mood was petulant and her tongue sharp.

Once she came to him, late in the afternoon, dressed in her primmest style, as she had come home from mak-

ing calls with her mother. She was tired and excited and cross.

"Oh, dear," she said, "society does try me so! You don't know. Days like this I just wish I was poor and nobody, like you, without any duties or anything, and nothing to worry about when you grow up. It must be awfully nice and restful." She brooded for a time, then, "Sometimes I'm 'most afraid to grow up," she went on. "I've got to go to dancing academy this winter, and take music, and have teachers and teachers. I hate them. But my mama says when I'm a lady I'm going to marry a gentleman, and have a—a—establishment—like that, you know," with a weary gesture toward the Big House, "and she says I've got to get ready. It's stupid."

Davy fell quiet, thoughtful. What blight was it that lay upon that proud mansion, spoiling the content of those who came to dwell there? It was a long time since he had spoken of the matter to anyone; but now he told The Girl what he knew of that past day when his folks had lived on the other side of the fence, and of the mystery of unhappiness that was over it. She was not astonished.

"I know that," she said calmly. "Mama told me. Mama said your papa failed, and went away down, and got awful poor. I don't care!" she cried, with quick passion. "I just wish we were poor, too, as poor as could be, and then I'd marry you, and we wouldn't do anything forever and ever but just what we wanted to. You aren't going to be anybody, are you, when you grow up?"

Davy did not know how to answer that; for he had seen his visions—yes, lived them out, many and many a time.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "Maybe I'm going to write books with stories in them, when I grow up. I've made up hundreds and hundreds."

"Oh, but that wouldn't matter," she retorted. "You'd be poor anyway, and common, and we wouldn't have to care about all those hateful things. Wouldn't you like that, if I



was there? But it isn't any use to wish," she broke off, with a kind of despair. "You can't ever help things, can you, when they're sure to happen? I guess I'll just have to be a lady and marry a gentleman. It 'most makes me wish I hadn't any mama to boss me."

The next morning she came out to the fence wearing a look of vague trouble.

"The doctor's in our house," she said. "My mama's sick. She got a headache yesterday, when we were out, and it's worse, and she's sick in bed, and my papa stayed home, and the doctor says maybe she's going to be sick a long time."

She sat down upon the grass and was gravely silent. Davy, watching, saw her eyes fill with tears; then she broke down and cried bitterly, hiding her face upon her knees.

"I was wic-wicked," she sobbed. "I wished I hadn't any mama, and now—now I'm 'most sure she's go—going to die."

In the long, long days that came after, Davy shared The Girl's distress with all the fervor of his child's soul. Those days hardly seemed real, with all the old gaiety gone out of them; the time was more like an uneasy dream, with a sense of evil hovering. Davy noticed that The Girl was more womanly than ever in her anxiety, and sweeter, too. She did not avoid serious talk as she used to do; she would often, of her own will, start to say something that had a solemn, Sunday sort of sound; but almost always she would be crying before she had finished. The doctor's carriage stood often before the gate and the Big House was very still.

There came a morning, by and bye, when The Girl did not appear. It was near the end of the afternoon when she came out, walking slowly and looking pale and worn. Davy knew—the news had been whispered around the neighborhood at breakfast-time. He had felt a sort of dread of this meeting, but whatever of sharp grief The Girl had known was gone now, and she was only sad and gentle.

"My mama's dead," she announced quietly. They stood together for a little while, looking at each other, not trying to talk. Davy was very sorry, and he was filled with a strange awe, too. This was the first time that Death had stepped within his little circle. He put his thin hand through a crack in the fence, and The Girl took it and clung to it hard, as if its clasp comforted her.

There was a grand funeral, with the Big House full and running over with people and the street crowded with carriages. Davy sat on his bench and listened to the singing, and looked on with wide, frightened eyes while some men walked slowly out of the front door, carrying a black box with glittering silver handles and covered with flowers. The Girl came just behind, holding her father's hand. Most of the people got into the carriages, which went away in a stately procession. Davy felt that a change had come into his own life as well as into The Girl's.

In the evening she came out to the meeting-place, with a new beauty upon her—the beauty that sorrow gives.

"Maybe I'm going away to live with my Aunt Ruth," she said. "My papa doesn't know yet, but he says he doesn't want to keep on living here, with only me. He says we're going to break up, somehow, and do something, when he's had time to think. Won't that be too bad, not to have me here any more?"

Davy was dismayed when he tried to picture what life would be, wanting The Girl. But in a few days it really came to pass. The Girl had told him, the night before, that she would go away early in the morning, and when he went out, right after breakfast, there was the carriage waiting. With an ache at his heart Davy limped along the walk and stood before the gate of the Big House, waiting for a last look. Presently The Girl came down the steps with her father. When she was at Davy's side she paused, her eyes meeting his.

"Papa, may I kiss him?" she asked softly.

Her father glanced at Davy as if he hardly saw him, then smiled sadly at The Girl. "Yes, child," he said; and she came closer to Davy, putting out both her hands to him. No girl had ever offered to kiss him before, and he did not know what to do; he could only hang his head, his face growing hot with a delicious kind of shame. The Girl laid her velvet-soft hands upon his cheeks, lifted his head and kissed him full upon the lips; then threw her

arms about his neck and hugged him to her breast with a stifled, wordless cry. Davy did not know just what happened after that; but when he looked up, by and bye, the carriage was gone and The Girl with it, and the Big House stood closed and sombre. Slowly, hardly knowing what he did, Davy settled his crutches under his arms and limped back to his corner. He knew that he would never see The Girl again.

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## *Should the Government Own the Railways?*

BY J. A. EDGERTON

WHEN the People's Party in its first national platform, adopted at Omaha thirteen years ago, gave to the country a plank favoring government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, few Americans had given such a proposition serious thought, and many had never even heard of it. Now it is in the forefront of great questions of the day.

No claim is made, however, that this change in public opinion is due wholly, or even mainly, to political agitation on the subject. Many causes have contributed to the growth of public ownership sentiment. The admitted fact that the two greatest trusts—the Standard Oil and the Beef Trust—owe their existence chiefly to the railroad rebate, and the logical inference that other oppressive monopolies have sprung from a like root, have served to arouse public opinion to the menace resting in the private ownership of the means of transportation. The great anthracite coal strike, bringing out as it did the fact that the mines are chiefly owned by the coal-carrying roads, also drew general attention to the question. The more or less abortive efforts of several of the states to

regulate freight rates, and the present attempt of the Federal Government in the same direction, have likewise contributed to public enlightenment on the subject; while the notorious railroad lobbies, controlling as they do so many of the state legislatures, interfering in the election of United States senators, debauching public morals by giving bribes in the form of passes and presumably in more direct and substantial ways; the evasion of paying taxes by railway corporations; the general public suspicion that even the courts are sometimes improperly influenced in cases affecting the railroads, as in the assessment of damages and the like; the building up by railroad discrimination of certain businesses and sections at the expense of others—all these and like public scandals that have occurred in all parts of the country have created the conviction that rigid government control of railroads is a necessity, and have brought before the minds of all thinking men the alternative of government ownership itself.

The decision of the United States Circuit and Supreme Courts in the Northern Securities case, and the gen-

eral belief that the roads affected are now evading that judicial mandate by indirection and are securing all the practical fruits of a merger by other methods, have likewise tended to awaken public thought.

The concentration of railroad ownership in a few hands; the declaration of large dividends on watered stock; the waste through small competing lines and through soliciting trade; the disastrous strikes and the resultant tying up of traffic; the number of railway accidents which are chargeable, in the public mind, to the overworking of employees, to worn-out rolling stock, to insecure roadbeds and to the failure to provide proper safety appliances—all these evils could so readily be minimized, or even wiped out wholly, under government ownership that men are forced by the very logic of the situation to look to that as the way out.

The agitation for municipal ownership of street railways and other public utilities has also contributed to the growth of the kindred idea of government ownership. If it is good for a small population to own and operate its street cars, why is it not equally good for a large population to own and operate its steam cars? Wherein does the principle involved in the one differ from that involved in the other? What argument can be given in favor of city ownership that does not apply with equal force to government ownership? Granted that the national system of transportation is larger and more complex than that of the municipality; but, is there not a larger and more complex national government to handle it?

The opposition of the transcontinental lines of railroad to the construction of the Panama Canal also served to exasperate the American people, who favored, and still favor, that project almost as a unit. It is, therefore, a sort of poetic justice that from Panama itself comes the latest breeze to fan the government ownership flame. It will be remembered that a short while ago the United States bought up all the outstanding bonds

of the little railway crossing the Isthmus through the canal zone. That line is now owned and operated by this Government. The question naturally presents itself that if it is advantageous for the United States to own and operate a railroad in Panama, why is it not of equal advantage to own and operate railroads in the United States itself? By buying that line, the principle of government ownership is admitted. The entering wedge is started. It remains for the American public to drive it home.

Another important factor making for the progress of government ownership sentiment rests in the very nature of the railroad itself. Wherein does it differ in principle from the wagon road? Older readers can remember when the common highways were privately owned and toll was charged to all using them. This condition became intolerable and gradually all the wagon roads were made public. What is a railroad but a public steel highway? Does not the logic that forced the public ownership of the wagon road apply with equal force to the railroad? In all essential points the two are the same. Both require land over which to run, both haul people and produce, both enter into the life of the whole public. Does the mere fact that the motor power of one is steam, while that of the other is horse power, constitute any difference in the principle underlying them? Wherein is the toll paid to private individuals owning railroads more tolerable than that paid to private individuals owning dirt roads? These questions are so primary and their answers so palpable that they have forced themselves on the minds of men.

All these are but a few of the reasons briefly and imperfectly stated. They are domestic. They take no account of the general world movement that has set in so strongly toward government ownership. If other nations have found it to their advantage to own their railways, is that not in itself a circumstance that should commend a similar policy to this nation?

Take the little kingdom of Belgium. Up to about 1870 she was under a dual system—that is, part of her roads were owned by the state and part by private companies. Then the state began buying in the private lines, until today practically all are owned and operated by the government.

Essentially a similar course has been pursued in Germany. For over a quarter of a century all railways in the German Empire have been operated by the Government as a single system. This came after an experience of mixed private and public ownership, demonstrating, at least to the minds of the Germans, the superiority of government ownership.

Austria started under private ownership, and ran through practically all the evils of that system that are so familiar to us. She attempted to regulate her railroads, but found that her statutes were disobeyed. In 1873 the Government grew tired of this procedure and began buying in the lines. This process has gone forward until today a majority of the roads are under state ownership and the rest will be secured as rapidly as possible.

In Italy the history is somewhat interesting. Before the unification of the country each state had its own lines. When this unification took place in 1870 the difficult problem had to be met of consolidating all these roads. Because of the impoverished condition of the treasury, three private companies were finally chartered, and these took charge of the entire railway business. Within the past year the Government has again taken over the roads and is now operating them.

In Norway there is complete state ownership; in Sweden partial state and partial private ownership, as is also the case in Russia. In England, Spain and Portugal there is private ownership, but under such rigid state control as to eliminate competition and to constitute something akin to government operation. In France there is private ownership, but under government concessions, and the citizens of France are looking forward to the time

—still unfortunately distant—when the state can take back its valuable properties and operate them for the public good. In India three out of five lines are owned by the Government, and the others are under strict control.

Australia and New Zealand are nominally British colonies, but really rule themselves. Coming into existence at such a recent date that they could choose modern reform systems from the entire world, they have naturally embodied in their laws many new and advanced ideas. It is worthy of note that in their attempts to select the best they adopted government ownership and operation of railways along with the rest.

It may be objected that most, if not all, of these countries that adhere to the policy of state roads are monarchies or the colonies of monarchies, and that a strongly centralized government makes such a course more practicable than in a republic. But in all the earth there is scarcely a republic more free than Switzerland. There the people not only vote directly for their officials, but also for their laws. Switzerland tried private ownership up to 1898. She attempted to regulate the railways, with the usual result. In that year, by popular vote, she declared for state ownership, and the mandate of the people has since been carried into effect.

In another republic, Mexico, the people have likewise tried private ownership and apparently are looking for something better. That country has had an interstate commerce commission, modeled after our own, and great things were expected of it. That the expectations were not realized may or may not have been the fault of the commission, but the result remains the same. Señor Limantour is one of the ablest statesmen of our sister republic. He was at one time minister of finance, afterward premier and was recently nominated by President Diaz to be his successor to the Presidency. In an exceedingly strong and valuable report, Limantour, a few years ago, recom-

mended that Mexico begin buying her railroads, and that is now the declared policy of the country. It may be remarked, in passing, that many of the South American republics own their roads. And it may be stated again, and with increased emphasis, that the whole movement of the world is in this direction.

In the forcible, if not elegant, vernacular of the day, it is up to us. Will we follow the world's enlightened sentiment, the logic of the situation, the dictates of public interest, and the common sense way out of our difficulties, or will we still lag behind the world's procession and pay our toll to private greed?

The lower passenger rates in countries under state ownership are generally admitted. Thousands of Americans go to Europe each year, and these have borne their testimony. It is said to have been his European tour which converted Mr. Bryan to the policy of public ownership. However this may be, it has converted many others of our people. Unfortunately, very many of our wealthy Americans who spend vacations across the water are pecuniarily interested in keeping our railway system as it is. They are among the "widows and orphans" who own stock. It is perhaps too much to expect all these to overcome their self-interest and give an unbiased report. But the situation is so plain that even a railroad bondholder—or, to take a still more extreme case, even a corporation politician can scarcely fail to see it.

Without going into statistics, take the case of Switzerland. There they have season tickets good for travel at will, during the time stipulated, on any railroad in that country.

The rates of fare are:

	First class	Second class	Third class
For fifteen days . . .	\$14.50	\$10.61	\$ 7.72
For thirty days . . .	22.19	15.44	11.58

At the end of the period 96.5 cents are reimbursed. Tickets for longer periods—three, six and twelve months—are also provided.

As for freights, the mileage rate com-

parisons are misleading, as European hauls are so much shorter than ours. It must be remembered also that most light freights abroad are carried by the parcels post, an extension of the post-office system, at a rate very much less than either our freight or express.

Comparisons of the number of persons killed in railroad wrecks in this country and European countries are familiar, especially that of 1901, where not one person lost his life through English railways, while thousands were sacrificed on those of America. In 1903 the number was between two and three times as great with us as with the English. Even these comparisons, however, are not adequate to show the decreased death rate that might be expected under government ownership in our own land. For what American will admit that, with added Yankee progressiveness and efficiency, and with the element of private greed eliminated, a still better showing could not be made in this country than in England or any European nation whatsoever?

At this point it may not be out of place to say that there is no desire to cast reflections on the railroads of the United States. Even under private ownership they are admirable in many respects. And it is on this very fact, by the way, that advocates of the continuance of the present system base their strongest arguments. The unfairness of this method of reasoning is at once apparent. Whatever excellences there are in our railways these special pleaders would make due to private ownership. As a matter of fact, they are due to American ingenuity and enterprise. Why, by such implications, belittle our countrymen for the mere purpose of bolstering up an unworthy system?

Here is a fact worth noting: English railroads earn 8½ per cent. gross on capital invested; American railroads, 13 per cent.

In most European countries the idea that railways should be owned by private individuals or corporations for the purpose of making money out of the public would be looked on as quite as

ridiculous as the proposal that private individuals or corporations should own the wagon roads.

The Japanese have reached their present state of efficiency by selecting the best ideas and methods from other nations. Let us be equally wise and not be above learning from our neighbors.

One of the chief arguments urged against government ownership is that it would give the administration too great political power; that it would put the railroads in politics.

As a matter of fact, it would have the very opposite effect, as is shown by the history of all other nations that have adopted the system. The railroads are now in politics, and very much in at that. They absolutely control many of the states; they maintain their lobby at Washington, their literary bureaus to influence public opinion, their congressmen and senators, their political heelers and pass dispensers. They charge the Government exorbitant prices for carrying its mails. They elected Dietrich, of Nebraska, and Burton, of Kansas, two of the indicted United States senators, and I have no doubt they had their part in electing Mitchell, of Oregon, another of the same sort.

One of the chief objects of government ownership is to take the railroads out of politics. Now the employees are forced to vote, in many instances, as the management dictates. Under government operation they would be under a civil service system that would leave them free. No administration would dare attempt to use them for political purposes. If it did, the cry of "Federal brigade" would be raised as never before, and that administration would be deluged under a tide of adverse votes that would discourage any further efforts in that direction.

Another bugbear that is raised to frighten the timid is the fear that there would be corruption under public management. And is there no corruption now? As a matter of fact, there is now much more corruption in private

business than in public business, as any man posted in commercial affairs well knows. This exists notoriously among buyers for big houses and in a thousand and one ways of which the public never hears. It is the man seeking private graft that debauches the public servant. It is the poison which seethes in the Stock Exchange and the wheat pit which overflows and runs into legislative halls and government departments. One of the objects of government ownership is to kill out the opportunities for private graft and corruption.

But, says the doubting Thomas, how are we to secure the railroads? Why, buy them, of course, as all other nations have done. But what if the owners refuse to sell or place too high a price? Condemn them under the law of eminent domain and appraise them at their true value. Society is sovereign. The public good is above private caprice and covetousness. The railroads secured their rights of way by appealing to the law of eminent domain, and they themselves are not above that law. These things are only spectres; they are not real obstacles. Before an aroused public opinion and a determined Government they would disappear like mists, for that is all they are.

Government ownership would achieve many public blessings:

It would eliminate rebates and unfair discriminations.

It would thus remove the foundations from many of the trusts.

It would eliminate the waste of soliciting business.

It would eliminate further waste by consolidation.

It would eliminate still further waste by eliminating private profits, dividends and interest on watered capital.

It would eliminate still further waste by cutting off lobbyists, political heelers, corruption funds, free transportation and a thousand and one kindred items.

It would, therefore, reduce freight and passenger rates.

It would take the railroads out of politics.

It would remove a prolific source of corruption from our public life.

It would do away with railroad strikes.

It would save the lives of passengers and employees by diminishing the number of wrecks.

These and many other advantages would come, just as they have come in other lands that have adopted the system.

Under continued private ownership, what? Well, we know what we have, and there is no immediate prospect of improvement. True, President Roosevelt is trying to pass a rate bill; but how he will get any legislation that means anything through the railroad Senate is a thing the people do not yet see. At present he is attempting to do two things that are diametrically opposed—one is to bring back competition, and the other is to abolish the rebate, which is the very cornerstone of competition.

One good thing the President is doing—he is focussing public attention on the railroad question. In this he is building more wisely than he knows. He undoubtedly means well, and that is much; but that the half-baked Esch-Townsend bill, or any other measure he is likely to get through the Senate, will afford any real relief no well-informed person seriously believes.

If not, what then? Shortly before his death C. P. Huntington, certainly an expert on the subject, predicted that this generation would see the railroads of the nation consolidated into a single system. Already the fulfilment of this prophecy seems near at hand. A few men now control. The Standard Oil group is buying heavily in various railroads, and the public knows what that means—or at least it has a suspicion that it does. But whether Rockefeller or someone else is to head the gigantic railroad trust that is evidently forming, the result will be the same. We shall then have within the nation a power that will either have

to be destroyed, or it will destroy the remnants of free institutions.

Of course, there is the possibility of rigid government control. That is the President's dream. Many other nations have dreamed of the same thing, but after trying it most of them gave it up as a failure and resorted to absolute government ownership. In none of them had the railroad power reached anything like the proportions that it has with us. Under these greater difficulties are we liable to succeed where they failed? Is not government ownership the simpler, the more logical and the easier way out?

It is hard to control a man, while at the same time giving him a club with which to beat out your brains.

The People's Party in its first platform coined a phrase which, though now somewhat hackneyed, was then new:

"It is better for the government to own the railroads than for the railroads to own the government."

Is not one or the other alternative inevitable?

The tide of public opinion is setting very strongly on this question. Ask your acquaintances their opinion on the subject, and you will find that at least half of those who have given the matter any thought will admit the possibility of government ownership. In the debates in Congress last winter conservative men told the railroads that if they did not adopt a more conciliatory attitude, government ownership would be the result.

For fifteen years the writer has said that the railroad question is the most momentous one before the American people.

He is more strongly of that opinion now than ever before.

At last the issue is fairly before the country, and it will never down until it is settled.

Before that settlement is effected the nation may be shaken to its very foundations; but, in the end, public good will triumph over private greed.

In that faith let us go forward to the battle.



M. Cossack Has Been Appointed Russia's  
Peace Envoy in Poland  
*McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune*



Mr. Rockefeller—"Have you any reading  
matter that isn't about me?"  
*McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune*

### AN ARTIST IN BLACK AND WHITE.



Warren, in Boston Herald  
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# A Conjunction of Disappointments

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

WE were a strange household at Currier's. I had become used to the oddities of Si and his employer, and had tried to tolerate the boy Coney, but now, on coming home from my school one night, I found the household augmented by two arrivals, each worthy of minute study.

Some time prior to this Si had been summoned to Sabbatus by his mother. It happened that his younger brother had the measles or the whooping-cough, and he was requested to come home and break out or whoop it up with the sufferer. Si's mother argued that for economic and other reasons it was cheaper for the members of a family to encounter epidemics together, have one thorough spell of sickness, one doctor's bill, and then get well and enjoy life. The good woman's contention was practical, if homely.

"I have ter take care of 'em, an' I'm willin'. Only I want 'em ter favor me this much: when one has ter be sick let th' others come home an' have it out, an' I can do all th' nursin' at one slap, which is better'n havin' it spread out over a whole lifetime," she had said.

And Si, true to his promise to rally around the invading disease, had gone and fought it out just as he would have indulged in the Birkenhead drill, if his mother commanded. But he returned changed somewhat physiologically. While convalescing from the family affliction he had whiled away a dull moment with rummaging through the doctor's medicine-case and had carelessly picked his teeth with a vaccine point. It was some time before he could discard slate and pencil and forego the sign language. His voice was still on crutches when he

arrived at Currier's, and he brought with him an aged uncle, Wellington Cookson, who was supposed to be a "hustler" in farm work, but who, according to Coney, resembled something "hung up in the attic to dry."

The old man's general appearance, coupled with his shrill, piping voice, gave hints of the century mark, and his presence in a room always made me think of spinets and samplers and "Elizabeth, aged nine." He labored under the impression that I was perpetually setting forth for a far country, and he always insisted on wringing my hand with tremulous grasp each time I left the premises.

"Something kind of queer about th' old feller," said Mr. Currier to me. "Si told me he was a buster at doin' chores, but he can't go ter th' woodshed without gittin' lost. He may be a hustler, but he don't seem ter git used ter th' place."

The subject of the conversation confided to me at the first opportunity, his voice sounding very reedy: "I never was cheated in a hoss trade but once, an' that was when I'd jest got religion."

On the day of Si's return Mrs. Currier's mythical liver trouble became an actuality, and Miss Hannah Bascom was engaged to help about the house. To me she was the personification of fortitude. Although continually being disappointed in life, her grim resignation in trials and tribulations was a reproach to weaker spirits. She accepted her hard lot as something pre-arranged by Fate, and would attribute a malicious agency to that evil angel in her oft-repeated summary, "Fooled agin." If debarred from attending the county fair by foul weather or a

sick horse, she would grimly fold her arms, smile bitterly, and view the storm as a personal visitation, while she admitted defeat by declaring, "Fooled agin." It is told in the district that many years before, on her wedding day, when the groom, a shallow-pated neighbor, stole away to Portland in the night, leaving a brief note in which he asked her to "excuse mistakes," she laughed hysterically and informed the waiting minister that she was "Fooled agin." Her strong features and the defiant pose of her head impressed me as the acme of resistance. In my own despondent moments I had only to think of her, who never cried "enough," who always rose superior to each new persecution and buried all heartaches beneath the general epitaph of "Fooled agin," to take fresh courage and discard my petty cares.

I remember the first time I ever saw her. It was at a traveling "show" at the village where the mendicant offered valuable prizes to all patrons. I can see her now, standing beneath the smoking lamp in the narrow hall, nervously tearing open a small envelope. I can see her waving two celluloid collar-buttons high above her head in one calloused hand as with a ghastly laugh she turned to me and muttered, "Fooled agin."

So it was a strange household that gathered around the supper-table that night. In a far-away treble Mr. Cookson told me the one object of his existence was to see a show. He explained how many years ago an Uncle Tom's Cabin company visited Sab-batus and hired the Grange Hall. He dressed in his best on that occasion, he continued, and with a young lady whom he hoped some day to wed set out to enjoy the treat. "An' danged 'f I didn't git inter a Good Templars' hall by mistake, where they was havin' a revival meetin'. I got religion inside o' fifteen minutes, an' I've never see'd a show yet."

"And the young lady, Mr. Cookson?" I reminded.

"Wal, she didn't git religion an' I

lost her. She married another feller, one that played a fiddle at dances," he wheezed.

Miss Bascom nodded her iron head approvingly. She could sympathize with him. "You was fooled, wa'n't you?" she smiled.

"An' not fer th' last time," declared the old man. "I s'pose I've planned on enjoyin' more rinktums than any man in Oxford or Androscoggin counties, an' I've never got by th' ticket-seller yet."

An inspiration came to me. I had noticed handbills in the village announcing that Eliza would cross the Ohio at eight o'clock sharp on the next night. "An Uncle Tom's Cabin company gives a performance tomorrow evening over at the village," I said, "and I shall be pleased to take all of you who will go."

It was not an exclusive news item, as Bige Pratt had already asked Miss Mehitable to go, and she was supremely happy over the fact.

Si's eyes glistened at my offer, however. "I knowed it was ter be here, but we agreed ter say nawthin', as it would only rasp Uncle Wellington's feelin's. D'ye mean, Teacher, that ye'll pay fer th' tickets?"

"A show, Silas?" gasped the old man, his trembling hand rattling a tattoo on his plate with a knife. "A Uncle Tom's Cabin company? Can we go? D'ye s'pose it's th' same one I almost see'd?"

"Shouldn't wonder 'f it was, Uncle," cried Si. "An' still ye say ye expected ter pass out without seein' it! An', say, it's goin' ter be a danged good show. They have four dogs an' as much as twenty fellers in th' band. An' ye'll pay fer all th' tickets?"

"I'll pay fer mine," interrupted Miss Bascom sternly. "Hannah Bascom pays her own way, an' when she's fooled, why, no one else shares her misfortune." It was like her; never asking odds, but always insistent on fighting unaided her duels with Fate.

Mrs. Currier looked glum, as her indisposition would preclude her going. But the mother in her came to the

rescue when she noted Coney's eager eyes, and she told her husband to take the boy and she would remain at home alone. I appreciated her self-denial, as, next to a funeral, she enjoyed "shows."

Mr. Currier was doubtful. He was partial to open air entertainments, given by strolling gentlemen with patent medicine to sell, but twenty-five cents per ticket appealed to him as bordering on extravagance. "A feller told me we could see th' dogs in front of th' post-office before th' show commences, an' we sartainly can hear th' music from th' drug store. Seems as'f with all that fer nawthin' it's foolish ter buy tickets," he declared.

Finally it was arranged that Coney should go in on my tickets, being my scholar, and even Miss Bascom forgot in a measure her other disappointment with the stage and agreed to make one of the party. All the next day old Mr. Cookson followed Si about, beseeching him to describe the posters.

"How many dogs, Si?" he would pipe. "Tell it agin. It's so long ago I've kind o' fergot. S'pose it's th' same show I almost see'd once? Mebbe 'tis. Wal, I little thought, so many years ago when I got religion an' was cheated out o' my treat, that th' day would come when I'd see it fer sure. Ye see, religion keeps a man from seein' lots o' shows, but this one is so highly moral a minister could go an' improve himself."

At school Coney had gained in caste, I discovered, because of his proclamation that the teacher was to pay for his ticket. This savored so rankly of favoritism that I emptied my pockets of loose silver in providing various urchins with the necessary price. I hugely enjoyed doing this when I observed how keenly Coney disliked it. He endeavored to recoup by affecting a chummy air with me throughout the day, even to foregoing at recess his amiable pastime of cheating other little boys out of marbles and knives through the medium of a "swap." He showed his schoolmates quite plainly that he was above them by loafing about my desk in an attempt to lure

me into conversation in regard to the drama.

"Don't suppose you ever see it, Teacher?" he inquired in his father's voice.

"Fourteen times," I replied pleasantly. "And do you take your seat and con the verb 'to see' and be able to tell me all about it before you go home tonight."

Restore Johnson was so overcome at this that he ran to the woodshed and indulged in unholy mirth, aided and abetted by the tribes of Johnson *et al.*

At last we were packed away in two farm wagons and off for the village. We started early, for Si, after buying the tickets that morning, had brought back word that there was to be an open air concert by the band, and he wished, he explained, "Ter git his money's worth."

Coney rode with his father and Miss Bascom, hugging his knees in a delirium of joy. His contentment abated only when we passed others of my scholars trudging happily to town, jingling my silver in their pockets. Miss Bascom sat bolt upright, very stern, with much the air of a sentinel, as if expecting Fate to pop suddenly from the bushes and assail her. Mr. Cookson in my wagon begged Si to drive slowly, for fear we should meet with an accident, until we came to a little cross-roads church, when he clucked nervously to the horse.

A shell of snow whitened the top of Mount Washington, and the trees, bereft of their leaves, saluted us with melancholy branches as we bowled along through the gathering dusk in the face of a keen west wind. My companions were consumed with a fire within, and heeded not the chill breeze. Si was afraid the kitchen clock was slow and that we should be late. But this suggestion threw his uncle into such a paroxysm that Si recalled his words and swore we had ample time. Yet he whipped up the farm horse sharply as we surmounted the last hill and looked down on the lights of the town-hall below.

Once arrived and the horse added to the long string beneath the sheds back of the Methodist church we all sauntered over to the hall. I say "sauntered," but I restrained Si and his uncle from performing a double quick only by main force. We met and chatted with School Agent Whitten, who said he was glad to see me in attendance on a moral show, and expressed the belief that it would teach me "ter be kind ter my pupils."

"Wal, 'f here ain't Miss Bascom," cried Si, shaking that lady's hand as if he had not seen her for years.

"I've ben feelin' as if something was about ter crop up an' stop me from goin' in," and she pointed to the hall suspiciously. "I've ben fooled so many times that I dunno but I'd better go back home before th' music starts. I dunno but what it would be wiser," she said.

"Wal, look at me," piped up Mr. Cookson. "I've ben fooled fer years about this identical show, but here I be, all hunkeydorey, an' I guess we both can take it as a good sign. I yum! Silas, jest look at them dogs!"

A small group of musicians, playing a tin-panny air, now came forth preceded by an unhealthy-looking boy leading two hungry-looking dogs. He whipped the poor, half-starved brutes until they whined; whereat the crowd fell back and Si cried: "I snum! but they're ugly-lookin' devils!"

"Silas, they're th' same dogs, th' same dogs!" cried Mr. Cookson excitedly.

"By Judas, Uncle! But this show's goin' to be a buster," continued Si, his light eyes winking in astonishment at the way in which the cornet player desisted from tooting at the most critical moments.

My host and Coney now passed us, the father fully as eager to be near the band as any youngster. Miss Bascom had halted when the musicians appeared, and now she was lost. The first eccentric strains turned her steps, and now she stood close to the bass drum, forgetting Fate and seemingly very happy.

Nearby was a fakir with a "striking-machine," such as is in evidence at every county fair in Maine. By swinging a heavy maul down on a wedge of thick wood a dial was forced to indicate the power of the blow. By a judicious pressure of the foot on a treadle the fakir could at will render his patrons weaklings or Samsons. This tends to keep the crowd interested; for when the village strong man registers less than a callow youth both are thereby incited to try again, one to repeat his victory, the other to regain his lost reputation. After the band had finished its first spasm the fakir extorted patronage. I never could quite understand why men who pass their lives in heavy labor should be the first, when seeking recreation, to spend their scant money on striking-machines. But it is so, and I was not a bit surprised to behold Sim Toole, one of the hardest working men in the district, abandon his coat and vest and pick up the maul.

"Sim'll send it higher'n Sam Hill," remarked Si complacently.

The fakir looked interested and shifted his position so he could press the treadle. And Sim, although swinging the maul in a manner worthy of Vulcan, budged the dial only a notch or so.

"Guess ye're gittin' weak, Sim," shouted someone.

"Lemme try her again," growled Sim. "My foot slipped an' I didn't hit it fair."

The second essay bettered the first by one notch. This enraged the operator to such a degree that he cast economy to the winds and, forgetting that each blow cost him five cents, belabored the wedge unmercifully until he owed the owner half a dollar. His disgust at his non-success and the price thereof was perfect. He put on his coat and vest and stood back sullenly.

"Sim Toole ain't so very husky after all," declared Si contemptuously.

"I was spryer'n that when I was a younker," commented Mr. Cookson.

"By Judas! I'm goin' ter try that

five cents' worth," cried Si, stripping off his coat before I could stop him.

"Hit her up, Si," cheered the crowd, ever ready to change its allegiance.

"Bet he'll beat Sim," suggested someone.

The band was forgotten as the circle widened to allow free play for the maul. Si spat on his hands, tested his position with his heavy boots, and then, deciding his posture to be favorable, he let drive. It was not such a sturdy blow as Sim gave, but the fakir, catching the sentiment of the crowd, removed his foot and Si made a wonderful record.

"Try it again," invited the man.

"Naw; I guess I'll let some of these strong men beat that first," declared Si grandly as he slipped on his coat.

This was too much for Mr. Toole, who now jumped into the ring without discarding his outer garment, and before anyone realized what he was about and before the fakir could reach the treadle he struck one blow. It wrecked the machine and sent the head of the maul high above the heads of the spectators.

"Jerusalem!" howled one.

"There's th' last nickel I have with me an' I've got ter cut out th' show," remarked Sim as he tossed a coin to the discomfited fakir. "But I guess there won't be no more records made on that riggin' until a carpenter has fussed with it a bit."

A groan caused me to turn about. There, on the ground, nursing one foot, sat Si's uncle.

"Mr. Cookson is injured, Si," I cried. "Mr. Cookson, what is the matter?"

"Something fell on my foot," he gasped. It was the head of the maul. Unnoticed by anyone it had fallen on the old man's instep, laming him painfully.

Si and I carried him to one side, accompanied and aided by the compassionate neighbors. Once in the drug-store we stripped off the boot and found the foot was badly swollen. When we tried to replace the boot we were defeated.

"Si, get the team," I commanded.

"What for?" he gasped, not yet realizing our predicament.

"We must get your uncle home," I explained.

"An' we can't see th' show?" groaned Mr. Cookson.

"Not tonight," I replied sadly. "We must see a doctor."

And we wrapped a blanket about his foot and placed him in the wagon and drove to the home of the village physician. There the injured member was properly bandaged, and with a goodly stock of arnica we started for home. Our progress was slow, but when we reached the No. 6 road we nearly blundered into a woman going in the same direction. I asked her to get in and ride.

"I'm goin' your way, right enough, but it's only three miles an' I'll walk it," replied Miss Bascom's voice.

I jumped out and told Si to drive on slowly ahead. "You're not at the show?" I asked, much puzzled.

I knew a grim smile greeted this query, although I could not see her face. "No, Teacher," she replied tersely. "I was fooled. Drat that man! But I'm used ter it."

I asked her to explain, saying that if she would not ride I would walk with her and lend her my arm.

"Thank ye kindly, Teacher. But I can git along alone without no help. If ye should try ter help me ye'd probably fall down an' break yer leg. I'll be much obleegee fer yer company, though. I was disapp'inted back there. I'll tell ye, but ye must promise never ter repeat it."

I readily promised. Then she said: "Years ago when I was a gal I was foolish an' soft enough ter fall in love with a young man who lived on th' place next ter our'n. We was ter be married, an' as th' farms j'ined it was considered a good match fer both of us. He was a only child; so was I. But on our weddin' day, with th' victuals all cooked an' th' company all there an' th' minister waitin', he deserted me. I felt it, of course, but Lawd, I never felt hard or bitter agin him! He couldn't help it. It was in

his nater. I knew I was ter blame fer fallin' in love with a man who hadn't any chin. Gimme a man, good or bad, that's got a good, strong chin, an' I'll have hopes fer him. But I was fooled in takin' up with a weak chin. There, Teacher, I'm old enough ter be yer mother an' never expected ter tell ye this. But I know ye won't tell."

"I'll never repeat it," I promised gravely. "But that was a long time ago. What had it to do with tonight?"

"Yes, it was a long time ago," she said slowly. "It was over in Otisville. But do ye know when I went inter th' hall ter buy my ticket an' looked through th' little winder I saw th' same weak chin, only weaker an' older, that deserted me on what was ter have ben my weddin' day. He

didn't know me, but Lawd, I knew him an' that chin in a minute! An', grabbin' up my twenty-five cents, I quit th' buildin'. Now, that's all there is to it, an' I shall never mention it agin, an' I don't want no pity. So don't say nawthin' ter nobody."

Then she relented and accepted my arm, and we toiled up the hill behind the creaking wagon together. From the top of the rise we could see the lights of the village and catch strains of the band, probably playing the curtain raiser. I no longer regretted the three vacant seats in the front row; I had no thought for Si and his wounded, disappointed uncle. I could only see a woman's strong-cut face peering in through a little window at a ticket-seller with a weak chin.

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## *Monarchy Within the Republic*

JOHN MARSHALL'S DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED POWERS—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

BY FONTAINE T. FOX

### SECOND PAPER

THE highest right which any being can have or claim in this life is the right to himself and to the labor of his mind and body. It was the daily discussion and ceaseless friction of this fundamental principle which destroyed negro slavery in the Southern States. It is this same principle which is beginning to assert itself in the politics of this country, and is destined to tear off the shackles and fetters that have been put upon the industrial liberties of the American people by and through the commercial operation and effects of certain opinions delivered by the Federal Supreme Court.

It is difficult of belief that this court should have intentionally pronounced judgments with these ends

in view, and yet it is equally incredible that these judges did not understand their own opinions and the effects they would inevitably produce. The trusts, monopolies, commercial combinations, corporation power and financial syndicates which vex this people with heavy and wicked oppressions are due to these decisions, and notably above all others, to the Dartmouth College case.

What was the principle in this celebrated case from which all these wrongs have come? The Federal Constitution prohibits the states from passing any law impairing the obligation of a contract. When the charter of Dartmouth College was amended by the legislature of New Hampshire the amendatory act was pronounced unconstitutional for the reason that the charter was a contract, and the act

impaired its obligation, and consequently the State of New Hampshire by or through its legislative sovereignty could not pass any law relative to this charter subsequent to its original grant of corporate powers—a *fortiori*, all charters were contracts protected by the Federal Constitution and beyond all control or touch of the state legislatures after the original grant. *Such a principle was absolutely unknown to the annals of human jurisprudence before this decision that a legislature could pass a general law affecting the entire political community in all its various relations and repeal it; but if the same legislature granted a charter of incorporation to ten men of that community for any purpose—that law, ipso facto, passed beyond legislative reach even by the very legislature passing the act, or by any subsequent legislature assembled to pass laws for the government of that very community of which these ten men were citizens.*

The dullest mind can carry the argument on this principle to its logical conclusion. It made the railroad corporations of this country an *imperium in imperio*, and so they continued to this day, although exception after exception has been tacked to the original principle to protect the people from oppressive aggressions and to save, in some measure, their industrial liberty from final destruction. It enabled the railroad corporations of different states to form by lease or contract a continuous line, running through different states, which brushed away from their engines all state limits and state sovereignty, as the leaves of the forest are tossed about by autumnal winds. These combinations produced what are familiarly known as the "long haul," which, beginning with the lines of the various roads at the circumference of this country, ended at New York City, which, by these means, became and is today the money centre of this country, and the power connected with her financial position she wields with a ruthless disregard of all interests but her own. By these means wealth has been poured into

her coffers until they are overflowing, rolling mass on mass, piling Pelion on Ossa until she can count today her millionaires by the thousands and tens of thousands.

Merchants and bankers, seeing the operation of the railroad combinations, imitated them by the formation of trusts in trade, doing business in different states; and bond syndicates in financial matters, and, the money thus collected together, used the power naturally inherent in large wealth or in an immense capital to crush all competition in their various lines of trade, and where they could not, from some unforeseen cause, be crushed to death, they were either bought up or destroyed by corruption through the use of money. And as some legislation was necessary from time to time to aid their future development or to validate their past acts, the legislatures of the different states were controlled by means appropriate to the end. But, whenever the corruption was applied throughout the length and breadth of the land, the City of New York ultimately was the recipient of these ill-gotten gains.

What is the effect produced by the results of this decision upon this country socially, politically and commercially? Look at the social condition of our country, which is the true index of what the laws are yet to be, by which that condition is to be made stable and permanent and of the form of government necessary to that stability and permanence. Turn your eye to the East and North, where accumulated capital controls the politics and commerce of the country and is trying to shape also its destinies and that of its citizens, and what do you see? The daughters of millionaires, encouraged by their mothers, seeking their marital alliances, not with well-born and well-educated Americans, but with the nobility of England and with the ducal houses of the continent. Are American gentlemen unfit to wed these women? What does all this mean and what does it portend? What, but that these alli-

ances spring from imperial aspirations which are beginning to take firm root in the minds of these people, who, believing in their money and its power, hope yet to handle the sword, which here, as elsewhere and everywhere, always finds, sooner or later, its true companionship with the firmest support from money; because imperial aspirations, from their very nature and from the logical demand of their needs, will not rest until they bear imperial rule. Tocqueville, in his "Democracy in America," says (page 172, Vol. II): "I am of the opinion, upon the whole, that the manufacturing aristocracy which is growing up under our eyes is one of the harshest which ever existed in the world, but at the same time it is one of the most confined and least dangerous. Nevertheless, the friends of democracy should keep their eyes anxiously fixed in this direction, for, if ever a permanent inequality of conditions and aristocracy again penetrate into the world, it may be predicted that this is the channel by which they will enter."

Has that inequality of condition and aristocracy come to the East and North, or is it only approaching? Has it not come to the city of New York? Has not the American metropolis returned to her first love, the love of her early youth, when a few men, claiming to be of noble lineage, lived in her community and gave tone to her society? The city of New York was a Tory during the War of the Revolution and the city of New York is a Tory today. John Randolph, of Roanoke, in a speech to the House of Representatives at Washington upon a question not entirely irrelative to this subject, uttered this pointed and biting sarcasm: "In my short and not uneventful career I have seen many strange things. I have seen a black swan, but I have never yet seen that *rara avis in terris*, an Irish Tory." The city of New York is John Randolph's Irish Tory.

The political and commercial effects are more dangerous, more striking and more powerful. The American free-man who can contemplate them with-

out passionate indignation possesses a nature so stolid and stony that no evil condition of affairs not exclusively personal would disturb him if their injuries were shared by the entire community alike and equally with himself. The sumptuous depravity and sagacious corruption which mark the entry of the American millionaire, merchant, manufacturer or railroad magnate upon a public career as a politician give a splendor to the vices of practical politics that proves the decay of patriotic virtue and compels honest men to feel that "the private station is indeed the post of honor."

All these combinations in trade and of railroad corporations as well as in politics have resulted in the practical operation of the "one man power," which has in this country been most accurately described and correctly defined as "bossism," a slang word, but one so expressive of its own meaning and appropriate uses as to be worthy of some linguistic respectability, if not of admission into an orthodox dictionary. By means of these combinations in trade of corporations chartered by different states, known as trusts, competition has been destroyed in many departments of manufactures, and through them the rich have become richer, and, commanding the entire situation in their business, skilled labor has been compelled to obey their dictation or quit work, and thus the poor have become poorer. The railroad corporations, running their continuous lines from centre to circumference and all round the circuit of this great republic, have undertaken to regulate the politics of the different states through legislation enacted by diplomatic lobbyists who knew their men as well as their trade, have attempted to build up and pull down the trade of certain merchants in different cities according to the policy of what they considered their interests, and have sought to fill the judiciary with men not hostile to their legal affairs in court. Legislation by the states has tried to control or destroy the trusts in trade, and Congress was



compelled to pass an act creating the Interstate Commerce Commission to save the people from their oppressive exactions. The railroad corporations, trusts and monopolies are bound together in a common cause and for a common purpose, and to attack one was treated simply as a warning to and a threat against the others. The common purpose is the entire irresponsible control of the politics, commerce, labor and money of this whole people.

All this is gradually causing the people of this country to turn their thoughts to the vigorous action, prompt and skilful management, economical government, beneficial control and practical usefulness of "the one-man power" in politics and commerce—the two interests within the limits of which the entire life of this people is bounded and beyond which, as long as this Government remains in form and substance what it is today, that life will never and cannot pass; that arises from the general equality of social conditions in this country and our democratic institutions. But how long will it so remain? Have not the seeds of a monarchy or a strong, centralized, consolidated government already been sown in the minds, lives and government of this people? In a word, will not the operation of these causes produce a radical change in their theory of government policy, and if so, how long will it be before the new theory is put or attempted to be put into practice? When did money and political power, once combined under the conviction that their interests were identical, stop short of imperial rules? Have we not reached the social and political condition which Guizot described in these words: "In modern ages some men of intellect have attempted to re-establish feudalism as a social system"? Is it believed or should it be asserted that the Judges of this high court—the last resort, the final arbiter of the lives, property and liberties of this people under their dual form of government—deliberately planned a change of gov-

ernment through their opinions, leaving it the same in outward appearance as established by its makers?

The opinion in the Dartmouth College case was handed down in February, 1819. I quote from Joseph Story, then one of the Justices of this court. Date of letter, February 22, 1815.

To Williams:

Let us extend the national authority over the whole extent of power given by the Constitution; let us have great military and naval schools, an adequate regular army, the broad foundations laid of a permanent navy, a national bank, a national system, a great navigation act, a general survey of our ports and appointments of port wardens and pilots, judicial courts which shall embrace the whole constitutional powers, national notaries, public and national justices of the peace for the commercial and national concerns of the United States. By such enlarged and liberal institutions the Government of the United States will be endeared to the people and the factions of the great states will be rendered harmless.

In a letter, December 13, 1815, to Wheaton:

I hope you will follow up the blow by vindicating the necessity of establishing other great national institutions, the extension of the jurisdiction of the courts of the United States over the whole extent contemplated by the Constitution, the appointment of national notaries, public and national justices of the peace, national port wardens and pilots for all the ports of the United States, a national bank and national bankrupt laws. I have meditated much on these subjects and have the details in a considerable degree arranged in my mind. And once for all I must sincerely hope that a national newspaper may be established at Washington, which, for its talents and taste, shall entitle itself to the respect of the nation and preserve the dignity of the Government.

"The earth and the fulness thereof" for the Federal Government. What would be left of the states? What, in time, would the daily exercises of these functions have done to this people?

In a word, these Judges—then all Federalists except Gabriel Duvall, who dissented in this case, but did not write an opinion—had four years previously formulated in their own minds the rules of constitutional construc-

tion by which they intended to give the Federal Government an imperial swing; and they have done it. John Marshall, who was its ruling spirit, inspired, originated and fixed that direction in their opinions. Considered from the standpoint of mind alone, I do not believe the American people have produced a man his equal in intellect. I do not speak of his moral nature—that is not here in discussion. My patriotism and its pride command silence and I obey. He is our Saul among the Judges who use English as their native tongue. England, old England, grander and greater than ever before in all her glorious past—greater and more youthful in her old age than other nations in their earliest manhood—can match him with one and only one, and that one is Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans.

I have been discussing the judicial course of this court from the standpoint of the Federal Constitution. What has been its judicial course as to state constitutions?

Upon this division of our subject it will be necessary to refer to one case only, which is so simple in its nature that a child can see or understand the error of the judicial opinion rendered in it.

In each of the four constitutions made by the people of the commonwealth of Kentucky can be found this clause in the Bill of Rights: "That all men, when they form a social compact, are equal, and that no man or set of men is entitled to *exclusive separate public emoluments* or *privileges* from the community but in consideration of public services." It was taken *in haec verba* from the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of Virginia, of which Kentucky was originally a county.

George Mason is the author of the Bill of Rights in the Virginia Constitution. Under the colonial government the commerce or trade of Virginia was fettered in almost every department by licenses, or patents, or excessive privileges (monopolies) granted by the British Crown to individuals or trading

companies. And it was to unfetter the industrial liberties of his people that George Mason put this great clause in their Bill of Rights; and, properly and fearlessly applied to the commercial liberty of this country, it will destroy trusts, monopolies and excessive privileges by the practical operation of which the money and the money power and the politics of this country are gradually but surely being gathered into the firm grasp of the few to the oppression of the many.

In the year 1869 the General Assembly of Kentucky granted to the Louisville Gas Company the exclusive privilege under the charter to make and sell gas to the city of Louisville and its inhabitants. Its charter, with the same privilege, has been twice re-enacted. In 1871 a charter was granted to the Citizens' Gaslight Company to make and sell gas to the city of Louisville. A suit was filed to test the validity or legal right of the latter company to organize and operate its charter. It was finally appealed to the Federal Supreme Court, by which it was decided that a charter—this charter in direct violation of the Bill of Rights of Kentucky—was a contract under the Federal Constitution and protected by it, and that the charter of the latter company impaired the obligation of the contract, and was therefore illegal and void—and thus by a scratch of the judicial pen was the greatest and most important clause in George Mason's Bill of Rights swept out of existence, and a city of 185,000 inhabitants left to the avaricious greed of a soulless corporation whose exactions and oppressions have been at times so heavy that the people have looked for a leader to form a mob of relief.

The opinion shows no analysis of this clause, no reference to the facts of history from the womb of which it came forth, and no construction of the meaning of the pivotal words "from the community" and "in consideration of public services." Could "the community" of the city of Louisville have granted this charter to itself? If not, was not "the community" the entire

state and basis of the charter "in consideration of public services" to be rendered to the state or its citizens? What public service in making and selling its own gas to the city of Louisville and its inhabitants was rendered by this gas company different in their legal, political or commercial nature from the public service rendered to the same community "by the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker"? Absolutely none. Meat and bread and light of some sort are each and all absolutely necessary to the human race living in the rural districts or in the city, and to grant an exclusive privilege to furnish light carries with it the right to grant the same privilege for bread and meat, or both. By this decision the oppressive exactions of this company and the high price of its gas have been protected, and the improvements in making gas by more scientific and cheaper methods have not benefited this city or its people, but have enabled this corporation to sell its gas at its old rate, while its manufacture has cost her less and less. Why did not the great Judge (and he is a great Judge) deciding this case look at the facts of Virginia history for the origin of this clause, for its reason and for the wrongs it was intended to correct, destroying them in the future? If he had, would he have handed down the opinion he did? It is simply impossible of belief.

The deduction is logical from this argument and the facts upon which it rests, that this Government formed by the American people to protect their natural rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness has been captured by a judicial commercialism by which her industrial liberty has been fettered to such an extent and so firmly in the Titanic grasp of trusts, monopolies, exclusive privileges and railroad corporations that nothing short of a revolution can give them that liberty for which they suffered so much in the War of the Revolution—a war that was a revolt from the commercial oppressions of Mother England.

It is indeed a remarkable fact in the

life of George Mason, who was a member of the convention that formed the Federal Constitution, that he refused to sign and never did sign that Constitution. Was that refusal prophetic of this lawsuit, through which the most important product of his great intellect was blotted out of existence by means of that very Constitution which he refused to sign?

The seeds of another revolution have been planted in our political soil; they grow apace; some have already blossomed and their fruit bears a bitter taste. The most thoughtful men realize that the American system is passing through a period of transition, and where it will end and in what—the most serious of her citizens are almost afraid to contemplate. Unless the human nature of this people is different from the human nature of all other people it will inevitably end in revolution. That revolution will not necessarily affect, much the less destroy, the state governments. They will stand erect and firm in the crash and wreck of the Federal superstructure. The states of this Union are the ancient homesteads of the American people, and they must at last rise in their defense. They are the only enduring hope of this people, an anchor sure and steadfast in the storm of passion, so long and so patiently pent up that it will burst upon the Federal judiciary to which, as from effect to cause, all the evils and oppressions of this people will be traced—rightfully or wrongfully the impartial historian must decide.

The English Government is based on the theory that man is entitled to liberty, but that that liberty should be controlled in its use and the exercise of its rights by physical force, and therefore it takes the form of a constitutional monarchy. The American system of government is based on the theory that man is not only entitled to liberty, but also that all government rests on and originates in the consent of the governed, and therefore it is purely a mental and moral government, to be controlled and regulated by the

reason and the conscience. It is, therefore, for every consideration, present and future, necessary that the actions of its officials and the opinions of its judges should be brought to the bar of reason and freely and fearlessly criticized from the standpoint of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the organic law of the land to the people in their state and Federal relations. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" under the American system of dual governments, state and Federal.

Looking through one layer of public opinion to or at another in order to get the truth, it is rapidly becoming evident that many serious, thoughtful men are considering two very important questions: First, whether or not the English system, under which liberty is protected and guaranteed while the different departments of the government in their orderly arrangement are kept confined in their appropriate spheres of action, has not found and stableized itself upon the true mean; and, second, whether or not the American system has not trusted too much to the reason and conscience of its citizens, who, through the very theory

of the government as resting on these two pivots or principles, have lost all conception of the citizen being a subject, while that feeling or recognition of the citizen is never separated from the admission of his being a subject in England. In America *all are citizens and none are subjects; in England all are both subjects and citizens.* The line of demarcation or distinction between the two is the point of departure for the American mind. The fact, embodied in this distinction here drawn, is the true reason for the long and apparent indifference and patience of the American people under the wrong acts of their officials and the usurpations through judicial decisions. They think that, being citizens and not subjects, they can at any time correct all evils of every sort when they become too oppressive to be longer borne; false in theory and false in practice. The all-seeing eye of the English Government notes the first change or advance toward a wrong that may be crystalized into a right justifying a future usurpation, and stops it before it becomes or can be treated as a precedent; right in theory and right in practice.

(To be continued.)

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### *The Mill of Wealth*

THE upper stone is the Wrath of God,  
 The lower's the lust of man;  
 And the grain that they grind  
 Is the poor of our kind  
 And the grist is the thief and the clod.

ELLIOT BALESTIER.

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### *Necessary Training*

FIRST STUDENT—What are you studying law for if you don't intend to practice?

SECOND STUDENT—Oh, I'm going in for politics, and I wish to know the weak points of the law.

# The Negligible Quantity

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

THE directors' meeting was over. Larrabee shoved back his chair with the briskness of a man to whom time is money and money god, His fellow-directors leaned back comfortably in theirs, which marked the social line between them. Lingered for perhaps twenty minutes, they had the appearance of settling down to indefinite idleness; the contractor, staying as long, was like an alert hawk with wings half spread for flight.

"Today's *Record* prints an ugly story about the wreck on the K., L. & Q."

Atwood said it to President Gordon, the veteran director, and Gordon raised questioning brows as he lighted a fresh cigar. Atwood explained:

"It seems that when the bridge was inspected, two weeks ago, the flexion test showed that it was weakening, but they were badly rushed and decided that it would hold for another month. In two weeks the Knight Templar special went through. It sounds bad."

"It sounds criminal," said the president sententiously. "'The way they kill people in America!' is getting to be a byword, and it is not a pretty one for an American to hear. We are so busy getting ahead of someone else that we bid fair to outstrip the amiable weakness of regarding the other man's safety."

"Never while he holds us liable in cash," murmured Wilmot from the other side of Larrabee. He was a brevet official in a street railway corporation whose dividends had been appreciably diminished by heavy damage suits.

Larrabee listened, his sharp little brown eyes whisking from one to another. Like most men whose education has been of their own picking up,

he was avidly curious of current affairs, and his opinions on them were yea and nay. He broke in now bluntly:

"I know blamed well I'd bring action if I were in a smash like that. When a man buys a railroad ticket he buys a reasonable protection to the end of his journey, and he's entitled to his money's worth."

"Very true, Mr. Larrabee." It was President Gordon's earnest voice. "Every producer, broadly speaking, bears a certain responsibility toward the consumer, but it is the tendency of the day to forget that. It reminds me of a talk I had with an enthusiastic friend the other day. He contended that nowhere is safety held so lightly, against dollars and cents, as in our own country. Gain, he said, is the prerequisite; human life the negligible quantity. He cited the adulteration of food and medicines, either actively poisoning them or robbing them of their nourishing and curative values, and he reminded me of the diphtheria epidemic last year, when so many children in the public schools sickened and died, until it was found that the antitoxin was adulterated. He said that it is cheaper to put more arsenic in dyes than the law specifies as safe, and that in consequence clothing and wall-papers exhale their own share of poison. But it saves a few cents on the yard or piece. He went into details about some of the more noticeable and sickening disasters of recent years, and said that all the attendant casualties resolved themselves into one primary cause—the ultimate profit."

"He may be right to a certain extent." Wilmot leaned forward and punctuated each point with two upraised fingers. "I don't deny his

facts, but his deductions are too sweeping. These things adjust themselves. It is not a clear-sighted business policy for producer or carrier to go beyond a certain mark, and to that extent he is bound to give protection. Sometimes he overreaches himself, but it carries its own cure. Waiving the ethics of the matter, you know that no responsible business man goes into a scheme which he knows is going to kill people. He understands the reaction."

"Which was just my friend's point." The president smiled genially as he arose. "No business scheme actually contemplates the taking of human life; it simply overlooks it entirely. It doesn't enter, so to speak, into the specifications. Well, gentlemen, my sermon is finished. I am now going to risk my personal safety on one of Wilmot's cars, and if I lose a leg or two, I shall prove this argument in court."

Larrabee left them—he was always the first out—and as the president turned to follow, Wilmot looked over at him with twinkling eyes.

"Have you seen this afternoon's *Times*?"

"No. What's in it?"

"Well, I didn't think you had, when you began your exposition on negligible quantities. You know Larrabee is in the City Hall Ring, and the *Times* lines up with the opposition. It comes out with a column article about the new scraper he is putting up for Morrison on Forty-second, next to the Berwick, and it more than hints that he has inched on the specifications until it doesn't come up to legal requirements for safety. Then it raps the Berwick and calls it 'a rotted eight-story firetrap.' The Berwick belongs to Larrabee, you know."

"No, I did not know." The old director frowned a little.

"I thought the Berwick was a pretty decent hotel," Atwood ventured curiously.

"Oh, it looks all right, and it commands good prices; but I guess it was pretty old when Larrabee bought it, dirt cheap, about ten years ago. He has painted and frescoed and gilded

and upholstered it until it's quite showy; but I shouldn't care to live there myself. It's too bad about Morrison's building."

"Hasn't the city a building inspector to look after these things?"

"Oh, Rankin!" Wilmot laughed a little. "Larrabee got him his appointment," he volunteered. "However, it's no business of mine."

Larrabee had not seen the afternoon's *Times*, but he bought one as he went out into the chilly dusk. He always bought the opposition papers; they kept him posted on what his enemies were up to.

It was late, but he would go down to his dingy little office before going home. He squeezed on the rear platform of a cross-town car, braced his legs for corners with the ease of long habit and took out his paper. He was enjoying himself now. In the directors' room of the Cornhill Bank he felt smothered; but here he was elbowing his own kind.

Two or three columns he skimmed over quickly in the dimming light; then his jaw settled into hardness, his bright little eyes narrowed into two sharply peering slits. The fighter in Larrabee was coming out. Presently he dropped off the car as it slowed down, and went into a shabby office building.

Five stories up was the office of "John P. Larrabee, Contractor and Builder." As Larrabee entered it his clerk, just ready to leave, hesitated expectantly, but the contractor shook his head.

"No, I don't want you."

He sat down by his desk, waited until the clerk had gone and pulled the telephone toward him. When he got his number he gave a little internal grunt of satisfaction. Building Inspector Rankin was in.

"Hello! That you, Rankin? This is Larrabee. Seen the *Times*? . . . Say, I want to talk to you tonight. Better come up to my house. Don't talk until you see me. . . . Good-bye."

A grim little smile twitched at his

mouth as he hung up. His skies were clearing. This was action, and action was meat and strong drink to him. He stayed at his desk nearly an hour longer, deep in a wilderness of figures.

He ate alone that night. His boy Frank was home from college for the Easter holiday, but he was out somewhere for supper—no, dinner. Plain supper had always been good enough for Larrabee, but the boy's friends seemed to do things differently. Down somewhere in his tough little knotted muscle of a heart Larrabee nursed a queer vanity over the "swellness" of his boy's college friends. Frank should have the things in life which he himself had been denied. His wife had died some years before, but he still kept his house, with all its speaking ugliness of misspent wealth, for the boy's sake. It was for the same ultimate end, unformulated but insistent, that he had taken an expensive pew in an expensive church and sat stolidly through the service each Sunday morning, and for the same reason he lingered after the directors' meetings in the Cornhill Bank, listening to conversation which he did not always understand. In some obscure way these things seemed to be a title of respectability to hand on to the boy.

Larrabee was no fool. He knew where he stood—that with all his money and strength he could never get beyond a certain plane. He knew that while men like Atwood and Gordon would meet him genially on a business level, they would as soon think of inviting an East River tugboat to sit at their tables. For himself he could snap his fingers at it; but they should not despise his son. Frank should be all that he was and all that he could not hope to be, and thus far the boy had justified this ambition.

When Rankin came Larrabee carried him off to what he always called the "sittin'-room," and shut the door. For ten minutes the strong murmur of his voice rose and fell.

"Now," finished Larrabee, "I want you to go over the Berwick and the new building. Make a regular official

inspection, and report. Pay special attention to the new building. That's the way to shut those fellows up. As soon as you're through I'll go to the *Times* people and cram it down their throats."

The Building Inspector cleared his own throat and hesitated. He had been in politics long enough to know what he owed his backers.

"I took a run up there after I got your 'phone, but it was so dark I couldn't see much. Maybe a little bracing here and there might show up well. They've been blasting a couple of squares down, and that might have weakened it. If Morrison should get nervous——"

"Fiddlesticks!" The contractor snapped it out contemptuously. "I'll be responsible to Morrison. Now see here, Rankin, I'm not running any risks of losing money on buildings that I put up. If that place isn't safe I'll go to work and *make* it safe. That's business, and you're the man to put me wise about it. But I say it is safe. I've been all over the plans again tonight. Guess you've heard somebody talk."

He narrowed his sharp eyes at Rankin, not ill-naturedly. The Inspector knew as well as he that Larrabee had "inched" on the specifications in quantity and quality as far as he had dared, and justified himself in it. That, as he would have said, was business. Rankin also knew that what Larrabee said was true—that he was not the man to lose money by going too far if he knew it.

"I questioned the foreman a bit," he admitted, "and he said the masons have been grumbling lately. They have a notion that she's going to lean before the walls are up. Perhaps that's where the *Times* got it."

"Damn their notions!" said Larrabee shortly. "Now Rankin, put that through tomorrow, and we won't forget you. If you think there's trouble ahead, come to me first and say so. I'm not doing anything foolish if I know it, but I think she's all right."

Larrabee was still up when his son

returned. At the sound of the key in the latch he laid down the trade journal he had been reading.

"Hello, dad; you up?"

"M'm, been busy."

The young man threw his hat and coat on one chair, stretched himself in another, and took the cigar his father shoved toward him. He was a well set up youngster, with pleasant gray eyes which came from his mother's side, and a strong chin which marked him the son of his father. That was the only resemblance that outsiders ever noted between Larrabee and his son. It might develop later, but the advantages which Larrabee's money had bought for the boy had given him something that the father could never buy for himself. When Larrabee wore a "dress suit" it looked hired; it struck him that the boy looked as though he had grown into his.

"Dad, do you mind if I desert you for a few days?"

"Do as you please," Larrabee grunted briefly. "I want you to have a good time."

"It's a wedding," the boy explained. "Billy Cummins—he's Gordon's cousin, you know, and graduated last year—Billy's engaged to a girl out in Chicago, and the wedding comes off Thursday. I hadn't intended going, but the boys got at me tonight, and I promised. There will be quite a party of us going from here, and we'll have a big time."

Larrabee swelled with that silent pride as he listened. Old Gordon's boy was his boy's classmate; the other names he mentioned were of the same social altitude, and they were begging Frank to go with them. His boy was as good as any of 'em, and better. He could buy 'em all out some day, body and soul.

The son talked on contentedly. It seemed odd to him that his father should enjoy these details of his doings, but since he did, there was no harm in telling them. Perhaps some day Larrabee's boy would be ashamed of his father, or—college democracy past—would be dropped by these friends

of another life and come to live contentedly enough on the father's plane, but just at present he was simply a healthy, good-looking youngster with a likable way about him and only the normal amount of iniquity in his system, and he was content to take the good things the world offered without asking why.

"The Gordons gave a dinner tonight to Billy and all the men of our class who are in town for the holiday. That's where I was. Stag? No, mixed. I met Tom's sister; she's awfully fine." He arose and slowly gathered up his belongings. "She is going with the party tomorrow, and Mrs. Gordon chaperons it. Tom has a splendid mother, and she's mighty kind to all his friends. Well, good-night. See you tomorrow morning. We take the 2.20, and I'll get back in time for another day home before vacation ends."

His father was fumbling in his pockets.

"You'll need money," he suggested. "I left my check-book at the office, but let me know what you want and I'll leave it there for you. I may be gone when you get down."

It was his way of expressing approval. For a long time after Frank left him he sat there and smoked, deliberating the boy's future. Next year he would take him into the business, or start him out on a venture of his own. And in a few years more—

It happened about two o'clock the next day, one of those windy, violent days when winter grudgingly gives way to spring, fighting to the last inch for supremacy. Larrabee's clerk answered the telephone call which announced it, and his eyes rounded in dismay. No, Mr. Larrabee was out of town. He had an appointment with an architect over in Jersey—no, he hadn't said just where, but he would be back by four.

The clerk hung up and began to fidget around the room. He looked worried. Then he hunted up a timetable, looked it over and fidgeted



again. Twice he started to put on his overcoat, and took it off. He dared not leave the office now—Larrabee might come in. He went to the telephone and called again for news. It was bad. He ventured to say what was troubling him. No, they knew nothing about it, but they should not be surprised.

It was nearly four when Larrabee came. He had secured his contract, and he was brisk and contented. At the sight of the clerk's perturbed face and the overcoat lying in a heap on the desk his brows went up.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, Mr. Larrabee, it's bad news, but I hope——"

"Well, well, out with it! Lord, man, it won't get any better by keeping!"

"The new building—Morrison's—it collapsed about two o'clock."

"Hell!"

Larrabee's wrath exploded in one word. His brows went together, his lips tightened. He jerked his head for the man to go on.

"I got it over the 'phone. She fell to the left and crushed in that side of the Berwick, and the hotel took fire. It's under control now, but—Mr. Larrabee!"

Larrabee was going for the door, and he looked impatiently over his shoulder.

"Hurry up!" he snapped. What was the fool stuttering about?

"Your son came in for the letter you left. I'm afraid—at least, he said he must hurry, for he had to catch a train and was to stop for a friend who was staying at the Berwick. That was twenty minutes of two, and——"

Larrabee glared at him from the doorway. He clenched his fist, half raised it.

"You lie!" he said thickly.

The fire was out when Larrabee arrived. The Berwick was two ragged walls above ground and a steaming chaos below. Morrison's new "scraper," a tall steel skeleton the day before, was now a twisted, bewildering heap of scrap. Men were working

on the ruins already, where they could. An engine was playing on the hot embers of the hotel, and firemen were venturing wherever a beam would hold, but most of the injured—or dead—were down in that smoldering pit and might not yet be reached.

The danger zone was roped off, policemen guarding it, and ambulances stood lined up in readiness. Around the place on three sides the crowd surged and pressed, held back only by a single line of rope and bulky statues in blue. Now and then a cry went up as someone guessed at friend or kindred in the ruins and struggled to get nearer. Larrabee went inside the inclosure; Building Inspector Rankin had just been admitted.

"Hello, you here!"

The satellite smiled deprecatingly. He was uneasy, but Larrabee could help him out if he wished.

"Well, I thought I might get a line on something. It's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Sure!" Larrabee grunted impatiently—he did not like people to waste words over the obvious. "Some of these trouble-hunters would like to scare me," he added harshly, scowling at the smoking debris. "I've had two, or three fools tell me that my boy was in the Berwick, but he wasn't. He took the 2.20 for Chicago."

He said it again, five minutes later to one of the policemen holding back the crowd. He caught furtive looks from those who knew his face, and it rasped him to dull irritation.

The crowd surged, craned its neck and went into an expectant hush. A group of workers had concentrated suddenly in one spot and were delving fast, yet with delicate care. They brought up something limp and red stained, with hung arms and dragging legs, and a stretcher from the nearest ambulance was raced up over the precarious footing of fallen masonry and twisted steel. It was one of the workmen, alive, for he groaned faintly as they brought him down. The ropes parted to let him out, closed again, and the diminishing clang of the am-

balance gong pounded into Larrabee's brain.

"I've sent a telegram after my boy," he said in Rankin's ear, "but he won't get it before tomorrow."

"That's a good idea." Rankin nodded and moved off uneasily. He wanted to get away from the restless crowd and Larrabee's parrot repetition about his son, and he ducked under the rope and went home. Tomorrow would have its own reckoning, but Larrabee could see him through.

At the edge of the crowd an old woman, gray-haired and frowed in her strident grief, leveled a thin finger at the contractor.

"That's him! That's Larrabee!" she shrilled across the inclosure. "Where's my Johnny, him as worked for ye? Ye sent him in that hole to work, didn't ye? Now bring him out again!"

The accusing finger coiled into a threatening fist; she leaned far over and shrieked hideous revilement at him and his building; broke into sobs again, and went limp and gasping. The voice of the crowd swelled into a hoarse murmur. They held him culpable, him, Larrabee! It was the damned intrusive folly of that paper—lies, lies, all lies! It was the blasting, the wind. Didn't he know how to put up buildings? He spoke to the officer nearest him, without moving his head.

"Keep tabs on the hospitals that take the workmen. That's up to me."

Another body came down, still another, this one a woman, a charred rag of humanity from the hotel. The murmur of the crowd surged after each one. Larrabee leaned against a post and waited. An extra was called through the street. He bought one, read its arraignment of himself with contemptuously outthrust lip, and frowned at the paragraph which spoke of his son. It was a lie! Frank had to catch the train. Something that Gordon had said the day before marched and countermarched through his brain in stark procession: "No business scheme actually contemplates the taking of human life; it simply over-

looks it entirely. It does not enter, so to speak, into the specifications." Pooh! Gordon was an old fool.

The crowd stopped counting as the bearers of still burdens came down into the inclosure. Some of these lived; more did not; all were horrible. Larrabee watched them with hard, keen eyes as they were carried past, especially the men. All New York seemed to his fretted nerves to be straining at those ropes to claim its dead. Strangled sobs came to him as stretchers went out with what was left of men and women; red eyes and unsteady lips blurred across his sharp vision. He took out a telegraph blank and sent another message after the boy.

Darkness came, and over the wreck of both buildings lanterns gleamed out, bobbing here and there. They could not do much more until morning. The mob thinned out, save for those who waited for their dead, and the fluctuating crowd of the curious. Larrabee lingered, shivering, scowling. Tomorrow he would hear from the boy.

It was late the next day before they found him, far down where he had pitched into the basement of the Berwick. When they reached him life had been gone but a little while, and the rigidity of death was not yet on him. They might only conjecture how long he had kept the horror of consciousness, but the imprint of it lay plainly written in the twisted agony of his face. Death had come harshly to Larrabee's boy. They brought him up gently, and one of them spread a handkerchief over the face with the mortal struggle frozen on it to blast a strong man's memory.

Larrabee saw them coming. All day he had watched the swarming workers, and this time they were bringing something to him. He moistened his lips nervously, and his twitching fingers nursed the gray unshaven stubble on his chin. At the jerk of his head they laid the stretcher before him and turned away. Larrabee raised the handkerchief slowly, and looked into the face of his boy.

# Populism or Socialism—A Question of Terms

BY CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE

*Secretary of the People's Party National Committee*

The word Socialism, pointed at any scheme ten years ago, would knock the scheme into a cocked hat. Now the word Socialism doesn't scare 'em. No one jumps when a scheme to buy the street railways of Chicago is proposed and voted on and carried. No one doubts but that municipal ownership of street railroads, gas, water, lights and power will be as prevalent in America twenty years from now as any political custom.—*Emporia Gazette (Rep.)*.

THE gifted editor who penned the paragraph above achieved renown some ten years ago by writing "What's the Matter With Kansas?" If memory serves aright, he was doing some "knocking" of things "into a cocked hat" by means of a misapplication of the word "Socialism" then, just as he misapplies it today. The gentleman does not actually say that the Chicago "scheme to buy the street railways" is Socialism, but leaves that to be inferred. In view of his fame as a writer on political subjects, one cannot help wondering whether he really knows better and is trying to deceive, or whether he is committing the same error he did ten or twelve years ago.

At that time the "matter with Kansas," according to the editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, was too much socialism and anarchy. These were synonymous terms. Every old, long-whiskered Populist in Kansas was branded by the old party press as a socialist and anarchist, with a number of other choice terms thrown in for good measure—"crank," "wild-eyed fiatist," "lunatic," etc. To be sure, it would have been just as logical to say white-

black men or black-white men as to couple the terms socialism and anarchy; but—"to hell with logic; we must redeem Kansas," the opponents of progress argued.

The *Gazette's* last sentence is rather more prophetic than grammatical. TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE gladly joins the Kansas paper in saying that "municipal ownership of street railroads, gas, water, lights and power will be as prevalent in America twenty years from now as any political custom."

But TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is ready to lock horns over the proposition to call such municipal ownership "Socialism" with a capital S. It is plain, everyday Populism, a logical development of the very thing which "riled" the gentleman from Emporia and inspired the screech that made him famous. In support of this, let us use our reasoning faculties a few moments.

All political thought ranges somewhere between two extremes. At one extreme are those who place the individual above all else. He must have absolute freedom. There must be not the slightest coercion. Every man is to be a law unto himself. His rights are superior to those of society. He is the egg from which the hen, society, was hatched. Society, from the viewpoint of these extremists, is comparable to a heap of sand—an aggregation of individuals with no closer union than mere contact. Each grain is a separate entity—a whole universe in itself. Those holding this view are generally designated by the term

"anarchist"—an appellation which usually, but wrongly, calls up visions of red flags, bombs and dirty linen. Ideal or philosophic anarchy is substantially the doctrine of non-resistance preached by the great Tolstoy in Russia, and by Clarence Darrow and Ernest Crosby in this country. It is theoretically the farthest removed from violence of any kind; yet, curiously enough, some of its adherents commit murder in the name of the cause they love. Anarchy is synonymous with individualism.

At the other extreme of political thought are those who look upon society as something more than a mere collection of individual entities. From their viewpoint society is an organism, comparable to some of the lower forms of animal life—the jellyfish, for example. The entire fish is made up of individual cells, each being complete in itself, but connected loosely with the other cells. A cell may die, but the organism lives. New cells are formed, and the jelly-fish grows. Each cell has its measure of freedom, its work to perform, and no other cell encroaches upon its rights. Yet, after all, the jellyfish is superior to any individual cell in its mass. In a general way those holding this view are designated by the term "socialist"—with a small s. However, "collectivist" is a better term under present conditions, because it precludes misinterpretation. Anarchy—individualism; socialism—collectivism. These are the generic terms by which are designated the two poles of the political world. In some degree synonymous with these, but not wholly coincident, are idealism and materialism. As a rule socialists (with a small s) are materialists—but there are many idealists among them. Anarchists are generally idealists.

Idealism holds that regeneration of society comes from within the individual, by introspection, self-purification, and so forth. To reform society it is necessary that each grain of sand transmute itself into a grain of gold—and lo! what was a Granite Society is now a Gold Society.

Materialism, studying evolution, sees cell aggregations develop from the lower forms of life to the higher, largely because of environment. With but slight modification of the individual cell, yet with significant group changes, the reptile progresses to bird life, or, taking another branch, becomes a mammal. No single reptilian cell, by introspection and by resolving to be better and purer and higher, ever evolved into a bird cell. The evolution was a group change—and the majority ruled the minority. Perhaps some individualistic cells, whose function was to produce scales, may have demurred and refused to participate in building up feathers—but if so, the majority coerced them; possibly wiped them out altogether if they were obstreperous.

Hence, in a general way: Anarchy, individualism, idealism; socialism, collectivism, materialism. These are the extremes.

The truth lies somewhere between. Reason teaches us that there is a North Pole and a South Pole—but no man ever saw either of them. Possibly no man ever will. But grant that someone *may*, it is still a fact that the vast majority of mankind will continue to live somewhere between the two poles—not *at* either.

Applying, now, these generalizations to American politics, it is not difficult to see that all political parties are more socialistic than anarchistic. Every political party and all our institutions are, theoretically at least, founded upon the idea that the majority has a right to coerce the minority. "Majority rule" means nothing less than that.

There is no anarchistic party. There will doubtless never be one. Anarchistic individualism precludes concerted action on a large scale. All anarchists believe in co-operation—but it must be wholly voluntary. But with the individual absolutely free to enter, he must be equally free to withdraw. If he refuses to bow to any will but his own, concert of action is practically impossible.

It is true there are men of anarchistic trend of mind in all political parties,

but they do not practice what they preach. The single taxers lean to this side of the political field, which explains the absence of a political party wholly committed to the philosophy of Henry George. Since the campaign of 1884 until last year, the single taxers quite generally supported the Democratic national ticket—yet none of the national candidates was in the remotest degree favorable to the single tax, not excepting Mr. Bryan.

Not all political parties, however, are in reality committed to "majority rule." Some of them, notably the Republican Party, are in practice distinctly "minority rule." In smaller degree this is true of the Democratic Party. And in some degree this is true of every political party. There can be no real majority rule until nominations are made direct by the people. All delegate conventions place too much power in a few hands—and the corrupted delegate can always ride to the convention on a free pass.

Reverting now to the *Gazette's* "Socialism" (with a capital S) let us see if it is the real thing. Beyond a doubt the ablest and clearest writer on so-called "scientific Socialism" is Frederick Engels. It was he who worked with Karl Marx in drafting the "Communist Manifesto" in 1848, and modestly gave Marx most of the credit. His "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," published as a small pamphlet in 1880, had been enlarged, and by 1892 was being published in ten different languages. Engels himself admits that no other Socialist work had been so often translated. Certainly Frederick Engels is good authority on the meaning of Socialism.

In a way, Engels's sketch of historical evolution is comparable to Darwin's work. Both had the same viewpoint. There was nothing beyond the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest. But just as Prince Kropotkin has shown the effect of "Mutual Aid" in the animal world, so will some social Kropotkin show that there is really something beyond the "class struggle."

Let us quote Engels's summing up of historical evolution:

I. *Medieval Society*. — Individual production on a small scale. Means of production adapted for individual use, hence primitive, ungainly, petty, dwarfed in action. Production for immediate consumption, either of the producer himself or of his feudal lord. Only where an excess of production over this consumption occurs is such excess offered for sale, enters into exchange. Production of commodities, therefore, only in its infancy. But already it contains within itself, in embryo, anarchy in the production of society at large.

II. *Capitalist Revolution*. — Transformation of industry, at first by means of simple co-operation and manufacture. Concentration of the means of production, hitherto scattered, into great workshops. As a consequence, their transformation from individual to social means of production—a transformation which does not, on the whole, affect the form of exchange. The old forms of appropriation remain in force. The capitalist appears. In his capacity as owner of the means of production he also appropriates the products and turns them into commodities. Production has become a social act. Exchange and appropriation continue to be individual acts, the acts of individuals. The social product is appropriated by the individual capitalist. Fundamental contradiction, whence arise all the contradictions in which our present day society moves, and which modern industry brings to light.

A. Severance of the producer from the means of production. Condemnation of the worker to wage labor for life. Antagonism between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie.

B. Growing predominance and increasing effectiveness of the laws governing the production of commodities. Unbridled competition. Contradiction between socialized organization in the individual factory and social anarchy in production as a whole.

C. On the one hand, perfecting of machinery, made by competition compulsory for each individual manufacturer, and complemented by a constantly growing displacement of laborers. Industrial reserve army. On the other hand, unlimited extension of production, also compulsory under competition, for every manufacturer. On both sides, unheard of development of productive forces, excess of supply over demand, overproduction, glutting of the markets, crises every ten years; the vicious circle excess here, of means of production and products; excess there, of laborers, without employment and without means of existence. But these two levers of production and of social well-being are unable to work together, because the capitalist form of production prevents the productive forces from working and the products from circulating, unless they are first turned into capital—which their very superabundance prevents. The contradiction has grown into an absurdity. The mode of production rises in rebellion against the form of exchange. The bourgeoisie are convicted of incapacity further to manage their own social productive forces.

D. Partial recognition of the social character of the productive forces forced upon the capitalists themselves. Taking over of the great institutions for production and communication, first by joint-stock companies, later on by trusts, then by the state. The bourgeoisie demonstrated to be a superfluous class. All its social functions are now performed by salaried employees.

III. *Proletarian Revolution.*—Solution of the contradictions. The proletariat seizes the public power, and, by means of this, transforms the socialized means of production, slipping from the hands of the bourgeoisie, into public property. By this act the proletariat frees the means of production from the character of capital they have thus far borne and gives their socialized character complete freedom to work itself out. Socialized production upon a

predetermined plan becomes henceforth possible. The development of production makes the existence of different classes of society thenceforth an anachronism. In proportion as anarchy in social production vanishes the political authority of the state dies out. Man, at last the master of his own form of social organization, becomes at the same time the lord over Nature, his own master—free.

To accomplish this act of universal emancipation is the historical mission of the modern proletariat. To thoroughly comprehend the historical conditions, and thus the very nature of this act to impart to the now oppressed proletarian class a full knowledge of the conditions and of the meaning of the momentous act it is called upon to accomplish, this is the task of the theoretical expression of the proletarian movement, scientific socialism.—*Socialism, Utopian and Scientific*, pp. 83-87.

Thus we have it on high Socialist authority that the Chicago experiment comes under a classification "D" of the capitalistic regime. Engels would regard it as the last step preceding Socialism, but not as Socialism itself. In further support of this we quote:

"But the transformation, either into joint-stock companies and trusts or into state ownership, does not do away with the capitalistic nature of the productive forces. In the joint-stock companies and trusts this is obvious. And the modern state, again, is only the organization that bourgeois society takes on in order to support the external conditions of the capitalist mode of production against the encroachments as well of the workers as of individual capitalists. The modern state, no matter what its form, is essentially a capitalist machine, the state of the capitalists, the ideal personification of the total national capital. The more it proceeds to the taking over of productive forces the more does it actually become the national capitalist, the more citizens does it exploit. The workers remain wage workers—

proletarians. The capitalist relation is not done away with. It is rather brought to a head. But brought to a head it topples over. State ownership of the productive forces is not the solution of the conflict, but concealed within it are the technical conditions that form the elements of that solution."—*Id.*, pp. 71, 72.

Again, quoting from a footnote:

"But of late, since Bismarck went in for state ownership of industrial establishments, a kind of spurious Socialism has arisen, degenerating, now and again, into something of flunkeyism, that without more ado declares all state ownership, even of the Bismarckian sort, to be socialistic. Certainly if the taking over by the state of the tobacco industry is socialistic, then Napoleon and Metternich must be numbered among the founders of Socialism. If the Belgian state, for quite ordinary political and financial reasons, itself constructed its chief railway lines; if Bismarck, not under any economic compulsion, took over for the state the chief Prussian lines, simply to be the better able to have them in hand in case of war, to bring up the railway employees as voting cattle for the Government, and especially to create for himself a new source of income independent of parliamentary votes—this was in no sense a socialistic measure, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously. Otherwise the Royal Maritime Company, the royal porcelain manufacture, and even the regimental tailor of the army, would also be socialistic institutions, or even, as was seriously proposed by a sly dog in Frederick William III's reign, the taking over by the state of the brothel."—*Id.*, p. 70.

From this we see that the aim of Socialism (with a capital S) is—

1. To abolish capital. That is, the private ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth.

2. To establish co-operative production and distribution of wealth, with democratic management of all industries by those engaged therein. In other words, all overseers, managers, heads of

departments, etc., would be elected by those engaged in a given industry.

3. Hence, to abolish all rent, interest and wages. The great fetish of Socialism is to "abolish wage-slavery" to "stop exploitation of the worker."

Now, municipal ownership in Chicago or elsewhere would mean none of this. Motormen, conductors, linemen, etc., would all be paid wages. According to Socialism, they would still be exploited by the "surplus value" scheme, the only difference being a change of "masters." Instead of being "exploited" by Mr. Yerkes or Rockefeller as theretofore, the new robber would be the "bourgeois" property-owners of Chicago collectively, who alone would profit by the municipal ownership. That this is the Socialist attitude toward municipal ownership—regardless of the chaff put in the Debs platform last year to catch Populist votes—one must consider the bitter fight made against Judge Dunne by the Socialists of Chicago, and the fact that their candidate polled some 20,000 votes—plenty to defeat municipal ownership if the fight had been less one-sided.

Populism has progressed since the days of "What's the Matter With Kansas?" The People's Party support of Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900 very nearly annihilated it as a political organization. But it was like scattering the live embers of a brightly burning log-heap in an old-fashioned clearing. The log-heap itself is not so intense—but the fire is burning all over the woods and clearing. When the old party press was inveighing against the "long-haired men and short-haired women" who were ruining the Sunflower State, it is a fact that the People's Party was cursed by political soldiers of fortune, the camp followers of a triumphant army. But adversity has scraped off the barnacles from the ship of Populism, leaving her free to carry a select "Old Guard" who may die, but will never surrender. The People's Party vote last year is not an index to the strength of Populism—that showed only the "Old Guard" who scorned to "play practical politics."

Calling Populism Socialism ten years ago did scare some timid souls—that's a fact. And calling it Socialism today will fool a few into wasting their substance in a vain attempt to reach the North Pole. But the great majority are learning very rapidly that public ownership of public utilities, such as carried in Chicago, is Populism, not Socialism. They are learning that Populism is only a short term for Jeffersonian Democracy as applied to modern conditions. They are learning that the so-called Democratic Party has never declared nationally for the principle that elected Judge Dunne. And it is not difficult to foresee that the logic of events is placing the People's Party in a commanding position, notwithstanding the attempts by Socialists, Democrats and Emporia *Gazettes* to rob it of what is justly its due.

The Chicago election was a victory for Populism—not Socialism. According to Engels's teaching it may be the gray dawn preceding the sunrise of Socialism—but there are many reasons for doubting that Socialism is the final statement in the evolution of human society. Darwin discovered a great

principle, but Kropotkin later discovered another which modifies but does not destroy Darwinism. Engels and Marx stated a great principle in historical evolution, but they have not said the last word. "Natural selection and survival of the fittest" is not all of biological evolution—"mutual aid" is also a factor. "Economic determinism," "surplus value" exploitation, and the "class struggle" are not all the factors of historical evolution; but the "mutual aid" of idealism supplements and modifies them to such an extent that, however much we may admire the foresight of Engels and Marx, we must decline to accept Socialism as inevitable. That there will be a larger and larger measure of public or collective ownership of the means of production and better methods of distribution of wealth seems certain, but that it will include *all* the means of production is highly improbable.

Populism is a comprehensive statement of the best attainable today. And while such papers as the Emporia *Gazette* may deceive a few people into regarding it as Socialism, the vast majority are learning to discriminate in the use of terms.

### Gold

OUR old party friends tell us that owing to the increased supply of gold the money question is settled. The national banks of the United States—

Owe depositors now.....	\$3,458,216,667.90
They have cash.....	1,148,666,489.14

They lack.....\$2,309,550,178.76

of having enough money to pay the people who have placed their money in their banks for safe keeping. July 12, 1893, during the panic, the banks lacked \$1,273,213,749.30 of having enough cash to pay depositors. They lack now \$1,036,336,431.46 of being in as good shape as then.

Yet Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt say that the money question is settled. If there is plenty of gold to answer all purposes as money, then why should we have any other kind? All of the banks—

Owe depositors.....	\$3,458,216,667.90
They have gold.....	108,439,861.30

They lack.....\$3,349,776,806.60

of having enough gold to pay their depositors. Now, for the sake of being pleasant and agreeable, let's accept nothing but gold for our wages and products, and also have our banker friends pay their depositors in gold or swing the last one of them to lamp-posts.

MOLLIE IRONS.





## *Pole Baker* By *Will N Harben*

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

In a small Georgia town a friendship has grown up between Pole Baker, reformed moonshiner and an unusual and likable character, and young Nelson Floyd, who was left as a baby in a mountain cabin by an unknown woman just before her death. Floyd, in the face of many trials and temptations, has worked his way up in the world and made a man of himself. Jeff Wade appears at the store, in which Floyd has become a partner, to avenge on him a rumored injustice to Wade's sister. Pole Baker's tact prevents a duel by making Floyd see that the unselfish course is for him to avoid a meeting. Cynthia Porter comes to the store, alarmed for Floyd's safety. On his way home to his family Pole falls a victim to his besetting sin of drink. Cynthia rejects the suit of the Rev. Jason Hillhouse and refuses to act on his warnings against Floyd's attentions. At a corn-shucking given by Pole, Floyd wins the right to kiss Cynthia, and on their way home claims his privilege without actually asking to marry her, and proposes in vain that, since her mother dislikes him, she meet him at times on signal in the grape arbor. That night, while Cynthia is regretting even her slight weakness, her suspicious and tactless mother half accuses her and hints that the worry over Cynthia and Floyd has caused her to fear an attack of insanity. Pole again prevents a duel between Floyd and Jeff Wade by showing the latter that his quarrel is ill advised. That night Cynthia, alarmed over reports of the duel, responds to Floyd's signal for a brief interview, in which she promises to accompany Floyd to bush-arbor meeting. As Floyd leaves, he is discovered by Pole and blamed for jeopardizing Cynthia's good name in leaving the Porter place by stealth. Captain Duncan, a neighboring planter, suggests that there may be a clue to Floyd's parentage in Atlanta, where there is a man named Floyd whose mother was a Nelson.

### CHAPTER XIII

HILLHOUSE had gone over to Porter's early that morning. He found Nathan seated on the porch in his shirt sleeves, his heavy shoes unlaced for comfort and a hand-made cob pipe in his mouth.

"I want to see Miss Cynthia a moment," the preacher said with a touch of embarrassment as he came in at the gate, his hat in hand.

Old Porter rose with evident reluctance. "All right," he said. "I'll see ef I kin find 'er—ef I do it will be the fust time I ever run across her, or any other woman, when she was needed."

He returned in a moment. "She'll be out in a few minutes," he said. "She told me to tell you to set down here on the porch."

Hillhouse took a vacant seat, holding his hat daintily on his sharp knees, and Porter resumed his chair, tilting it backward as he talked.

"Ef you are ever unlucky enough to git married, parson," he said, "you'll know more about women than you do now, an' at the same time you'll swear you know less. They say the Maker of us all has unlimited knowledge, but I'll be blamed ef I believe He could understand women—even ef He *did* create 'em. I'm done with the whole lot!" Porter waved his hand, as if brushing aside something of an objectionable nature. "They never do a thing that has common sense in it. I believe they are plumb crazy when it comes to tacklin' anything reasonable. I'll give you a sample. Fer the last ten years I have noticed round about here that whenever a man died the women folks he left sent straight to town an' bought a high-priced coffin to lay 'im away in. No matter whether the skunk had left a dollar to his name or not, that Jew undertaker over thar at Darley, to satisfy family pride, sent out a coffin an' trimmin's to the amount of an even hundred dollars. I've knowed widows an' orphans to stint an' starve an' go half naked for ten years to pay off a debt like that. Now, as I'm financially shaped, I won't leave but powerful little, an' that one thing worried me considerable. Now an' then I'd sorter spring the subject on my women, an' I found out that they thought a big splurge like that was the

only decent way to act over a man's remains. Think o' the plumb foolishness, parson, o' layin' a man away on a silk plush cushion after he's dead, when he's slept all his life on a common tick stuffed with corn-shucks with the stubs on 'em. But that's *women!* Well, I set to work to try to beat 'em at the game, as fur as I was concerned. I 'lowed ef I made my preparations myself ahead o' time, with the clear understandin' that I wanted it that-a-way, why, that no reasonable person would, or could, raise objections."

"Oh, I see!" Hillhouse said, his mind evidently on something else.

"Well, you may see—an' any other reasonable *man* could—but you don't see what them women done. Well, to go on. I went down to Swinton's new mill, whar he was sawin' out pine planks, an' set around all mornin', an' whenever I seed a solid heart plank run out I'd nab it an' lay it aside. Then, when I'd got enough to make me a good, roomy box, I axed 'im what the pile was wuth an' got the lot at a bargain, beca'se times was dull an' I was on the spot. Well, I hauled the planks home on my wagon an' unloaded at the barn. The women, all three, come out like a lot o' hens peckin' around an' begun to ax questions. They 'lowed I was goin' to make some shelves fer the smoke-house, to lay hams an' shoulders on, an' they was powerful tickled. I didn't let 'em know right then. But the next day when Jim Long come with his hammer an' nails an' saw an' plane, an' stood me up agin the wall in the woodshed, an' started to measure me up an' down an' sideways, they begun to scream an' take on at a desperate rate. It was the fust time I ever heard mournin' at my own funeral, an' it sorter upset me; but I told Jim to go ahead, an' he did start, but, la me! The whole layout run to 'im an' got around 'im an' threatened an' went on at sech a rate that he throwed up the job an' went home. I got mad an' went off fishin', an' when I come back I found all o' them fine new planks split up into kindlin' fer the stove, an'

it wasn't a week 'fore my burial outfit was turned into ashes. I kin see now that when my time comes my folks will rake an' scrape to git up money to put me in a box so thin that a dead man could kick a hole in it."

"They have their way of looking at such matters," the preacher ventured awkwardly. "Death is a serious thing, Brother Porter, and it affects most people deeply."

"It hain't so serious on a cash basis as it is on a credit," Nathan declared. "But thar Cynthia comes now."

"I'm an early bird, Miss Cynthia." Hillhouse was actually flushed. "That is, I don't mean to hint that you are a worm, you know; but the truth is, I was afraid if I didn't come quick some hawk of a fellow would bear you away to bush-arbor meeting next Sunday afternoon. Will you let me take you?"

Cynthia's face clouded over. "I'm very sorry," she said, "but I have already promised someone else."

"Oh, is that so?" Hillhouse could not disguise his disappointment. "Are you going with—with——?"

"Mr. Floyd asked me," the girl answered, "and I told him I'd go. I'm very sorry to disappoint you."

"Why, Cynthia"—Mrs. Porter had approached and stood in the doorway, staring perplexedly at her daughter—"you told me last night just before you went to bed that you had no engagement for Sunday. Have you had a note already this morning?"

Cynthia, in some confusion, avoided her mother's sharp, probing look.

"It doesn't matter," she said lamely. "I've promised to go with Mr. Floyd, and that is sufficient."

"Oh, yes, that is sufficient, of course," Hillhouse said, still under his cloud of disappointment, "and I hope you will have a pleasant time. The truth is, Floyd is hard to beat at anything. He has a way about him that wins the—perhaps I may say—the sympathy of nearly all the ladies."

A reply of some sort was struggling for an outlet in Cynthia's rapidly rising and falling bosom, but her mother

forestalled her with tight lips and eyes that were flashing ominously.

"Brother Hillhouse," she said, "a man of that stamp has more influence over girls of the present generation than any other kind. Let a man be moral, religious and sober, and thoughtful of the reputations of women, and he is shoved aside for the sort of men who fight duels and break hearts and ruin happy homes for their own idle gratification."

"Oh, Mrs. Porter, I didn't mean to raise such a—a point as that," Hillhouse stammered. "I'm sure Miss Cynthia appreciates all that is good in humanity; in fact, I think she leans decidedly that way. I couldn't expect her to let a little public gossip turn her against a friend whom she believes in."

"Thank you, Mr. Hillhouse," Cynthia said, drawing herself up to her full height and turning to go in. "I appreciate the way you look at it."

She went into the house, walking very straight and not looking back.

Porter stood up and knocked the ashes from his pipe in his hard, broad hand. "Do you see that thar gate, parson?" he laughed. "Well, you take a fool's advice an' go home, an' come back some other time. Neither one o' them women know what they are a-talkin' about, an' they'll have you as crazy as they are in ten minutes ef you try to follow 'em."

When Hillhouse had gone Mrs. Porter went back into the sitting-room and stood over Cynthia as the girl sat sewing at a window.

"You may *think* you've got my eyes closed," the old woman said, "but you haven't. You didn't have any engagement with Nelson Floyd last night at supper, and you either saw him after we went to bed or you have had a secret note from him this mornin'g."

"Have it your own way," Cynthia said coldly, but not with vexation, as she bent her head over her work.

"I was watching your face this morning, too," Mrs. Porter went on, "when your pa came in and said that

Wade did not meet Floyd at the spring, and I noticed that you did not seem at all surprised. I'll get at the bottom of this, now you see if I don't!" And white with suppressed anger Mrs. Porter turned away.

As she went out Mrs. Radcliffe, with a tottering step, came into the room and drew near to Cynthia.

"I am worried about your mother," she said, standing with her thin hand resting on the window-frame. "She troubles so much over small things. I shudder when I think about it, Cynthia; but I'm afraid she'll go like your aunt did. It seems to be inherited from your grandfather's side of the family."

"Are you really afraid of that, granny?" The girl looked up, a serious expression dawning in her eyes.

"Well, I don't know as I think she'd actually kill herself, as Martha did, but if this goes on her mind certainly will give way. It's not natural—it's too great a strain for one human brain to stand. She didn't sleep a wink last night. I know that, for I woke up several times and heard her moving about and sighing."

"Poor mama!" Cynthia said regretfully to herself as her grandmother moved slowly from the room. "And I spoke disrespectfully to her just now. Besides, perhaps I have given her cause to worry, from her standpoint. God forgive me, I really *did* go out to meet him that way, and if she thinks it would be so bad, what must he think? Is it possible for him to class me with—to think of me as—as he does of—? Oh!" and with a hot flush burning her face Cynthia rose hastily and put her work away.

## CHAPTER XIV

At one o'clock the following Sunday afternoon Nelson Floyd drove up to Porter's gate in his new buggy, behind his spirited Kentucky thoroughbred. Nathan Porter in his stockinged feet, for the day was warm, stood on the porch, and as Floyd reined in he

walked down the steps and out to the gate, leaning over it lazily, his slow, pleased glance critically sweeping the horse from head to foot.

"You've got you a dandy at last," was his observation. "I used to be some'n' of a judge. Them's the slimmest legs fer sech a good stout body I ever seed. He totes his head high without a check-rein, too, an' that's purty. I reckon you come after Cynthia. She'll be out here in a minute. She knows you've come; she kin see the road from the window o' her room. An' I never knowed a woman that could keep from peepin' out."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry at all," Floyd assured him. "It's only ten miles, and we can easily make it by the three o'clock service."

"Oh, well, I reckon it don't make no odds to you whether you hold *yore* meetin' in that hug-me-tight or under the arbor. I know my choice 'ud 'a' been jest one way when I was on the turf. Camp-meetin's an' bush-arbor revivals used to be our hay-time. Us boys an' gals used to have a great way o' settin' in our buggies, jest outside whar we could chat all we wanted to, jine in the tunes, an' at the same time git credit fer properly observin' the day."

"That's about the way the young people look at it now," Floyd said, with a smile.

"I reckon this is a sort o' picnic to you in more ways than one," Porter remarked, without a trace of humor in his tone as he spat over the gate and wiped his chin on his bare hand. "You ort to enjoy a day o' freedom, after waitin' two hours at that spring fer Jeff Wade. Gee whiz! half o' Springtown was behind barracks, sayin' prayers an' beggin' the Lord to spare the town from flames. I didn't stay myself. I don't object to watchin' a fisticuff match once in a while, but fellers in a powder-and-ball battle like that seem to try to mow down spectators as hard as they do the'r man. Then I don't like to be questioned in court. A feller has to fergit so dern much ef he stands to his friends."

"No, we avoided trouble," said Floyd, in evident aversion to a topic so keenly personal. "So you like my horse! He is really the best I could get at Louisville."

"I reckon." Porter spat again. "Well, as you say, Wade *will* shoot, an' he kin, too. When he was in the war they tell me his colonel wanted some sharpshooters an' selected 'im to— But thar's that gal now. Gee whiz! don't she look fluffy?"

For the most part the drive was through the mountains, along steep roads, past yawning gorges and across rapid, turbulent streams. It was an ideal afternoon for such an outing, and Cynthia had never looked so well, though she was evidently fatigued. Floyd remarked upon this, and she said:

"I don't know why it was, but I waked at three o'clock this morning, and could not get back to sleep before father called me at six. Since then I have been hard at work. I'm afraid I shall feel very tired before we get back."

"You must try not to think of fatigue." Floyd was admiring her color, her hair, her eyes. "Then you ought to relax yourself. There is no use sitting so erect; if you sit that way the jolting over this rough road will break you all to pieces. Don't lean so far from me. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm glad I beat Hillhouse to you. I saw him going to your house the next morning. I know he asked you."

"Yes, he asked me," Cynthia said, "and I was sorry to disappoint him."

Floyd laughed. "Well, the good and the bad are fighting over you, little girl. One man who, in the eyes of the community, stands for reckless badness has singled you out, and thrown down the gauntlet to a man who represents the Church, God and morality—both are grimly fighting for the prettiest human flower that ever grew on a mountain-side."

"I don't like to hear you talk that way." Cynthia looked him steadily in the eyes. "It sounds insincere; it

doesn't come from your heart. I don't like your compliments—your open flattery. You say the same things to other girls."

"Oh, no; I beg your pardon, but I don't. I couldn't. They don't inspire them as you do. You—you tantalize me, Cynthia; you drive me crazy with your maddening reserve—the way you have of thinking things no man could read in your face, and above it all, through it all, your wonderful beauty absolutely startles me—makes me at times unable to speak, clogs my utterance and fires my brain. I don't know—I can't understand it, but you are in my mind all day long, and at night, after my work is over, I want to wander about your house—not with the hope of having you actually come out, you know, but to enjoy the mere fancy that you have joined me."

A reply was on her hesitating lips, but his ardor and impetuosity swept it away, and she sat with lowered lashes looking into her lap. The horse had paused to drink at a clear brook running across the road. All about grew graceful, drooping willows. It was a lonely spot, and it seemed that they were quite out of the view of all save themselves. Cynthia's pink hand lay like a shell in her lap, and he took it into his. For an instant it thrilled as if the spirit of resistance had suddenly waked in it, and then it lay passive. Floyd raised it to his lips and kissed it, once, twice, several times. He held it ecstatically in both his own, and fondled it. Then suddenly an exclamation of surprise escaped Cynthia's lips, and with her eyes glued on some object ahead she snatched her hand away, her face hot with blushes. Following her glance, Floyd saw a man with his coat on his arm rising from the ground where he had been resting on the moss. It was Pole Baker, and with his shaggy head down, his heavy brows drawn together, he came toward them.

"I was jest waitin' fer somebody to pass an' give me a match," he said to Floyd, almost coldly, without a glance

at Cynthia. "I'm dyin' to smoke this cigar."

"What are you doing out afoot?" Floyd asked as he gave him several matches.

"Oh, I'm goin' to meetin', too. I know a short footpath through the mountains. Sally an' the children didn't want to come, an' I'd a heap ruther walk five miles than to ride ten over a road like this 'un. I'd sorter be afeard of a mettlesome hoss like that 'un. Ef he was to git scared an' break an' run, neither one o' you'd escape among these cliffs an' gullies."

"Oh, I can hold him in," Floyd said. "Well, we'd better drive on. Do you think you can get there as soon as we do, Pole?"

"I won't miss it much," said the farmer, and they saw him disappear in a shaded path leading down the mountain-side.

"He puzzles me," Floyd said awkwardly. "For a minute I imagined he was offended at something."

"He saw you—holding my hand." Cynthia would not say *kissing*. The word had risen to her tongue, but she instinctively discarded it. "He's been almost like a brother to me. He has a strong character, and I admire him very much. I always forget his chief weakness; he never seems to me to be a drunkard. He has the highest respect for women of any man I ever knew. I'm sorry—just now—"

"Oh, never mind Pole," Floyd broke in consolingly. "He's been a young man himself, and he knows how young people are. Now, if you begin to worry over that little thing, I shall be miserable. I set out to make you have a pleasant drive."

## CHAPTER XV

AN hour later they arrived at the bush-arbor, a rough shed upon which rested a roof of freshly cut boughs of trees and in which there were benches without backs. The ground was strewn with straw, and at the far end

was a crude platform and table where several ministers sat.

Leaving his companion near the main entrance, Floyd led his horse some distance away before he could find a suitable place to hitch him. Returning, he found a seat for himself and Cynthia near the rear. They had not been there long before Pole Baker slouched in, warm and flushed from his walk, and sat directly across the aisle from them. Floyd smiled and called Cynthia's attention to him, but Pole stared straight at the pulpit and neither looked to the right nor left. Floyd noticed a farmer bend over and speak to him, and was surprised to see that Pole made no response whatever. With a puzzled expression on his face, the farmer sank back into his seat.

The meeting was opened with prayer and a hymn. Then Hillhouse, who had arrived a little late, came in, a Bible and hymn book in hand, and went forward and sat with the other ministers. Floyd noted the shifting look of dissatisfaction on his thin face and his absent-minded manner as he exchanged perfunctory greetings with those around him.

"Poor fellow!" Floyd said to himself; "he's hard hit, and no wonder." He glanced at the fair face at his elbow and thrilled from head to foot. She was certainly all that a woman could possibly be.

Then there was a rousing sermon from the Rev. Edward Richardson, an eloquent mountain evangelist. His pleadings bore immediate fruit. Women began to shed tears and sob and utter prayers aloud. This was followed by tumultuous shouting, and the triumphant evangelist closed his talk by asking all who felt like it to kneel where they were and receive prayers for their benefit. Half of the congregation fell on their knees. "Did you see that?" Floyd whispered to Cynthia, and he directed her attention to Pole Baker, who was kneeling on the ground, his great, heavily shod feet under the seat in front of his, his elbows on his own bench, and

his big, splaying hands pressed over his eyes.

"Poor fellow!" she whispered back; "he is making fresh resolutions to quit drinking, I suppose. I'm so sorry for him. He tries harder to reform for the sake of his wife and children than any man I know. Sometimes I am afraid he never will succeed."

"Perhaps not," said Floyd. "You see, I know what it is, Cynthia."

"You?"

"Why, of course; it almost got me down once. There was a point in my life when I could have been blown one way or the other as easily as a feather. I don't want to pose as being better than I am, and I confess that I am actually afraid at times that it may again get the best of me. God only knows how a man has to fight a thing like that after it has once become a habit. As long as matters are like they are now, I can hold my own, I am sure; but I actually believe if I had to meet some absolutely crushing blow to all my hopes and aspirations, I'd—I'd really be as weak as Pole is."

"I don't believe it," said Cynthia, raising her frank eyes to his. "I don't believe a word of it," she repeated firmly.

"You don't? Well, perhaps your faith will save me."

The prayer over, the preacher next called on all who felt that they needed special spiritual help in any particular trial, affliction or trouble to come forward and give him their hands. Several men and women responded, and among them, to Floyd's growing astonishment, was Pole Baker. He stood erect at his seat for an instant, and then, with his long arms swinging at his sides, he walked up and shook hands stiffly with the minister.

"You were right about it," Floyd said to Cynthia. "I reckon he's making new resolutions. But where is the fellow going?"

They saw Pole, after releasing the preacher's hand, turn out at the side of the arbor and slowly stalk away toward the spot where Floyd had hitched his horse.

"Perhaps he's going to start back home," Cynthia said. "It's getting late and cloudy, and he has a long walk before him."

"That's it," said Floyd. "And footin' it through the woods as dark as it is even now is no simple matter; though Pole really has the instincts of a red Indian. But I don't understand it, for he is not headed toward home."

There was another earnest talk from another preacher, and then Hillhouse closed the meeting with a prayer.

Leaving Cynthia at the arbor, Floyd went down for his horse. He was not far from the buggy when he saw Pole Baker rise from a flat stone upon which he had been seated. Without looking at him Pole went to the hitch-rein and unfastened it, and led the restive animal around in the direction he was to go.

"Much obliged to you, old man," Floyd said, deeply touched by the action. "I could have done that myself."

"I know it, Nelson," Pole responded; "but I've got some'n' to say to you, an' as it is late an' may take a minute or two, I thought I'd save all the time I could an' not keep yore little partner waitin'."

"Oh, you want to see me, do you?"

Pole hesitated, his glance on the ground; the sockets of his big eyes were full-looking, and the muscles of his face and great neck were twitching. Presently he stared Floyd steadily in the eyes and began:

"Nelson, you've knowed me a good many years in the way one man knows a friend an' neighbor, or even a brother, but you don't plumb understand me yit. The Lord God Almighty's made men side by side in life as different as two kinds o' plants or two sorts o' minerals. Me 'n' you is friends, an' I'm a-goin' to say at the start that I love you as a brother, but we see things different—me 'n' you do—we act different about some things. That's what I want to see you about."

"Oh, I see!" Floyd had never been more perplexed in his life, but he waited for Pole's explanation.

"I hain't here to reflect on the char-

acter of women in general, nuther," said Baker, "though what I say mought sound like it to the shallow-minded. I'm here to tell you that the Lord God has made some o' the sweetest an' best an' purest women that ever lived unable to resist the fire the devil kindles in some men's eyes. Jest as the Almighty allowed Old Nick to play smash right among the elected angels o' heaven tell he was kicked out, so does He let 'im play hell an' damnation with the best an' purest here on earth, usin' as his devilish instrument men who excuse the'r selves on the plea that it's human natur'. A good woman will sometimes be as helpless under a hot-blooded man's eye and voice as a dove is when it flutters an' stands wonderin' before a rattlesnake that means to devour it soul and body."

"Pole, what's all this mean?" Floyd asked, slightly irritated.

"You wait an' see, dern yore hide!" said Pole. "Ef I kin afford to talk to you when I'm due at my home an' fireside, you kin afford to listen, fer ef it don't do you some good, it will be the beginnin' o' more harm than you ever had to tackle in yore short life. I want to tell you, Nelson, that that little woman you drove out here has been as true a friend to me as *you* have, an' if I have to side with one or the other, it will be with the weakest one. She's made sacrifices fer me. She saved little Billy's life, an' one day while I was lyin' too drunk to hold my head up in the swamp betwixt her daddy's house an' mine, she found me thar an' run an' fetched fresh water in my hat, an' bathed my nasty, bloated face with her wet handkerchief, an' kept tellin' me to brace up an' not go home that-a-way an' make my wife feel bad. She done that, Nelson Floyd, *an', by the holy God*, ef you think I'm a-goin' to set idle an' even *think* thar's a bare *resk* o' her bein' made unhappy by a big, strappin' thing in pants an' a vest an' coat an' a blue necktie, you've got little enough sense to need a guardeen to look after yore effects. I don't say thar *is* danger nor thar

hain't, but I seed you doin' a thing back thar on the road that didn't strike me as bein' plumb right, coupled with what I seed when you climbed over the fence o' Nathan Porter's orchard nigh midnight not long back. I've already told you I love you like a brother, but while meetin' was goin' on I made up my mind to say this to you. I got down at the preacher's invite an' prayed on it, an' I went forward an' give 'im my hand on it, axin' the sanction o' the Lord on it, an' I'm here to tell you to yore teeth, Nelson, that ef a hair o' that bonny head is harmed *through you* I will kill you as I would a p'ison snake! Now, I've said it. I'd 'a' had to say it ef you had been my twin brother, an' I'm not a-goin' to be sorry fer it, nuther. Yore a good, well-meanin' young man, but you ain't yoreself when you give way to hot blood."

Floyd was standing behind the neck of his horse, and for an instant Pole could not see his face. There was silence for a moment. Then Floyd came round the horse and stood facing the mountaineer. He was pale, his lower lip was twitching; there was a look in his eyes Baker had never seen there before.

"Pole," he said, "I'd shoot any other man on God's earth for talking to me as you have.

"You mean you'd *try*, Nelson."

"Yes, I mean I'd try; but I can't be mad at you. We've been too close for that, Pole. I admire you more than any man alive. With all your faults, you have done more, in the long run, to lift me up than any other influence. I don't know what to say to you. I—I feel your words keenly, but you understand that I cannot, after what you have said and the way you've said it, make promises. That would really be—an insult to—to the lady in question and an acknowledgment that no brave man could make to another."

"I understand that, Nelson." And Pole, with a softened face, held out his big, warm hand. "Shake, old boy. Let it all pass. Now that you understand me, I'm goin' to trust you like a

friend. No good man will harm the sister of a friend, no way, an' that's what she is to me. She's my little sister, Nelson. Now, you go take 'er home. I don't like the looks o' that cloud in the west, an' I don't like the way that hoss o' yourn keeps layin' back his ears an' snortin' at ever' leaf that blows by."

## CHAPTER XVI

FLOYD drove on to the bush-arbor and helped Cynthia into the buggy.

"Was that Pole Baker talking to you?" she questioned.

"Yes, he wanted to speak to me," said Floyd seriously. "He unhitched my horse and turned him around."

"I suppose he is making resolutions to reform?"

Floyd shrugged his shoulders unconsciously. "Yes, he's always doing that sort of thing. He's afraid there may be a storm, too. He's the best weather prophet I know. If the cloud were behind us I shouldn't be concerned at all, for Jack could outrun it."

They were driving into a lonely, shaded part of the road, and there they noticed more plainly the darkness that had rapidly fallen over the landscape. Cynthia shivered, and Floyd tried to see the expression of her face, but she was looking down and he was unable to do so.

"Are you really afraid?" he asked.

"I was thinking about how narrow the road is," she made answer, "and of the awful cliffs along beside it. Then Jack seems restless and excited. If the lightning were to begin to flash, or should strike near us, he might——"

"Don't worry," Floyd broke in calmly. "It is this long, dark road that makes you nervous. We'll get out of it in a few minutes."

But they were delayed. Jack, frightened at some imaginary object ahead, paused, and, with his forefeet firmly planted in front of him, stood snorting, his ears thrown back. His master gently urged him to go on, but he refused to move. Then Floyd



touched his flanks with the lash of the whip, but this only caused the animal to rear up in a dangerous manner and start to turn round. The road was too narrow for this, however, and, throwing the reins into Cynthia's lap, Floyd got out and went to the horse's head, and, holding to the bridle, gently stroked the face and neck of the animal. But Jack would not be led forward. The situation was really grave, for the time was passing and night was already upon them. From his position at the animal's head Floyd could barely see Cynthia in her white shawl and dress. Along the black horizon the lightning was playing, and the rising wind bore to their faces fine drops of rain. It was a sudden crash of thunder behind them that made the horse start forward, and it was with some difficulty that Floyd got into the buggy from behind. Then they dashed forward at a perilous speed. On they went, over the rough road. Even out in the open it was now dark, and in the distance they heard the ominous roar and crash of the approaching storm. The situation was indeed critical. Once more they ran into a road so dark that they could scarcely see Jack's head. Suddenly Floyd drew rein, stopped the quivering horse, and looked closely at the ground. Cynthia heard an exclamation of dismay escape his lips.

"What is it?" she asked. He made no answer till she had repeated her question.

"This is the same road we passed over half an hour ago," he said. "We have gone the wrong way. We are lost, little girl!"

Even at that grave moment he felt a thrill of admiration at her coolness.

"Well," she said, "we must make the best of it and not get excited. If we lose our heads there is no telling what may happen."

"What a brave little woman you are!" he said. "Do you remember? The road forks about a quarter of a mile ahead; when we went by just now we took either the right or the left, but I've forgotten which."

"We took the left," she said. "I remember that distinctly."

"Then we must take the right this time—that is, if you are sure."

"I'm very sure."

"Good; then we must drive on as fast as we can."

"You'd better go slowly," Cynthia cautioned him. "The road is very, very dangerous, and if Jack should become frightened as we are passing a cliff, there is no telling what——"

She did not finish, for there was a bright flash of lightning in their faces, followed by a deafening clap of thunder on the mountain-side above them. With a terrified snort Jack plunged onward. They reached the point where the roads divided, and Floyd managed to pull the animal into the right one. For half an hour they sped onward. Every effort Floyd made to check the horse was foiled; the spirited animal seemed to have taken the bit between his teeth. Then the storm broke upon them in alarming fury, and they suddenly found themselves before a high, isolated building. The horse, as with almost human instinct, had paused.

"It's Long's mill," Floyd told Cynthia. "It's not in use. Pole and I stopped here to rest when we were out hunting last month. The door is not locked. There is a shed and stable behind for horses. We must get in out of danger."

Cynthia hesitated. "Is it the only thing?" she asked.

"Yes, it might cost us our lives to stay here, and it is two miles to the nearest house."

"All right, then." He was already on the ground, and she put her hands on his shoulders and sprang down.

"Now, run up the steps," he said. "The door opens easily. I'll lead Jack around to the shed and be back in a minute."

She obeyed, and when he returned after a few moments he found her on the threshold waiting for him, her beautiful, long hair blown loose by the fierce wind.

They stood side by side in the darkness for a few minutes, and then a tor-

rent of rain dashed down upon the roof like tons of solid matter which threatened to crush the building like an eggshell. He pushed her back, and with a great effort managed to close the big sliding door.

"We must keep the wind out," he said. "If we don't, the mill will be blown away."

It was now too dark for them to see each other at all, and the roar of the storm rendered speech between them almost impossible. She suddenly felt his hands grasp hers, and then he shouted, as he held them in his tight clasp: "There is a big pile of fodder over there against the wall. Come, sit down. There is no telling how long this may last, and you are already fagged out."

She offered no resistance, and he cautiously led her through the darkness till he felt the fodder under his feet. Then he bent down and raked a quantity of it together and again took her hand.

"Sit here," he said, gently pushing her downward. "It is dry and warm."

He was right. The soft bed of sweet-smelling corn leaves felt very comfortable to the tired girl. He laughed out impulsively as he pulled a quantity of the fodder near to her and sat down on it, locking his arms over his knees. "This isn't so very bad, after all," he said. "You know, it might have been a great deal worse. Jack's well housed, and this old mill has withstood a thousand storms."

She said nothing, and he leaned nearer till his lips almost touched her ear.

"Why are you so silent?" he asked. "Are you still afraid?"

"No, but I was wondering what my mother will think," Cynthia said. "She'll be sure we have been killed."

"Don't worry about that," Floyd said cheerfully. "I gave Pole my last match, or I'd take a smoke. Why, Cynthia, you don't know when you are in luck. I feel like Providence is good to me. I've not really had you much to myself all the afternoon, anyway, along with the tiresome preach-

ing, singing, shouting, and the fast riding in the dark, and now—" He reached out and took her hand. She made an effort to withdraw it, but he laughed and held it firmly.

"Don't be afraid of me, dear," he said. And then, as in a flash, a picture stood before him. He saw Pole Baker at his rough bench kneeling in the straw. He had another vision. It was the gaunt farmer as he stalked forward to shake hands with the preacher. Then Floyd, as it were, stood facing the mountaineer, and, above the thunder of the raging tempest without, Pole's grim warning broke upon the ears of his soul. Floyd sat staring into the darkness. He saw a white dove fluttering in a grassy spot before a coiled snake, with eyes like living diamonds. A shudder passed over him, and raising Cynthia's hand to his lips he kissed it lightly, respectfully, and released it.

"Perhaps you'd rather have me stay near the door, little girl," he said, in a tone he had never used to her before. "You were thrown here with me against your will, and I shall not force my attentions upon you. Don't be afraid. I'm going to the door and sit down. I can see the road from there, and as soon as the storm is over I'll come for you."

She made no response, and, rising, he moved away, taking an armful of the corn blades with him. He found a place against the wall, near the door, and throwing the fodder down he rested upon it, his long legs stretched out upon the floor.

"Thank God!" he said. "Pole Baker has shot more manhood into my dirty carcass today than it ever held before. I'll take care of your little sister, Pole. She's a sweet, dear, noble, brave little woman. There is not another such a one on earth. Good God! what must a sensitive, refined creature like she is think of an affair like that Jeff Wade business?"

He shuddered. Pushing some of the fodder under his head, he reclined at full length. Something Pole had said to him once while they were on the

river bank fishing came to him. "I believe," the mountaineer had said, with his eyes on his line, "that the Almighty made women weak in their very sweetness an' purity, an' men strong in evil. An' He lets two of 'em come together in this life, an' stand side by side, an' if the man is good enough they will grow together an' work fer good an' perfect happiness. But ef he's evil he kin put out his slimy arms an' draw her into his own cesspool like a water moccasin coiled round a pond lily. It is with the man to make or damn his chances of contentment in life, an' when he's soaked in evil he not only damns hisse'f but all he touches."

Floyd closed his eyes. His admiration for Pole Baker had never been so intense. For perhaps the first time in his life he felt the sting of the hot blood of shame in his face.

"I'll take care of your little sister, Pole," he said. "I'll do it—I'll do it!"

He closed his eyes. The storm was beating more steadily now. His thoughts became a delicious blur. He was asleep. Several hours must have passed. He waked, sat up and looked about him; it was not so dark now, and while it was still raining, the noise of the falling drops was not so loud. He stood up and stretched himself. From the stiffness of his limbs he knew he had slept a long time.

"Cynthia!" he called out, but there was no reply. "Cynthia!" he called again, but still only his own voice rang out above the falling rain and whistling wind. He groped forward. In the darkness he saw her white dress like a drift of snow against the pile of fodder. He bent over her and touched her. She sat up with a start.

"You've been asleep, too," he laughed.

"Oh, have I?" she exclaimed. "I—I—forgot where I was, and I was so tired. Is—is the rain over? Can we go on now?"

"Not yet, I'm afraid, Cynthia," he said consolingly. "If you don't object to staying here alone, I'll go outside and look around. I want to

see if we can cross the mill creek. Sometimes it gets very high."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she assured him. "There's nothing here to be afraid of."

"Some women would imagine the mill was full of tramps or escaped negro convicts," he laughed, "but you are different, little girl. You are plucky. I'll be back in a few minutes."

He returned very soon, stamping his wet boots on the mill steps. "The rain is about over," he told her. "The sky in the east is clearing up; in fact, it is almost daybreak. Cynthia, we have both slept longer than we had any idea of. But the worst part of the business is that the creek is out of its banks and we can't get across till it runs down; but that won't take long. We can start for home about sunrise, and then we can go like the wind. Jack will want his breakfast."

She said nothing, but he fancied he heard her sigh. She started to rise and he put out his hand. She gave him hers with a strange, new show of confidence that touched him, thrilled him, and sent a flush of vague gratification over him.

"You are disappointed," he said tentatively.

With her hand still in his they walked to the door and looked out toward the pale sky in the east.

"I was wondering what my mother will think," she said. "She won't like this at all. But you know, Nel—you know, Mr. Floyd, that I couldn't help it."

"Of course not," he said, frowning darkly. "Stopping here really saved our lives. She'll have to see that. You can make her see it, Cynthia."

"She's very peculiar," Cynthia sighed. "The smallest things almost drive her insane. The rain is over; don't you think we could go some other way and avoid the creek?"

"Why, yes, we could drive back to the Hillcrest road, but it would take two hours longer."

"Well, we would have to wait here that long, wouldn't we?"

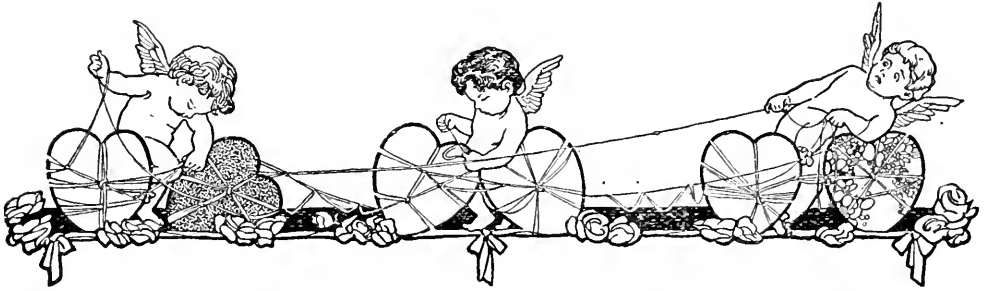
"Yes, it's six of one and half a

dozen of the other," he smiled. "If you'd rather be in the buggy and on the move, why, we can start."

"I think I had," she said.

"All right; you are the doctor," he laughed. "I'll get Jack out and have him hitched to the buggy in a minute."

*(To be continued.)*



### *His Herd*

"SORTER funny thing happened at my place day before yesterday," said a certain prominent resident of the 'Possum Trot, Ark., neighborhood. "Wife 'lowed, she did, that it 'peared to her that the children were makin' considerable more noise than common out in the yard; they were playin' hoss-thief or lynchin', or some innocent game that-a-way—four or five of 'em figger on bein' deputy sheriffs or something of the sort when they grow up. I said I reckoned the fracas was just about normal; but wife 'lowed—and you know how set women are when they git hold of a notion—she 'lowed, also, that there 'peared somehow to be more of 'em than was customary around there.

"Aw, I reckon not, Magnolia," says I sorter soothingly. 'I reckon not.'

"But nothin' would do her but we must go out and investigate. The yard did seem to be pretty thickly populated, for a fact, and when they heard us comin' several more children crawled out of the ash-hopper and from under the house and such places; and when we had tallied 'em all up, burhanged if there wasn't nineteen of 'em, when wife 'lowed—and I reckon she knowed—that there oughtn't to have been more than about fourteen. It shorely looked as if there was a bug under the chip, as the sayin' goes, and nothin' would satisfy wife but to find out what was wrong. She added 'em up and she ciphered 'em out, and there shore was nineteen of 'em, and no mistake about it! I says prob'ly that was right, after all, but wife wouldn't hear to it. She stuck and hung—and, as I said before, you know how women are that-a-way—that there was too much liberality, as it were, in the census roll.

"She was a good deal aggravated about it, too, and the upshot of the matter was that she took soft soap and warm water and washed the faces of every last one of them children. And, behold you, when the operation was over, dinged if it didn't prove that wife had been right all the time, as she 'most generally is. In the pack was two children of Lab Juckett's and one of Tut Springer's, or two of Tut's and one of Lab's—I fergit which, now—and two more that wouldn't tell where they belonged. Two of the extra layout had been livin' at our place for three days or so, another one didn't 'pear to know when he'd come there, and them two contrary children that wouldn't tell where they came from got their backs up and refused to say how long they had been with us. And in the case of all of 'em, none of their folks had made any signs of havin' missed 'em."



# What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks

BY W. S. MORGAN

WAR is a means to thin out the fools.

Gold has been worshiped ever since Aaron made a calf of it.

The Democratic Party has a bright future behind it.

There are some men in Congress that ought to be in the insane asylum, and many who ought to be in the penitentiary.

For a poor man to steal a loaf of bread is robbery, but when a rich man steals a railroad it is called a "transaction."

"War," said Napoleon, "is the pastime of barbarians."

Very few men know themselves; if they did they would be ashamed of the company they keep when alone.

Because the way to heaven is "straight and narrow" is no reason why one who travels it should be narrow-minded.

Half the men who start newspapers and families are failures.

If you allow your wife to have the last word the row will soon end.

And now the question is, will a truthful man tell how much he lies?

The man who is the father of twins is almost always proud of his misery.

All the people in the universe believing a lie would not make it a truth.

Policy is the devil's scoop-shovel.

Noise is the disinfectant which the two old parties put on their records.

Patriotism does not need a brass band or a tin horn for inspiration.

A man who lives for himself alone will die unwept.

The prayer of the hypocrite makes good kindling wood for the devil.

It is not what you believe that makes a thing true, but that which is.

No able-bodied man has a right to live off the labors of other men.

Securing reform through either one of the old parties is like suing the devil and holding the court in hell.

The Democratic skillet is as black as the Republican pot.

The Democratic Party has been a weak sister ever since it lost its Hanna howl.

Unless you stand up for your principles you need not expect to have them respected by others.

The people have no reason to fear the laws they would make for themselves under the system of Initiative and Referendum.

The trouble with some of the political watchdogs is that they want to suck all the eggs themselves.

The rope bluff on the city councilmen of Philadelphia, who voted away a valuable franchise for seventy-five years, wouldn't work. The Referendum would fit all such cases to a T.

Greed is a disease that ought to be dealt with by law the same as small-pox.

The politicians of the old parties are just discovering the octopus. The Populists have known him for a long time. They were putting sand-burs under his tail a dozen years ago.

The corporations and trusts have little respect for the law or the rights of others. How, then, can they expect protection from that which they defy?

Some men manage to live without work, while many work without living as they should live.

Supply and demand seem to have dissolved partnership. The trusts have muzzled both of them.

Don't expect too much in this old world; the trusts and corporations

have to be provided for, and all good yellow dogs are expected to help them.

Rockefeller evidently thinks that his liberal donations to charity will give him a pious pull with Providence.

Andrew Carnegie says that "a duke is as good as a coachman if he behaves himself." It is about the best thing Andy ever said.

A candidate that the trusts and corporations want is not a good candidate for the people, no difference what political party nominates him.

The way to get rid of the rascals is to stop being fools.

The man who votes to have the harpoon put into him ought to have what he votes for and be swatted if he squeals.

A man should not blame his wife for being fond of dry goods so long as he is equally fond of wet goods.

Respect for the law is the greatest safeguard to the Republic.

If the trusts and corporations set the example of violating the law they should not complain when the people follow suit.

The Philadelphians have been asking God to purify the municipal administration of the affairs of that city. That's just what their vote is intended for, and they should not ask God to do that which they won't do themselves.

With the Imperative Mandate we could make the politician know that "there is a God in Israel."

Tom Lawson seems to be a live wire which Wall Street dare not touch.

A man who discredits his government's money is as much a traitor as he who discredits her flag.

A Supreme Court that misconstrues a law is a violater of the law itself. Court-made law is a dangerous weapon to fool with; it is loaded at both ends.

About the worst thing that has been said about President Roosevelt is the charge made by several Democratic newspapers that he is a good Democrat.

While the soldiers of the Civil War were bleeding for their country the bankers and bag barons were bleeding it.

If the Talking-Machine-of-the-Platte succeeds in organizing a bobtail flush out of part of the Democratic Party the Republicans ought to pension him for life.

So long as the people consent to remain yellow dogs the grafters will have a rich harvest.

Laws made under the system of Initiative and Referendum might be a little rough on the bag barons and boodlers, but would not hurt the people.

It is such men as Senator Platt, of New York, President of the United States Express Company, who prevent the passage of a law providing for a parcels post for carrying small packages by mail.

No one doubts but that the machinery of this Government is practically under the control of the corporations, and it will remain so until the voters quit being yellow dogs and assert their independence as free men.

The best thing in President Roosevelt's political creed is his reliance on American manhood.

Bryan wants all the Democratic voters to put on a yellow dog collar and bind themselves in writing to vote in all the Democratic primaries from now until 1908. Bryan is getting to be about the biggest yellow dog in the whole lot.

The Louisiana *Post* calls upon God to "save the Democratic Party." In Philadelphia they are asking Him to save the Republican Party. What's the matter with dumping both of them into oblivion and starting out with a brand-new party? The two old organizations are so rotten that it isn't at all likely the Deity will have anything to do with either of them.

The mob violates the law occasionally; the corporations and trusts are violating it all the time. The mob is not represented in Congress by senators and representatives; the trusts and corporations are. The real danger is from the corporations and trusts.

In nearly every instance where the people have the opportunity to vote on a public ownership proposition they carry it.

There never has been a single good reason given why the Government should not loan money to the farmers at 2 per cent. rather than to the bankers at one-half of 1 per cent.

Mr. Rockefeller says that it is not necessary for him to defend his money. Certainly not; the money itself is innocent, but no defense that he could set up would change the methods used in accumulating it, or the verdict of the people with regard to those methods.

With half of the yellow dogs on one side and half on the other it is just like any other dog fight—all that the dogs get is what hair they pull out of each other.

Postage stamps are redeemable only in service, but they pass current in small sums just the same as money. There is no gold attachment to them, and no scarcity. They are issued exclusively by the Government, and no banker gets a rake-off in the sale of them. The substance on which they are printed has but little intrinsic value, yet they perform their function just as well as if they were gold.

So long as the working class have not sense enough to vote for something else than what the old political machines give them they will get it in the neck. Just think of a laboring man voting the same ticket that John D. Rockefeller or Grover Cleveland does! Then get mad and go on a strike because they get what they voted for! What such men need is to be bored for the simples.

There is no wealth except that produced by labor, yet the richest men in the nation are those who never

created a dollar's worth of wealth. They have grown rich simply by manipulating and controlling the system of distribution. It is this system of distribution which the Populists would change so that the products of labor would be equitably distributed. Populists know that equal distribution is impossible.

The Standard Oil Company pays a dividend of 24 per cent. on all its stock, which is watered beyond all reason. If the Government would do as it did in establishing the money-order business, and do some refining on its own account, that dividend could be reduced to a fair rate, and people could buy their oil at less than half of what they are now paying.

What would the Government do if the bankers would buy up all the available postage stamps and raise the price on them? Wink its other eye and print some more stamps, of course. What ought it to do when the bankers "corner" most of the money and make it scarce? Print some more money for the people to use. What ought the Government to do when one trust has full control of the oil business and demands an extortionate price? Go into the oil business itself, just as Kansas is doing. That isn't politics; it is business.

The Government has arranged so that the bankers can borrow money at one-half of 1 per cent. per annum, but the farmers have to pay 5 to 10 per cent. and give better security than the bankers. If that isn't the next thing to getting "something for nothing" this deponent doesn't know what you would call it.

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### *The Way of It*

MISTAH WORL' wore out his pants;  
 Den to make it neat an' match  
 Missy Nature comes erlong  
 An' puts on a melon patch.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.



# Pecos the Peeler

BY B. M. BOWER

THE prairies were brown and drenched; the sky a slaty sieve through which dripped water without a break. A west wind drove the rain-lines slantwise to the east, and the wild range cattle humped their backs to it miserably and sought scant shelter in the deepest coulees. The hilltops and high levels were but sodden, desolate wastes whereon no living thing moved.

Of the Four-Eleven riders, all were dry and content save the horse-wrangler; and he, huddled in his yellow slicker and with his hat-brim dripping like the eaves of a house, was sitting humped in his saddle, out on a pinnacle, unhappily counting the hours till the misery of the nighthawk.

In the bed tent men were sprawled comfortably and ungracefully, "telling it scarey"—which, being interpreted, means the relation of fearsome adventures in the wild, and of neck-threatening rides on untamed steeds; of mis-haps dire and triumphs sweet.

"Up at the Happy Heart," Delaney began, "there was a bronco-peeler named Pecos Smith working for the outfit; a big-mouthed son-of-a-gun, but he could sure ride. I seen him get let down on his face good and plenty, one time, though—and it sure done me a heap uh good."

Noisy Jim, sitting cross-legged on the ground, a hand-glass propped against his knees and his face belath-ered till his own grandmother couldn't have thought him pretty, wiped his razor carefully upon a two-weeks-old newspaper.

"Our friend of the Happy Heart has an incident to relate," he remarked. "If any among you has any objection to the telling, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace. You won't

have a chance when he gets fairly started." Then he added as an after-thought, "You needn't believe him, unless you choose."

Delaney pulled his tobacco sack shut with his teeth and grinned. "I call your bluff," he said cheerfully. "I wasn't hurting t' tell it—but now, yuh got to 'come listen to my song.'"

"An' 'I won't detain yuh long,'" murmured Spider from the roll of bedding where he lay unbeautifully coiled.

"You shut up," Delaney told him bluntly, with the unceremoniousness of a close friend. "This here tale uh woe that I'm about t' punish yuh with is straight goods and all romancing barred."

"Same as ghost stories," Spider cut in rashly.

Noisy Jim raised his eyes from his own reflection, and his razor hand poised six inches from his jaw. "Did somebody mention ghosts?" he queried mildly, and Spider's face turned red.

"As I was about to say," Delaney went on, "this Pecos could sure enough drag it out of 'em, but he was too darn well aware of the fact, and he was dead anxious t' have everyone else wise to it—which would spoil the best rider living, t' my notion.

"I guess you've heard me speak uh Dolly Bridgeman, the old man's cousin, that was stopping at the ranch. She belonged over in the Graburn Basin country, where her dad had a horse ranch, and she was over at the Happy Heart on account uh being stuck on a fellow her folks was down on. They thought, I guess, girls is like calves; yuh can wean 'em in about a week uh separation from the man they want."

"Say, is this a love tale?" Spider wanted to know.

Delaney gave no heed. "Well, she'd quit bawling and gone t' eating hay, so t' speak, and I guess every puncher on the ranch was cherishing some hopes, on the quiet, uh making her forget she ever felt bad about any fellow but him. She was a mighty nice little girl, all right—the kind any man on God's green earth ud be proud t' get his loop on. An' I guess Pecos had a bigger dose uh loco than any of us—at any rate, he acted the fool a heap worse.

"So the way it began, we was riding past the house one day, and Dolly was standing out on the porch, and she give us all the glad smile, same as she was in the habit uh doing when she met any of us; she was that kind, yuh see—always nice and pleasant to a fellow, whether she thought anything uh him or not.

"Well, Pecos was for absorbing the hull smile for himself, individual; he takes his hat clean off his head and swipes it down along past his knee, and like t' knocked his brains out on the saddle-horn, bowing so emphatic.

"He was riding a little paint—a high-strung, nervous-dispositioned horse named Spotted Dog—but gentle, if he was treated halfways white. But he hadn't been brought up in no dancing-school, so he kind o' mistook Pecos's intentions. He thought, I guess, that Pecos was handing out insults to him, instead uh politeness t' Miss Dolly. Anyway, he side-stepped a little, same as any high-tempered horse would—but nothing t' speak of; just snorted and danced off sideways a few steps. But Pecos, he was thinking t' make a pretty ride for Dolly t' see, and like a fool he jabbed his spurs into Spotted Dog, and swiped him over the head kind o' savage, and old Spotted Dog turned it on sudden. Next Pecos was aware of he was spread-eagling toward Miss Dolly, and her standing there, serious and sympathetic on the outside of her face, and laughing fit t' kill down deep in her eyes. A girl that's raised on a horse ranch can pretty near tell when there's any call for a man t' fight his horse." Delaney had let his ciga-

rette grow cold, and stopped to light up again.

"That was a mighty long prelude for such a brief warble," Spider sighed. "I come blame near growing interested."

"I'll thank yuh t' stand back till I get through," Delaney retorted. "Pecos, he picks himself up, oozing anger out of his pores, he was so mad. Spotted Dog was standing there, looking at Pecos over his shoulder, kind o' surprised and reproachful, like my old dad used to look just when he was about t' cut loose with a strap. But Pecos, I guess, never was interviewed out in the woodshed by his dad—anyway, he couldn't seem t' recognize the signs. He walked up and got holt uh the reins, and stepped up on him again, with blood in his eye—and considerable around in the vicinity of his nose, if I remember correctly.

"To my knowledge, Spotted Dog had never dropped a man before, and after that one 'it-hurts-me-worse-than-it-does-you' look, he made me think of a kid when he first finds out he can whistle a tune. It like t' tickled him t' death, just t' know he could. Pecos limbered up with his quirt and raked him along the ribs, and Spotted Dog got busy without any preliminaries. Glory to goodness, how he did pitch! It took him just about forty-nine seconds t' make Pecos eat dirt again—and he couldn't say that time was a fluke, either; he just naturally got thrown down, and no umpire on earth could holler 'foul.'

"Us boys led Spotted Dog back t' the corral and turned him loose, and Pecos limped off to the bunk-house and laid up for repairs, thinking, I reckon, 'Vanity, vanity—' What's the rest uh that, Noisy?'"

"'All is vanity,'" supplied Noisy in fragments, on account of shaving his chin at the moment.

"Oh! all right. Well, we had our little fun about it that day, when he wasn't present, and we concluded we wouldn't throw it into him much about it, seeing he'd got all that was coming to him. But, glory to goodness! we

hadn't more than hit the bunk-house, that night, before Pecos rolled over and commenced belly-aching about it, and saying Spotted Dog couldn't be rode by no mortal man, and he was a sure-enough outlaw, and all that kind uh foolishness.

"Some uh the boys was for sanctioning all those remarks, for Spotted Dog sure had some unchristian specialties in his—for a beginner. But Pecos made me so darn tired I rose up in meeting and offered to bet him ten dollars Cypress Kid could top him off straight up, and with quirt a-swinging.

"Well, say, you'd ought to 'a' seen Pecos! He sure took himself serious, and he wasn't for having no rivals in the bronco-peeling business. His article uh faith was what *he* couldn't ride was no use wasting leather on. His eyes fair got glassy, and he lifted up on his elbow and raised my ante forty dollars!

"Well, say, I swallowed air fast, for a minute! I hadn't started in with no fifty dollars' worth of enthusiasm for Cypress Kid, for I hadn't never so much as laid eyes on him; all I knowed about him was hearsay, and a man's rep generally gets plenty uh trimming up, amongst his loyal admirers, and it ain't the safest thing in the world t' gamble on.

"But I said it was a go—and then Pecos was about as unhappy as me, I reckon. We was both of us running whizzers, and we was both too darn ornery t' let go.

"So we talked big medicine a while, and I seen I was sure in for it. So we frames up a letter— What d'yuh call them kind everybody has a whack at, and then makes a wheel out uh their names, Noisy?"

"A round robin?" Noisy Jim suggested.

"That there's the bird. Pecos states his case pretty war-like—for a man with the peeling off half his anatomy, t' say nothing of other disablements—and Curly Landers butts in with a few remarks, and the rest all takes a whirl. And, by the time they'd relieved their minds, they'd filled both sides of an

eight-by-ten sheet—all but a couple inches square for the wheel uh names—and I hadn't got a word in edgeways, mind yuh! And me with fifty dollars in the air. So I glommed some red ink that the cook had swiped out of an empty shack once, and I wrote across their letter endways, 'For the Lord's sake, come a-running. I've got fifty up on your rep'—and I felt some better, though it did hurt my feelings to put up good money like that, sight-unseen.

"Well, next day the cook rode out and held up the stage for us, and put robin redbreast aboard her, and then we had a wait coming. Cypress was over beyond the Graburn Basin, somewheres—he was riding for the big Ace uh Clubs Company, and the stage only made one trip a week—going up on Monday and coming back on Thursday. And if Cypress happened to be away from the home ranch, the Lord only knew when our suspense would be over.

"But, as luck would have it, next day along rides a sheep-wrangler direct from the lamb pens, and struck old Tom for a job riding; and old Tom kind uh took pity on the poor devil and hired him, so we had him to amuse ourselves with whilst we waited for an answer t' our round robin. He was a meek-faced, blue-eyed, yellow-haired kind uh slim-jim—looked some like Spider, here."

Delaney dodged Spider's hat, and continued:

"He rode a mangy little cayuse that I counted fifty-one ribs on, and he had an old saddle that must 'a' cost him as much as seven dollars, I guess—and a pair uh chaps that was so far gone there was nothing whole but the fringe. And—oh, he fair blatted, he did. Curly said he'd seen him herding for Thompson—and that would 'a' queered him with the boys, even if they hadn't hated him on general principles, just for being a sheep-wrangler. We'd had a lot uh trouble with Thompson and his herders over range and water.

"Pecos, being on the lift, and sore on the world anyway, took this here Pilgrim's arrival—we dubbed him the Pilgrim soon as we seen the way he

dragged his saddle off—he sure took him t' heart, and mourned around the bunk-house like an old cow in weaning time. And Pecos being so savage with him, I had t' take his part a lot—but it did grind me some, he was so damn mild mannered. I like t' see a man show fight, once in a while, when the occasion seems t' demand it.

“Well, come Thursday evening, we got an answer t' our challenge, all right. It said that Cypress Kid would ride over and gentle our bad little pony some day, when he could get a layoff. The general tone Pecos took as kind uh insulting—seeing there was a real bronco-peeler at the Happy Heart—and him and the boys got their heads t'gether and 'lowed they'd proceed t' educate Spotted Dog some. That didn't please me none too well, and I could fair see my fifty dollars fade away t' slow music, but I wouldn't squeal. I figured that I was due t' lose any way yuh was a mind t' fix it. Spotted Dog was sure a bad actor, once he piled his man and found out he could. Some horses seem t' have a natural gift that way, yuh know—and Pecos wasn't easy t' throw. I'd saw him make some wild old rides, and it looked t' me he ought t' know his business. Yuh see, the way he raised my bet kind o' jarred my nerve. But I kept my face closed and looked wise, which was some comfort, seeing it kept Pecos feeling anxious; he didn't know what a lot I was ignorant—about Cypress Kid, that is.

“A couple uh days after we got the letter I was talking t' Curly Landers about it, out in the barn, and the Pilgrim ambled in and caught a word or two about Cypress Kid. He kind o' hung around till Curly rode off, and then he come up t' me and says, kind o' deprecating:

“‘Is it so, that Cypress Kid is going t' come over and ride a contest against that Pecos Smith?’

“I told him maybe so, and he stood a minute and then he asked me if I thought he could ride better than Pecos Smith, and did I know him very well.

“I said no, I didn't, and he looked

around to see if anybody was in hearing—which they wasn't—and then he says, ‘Cypress Kid is kind of a hard man t' get along with, I guess. He run a band uh sheep about ten miles off from Coulée Creek, and the lambs got mixed up and lost from their mothers during the excitement, and the herder was scared so bad he left the bunch and drew his time. He was afraid Cypress Kid was going t' kill him.’ And then he shook his head mournful—thinking about them mixed lambs, I guess.

“I asked him if Cypress Kid could ride any, and he looked up at me kind uh earnest and said: ‘I guess he can ride pretty good. I seen him ride a bucking horse once, and he stayed right with him, and never fell off once. I know I couldn't 'a' done that—I'd 'a' fell off, I guess, if a horse bucked with me like that. I guess he's a pretty good rider, anyway.’

“That made me kind o' hostile, and I told him t' chase himself off, which he done. I was sure disgusted t' think I'd asked a lamb-lickin' pilgrim like him for an expert opinion of a man's riding qualities.

“Well, things went along for a week or ten days, and no Cypress Kid showed up, and my fifty kept growing dimmer and dimmer t' my view, the way Pecos and the boys was training Spotted Dog. Lord knows he was bad enough when he piled Pecos, but that was nothin t' the fight he could put up after they'd let him shake off a dummy every day. They'd watch till the ranch was quiet, and then take him out in the big corral and saddle him up, and tie a dummy onto him and turn him loose. He sure got wicked, after a few times uh that, and it was as much as a man's life was worth t' try and top him off. Money couldn't 'a' hired Pecos t' try it, for all he was such a swell rider and buster.

“Now, I want t' tell yuh what that Pecos done t' the Pilgrim, just for pure spite. Pilgrim was coming home from town with a bunch of us one day, and his horse stirred up a rattler and crow-hopped a little. Pilgrim he stayed

with him, by glomming the horn and pulling leather a lot. But he lost both stirrups, and was all over the saddle. Say, he was proud, though. Soon as old Joe settled down he hunted up his stirrups and got his toes in 'em, and looked around at us fellows, and says, kind o' triumphant, 'I guess you boys was expecting t' see me fall off!' And glory t' goodness, how the boys did guy him! They told him Pecos wasn't in it no more, and he was sure a rider—and it wasn't ten minutes till he was riding with a haughty backbone and looking down at us condescending.

"Dolly, she happened t' see it, and smiled awful sweet on him, I noticed—and so did Pecos, and that made him hot under the collar some more. He was doing his little best t' make some impression on Dolly, and he wasn't a bit pleased when she smiled on somebody else, which she had a habit uh doing. That evening Pilgrim slicked up some and went up t' the house t' call on Dolly, and Pecos was fighting his head something awful over it. Curly, he offered to slip up and find out what Pilgrim was doing, and he come back saying over some po'try that he said Pilgrim was reading out of a book. Maybe you know the piece, Noisy—I little thought, when first thy reins I stacked upon the banks uh Seine, That I and Deegle here should feed on thy sweet limbs, my matches steed—which, as he said, there wasn't much sense to, and was sure sickening t' read to a lady.

"But Dolly liked it, all right, for the Pilgrim was up t' the house every evening, and even took t' riding around with her, till Pecos was fair wild. Well, we was all of us kind o' sore on the Pilgrim, for that matter. Dolly did tell me she only done it t' git him away from the boys' teasing, but it looked to me like she was making too thorough a job of it.

"Well, Pecos was rank murderous, and got the boys t' help him put up a job on Pilgrim about his riding—which he was sure swell-headed about after that pretty ride on Joe. So next Sunday we was all going t' town for re-

freshments, and Pilgrim messed around with his rope, like he always done, and got old Joe, and then found out he was dead lame—which any fool could tell a mile off. I suspicioned Pecos was up t' something, and I would bet money he'd lamed Joe deliberate. Pilgrim, he slipped his rope off and said he guessed he'd stay t' home; he said he didn't care much about town, nohow.

"Pecos wasn't agreeable t' that, and he kind o' sneered and asked Pilgrim why he didn't throw his rope on some other horse—or was he afraid he couldn't ride nothing but Joe? Pilgrim throwed back his shoulders and said he guessed he wasn't much afraid, but he guessed he didn't have t' go. He was getting kind o' nifty and sassy, after Dolly'd took up with him.

"Well, Pecos kept throwing it into him, and Curly Landers and Slim butted in and begun to devil Pilgrim about his riding till they got him kind o' hostile, and he swung round t' Pecos and says, 'Well, pick me out a horse, gosh darn yuh, and I'll ride him.'

"Pecos was waiting for that, and he winked at us and pointed t' Spotted Dog. I wouldn't stand for that, it looked so low-down mean, and so I spoke up and told Pilgrim he better let that horse alone. He'd been mostly riding fence, and wasn't wise t' Spotted Dog's talents. But he wouldn't hear a word, and he was near crying, he was so worked up. And the boys was about t' p'le into me for interfering, so I let up and stood back.

"Pilgrim walked over and made a pass or two at Spotted Dog with his rope, but he couldn't do business, so finally Pecos went in and roped him and led him out. Pilgrim got his saddle on, all right, and Spotted Dog was meek as a pet lamb; he wasn't for quarreling about the saddling process, ever.

"Then I got sorry again, and went up and tried t' reason with the Pilgrim—and told him Spotted Dog's record, even thereby getting Pecos agin me for life. But Pilgrim had his neck bowed, and nothing would stop him.

He led him out and gathered up the reins, and shook the saddle a little, and Spotted Dog went up in the air a few times. Well, I had t' laugh at the Pilgrim. He backed off as far as the reins 'ud let him, and you could 'a' knocked his eyes off with a club. He gulped once or twice and says, 'Gosh!'

"Pecos commenced t' roast him again about losing his nerve, and the rest stood around guying him, till pretty soon Pilgrim nerved up and said he didn't see as it was a question uh nerve, exactly. He turned around t' Pecos and says: 'Gosh darn yuh, I ain't afraid neither! If I can get into the saddle and get settled once, I guess I can stay there; I did the other time. But,' he says, 'it ain't any fun t' get shook up like that for nothing, and I won't do it, neither, without yuh make it worth my while.'

"Pecos grinned and says: 'If that's what's hurting yuh, I can make it worth your while, I reckon. I'll bet yuh a hundred dollars, two t' one, yuh can't whip him.'

"Pilgrim, he looked at him a minute, and then he reached down in his jeans and glommed a little beaded wallet, and poured out some shiners. 'Well,' he says, 'I'll just take yuh up on that. Here's my fifty—where's your hundred?'

"Pecos looked kind o' blue a minute, for he couldn't produce the goods. But he managed t' rake it up, by borrowing from all the boys but me—as he said, it was just a mere matter uh ceremony, and he'd hand it right back in a minute. So he got the amount, and handed it over t' Curly t' hold.

"I got onto my horse, so's t' be ready t' see Pilgrim through if Spotted Dog took a notion t' run. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the darn fool. He kind uh seemed t' feel that I was on his side, too, for he come over t' me and says, 'Is they any way uh fixin' things, Mr. Delaney, so's it'll be safer?'

"'Well,' I says, 'yuh might wire your rowels, so they can't slip.' I showed him how t' go t' work, and he set down on the ground and took a little ball uh wire, that he used t' sew

up the rips in his chaps, out uh his pocket, and wired up his spurs, with me setting on my horse bossing the job. Then he asks, 'Is there anything else?' and I says, 'Nothing but say "Now I lay me," and pray for an easy death.' It was mean, maybe, but I was feeling kind uh sarcastic at the whole business. I looked on it as a kind o' murder.

"Well, he got up and felt uh the cinch, and took the horn and went up into the saddle in pretty good shape. He got one foot in the stirrup, and then old Spotted Dog commenced turning it on, and the ball was opened up.

"Well, that horse done all he knew and then invented some brand-new motions. He done the sunfish, and the whirl, and the high buck-jump, and do-si-do, lady-in-the-centre-and-seven run-around. I was setting on my horse, and I declare t' goodness I could see sky under him every pass he made."

"Aw, come easy!" Spider interjected.

"It's a fact. I never in my life saw the like—and I've seen bad horses some. And the Pilgrim riding him like a little man, and his chaps a-slapping the saddle like wet sheets on a clothes-line in a high wind, and his quirt swinging regular, like the pend'lum on grandfather's clock. Pecos's jaw kept a-dropping down till he near stepped on it. Pretty soon old Spotted Dog headed up the trail t' the house, pitching t' beat the band, and us after him in a bunch of amazement.

"Dolly, she come a-running out on the porch, and the old man and his wife, and the kids—Pilgrim sure had an audience for the finale. Time we all got there Spotted Dog was willing t' be good, and the Pilgrim stopped him right by the steps.

"'What'll yuh take for this pony?' he asks the old man. 'I'm kind o' stuck on him, myself'—and he sure seemed t' be, in more ways than one. Then he looked at Dolly and grinned a little, and says t' her, 'I got another hundred toward housekeeping, Dolly'—and she got kind uh pinky all over her face and broke back into the house.

"Pilgrim started on, then, toward

town, whistling kind uh under his breath, like he was thinking uh something pleasant—which I guess he was. Pecos rode up alongside and give him the bad-eye for a minute, and then he says, 'Who in blazes *are* you, anyhow?' And the Pilgrim finished up his tune artistic, and turned around and looked at Pecos and said, 'My name is Bob Sanderson, and happy t' make your acquaintance.'

"Pecos says, 'Oh!' like it hurt him somewheres. He hadn't never heard uh Bob Sanderson, and neither had any of us. Then the Pilgrim looked over to me and tips me a wink, and says, 'Over in the Graburn Basin folks call me Cypress Kid. But I'm going t' drop that cognomen, now I'm married.'

"Well, I rose up in my stirrups and give a whoop you could 'a' heard ten mile—fifty dollars' worth uh yell, and I sure enjoyed it. 'Then I rode up on t'other side uh him and says, 'Meaning Dolly?'

"'Meaning Dolly,' he says, easy-like. 'Her folks tried t' queer me, and we had t' do it on the quiet. I'd packed a license around till it was most wore out, and so the other day I glommed a sky-pilot that happened t' overtake us on the road, and we went over t' town and

I cashed in my license before the time-limit run out. And I'm sure grateful t' you boys for giving me an invite over here. It come in mighty handy.'

"Well, Pecos lagged 'way behind after that, nursing several distinct and separate sorrows, but not any for me. I sure felt good over my fifty dollars, and I congratulated Cypress Kid a heap on winning out with the girl, and 'most convinced myself I hadn't ever wanted her, I was so tickled t' see Pecos get let down."

Spider sat up and reached for Delaney's tobacco sack. "Cross your heart, Delaney, is that straight?"

"That there story's on the square. A lot uh funny things happen in this world. If yuh don't believe me, go over in the Graburn Basin and ride t' Bridgeman's ranch, and ask for the foreman—that's Cypress Kid. He'll tell yuh the same story—only from his point uh view, maybe."

Spider settled back against the roll of bedding, and had never a word to say.

"Another instance," Noisy remarked, "where 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

"That's what it sure done—to Pecos," Delaney agreed complacently.

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### *The Factory*

A CROUCHING monster, waiting for its prey.  
At morn it gathers in young hearts, and strong;  
Crushes their lives out through the hours long,  
And spews the refuse forth at close of day!

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

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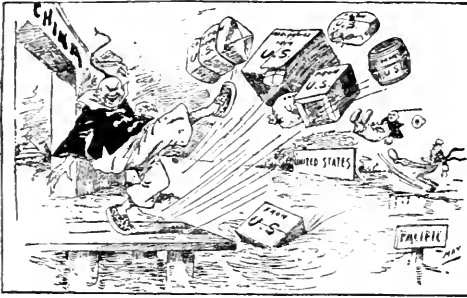
### *An Equitable Arrangement*

MRS. GIVEM—What can I do for you?

WEARY WILLIE—Just give me a little dinner and charge it up to your insurance company.

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WHILE the millionaire is making money in wheat his son is often blowing it in on wild oats.



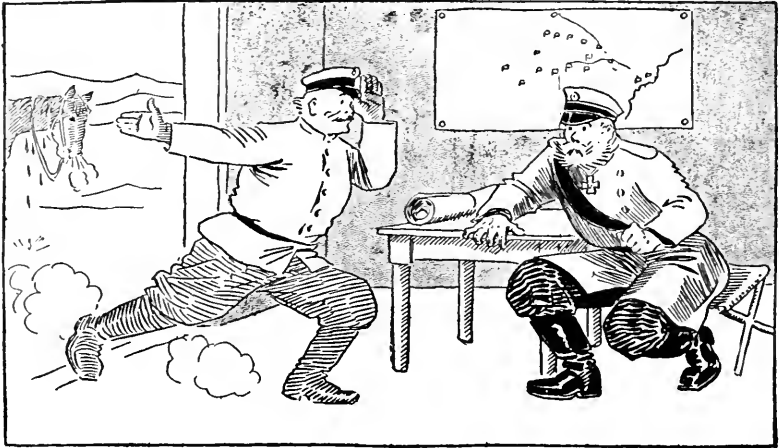
*The Retort Courteous*

*May, in Detroit Journal*

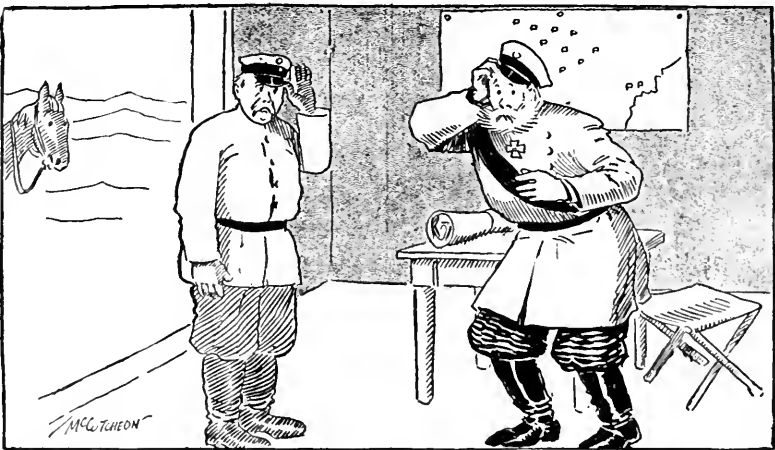


*Voice from the Junk Pile—"Let the war go on"*

*Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer*



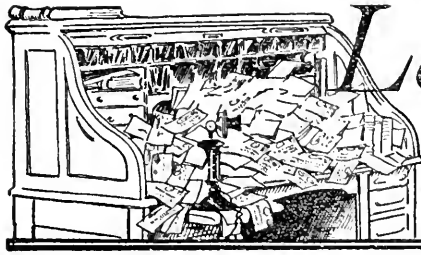
*Russian Courier—"General, the Japs are retreating panic-stricken! Our troops are chasing them"*



*General—"Great Scott, that's probably another Japanese trick! Order our troops to return at once"*

*McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune*





# Letters From The People

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

*E. A. Wallace, Los Angeles, Cal.*

Your Magazine is doing a wonderful work in this part of California. I have lived here for a number of years, and until your Magazine appeared among the people here we had no representation such as you are giving the whole country. I admire the stand you have taken in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, as handed by our President, and I also admire the good stand you are taking in regard to "Public Ownership," and, in fact, on the manifestation of an unwillingness to properly enforce the laws of the country by the judges and attorneys who can be bought.

*Paul R. Van Tassel, Greenville, Pa.*

I have been a reader of your Magazine since its starting and appreciate it very much, as I do any paper published for the purpose of educating the masses.

In your May issue is "Populism," by Charles Q. De France, which proved very interesting. Although I am no educated person in economy and very unable to express my ideas, yet this man attacks the principles of Socialism in a way which seems to me very absurd. He says that a Socialist never tells how industry will be carried on under the co-operative commonwealth. He asks for no prophecies, but would like a rough draft of the state after the revolution. Would he have us tell him whether a house should be of stone or wood, an egg soft or hard under the Socialist state? The Socialist recognizes the weakness and final fall of the competitive system. And they have their remedy. Do you think we would break down the present system, not having anything to replace it with—just break it down and let any old thing come in its place? Yes, "we'll cross the bridge when we reach it." But in my opinion the Socialist principles have built the bridge on scientific truths, and we are prepared to cross it. Let Mr. De France read the "Co-operative Commonwealth," and I think it will make plain how we will cross the bridge. You Populists must remember you also have a

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bridge to cross, if you ever convince the people that your theories are practical.

You, Mr. Watson, claim the Kansas refineries are Populistic, as they are competitive. We would ask you to see in the future how this competition pans out. I fear it is a failure. The Standard will run the business in Kansas, and in short we, the people, will run the Standard—co-operatively.

*John W. Baird, Indianapolis, Ind.*

I got your June number last evening. Allow me to congratulate you. The political features are superb, and no doubt the literary parts are also; but I have not the time to revel in them.

You have fairly stated the conditions and influences at work. If the people get relief, it can come only through the People's Party. Your having courageously and frankly announced your object in the establishment of your paper—standing in the open fearlessly fighting for a cause—will reach a great many and do a great deal of good.

As you say, Socialism will not do. I have studied the whole matter, I think I may say, with more care than that given by men in general—it might do to rebuild upon after the complete destruction of all our institutions—after the revolution; but what we want now is to preserve the good features of what we have—get back to government by, for and of the people.

*Alexander Bell, Paterson, N. J.*

Oh, would we had thousands, "Tom," like you!

This land would be a better land today. Oh, if Labor to herself was only true!

What homage would not wealth to her pay!

May your Magazine, "Tom," spread the light;

May your voice be heard throughout the fight;

May the God of hosts protect the right—

Thus do I sincerely pray.

*H. H. Hardinge, Chicago, Ill.*

I have taken your Magazine from the beginning, and am very much pleased with it. Those articles of Fred Upham Adams on the Federal Constitution certainly are eye-openers to the average American citizen. Buzz-Saw Morgan also deserves his sobriquet.

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*John M. Horner, Paauilo, Hawaii.*

My desire of seeing you succeed in your new venture is my excuse for writing you at this time. To me the currency question looks so great and important, it has occupied my mind more than any other question for years. I have spent some money and much time trying to perfect and make plain a system of national currency, such as the Omaha platform demanded in 1892, but it failed to propose a satisfactory plan "of distribution direct to the people." It did propose "the sub-treasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance or some better system." I underscore the last words. So far as I know, no one but myself has ever claimed to have produced that "better system" of distribution. I claim it, as you may have seen in the book I sent you. I claim nothing for its invention only what may come to me as to every American by its adoption. I am quite sure the arguments used by me in its support are unanswerable. My ambition is to see this system of currency distribution up for adoption to bless the American people before I am called away. I am in my eighty-fourth year, and can't expect to stay much longer.

You have had much to do with the national currency plank of the Omaha platform, and I feel sure you would delight to have it carried into effect. I feel an inspiring thought that if this system of public money distribution is adopted by the People's Party and wisely handled, it will lead them to success.

Of course, having been invented over thirty years ago by a farmer, the system can no doubt be improved in its language and details; but such thinkers and writers as you, Mr. Watson, and other able men could correct the detail deficiency without disturbing its fundamental principles, and you are welcome to try.

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*T. B. Rogers, Logansport, Ind.*

I am pleased with your Magazine. It gives just the kind of reading the voters of the country most need. Go on with the good fight.

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*James A. Fulton, McKeesport, Pa.*

Congratulations for your article on Populism in May issue. It was right to the spot. I would like to see you in joint debate with, for instance, the Secretaries of the Democratic and Republican Committees.

*D. C. Hindman, Rushville, Ill.*

Your Magazine is all right. I have been in the fight for thirty years, and would like to see one glorious victory for right and justice.

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*S. C. West, Savoy, Ark.*

I am well pleased with the Magazine. I like its unmistakable English.

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*N. O. Walker, Franklin, Tenn.*

I am with you and expect to read TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE as long as it keeps the middle of the road.

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*W. G. Swan, Tecumseh, Neb.*

Your Magazine suits me to a T.

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*Tom J. Erwin, Mt. Vernon, Ind.*

I think your Magazine is a hummer. I would not know what to propose to make it better.

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*George W. Louttit, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

I am pleased to say that your Magazine fills a long-felt want, and I hope you will never cease to expose the grievous wrongs inflicted upon us.

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*Charles Frederick Adams, N. Y. City.*

For many years I have been a student of "Constitutional law." As such a student of the question, I beg to express my hearty agreement with views expressed by you in your editorial on "Amending the Constitution." . . . You very truly say: "If direct legislation and the recall should be put in practice, there could not be such things as corrupt legislatures, and therefore there would be no such thing as corrupt senatorial elections. The fountain having been purified, the streams would be pure. At present the fountain itself is too often impure, and therefore the stream which flows from it cannot be pure." I am deeply gratified that so trusted and popular a leader of radicals should have thus frankly and carefully reminded his large following of the undoubted fact that it is only relatively to some such conditions as those which now exist that "direct election" by the people of all "senators" (or other officials) is really an essential, indispensable feature and condition of genuine democracy. Permit me to say in all earnestness that in this you have not only proved your courage, independence and sincerity as a leader and teacher, but rendered a most important service to political education and institutional reform. . . . Whenever enough people, or the right sort of people, really make up their minds that they wish Constitutional reform (or revolution) of a speci-

fied kind they can get it, whether in the "legal" way prescribed or by the exercise of the reserved and inalienable right of the living to decide for themselves as to their institutions.

*Richard Wolfe, Denver, Col.*

I wish to compliment you on the splendid work you are doing with your Magazine. Of the many good things in the Magazine I will not speak, but would like to make a few observations on the money question, suggested by reading Mr. E. L. Smith's article in the May number under the head of "Money and Prices."

He says, "Money is a creation of law." To that I say amen. He follows this by saying, "Money is a measure of valuable things or services." To this proposition we do not give our sanction. The value of things or services is measured by the relative value of other things and other services. Instead of money measuring values, money itself is valued by the comparative value of the other things. We unconsciously use a multiple standard in giving value to money as well as other things. Mr. Smith says, "Money is not value in itself." This seems to be a strange use of the word value. We like Trenholm's definition of value, which is: "Value is an abstract term expressing a relation; it does not exist in things said to possess it, but is imputed to them by human intelligence; it is not a quality of objects, but only an attribute with which they become invested."

Mr. Smith seems to hold to the long-established error that the increase of money will necessarily increase prices. This is known as the quantitative theory of money. We deny the truth of this theory, and contend that a change in volume of money would not affect prices, if it were not for the fact that the business world has always been cramped in its money volume. If we had a sufficient volume of money to supply the need of an exchange medium prices on all things would be regulated by cost of production and distribution. To my mind there is only one great question, and that is the question of money; nothing is so important to society as its money system; without the proper money system, production and distribution can never be equitably carried on. A scientific money system, supplemented by transportation at cost of services, would cure nearly all the ills that society is heir to.

*Robert W. Farrelly, Washington, D. C.*

I have been so instructed and entertained by your "Politics and Economics" in the May number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE that I am unable to curb my desire to make one or two comments.

The greatest English historian, Edward Gibbon, says: "Diligence and accuracy are

the only merits an historical writer may ascribe to himself." These words of his occurred to me when reading your arraignment of Harvard's wonderful historian, Dr. Hart.

Some of our histories seem to be written by persons anxious to draw lessons from the past, in order to support their church and their political or social doctrines. To that end events that may never have happened are recorded as truths, speculations indulged in and comments made for the purpose of pleasing the people of that particular section of country or community of religious belief where the books are to be used. Some of these histories are written by doctors of divinity who exhibit a dense ignorance of geographical lines and political boundaries, some by soldiers who fought on opposite sides of contending armies and some by college professors.

Notwithstanding the statements of Dr. Hart and others of his ilk, it is my firm conviction that the words and deeds of our progressive statesmen are safe, that their efforts to "knit together the bonds of brotherly love" have been successful, and that in after ages the records of their immortal labors will be eagerly read by the children of a still united country.

Between the souls of such men as Lincoln, Lee, Gordon, Grant, Grady, McKinley and Roosevelt and those of such individuals as Hart, the Harvard historian, there is a great gulf. Toward Dr. Hart I am not so charitable as you are; for, though he has, by some means, attained that honorable distinction in the oldest college in the United States, it is my humble opinion that a job of the most menial manual toil would be more in keeping with his mental, if not his physical capacity.

*William A. Jenkins, Woodville, N. Y.*

I am ashamed to keep praising your Magazine, but for once and all—it is one of the best in print—to me there is the greatest argument in the world in the "Record of the Old Parties." . . . If Mr. Watson keeps on as he is going, I think he has a grand show, provided he is nominated in 1908 for President.

*William N. Hill, M.D., Baltimore, Md.*

Mr. Tibbles's account of the demise of the *Independent* tallies in a queer way with my own diagnosis of Bryan and his malign influence upon economic reform from a radical standpoint. I have believed in the green-back doctrine since I knew anything at all about political economy, which is now over twenty years. Also in public ownership of such things as in their nature are monopolies, and in deriving our revenues from a direct land tax. You will find that this was the gospel of Henry George, by which he got 68,000 votes for Mayor of New York

against Hewitt and "Teddy." It was George's influence which lined many of us up behind Bryan in 1896 against our own better judgment. Bryan now seems to me to be unmasked.

L. H. Weller, Nashua, Ia.

I miss no opportunity to spread the name, fame and great worth of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I read same thoroughly and thoughtfully, and then lend it on an *agreed plan*—1st, that it shall be earnestly and thoroughly read by the borrower; and, 2d, that the borrower shall relend it to some person who in turn will agree to and with the borrower to so read and so lend to some other person; and, 3d, that each reader shall, *if consistent* with his views, after reading, subscribe for same at \$1 per year in advance. . . . I am a Socialist from the Websterian signification of the word; but I am a Populist from the practical application of present conditions.

All hail, TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE!

Andrew F. Boho, Wolf, Cal.

In request to my opinion of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, will say that I think it would be A No. 1 if it only went far enough. That is, if it only advocated Government ownership of the *whole shooting-match*.

Chas. F. Warner, Northampton, Mass.

In reply to yours would say that I subscribed for the Magazine upon receipt of the first copy. I have not had time to read anything but the political matter, of which, as an old Populist, I naturally and heartily approve.

Anderson, Tenn.

I herewith send for the Magazine again for three months.

I want to say kind words, too, as well as others. Not that TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is dependent upon the many kind expressions for its popularity; for it is strong, fearless and aggressive, and could do without these kind utterances. And I believe its tone and make-up is just what the masses like and want.

Although I am a Republican, at the same time if my party makes blunders and is corrupt I want them told of it.

It is with parties as with individuals (or should be), if a man wants to go right and blunders it's his friend that shows him his error.

If the great Republican and Democratic Parties—and they are great—want to do the right thing and, through ignorance or want of forethought, get off on the wrong foot, they ought to thank Tom Watson or anyone else, and not to abuse him or them, for so doing. And, even if the Populist Party

should never get in power, as to the various offices, it's all the same a power and a source for good.

So, while I may vote the Republican ticket, I will give three cheers for TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE for its courageous work in making war upon *trust* and *class legislation*.

N. W. Evans, Portsmouth, O.

You are right in having fixed and positive principles and advocating them as strongly as you do, but you are wrong in being against the gold standard and the national banks. What we want is a National Party in favor of conferring additional powers on the general Government.

Charles R. Eckert, Beaver, Pa.

I notice in the June number of your Magazine you have fallen into the common error of proclaiming the principle that each citizen shall pay taxes in proportion to his ability to pay. Is it possible that the author of "The Story of France," one of the greatest books ever written, in my humble judgment, should fatally stumble on such a simple thing as a principle of taxation? You are clearly in the wrong, for if ability to pay shall be the criterion, then a scientific system of taxation is an impossibility, a thing I for one am not willing to grant. Would not this be the right rule—that each citizen pay in proportion to benefits received from Government?

C. E. Nichols, Boston, Mass.

I shall continue to read and advise others to read it, as long as future numbers are like the first three. . . . "Equal Rights to all, Special Privileges to none" covers the whole ground. . . . Mr. Bryan is quite a chameleon and can be quite green on occasions, and, in fact, is very often. I wish you every success. You deserve it.

C. B. Power, Fayette City, Pa.

Your Magazine for April is at hand. It is great—great in uncovering the wrong, bold in exposing the mass of corruption. It will open wide the eyes of any who think and look.

Mr. W. D. Edmonds, Smithland, Ky.

I cannot express my high appreciation of your Magazine. Its pure, clear doctrines, if carried out, would make us the grandest nation on the globe. I pronounce it the one thing needful just now, and the task of selecting and suggesting an improvement is vain.

F. W. Davis, Pulaski, Miss.

Your Magazine is the best of the kind I ever saw.

*Mark Mathews, Clinton, Ia.*

I went to the news stand and purchased the May issue of your Magazine, and am much pleased to learn your position on the many great subjects now being considered by thinking people.

*A. H. Livingston, West Plains, Mo.*

I was pleased with the first, but better pleased with each succeeding number of your Magazine. The political subjects discussed are timely and of the first importance, and you have certainly the ablest and best writers. As a lawyer, I have ever regarded the Constitution of the United States as the one great obstacle to progress and reform, and it is certain that no great headway can be made until it is radically changed. Adams will do splendid work by his articles on "The Open Door of the Constitution."

*Ed. Boothe, Ellsworth, Wis.*

It is a noble, good paper. You advocate the true principle, and any candid mind would have to say so. We are robbed in almost every way by the trusts.

*A. R. Sanders, Dora, Tex.*

I think it will be hard to improve it after you add the cartoons to it, but believe if Tom Watson's picture was on the cover it would be appreciated by the people of the South.

As ever, your friend in the good Cause.

*A. C. Barton, Danville, Ill.*

I can say to the public that it is to the point. It certainly deserves a wide circulation. I think it is one of the best journals that have come to the rescue of the people against the aristocracy, based upon class legislation creating hundreds of trusts that, if not checked, will soon destroy the essence of popular government on this continent. . . . I hope your Magazine may not stop with a million readers.

*B. T. Sample, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

I desire to state that your first number far exceeded my expectation. . . . Wishing you and the cause you represent the greatest possible success.

*J. C. Killebrew, Byron, Ga.*

I have just purchased the lot of Magazines I wrote you in regard to some days ago, and have some of them sown already in good soil. I find the Democrats are anxious to read your Magazine wherever I go. Was in Macon some days ago, and found them at all news stands. Each news clerk told me they sold fine. If they sell so well in Macon and vicinity, where, under the influence of the Macon *Telegraph*, you and our Cause have been so persistently vilified

and abused for fourteen years, what will they do in a more conservative community?

Mr. Watson, we surely have right and justice on our side. This being true, we will advance, and time alone will proclaim to the world the righteousness of our Cause. Recent events are indeed encouraging to us Radicals.

*H. J. Mullens, Franklin, Tenn.*

I want to thank you for the *splendid* Magazine you are giving us and to congratulate you upon the great success with which it seems to have met. I do not remember ever to have read a publication with as much interest and pleasure, and am sure that I was never so anxious or so glad to see one succeed.

Your reply to Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart in the May number was indeed excellent, and made quite a hit here.

Everyone I have heard speak of it was highly pleased. I find that your editorials are read by everyone, both young and old, with more interest than any other part of the Magazine, and I have heard quite a number say that they would be glad if you would write more.

I think your "Educational Department" an excellent idea. . . . Am also very glad to learn that, beginning with the July number, the Magazine will be illustrated.

I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE will be the leading Magazine in America, not only in subject-matter and mechanical make-up, but also in point of circulation.

I find that the Magazine is being read by people who seldom, if ever, saw a Populist weekly paper. You are undoubtedly doing a great work already, and will, of course, do more and more as your Magazine gains in circulation and prestige.

I am a drummer now and travel over a number of the best counties in Tennessee. I find that our principles are rapidly becoming popular with the people, and especially the principle of Public Ownership.

God speed the day when we shall be able to win throughout the nation as decisive a victory as the one recently won in Chicago.

*M. Loucks, Philadelphia, Pa.*

I am not alone in the belief that you are one of America's most noble benefactors of justice to the struggling masses for educating and pointing right from wrong that we have in the United States.

*W. T. Crenshaw, Atlanta, Ga.*

I am a plain, everyday business man, "working for a living"; I have never been in politics or held any public position, but I have been a tireless reader and student for a great many years; have given most serious thought to the so-called problems of the

day, and have enjoyed intensely reading your work thus far, but I trust being a "plain man and common citizen" may not prevent me from expressing to you my sincere pleasure to see the blows you are striking (and have been, for that matter) for principles that I was trained from reconstruction days to love and to think were right. I wish truly there were some way I could help you to make readers of your editorials; that I might help you promote the Magazine's success. I bought a half-dozen of your June number and had young men read your answer to that arrant knave and princely humbug of the age, "Booker T."; but to one born in the heart of the old South it seems sadly like "pearls before swine," don't you think so? If you ever do such a thing, let me send you names to whom to send a specimen copy of your Magazine. Please excuse the "overflow" from a business office, but I only hope it may serve as an earnest of deeper feeling than the time at hand allows expression.

*D. E. Stevens, Densmore, Kan.*

The March number is a good "starter"; I like it better than I thought I should. Why? Because I feared there would be too much Tom Watson in it. Now, don't misunderstand me; I admire Mr. Watson and believe what he is preaching, but—*many of the people do not*, and we remember that Christ came to call "not the righteous but sinners to repentance," and this will be better and more quickly done by mixing; *i. e.*, by giving a good deal of other people's writings, and I think he will do so. I would not have him surrender one iota of his convictions, but simply use a good judgment as to when and how to present them. I feared that the Magazine would be filled with *his* writings. (Pie is good for dessert, but not for a full meal, else we become surfeited.)

Fiction we must have, but let it *all* be by American writers. Surely there are competent American authors to satisfy American demands.

*J. J. Brown, Bowman, Ga.*

I truly believe that it is the best and most interesting Magazine that was ever published. I have no suggestion to offer as to making it a better paper. It is remarkable to see the influence it is wielding for good. May its God-fearing and liberty-loving editor, together with his staff of patriotic writers, live long to serve in the great and noble work which they are doing for the liberation of the common people.

*Jesse L. Swango, Appleton City, Mo.*

As to how I like your Magazine, I will just say make more of them, for they are good stuff. And the beauty of it is "that

undoubtedly it will reorganize the Populist Party or some other party on Populist principles." March issue, good; April, very good; May, excellent, and June, just a stunner. . . . I think we need more of such men (as Mr. Watson). May God spare him and bless his work for Justice.

*H. M. McCuiston, Paris, Tex.*

It is so good I have been afraid to offer amendments, trusting to the wisdom of the editor, his assistants and contributors. Permit me to say that the Magazine is *unlike* the two old political parties. It has and will improve by age. The June number is a daisy. I was about to comment on the best articles, but all are so pointed and good the decision is difficult. I must say that "A Suppressed Populist Newspaper," by that grand old Commoner, T. H. Tibbles—God bless him!—has let the cat out of the bag, and further strengthened my several years' suspicion of Bryan's political hypocrisy. His party prestige and magic eloquence have hypnotized the voters and kept reform in the background. Done more for the system (quoting Lawson) than ten of them. They owe him millions. Rush the Magazine.

*James P. Cadman, Chicago, Ill.*

I was a Silver Republican and voted twice for Mr. Bryan, and last fall I voted for you, as I would not vote for Parker. I am an admirer of yours. . . . I favor nationalization of all public monopolies. Am a Single Taxer. The Populist platform suited first class except the money plank. . . . I could wish that all reform elements could be united, as in 1896. Then we could win out. We want the Initiative and Referendum in every state, and when we have that we will not care much for party.

*J. F. Richardson, Carroll, Me.*

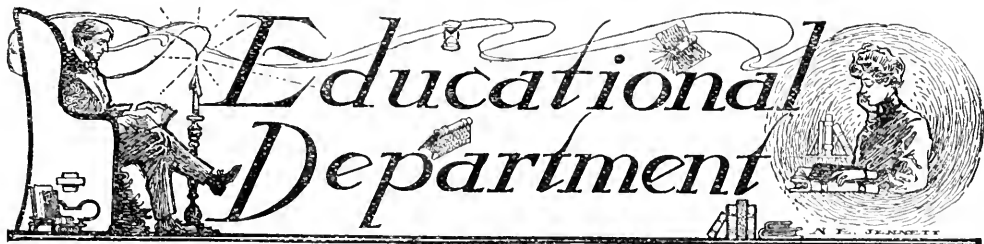
I sent for the Magazine before it went to print so as to get the first number, and I have received it right along and like it very much. . . . What Mr. Watson says or writes is all right and right to the point, and there is lots of good family reading in the Magazine. I don't see where I could make any improvement.

*E. B. Lambe, Grundy Center, Ia.*

"So long as we have Truth and God on our side, we have a majority," and we shall be counted into power in the near future.

*D. R. S. Davis, Kirby, W. Va.*

Will say that the Magazine fills the bill, in my estimation; I cannot suggest anything as an improvement. It has been received here with favor by all parties. There is general commendation.



TOWANDA, PA., June 17, 1905.

Thomas Watson, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Inasmuch as I have not the time (perhaps not the ability) to show up the fallacy of the Philadelphia Press answer to my letter, I send it to you hoping that you will dissect it from your own standpoint.

Two hundred hands are discharged at the Philadelphia Mint because they have no silver to coin. They need subsidiary coin, and the Director of the Mint and Philadelphia papers, including the quasi-Democratic *Record*, can see no other way to get it except to coin up legal tender dollars, every one of which is pledged on the face of the contract to redeem silver certificates "In Silver Dollars," into non-legal tender—that is, non-debt-paying small coin.

It occurs to me that if Congress has a legal right, I might say a constitutional right, in the face of a great emergency, like the Civil War, to use up the pledged silver dollars, and continue to circulate the silver certificates on the faith of the Government and the indirect gold backing to which the *Press* alludes, then why not make both the silver certificates and the gold certificates fiat legal tender money, and use the metals for worthy objects? For example:

A. To pay the national debt and extinguish interest.

B. To divide among the states as a fund to lessen local cost of education.

C. To build the Panama or Nicaragua canals.

D. To buy out Telegraphs, Telephones and Railroads.

Personally I doubt the right of Congress, under the constitutional prohibition against interfering with the validity of contracts, to coin up a dollar of either the pledged gold or silver held to redeem the certificates, into inferior money, so that the amount of outstanding certificates of either and the coined metals shall cease to be equal at all times.

I am not sending this, however, to urge my own views but to have you lance them in your incisive way.

Yours truly,

\_\_\_\_\_

REPLY OF PHILADELPHIA PRESS

The real security which keeps out \$465,000,000 silver certificates on a par with

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greenbacks and with gold is not the stock of forty-five-cent silver dollars in the Treasury, but the reliance of everybody on the faith and pledge of the Government to keep all its money and currency on a parity and equal to gold, for which it is all directly or indirectly exchangeable. That faith in the honor and solvency of the Government is the buttress behind the silver and not the stored silver dollars, which need the same buttress to keep them at par. They are the nominal security for the certificates, but the latter would lose nothing in value if the silver dollars were put to other and independent use.

ANSWER

The statement of the Philadelphia Press is just about as far from the truth as the English language can carry a sane man.

The currency of the silver dollar at its full face value does not now, and never did, depend upon gold. There never was a time when a standard silver dollar, coined by law with full tender quality, did not pass as the equal of the gold dollar in any conceivable business transaction. The silver dollar was not below par when the gold standard was adopted. From the time that Jefferson and Hamilton agreed upon the silver dollar as the unit of value, down to the time when the financial schemers struck down the silver dollar, the silver dollar has never for one moment been at a discount. It paid just as much tax, just as much public and private debt, purchased just as much of the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life as any other dollar whatsoever.

At the time when John Sherman, the Republican, and August Belmont, the Democrat, working under the suggestions and the orders of the Rothschilds and other English bankers, struck down the standard silver dollar, the amount of silver contained in the silver dollar was worth more in the market than the amount of gold in the gold dollar was worth.

In the 70s, for use in the Eastern trade, our Government coined what was known as the Trade Dollar, putting more silver in this coin than was put in the standard silver dollar; but the Trade Dollar was not made a full legal tender.

What was the result?

The larger coin, containing a larger amount of pure silver, passed current in this country at eighty-odd cents, whereas the smaller silver dollar which was full legal tender for all public and private debts passed for its full face value of one dollar.

The man who does not learn from this fact that it is the legal tender quality which supports our currency, whether silver or gold, is simply an unteachable man with whom it is a waste of time to argue.

There is no such thing as a *forty-five-cent silver dollar*. Whatever our Government stamps as a silver dollar is now, and always has been, a silver dollar.

That which keeps the silver certificates at par is the law which allows the holders to exchange them for silver dollars, which in their turn will do just as much for you and me, under the law, as the gold dollar will do.

Whenever the law says that a dollar of silver will answer every purpose which a dollar of gold will answer, then the dollar of silver is worth just as much to me and to you as the dollar in gold.

If a blind man could not see this he would be doubly an object of pity.

The truth of it is the financial editors of the old-party papers write, not what they believe or think, but what their bosses, inspired from Wall Street, command that they shall write and believe.

MALONE, N. Y., June 19, 1905.

*Thomas E. Watson, Esq.*

DEAR SIR: Would you kindly elucidate, in the August number of your valuable Magazine, what was the effect of the "Exception Clause" on the back of the Greenback of the Civil War?

In view of the fact that the old "Demand Notes" of the early days of the War which had no Exception Clause were always held at the same value as gold, and that the later issues of Greenbacks which had the Exception Clause dropped to about thirty-five cents on the dollar, my theory is, that if all the Greenbacks or Government notes were issued without the Exception Clause there would have been no chance for speculation on them, and all would have remained on a par with coined gold. Through this Exception Clause I claim it became possible to exchange \$100,000 in Greenbacks, worth thirty-five cents to fifty cents on the dollar, for \$100,000 in United States Bonds, later made by legislation worth \$100,000 in gold. Was not this a crime against the people?

I know you can explain it better than any man in the United States, and hope to see it explained in the August number or some other.

Respectfully yours,

P. S.—There are persons here who deny that the Exception Clause on the Greenback

had any influence on its value in gold or coin.

This I emphatically deny. We have decided to leave the matter to you.

#### ANSWER

The intrigues which led up to the passage of the Exception Clause by Congress were the darkest and corruptest which our history had known; and none other like them have occurred with the exception of that carnival of bribery connected with the building of the Pacific Railways, and the midnight manoeuvres which led to the issue of the Cleveland bonds of 1893.

As originally created, the Greenbacks, which supported the Union armies and conquered the South, were full legal tender notes and they passed at their full face value.

August Belmont, the New York banker who was acting as agent for the Rothschilds, of London, and who was the financial boss of the Democratic Party in those days, just as his son, of the same name, is the financial boss of the Democratic Party now, went to Washington City, formed the usual alliance with the Republican leaders, and steered through Congress, in spite of the objections of Thaddeus Stephens and other honest leaders, the infamous statute which put the Exception Clause on the Greenbacks.

The meaning of the Exception Clause was this. The banking syndicates, which had taken advantage of the necessity of the Government, had purchased, at the lowest possible price, large issues of Government bonds; these bonds were payable in lawful money of the United States, not in coin, not in gold, but in lawful money.

The bankers who had purchased these bonds conspired to enhance their value. Their plan was, first, to compel the payment of the interest on the bonds in gold and silver; this program to be followed, later, by the payment of the principal in gold and silver. In other words, paper money might be good enough for the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, the soldier, but it was not good enough for the bondholders. They wanted hard money which their contracts did not provide for, and the consequence was that Congress decreed that Greenbacks should be full legal tender for all debts, public and private, *except for Custom house duties and the interest on these bonds*. Through the Custom house the Government had to collect the coin which the bondholders wanted; therefore, the literal meaning of the law was that at the Custom house the Government should be compelled to exact silver and gold in order that the Treasury should have the silver and gold to give to the bondholders.

As Thaddeus Stephens declared in his indignant protest, the Government, at the bidding of Belmont and Rothschild, created one currency for the common people and another for the favored few who held the bonds. Thus the Government made war upon its own currency. Thus the Govern-



ment discriminated in favor of its greediest and least patriotic citizens; thus the Government undermined the strength and the credit of its own money, and thus it was that Greenbacks were forced to a discount.

In some later number I will explain how this damnable conspiracy was elaborated and carried to a successful finish. I will explain how the Greenback depreciated because of the death-wound which the Exception Clause inflicted upon it; how Congress gave to the bankers the right to exchange their depreciated paper currency for more bonds at par; how the bankers filled their safes with bonds which had been purchased with the Greenbacks which they themselves had depreciated; and how these bonds, bought with depreciated paper, were afterward made payable in coin; and thus the outrageous robbery of a great people accomplished through the slavish obedience of both the Republican and Democratic parties to those financial influences of Wall Street and London which still dominate them both. The people were kept divided and deluded then as they are kept divided and deluded now.

WATERVLIET, N. Y., June 6, 1905.

*Mr. Tom Watson.*

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly inform me where I can buy books that will teach me how to write English? Also where I can buy books on history. Please inform me through your Educational Department of the Magazine. I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ANSWER

When I was in school Quackenbos was the standard, and my belief is that Quackenbos's Rhetoric is as good a text-book as can be had.

His chapter on how to analyze a subject was thoroughly drilled into me by a good teacher, and I have always considered it the most valuable lesson I ever learned from a book. When a student once gets the hang of it he never forgets it, and he could no more treat a subject in a disorderly, confused and bungling manner than a skilled architect could throw a house together with a pitchfork.

As to books on history, they can be obtained at wonderfully low prices at almost any of the old book stores. I advise my correspondent to write for catalogues to Joseph McDonough, Albany, N. Y.; F. E. Grant, No. 23 West Forty-second Street, New York City; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.; the Book Supply Company, Chicago, Ill.; Goodspeed's Book Shop, No. 5a Park Street, Boston, Mass.; Leggatt Bros., New York City; Friderici & Gareis, No. 6 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

TURTLE CREEK, PA., June 5, 1905.

*Mr. Thomas Watson, No. 121 West Forty-second Street, New York City.*

DEAR SIR: Living in a state which I might say is the backbone of the Protective System, and being a free trader of the "Henry George type," I often debate the tariff question with my friends.

Besides being well informed on a subject, it is also necessary to speak effectively in order to influence your audience.

For this reason, I ask your esteemed opinion of the best books on grammar, rhetoric and logic.

As I will soon be able to vote, I wish to know more about the true principles of Democracy—that is, Jeffersonian principles.

Any information concerning same will be highly appreciated by me.

Faithfully yours,

ANSWER

For general information, on the side of Free Trade as against Protection, I would advise you to purchase "Is Protection a Benefit?" by Taylor; "Sophisms of Protection," by Bastiat; "Our Merchant Marine," by G. A. Wells.

As an authority on grammar and rhetoric I know of nothing better than Quackenbos. There is also a standard work by Morris. There is a short, simple work on logic by Jevons, which I presume would do as well as another.

As to the true principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, you could not have a better guide than Jefferson's first Inaugural Address.

For fuller information Jefferson's Letters will be, of course, original information. Jackson's Farewell Address is also first-class authority on Democratic principles, and you will find that this Magazine from time to time gives you about all the information you will want on the subject.

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

*Tom Watson's Magazine:*

This reader of yours suggests the impracticability of the Government operating the railroads of this country. You show the analogy between the waterways and the railroad highways, and this is all right; but remember the Government does not operate the craft on the waterways, but confines its duties to the keeping of the waterways in serviceable condition.

Confine the Government to the same course on the railway and you have it. Let the Government have its agents and inspectors, its rules and regulations, and authorize transportation companies to do business over the lines under license, subject

to control, and competition between competing transportation companies over the same lines will bring about as much correction of evils as is practicable. The Government may assess the companies a pro rata of their gross earnings.

Yours, etc.,  
— — —

## ANSWER

No. I, for one, don't want any half-way measures on this question of governmental ownership of railways. I want the Government to own them and to operate them.

The correspondent thinks that because the Government does not operate the merchant vessels on navigable waters the Government could not do it. In my opinion any government that can manage a battleship can manage a merchant vessel. If ever the private corporations which control the merchant marine become as infamously tyrannical as the railroad lines have become, I, for one, would be in favor of governmental ownership of steamboat lines just as I would be in favor of governmental ownership and control of the railroad lines.

But at present, in the nature of the thing, no line of steamers can monopolize the ocean or the great rivers. The waterways belong to everybody—to the negro with his canoe as well as to the millionaire with his yacht; to the little bark, laden with lumber and turpentine and fish, as well as to the great Cunarder or to the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.

In the very nature of things no steamboat line can cut out and destroy competition in the open highway of the rivers and the seas.

The moment a steamboat line raises prices to the point of extortion some sharp fellow buys *him* a steamboat for a few thousand dollars and bids for the traffic.

*All he needs is the boat!* He doesn't have to buy the right of way. The water route belongs as much to him as to anybody.

*Don't you see the point?* Monopoly is practically impossible on water because no private property or exclusive use can exist in navigable water.

But it is different with the iron highways. Each of them is an absolute monopoly between the terminal points, and the moment the pool is formed at the terminal point there is a monopoly from sea to sea and from lake to gulf which *can only be broken by one who is wealthy enough to build another railroad*. Thus competition is stifled and monopoly enthroned. This is why the Government should step in and do for the people what the people cannot do for themselves.

If the Germans have sense enough to own and operate their railroads as they have done, we Americans can do it.

If New Zealanders and Australians can own and operate their railways successfully, we can do it.

The idea of having the Government own the roadbeds while a different corporation runs the rolling stock is one of the wildest dreams that ever entered the head of a theorist. There would be a thousand times more difficulty in regulating traffic, and in avoiding discriminations between the various corporations owning the rolling stock, than there would be if the ownership of the rolling stock was in the same hands as the ownership of the roadbed.

The same law of greed which has concentrated the ownership of a hundred different railroads in the hands of a few great syndicates would concentrate the ownership of all the rolling stock in the hands of one or two great syndicates. Thus we would fall from one tyranny into another, and when the people aroused themselves at last they would realize that they had made a tremendous leap from the frying-pan into the fire.

HARRIS, GA., May 31, 1905.

*Honorable Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.*

DEAR SIR: I desire to own a good library, and would like for you to inform me, through the Educational Department of your Magazine, how to buy books. As books are costly, I must begin by purchasing a few volumes or sets at a time. Would like full information as to how and where is the best and cheapest place or places to get them, and would also appreciate some hints, in a general way, as to what to buy.

Let me know if books of science by such authors as Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Darwin, etc., are desirable to own.

Would thank you to give plenty of information on the library subject, which I feel you are many times qualified to furnish.

Yours respectfully,  
— — —

## ANSWER

In selecting a good library at a very moderate price, you could not do better than to write for catalogues to the Book Supply Company, Chicago, Ill.; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joseph McDonough, Albany, N. Y.; F. E. Grant, No. 23 West Forty-second Street, New York City; Goodspeed's Book Shop, No. 5a Park Street, Boston, Mass.; Charles S. Pratt, No. 161 Sixth Avenue, New York City; R. Davis, No. 59 West Forty-second Street, New York City; Friderici & Gareis, No. 6 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Yes; books on science by such men as Huxley, Spencer, Darwin and Haeckel are desirable to own.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 11, 1905.

*Tom Watson's Magazine, No. 121 West Forty-second Street, New York, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR: Within the next few months I have an oration to prepare, one that must win. The subject given me is Trusts, but as that subject is so broad I have decided to deal with the Ruinous Effects of Trusts, and speak shortly, by way of introduction, of their origin. To deal with the subject in a proper manner is a difficult task. Any aid given through your Magazine will be appreciated very much.

I am a strong believer in Populism, and hope the day is not far distant when we shall have Equal Rights to All, Special Privileges for None.

Yours truly, \_\_\_\_\_.

ANSWER

You could not do better than study the articles by Russell which have been appearing in the last three or four numbers of *Everybody's Magazine*. These articles are full of detailed information which seems to be entirely trustworthy. You will find a great deal of useful material in a book recently issued called "The Dark Side of the Beef Trust."

Consult also the following books: "Wealth and Commonwealth," Lloyd; "The Trusts," Collier; "Benevolent Feudalism," Ghent; "The Truth About the Trusts," Moody; "The Standard Oil Company," Tarbell; "Our Foes at Home," Lusk; "The Trust—Its Book," Hill.

NETTLETON, MO., June 6, 1905.

*Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.*

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: Please answer through the Educational Department of your Magazine the following, and oblige.

First. Could the United States maintain the gold standard without a protective tariff?

Second. Can there be such a thing as a standard of value?

Please explain as fully as possible.

Sincerely your friend, \_\_\_\_\_.

ANSWER

First. I do not understand that our monetary system has anything to do with the protective tariff. A system of taxation is one thing, and a system of currency is another. The principles of the two are not in any degree identical.

A nation as rich and as powerful as the United States can maintain any kind of monetary standard. It could as easily maintain a silver standard as a standard of gold. It could discontinue metallic currency altogether and maintain an absolute paper currency, provided it was made a full legal tender and had the advantages which

are now given to gold. The supply, of course, would have to be regulated with some degree of common sense and sound judgment.

Whatever the law says is money, whatever the law says shall be full legal tender in the payment of public and private debts, will be money just as long as the credit of the Government endures.

It is the legal tender quality which makes the gold dollar a dollar. It is the credit of the Government which makes the bond command a premium in the market. The same credit of the Government which keeps up the value of the bond, the same legal tender quality which maintains the supremacy of gold, would, if put into the paper currency, do the same thing for the Treasury note which it does for the ten-thousand-dollar bond. The credit which floats the one would float the other, the difference being that the people would pay no interest on the paper dollar, whereas they are taxed to pay interest on the bond.

As to the Protective Tariff, it has no more to do with the monetary system than any other method of taxation would have to do with it.

The Government, from the necessity of the case, has to raise enough money by taxation to support itself, and the *method* by which this money is raised (whether by Income tax, direct tax on land, Internal Revenue tax or Custom house duties) has no effect upon the monetary system.

Second. For ordinary, practical and commercial purposes there is and must be such a thing as a standard or measure of value.

I have a house which I wish to sell and which you wish to buy. It may be worth \$5,000. You may not be willing to give more than \$4,000. We will probably split the difference and close the trade at \$4,500. Whatever sum is agreed on is, for all practical purposes, the commercial measure of the value of the house. So in any other instance of bargain and sale.

By "measure of value" or "standard of value" we simply mean the number of dollars which we finally agree on as a fair expression of the commercial value of the commodity sold.

Scientifically speaking, there probably is no such thing as an exact measure of value.

It is exceedingly difficult to put into plain English language the true and exhaustive meaning of the word value. But waiving all niceties of expression and subtleties of definition, we are all agreed that when we sell or buy, the *price* asked or given is, for the time being, the value of the commodity, and we measure it in this country with dollars and cents, in England with pounds, shillings and pence, in France with francs.

Thus, the sum of money agreed on is, for all practical purposes, "the measure of value" by which we agree to arrive at the commercial value of the article which changes hands when a trade is made.



THE bad students of the University of Chicago have written "the annual comic opera" and put into it so many Standard Oil jokes President Harper is displeased, and the brilliancy of the affair must be dulled by elimination. An excellent object-lesson for the students on the power of money.—*The San Francisco Star*.

PLAIN, ordinary pocket-picking would be decent and respectable compared with the methods by which the Standard Oil crowd robbed the people in the Amalgamated Copper business. If the suckers who put their money into that business had been given a square deal I shouldn't have pitied them very much. When you butt into another man's game you ought to take your medicine without whining if he knows how to play it better than you do. But when he cheats and stacks the cards on you and has half a dozen aces up his sleeve, you have a right to kick; and nobody would blame you very much if you did a little shooting. And by the way, William Rockefeller owns an estate in rural New York large enough for a European principality, and doesn't dare set foot on it for fear of assassination. There are drawbacks about the millionaire business, it seems, when you get your money by criminal methods.—*The Independence Times (Kansas)*.

#### MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

I BELIEVE that the American people can do anything that any other people can do, and do it better.

Thus believing, I feel sure that we can own and operate our public utilities, and that we should do so because:

- It would give us safer service.
- It would give us better service.
- It would give us cheaper service.
- It would give us better politics.
- It would give us cheaper politics.
- It would take boodle out of politics.
- It would give us better men and better laws.
- It would be an object-lesson for higher things.

Every argument against ownership is an argument against self-government and impeachment of the people's right to rule.

A true American will not stultify himself

by claiming that we are not as able to manage our public affairs as other peoples of the earth. Must we admit that Great Britain and Germany are more capable than we are? Must we admit that New Zealand has outstripped us in economic advancement?

I believe in the wisdom and strength of the American people. Look at Chicago. Look at Philadelphia. The people have risen in their might. They have shaken off this lethargy and the victory is theirs.—*The Denver Forum*.

THIS editor doesn't pretend to be an expert on railroad rates, but common fairness suggests to him that as the railroads are common carriers all people should be charged the same fare to ride on the cars as passengers, and common sense tells him that if the free pass was cut out the railroads would make more money at a two-cent fare and all pay than they do now and some ride free and some pay three cents. We should have an anti-pass law and a two-cent passenger fare.—*The Free Lance, Schuyler, Neb.*

THE Wisconsin Assembly has passed Governor La Follette's railroad bill. It provides for a railroad commission with power to prescribe just rates, to govern and regulate freight and passenger rates, and to correct abuses and prevent unjust discriminations in railroad rates.—*The Pathfinder (Washington)*.

THE cause of personal liberty is one that should appeal to the heart of every patriotic citizen of the United States. Personal liberty was the beacon light that called to our shores in countless numbers the brain and brawn of the best sons and daughters of every civilized land in the world, at a time when brain and brawn were needed. On every battlefield from Maine to Manila, from 1776 to 1905, the deeds of valor done by the descendants of these noble advocates of personal liberty are written in letters of blood and fire.

Where even an extraordinary achievement has been accomplished it will be found that some son or grandson of the old lovers of personal liberty, and not the puny offspring of a people who want to poke their long noses into private offices, was the hero of the occasion.

True Americans should not forget what they owe to the followers of that old battle cry, Personal Liberty.—*Our Standard (Indianapolis, Ind.)*.

POLITICALLY we are having a shake-up of the largest kind. All the good things Roosevelt stands for Bryan stands for and more. All that Bryan stands for Watson stands for and more, and that is about the limit. These good things are popular. They are making people great. It scares nobody to call him a Populist. La Follette is not only a hero, but a wonder of strength. Folk is a giant. Dunne is already a national favorite, and the Philadelphia mayor is coming down the pike just a-humming. Jerome's after-dinner remarks are wired over the nation. The footfalls of Tom Johnson shake the anchorage of Chicago. The land is well specked with this kind of statesmen and more are bobbing up every day.—*Joliet News*.

THERE is no cause for Populists to be discouraged. On the other hand, there is every reason why every Populist and every reformer should be encouraged as never before. Both the old trust-ridden parties are scrambling for cover. And they have covered themselves so often with deception and fraud that their measures are about exhausted. The President says his old party is gone unless they can catch up their railroad stealing, and the Democrats call him a Democrat in the hope that he may pull them out of the ditch. He can't pull anything out. The whole rotten fabric of the twins is tumbling to its fall and nothing can save it. Now is the time for Populists to work.—*Dalton (Ga.) Herald*.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, now a representative in Congress from Mississippi, announces that he will be a candidate for United States Senator. We venture the prediction that the Standard Oil Trust will not oppose his election. If it does it would be very ungrateful, for didn't Mr. Williams call time when a few members of the House showed a disposition to oppose the renewing of the Standard's lease of the Osage Indian lands? That calling time was very kind to the Trust, and it is quite likely Mr. Rockefeller would like to see such a good friend promoted to the Senate.—*Missouri World*.

WHEN the merchants of Chicago want troops to prevent occasional missile-throwing from ten-story windows, and the Governor of Missouri is reported to contemplate sending troops to St. Louis to keep liquor saloons closed on Sunday, the question arises whether we should not call for troops to collect taxes from tax dodgers, and generally to displace civil by military government. The demand for troops in American cities

today would have delighted George III if it had been as insistent in the American colonies a hundred and fifty years ago.—*The Public, Chicago*.

THERE is not a man with as much brains as a herring editing a newspaper but what knows that Congress alone (under the Constitution, Article 1, Section 8) has power to coin money. They also know they are the servants of the people, and the money they create belongs to the people and not to a class. They ought to know that if the money Congress creates was invested by the Government in constructing railroads it would go into the channels of trade, be distributed among the people and aid them in the production, distribution and accumulation of wealth without usury drainage on industry. The Government would own the railroads clear of debt, and would not be under the necessity, as the *Tribune* says France is, of having to subsidize the road to obtain a loan, nor would they ever be under the necessity of looking up private individual companies to lease and run the roads, any more than they are now looking to find some private company to lease and run the Post-Office.

With this system another very important change in the interests of the people would take place—the express nuisance would be abolished.

Let everybody understand that the only drawback in the way of municipal or government ownership of all public utilities is that of the unjust, inequitable financial laws of this country, and that all the unrest, strikes and bloodshed of this country have been caused by the unjust, inequitable laws above referred to.

Repeat all those laws which were made for and in the interests of the great trusts, and make all men equal before the law in their rights to secure their share of the bounties of nature, and strife and strikes will cease in the nation, and contentment and general prosperity will come in place of it to stay.—*Northeast Argus, Minneapolis, Minn.*

PUBLIC sentiment has been so much engrossed in the problem of retrieving the threatened fortunes of the Equitable that little has been said of the problem of retrieving reputations damaged by the exposures of the last four months. The salvage of interests rather than of characters has been the pressing matter thus far.

We give the gentlemen most concerned the credit of believing that the latter is the question that is heaviest upon their hearts, the question they take to their homes and their pillows. Their culpability is no greater now than it was before their deeds had found them out, but a new consideration has entered the matter—their standing with their fellow-men. To be deemed a Napoleon of finance, a great figure of politics or the Street, is one thing; it gratifies the

sense of power and the desire for approbation. To be pilloried as a selfish manipulator of resources belonging to others, as a trustee who has cynically betrayed his trust, as a parasite on the savings of hundreds of thousands of persons, is another thing. However hardened a man's inner moral sense, he has pride.—*New York Evening Mail*.

A SMILE of cynical amusement must have played around Mr. Rockefeller's compressed lips when he read of the cheers which rang through Woolsey Hall at the announcement that he had given \$1,000,000 to the permanent endowment fund of Yale University.

Dr. Washington Gladden may denounce the acceptance of tainted money by the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions. Imprecations against Standard Oil methods may thunder from a hundred Congregational pulpits. But the university which for two hundred years has been the beacon light of American Congregationalism gladly accepts Mr. Rockefeller's money. At the alumni meeting Senator Brandegee had prepared the graduates and their friends for the ecstatic tidings. "Bring on your tainted money!" he cried. "We will purify it with the Yale spirit and consecrate it to the blessed mission of consecrating noble men to uphold the institutions of our glorious country."

Mr. Rockefeller brought on his tainted money in response to the Senator's generous invitation, and when President Hadley announced the gift the 2,000 persons in the dining-room "gave shouts of approval." It was Dr. Hadley, by the way, who once proposed to exterminate the trust evil by subjecting the trust magnates to social ostracism.

While Yale was frantically cheering Mr. Rockefeller's million dollars, President Roosevelt, at Harvard, was excoriating criminal philanthropists. "It is far more important," he said, "that they should conduct their business affairs decently than that they should spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy." "Every man of great wealth," he continued, "who runs his business with cynical contempt for those prohibitions of the law which by hired cunning he can escape or evade is a menace to our community."

Mr. Rockefeller had not offered a million dollars to Harvard, so President Roosevelt's audience could listen to his indictment of the wealthy criminal classes with undivided emotions.

Only a few hours before this unpremeditated battle of conflicting ideals, James B. Dill, one of the leading corporation lawyers of the United States, told the graduates of Oberlin College that "a large part of our modern prosperity is to a perilously large extent bottomed upon an overproduction of fraud and sham. The crisis is acute. A feeling of distrust is growing throughout the country."

So much for a third Daniel come to judgment. "'Tis a mad world, my masters."—*New York World*.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's fight for the regulation of railroad rates is a Populist doctrine twenty-five years old.

Chicago's indorsement of Public Ownership of trolley roads is the vindication of another Populist principle.

The additions to our volume of money is a vindication of our most vital principle.

The manner in which Kansas is dealing with the Standard Oil Company is conceded by the great journals to be a revival of Populism.

Shame on the cowards, skulkers or false Populists who deserted the party at the threshold of national success!—*Erie (Pa.) Echo*.

Two per cent. loans to the people by the Government, as favored in the Omaha platform of the People's Party, would be good business. It would yield a big revenue to the Government and at the same time be of great benefit to the people. "Most any man could afford to build a nice residence if he could get money at 2 per cent. with the privilege of paying it back at any time or keeping it as long as he wanted to. The interest on a thousand dollars would be but twenty dollars a year. You would not vote for a party that wants the Government to stop loaning to the rich corporations at one-half of 1 per cent. and loan to the people at 2 per cent., or would you?"

At one-half of 1 per cent. the interest on a hundred dollars for one year is fifty cents. At 8 per cent. it is eight dollars. The Government loans money to the banks at one-half of one per cent. and the banks loan to the people at 8 per cent. Rather hard on the people.—*Missouri World*.

ONE of the witnesses before the beef trust committee was a stenographer for the trust. He told the committee about the double set of books to hide the profits of the beef robbers. One point in his testimony was rather interesting—he said that while Lieutenant-Governor Anderson, of California, was going over the state making campaign speeches denouncing the refrigerator car cinch, the witness was making out rebates of 55 per cent. of freight tariff to him! That is the way with most of the public officials. They are in the pay of the corporations, and are used to get the votes of the people. The offices must be in possession of the friends of the trusts, or there would be something doing. Every member of Congress carries railroad passes—which are bribes; state officials carry them—and they are bribed. And if they are doing business they get rebates in the freight rates.—*Appeal to Reason*.



FROM JUNE 7 TO JULY 7, 1905

*Government and Politics*

June 7.—Charles J. Bonaparte, the next Secretary of the Navy, becomes head of the Republican organization in Maryland.

The Government will not relax the fight against the Beef Trust.

June 8.—Secret Service men are investigating the leakage in the Government cotton reports of June 2, which were known to some several hours before they were published.

The Merchants' Association asks President Roosevelt to negotiate a new treaty with China, with less restriction of Chinese immigration.

June 9.—Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, appoints an advisory board of fourteen business men, and promises Philadelphia a business administration.

June 11.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson will make a thorough investigation of the leakage in the Government cotton report for June.

The Shippers' Association of Cincinnati petitions the President to begin an investigation of freight rates of the Southern and Atlantic Coast Line railways.

June 12.—The time for the national banks to return the Federal deposits has been extended from July 1 to 15.

President Roosevelt is asked by American Asiatic Association to modify the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion laws.

June 13.—China's threatened boycott of American goods has alarmed American manufacturers and merchants into making an appeal to President Roosevelt to prevent the boycott.

More scenes of disorder occur in Philadelphia council chamber when the council allows the street railway grabs over Mayor Weaver's protest.

June 14.—Delegates to the Norwegian Musical Festival ask President Roosevelt to recognize the diplomatic and consular officers representing the new Norwegian Government.

President Roosevelt directs immigration officers to use discretion in enforcing the Chinese exclusion law.

William H. McAllister, secretary of the Tobacco Trust, is held for contempt for 253

refusing to testify before the Federal Grand Jury.

The investigation of the leakage in the Government cotton report is disclosing much fraud in the Department of Agriculture.

Secretary Taft is still investigating the Bowen-Loomis case.

June 15.—President Roosevelt confers with the Chairman of the Panama Canal Commission in regard to the policy of the Government's railroad and freight rates.

Secretary Taft advises that the Chinese exclusion act be modified.

June 16.—President Roosevelt directs a thorough investigation of the different departments with a view toward enacting better business methods.

June 17.—The Judson report on the rebates in freight rates given by the Sante Fé Railroad to some shippers shows that Secretary Morton, then Vice-President of the Santa Fé, deliberately disobeyed the law.

Judge Seaman, of the United States Circuit Court of Wisconsin, decides that corporations must submit their books in open court and the officers must answer relevant questions when such corporations are charged with violating the Interstate Commerce law.

June 18.—Governor Folk, of Missouri, orders the sheriff to use force if necessary to stop betting at the St. Louis race-tracks.

June 19.—New postal treaties with Australia and Panama are signed by the Postmaster-General.

A complaint against the Southern Pacific Railroad for violating the Interstate Commerce law is filed at Washington.

Government officials are alarmed over the investigation of the leakage in the Government crop report.

June 20.—Herbert Bowen, Minister to Venezuela, is dismissed from office by President Roosevelt.

Secretary Taft, who has investigated the Bowen-Loomis case, finds Loomis not guilty of the charges made by Bowen, though he censures Loomis for private business transactions while American Minister to Venezuela.

- June 21.—The New York Legislature is convened in special session to try Judge Warren B. Hooker, of the State Supreme Court, charged with corrupt, unlawful and immoral acts.
- Former Minister Bowen replies to the President's statement dismissing him, and denies that he made any charges against Secretary Loomis.
- President Roosevelt receives the degree of LL.D. at Clark University, Worcester, Mass.
- Messrs. Judson and Harmon, special counsel for the Government in the Santa Fé rebate case, find that Secretary Morton deliberately disobeyed a court injunction while Vice-president of the Santa Fé Railroad. When President Roosevelt refuses to let them prosecute Mr. Morton they resign as counsel for the Government.
- June 22.—President Roosevelt receives honorary degrees at Williams College and makes a speech on the Monroe Doctrine.
- June 24.—President Roosevelt sends Secretary Loomis to France to receive the body of John Paul Jones and to inspect the different American embassies in Europe.
- President Roosevelt calls a meeting of the consulting engineers of the Panama Canal for September 1.
- The Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce urges President Roosevelt to act on the Chinese exclusion question.
- June 25.—President Roosevelt orders that Chinese of the exempt classes coming to this country be treated as citizens of the most favored nation.
- June 27.—President Roosevelt attends a reunion of his class at Harvard.
- Mayor Weaver removes assistant fire marshal, and tells all dishonest officials to get out.
- June 29.—President Roosevelt demands the immediate resignation of Engineer Wallace, of the Panama Canal Commission. Mr. Wallace has accepted a position with the New York Subway.
- June 30.—John F. Stephens is chosen to succeed John F. Wallace as Engineer of the Panama Canal.
- Milwaukee begins a crusade against grafting city officials. Grand jury indicts thirty-eight.
- Paul Morton retires from the Cabinet and will be succeeded by Charles J. Bonaparte, of Maryland.
- Secretary Taft and party leave Washington for a trip of inspection in the Philippines.
- John F. Wallace replies to Secretary Taft, denying that he left the Panama Commission for monetary reasons.
- July 1.—Federal Grand Jury returns indictments against Beef Trust magnates in Chicago. Those indicted include Armour, Swift, Cudahy and Morris, together with officers of the other large packing houses. Bills were also returned against Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., the Cudahy Packing Co. and the Fairbank Canning Co.
- July 3.—United States Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, found guilty of practicing before the Federal departments. The offense is a penitentiary one.
- July 6.—Elihu Root, of New York, will be named to succeed the late John Hay as Secretary of State.

### General Home News

- June 7.—An escaped lunatic makes an attempt to assassinate Vice-president Fairbanks at Flint, Mich.
- Canadian coast patrol boat sinks an American fishing boat off Pelee Island. Mr. Choate, former American Ambassador to England, reaches New York.
- Manufacturers of patent medicines take steps to prevent cut rate prices. Each retail dealer must sign an iron-clad agreement to maintain the standard price or forfeit \$50 for each bottle sold below standard price.
- A conference between the employers and striking teamsters of Chicago accomplishes nothing.
- June 8.—The Chicago & Alton Railway establishes a wireless telegraph system on its trains between Chicago and St. Louis.
- June 9.—A syndicate buys Hyde's stock in the Equitable, and Hyde and Alexander resign. Paul Morton is elected head of the Society.
- June 10.—Ex-president Cleveland is appointed a trustee of the Equitable Society.
- Frank G. Bigelow, who stole \$1,500,000 from a Milwaukee bank, is sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.
- June 11.—Floods in the Mississippi Valley cause losses of millions of dollars to farmers, besides washing away miles of railroad track and many bridges.
- June 12.—Foundrymen of New York and Jersey City strike for an increase of wages.
- Grover Cleveland accepts the trusteeship of the Equitable.
- The "Pennsylvania Flyer" runs three miles at the rate of 127.3 an hour, breaking all previous records.
- June 13.—John G. Carlisle, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, is removed from the presidency of the United States Bankers' Corporation.
- One hundred and fourteen cadets are given diplomas at West Point.
- June 14.—Confederate veterans hold reunion in Louisville, Ky.
- One thousand one hundred and forty-seven graduates are given degrees at Columbia University.



June 15.—Thos. F. Ryan announces that he is the sole purchaser of Hyde's interest in the Equitable.

Confederate veterans re-elect General Stephen D. Lee commander.

June 17.—One killed and two fatally injured in Chicago riot.

Grand Jury of Chicago is still investigating the teamsters' strike. Some of the strike leaders and some employers will be indicted for conspiracy.

Eighteen are killed and twenty injured in a wreck on the Western Maryland Railroad.

June 18.—Admiral Sigsbee's squadron sails to bring home the body of John Paul Jones.

Twelve negroes are killed in a fight on an excursion train in Georgia.

June 19.—Paul Morton, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Equitable, begins an investigation of the Society's condition.

June 20.—The resignations of both Hyde and Alexander are accepted by Paul Morton.

Mayor Weaver has six Philadelphia officials arrested for frauds committed by them. J. W. Hill, formerly the highest paid employee of the city, is arrested for frauds and forgery.

June 21.—The New York Central's "Twentieth Century Limited" runs into an open switch at Mentor, O., killing five and injuring sixteen.

June 24.—James W. Alexander returns \$60,000 to the Equitable which he made out of the syndicate deals.

An investigation of the Lake Shore wreck shows that the switch was deliberately opened.

June 28.—John D. Rockefeller gives \$1,000,000 to Yale University.

Phillipsburg, Kan., is wrecked by a tornado and six are killed.

Nine men are killed and twelve injured by an explosion of dynamite at Emporium, Pa.

June 29.—David B. Hill's and Senator Depew's names are dropped from the pay-roll of the Equitable.

Mob takes eight prisoners, including one white man, from the jail at Watkinsville, Ga., and shoots them.

June 30.—John D. Rockefeller gives \$10,000,000 to educational institutions.

Roy Knabenshue makes a successful test of an air-ship made by himself, at Toledo, O.

July 1.—Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, dies suddenly at his summer home in New Hampshire. The funeral will take place in Cleveland, O., July 5.

July 5.—The body of Secretary Hay is buried in Cleveland, O., with simple and impressive ceremony. President Roosevelt and many other prominent persons attend the funeral.

### Foreign News

June 7.—Russia asks President Roosevelt to ascertain Japan's terms for peace.

The union between Norway and Sweden is dissolved; the Storting proclaims King Oscar no longer King of Norway at the same time it declares the union broken.

The Czar orders the Russian ships at Manila to remain there at the disposition of the American Government.

June 8.—Japan makes known her terms for peace to President Roosevelt.

Explosion on a British submarine sinks the boat with fourteen men.

June 9.—King Oscar refuses to nominate a king for Norway as requested, and a republic may be established.

June 10.—Japan and Russia accede to President Roosevelt's request to appoint plenipotentiaries to discuss peace terms.

The union flag is lowered throughout Norway, and the flag of Norway substituted with much ceremony.

The Zemstvo congress at Moscow addresses the Czar demanding a constitution.

June 11.—Russia learns the substance of Japan's peace terms, and St. Petersburg reports they will be accepted.

Moors murder British consular agent for Austria and Denmark at Mazagan, Morocco.

June 12.—Mont Pelée again in eruption.

The Emperor of Japan holds council and discusses peace terms. Japan will select Marquis Ito and Russia M. Nelidoff, Russian Ambassador to France, as peace commissioners.

Russia aspires to form an alliance with Japan and rule Asia.

The Czar of Russia promises to call a legislative body with power to enact reforms.

June 13.—Theodore P. Delyannis, Premier of Greece, is assassinated at Athens.

Baron Nathan de Rothschild dies in Vienna.

Yellow fever is spreading in the Panama Canal Zone.

June 15.—France and Germany are preparing for trouble over the Morocco question.

Grand Duke Alexis, head of the Russian Admiralty, resigns.

Russia and Japan are said to favor Washington as a place of meeting to discuss peace terms.

June 16.—Swedish trade-unionists make a demonstration against war with Norway. Cholera is reported in the Russian provinces and Poland.

The Japanese Minister publishes Japan's reply to President Roosevelt's note.

June 17.—General Maximo Gomez, the great Cuban leader, dies at his home in Havana.

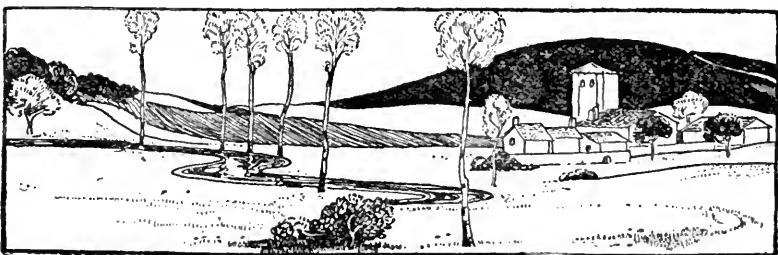
France and Germany reach an agreement on the Morocco question which ends all talk of war.

- Five hundred persons are killed by an explosion at Khantsish, South Russia.
- June 18.—All flags are at half-mast in Havana in honor of the late General Gomez.
- Quite a number of cases of yellow fever are reported in the Canal Zone, and its spread is feared.
- June 19.—The war party in Russia is trying to influence the Czar to continue the war.
- The Czar pacifies the Zemstvos by promising a legislative body and reforms.
- June 20.—Sweden will not resist the dissolution of the union with Norway.
- Disorder attends the funeral of General Gomez. Young Cubans attempt to take the casket from the gun caisson on which it is being carried and bear it on their shoulders.
- June 21.—Cossacks charge a parade of workmen at Lodz, killing eighteen and wounding one hundred.
- M. Nelidoff is appointed one of the Russian peace envoys.
- June 22.—Grand Duke Nicholas is appointed new war head of Russia.
- The Russian Zemstvos are summoned by the Czar for another meeting.
- Riots continue in Russia. At Lodz many are killed in fights between workmen and police.
- June 23.—Trouble continues in Russia. Many persons are killed and wounded in riots at Lodz.
- June 24.—Serious rioting continues in Lodz. Mobs throw bombs and vitriol.
- June 25.—Cossacks massacre many persons at Lodz.
- June 26.—Terrible conditions exist in Russian Poland. Mobs continue to pillage while soldiers massacre women and children.
- June 27.—Russia accepts first ten days of August as time for peace conference.
- Rioting, with much loss of life, in Russia.
- June 28.—On one of the Russian battleships of the Black Sea fleet, the *Kniaz Potemkin*, the sailors kill most of the officers and hoist the red flag on the ship. The vessel is then run to Odessa to aid mobs of incendiaries. A torpedo boat has also mutinied.
- Rioting is reported all through Russia which the soldiers are unable to stop.
- A general revolution seems to have begun.
- June 29.—The Russian warship taken by the mutinous Russian sailors bombards Odessa, destroying shipping and property valued at \$12,500,000. Hundreds of people are killed and the Czar proclaims civil war.
- June 30.—The Russian battleship *Kniaz Potemkin* at Odessa is joined by another battleship manned by a mutinous crew. Martial law prevails amid a reign of terror.
- Conditions throughout Russia are terrible. Owing to censorship details of exact conditions cannot be obtained.
- Admiral Sigsbee's fleet reaches Cherbourg to bring the body of John Paul Jones to America.
- July 2.—Russia names M. Muravieff and Baron de Rosen, and Japan Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira as peace envoys.
- July 3.—Czar orders the torpedo boats of the Black Sea fleet to destroy the rebel ship *Potemkin*.
- Eighteen persons lose their lives in a flood at Las Vacas, Mexico.
- Flood sweeps Guanajuato, Mexico, causing great property losses and drowning 1,000 persons.
- July 7.—The Russian rebel ship *Potemkin*, is still at large, despite the attempts of the Russian torpedo boats to sink her. The *Potemkin* is sailing from port to port aiding mobs in fights against the soldiers and burning shipping and other property on Southern Russian water front.

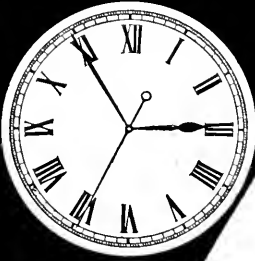
## A CORRECTION

On page 448 of the June number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE T. H. Tibbles, in his article, "The Story of a Suppressed Populist Newspaper," said: "One Democrat came over from his own convention and answered to the call of *Thurston County* in the Populist convention which had no delegates present, and voted the fifteen votes that county was entitled to every time for fusion."

Mr. Tibbles has advised us that for *Thurston County* he should have written *Cuming County*.



# \$10500 in Prizes



**IT LOOKS EASY.**

**CAN YOU DO IT?**

**How Soon will the Hour, Minute and Second Hands Again Appear Equal Distances Apart?**

To popularize the name of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, to get it on every tongue from ocean to ocean, it has been decided to offer 10,000 Ingersoll Watches to 10,000 people who can send us the correct solution of this problem before September 1, 1905.

**SAM LOYD'S**

## Ingersoll

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The full problem is stated above and no further information can be given in fairness to all contestants. \$500.00 in cash prizes in addition is offered to owners of Ingersoll Watches.

If you send 2c. stamp with solution you will receive acknowledgment of your answer, and a formal entry blank and conditions; or for 10c. the above and Sam Loyd's book of celebrated puzzles.

Awards will be made in accordance with the correct solution furnished by Sam Loyd, which is locked in our safe, inaccessible to any one.

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*Made from  
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no wires to  
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The circulation of the scalp is easily obstructed. The hair falls out from lack of nourishment—the skin dries in the form of dandruff. Electricity stimulates the circulation, brings back the blood to the hair-roots, resulting in a healthy growth of hair. The brush furnishes a mild, continuous current of electricity and infuses new life into the hair roots.

**It stops falling hair, cures dandruff and all scalp disorders.**

Also relieves nervous and bilious headaches.

**Guarantee**—If, after thirty days' trial, my brush does not do all I claim—your money will be refunded. You risk nothing. **Beware of imitations**—My brush is packed in a neat box with compass to test power. Sent to any address (postpaid) for **\$1.00**. Get my new book, "The Germ of All Life is Electricity." It's interesting and will be mailed free upon request. For sale by all the better class stores. If for any reason they cannot supply you, write direct to us, or call.

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for  
August

Contains **LAW AND ORDER—AFTER CLOUDS SUNSHINE**, the eighth instalment of **RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG**'s series of papers dealing with corruption in Philadelphia and the Keystone State. It is apparent that these papers have proved a powerful moral lever in making not only possible, but irresistible, the wonderful revolt of the conscience element in Philadelphia. Certainly no papers have been followed by such a sudden dramatic revolt of the people against the corruption so clearly and forcibly unmasked and detailed by Mr. Blankenburg.

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TRENTON, N. J. - - - AND - - - BOSTON, MASS.

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as high as the 10 successful contestants

And a little fortune of Silver Dollars to be divided among 830 other readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE



## Given for Little "Heart Throbs"

**What is your height worth to you?      Easy for Everybody      Will you be measured with silver dollars?**

SINCE the first announcement was made that Ten Thousand Dollars had been placed in the First National Bank of Boston to be finally given away for Heart Throbs it is astonishing how many clippings, poems and amusing stories have been entered for prizes.

The contest is so simple and fair that everybody who can read and can appreciate what is good, what is pure, or what brings out the emotions of the heart, can enter his choice in our great competition and receive a "fair and square deal" when the awards are made.

Certainly you can put your hands right on that story you once read and thought it was the *best* you ever saw; it was so awfully funny. And that other one that made the tears start in your eyes and the big lump rise in your throat when you read it. You have these in your pocket-book, or in the old scrap book, or possibly in your writing desk. Somewhere, surely, you have one or two that are worth the huge pile of silver dollars that we are eager to exchange for them.

There are no unreasonable conditions. The clipping or copied extract must not be longer than 500 words. You must hasten to send in your contribution as the contest will close and the prizes begin to be awarded on or before Sept. 1st, 1905. NATIONAL subscribers only are eligible to the competition.

### 840 PRIZE AWARDS. WILL YOU TAKE ONE?

Besides the first ten prizes, each a stack of silver dollars as high as the head of the prize winner, there are ten awards of \$500 each for the ten next best stories; twenty awards of \$25.00 each for the third grade; one hundred awards of \$10.00 each for the fourth grade; two hundred awards of \$5.00 each for the fifth grade; and five hundred awards of \$1.00 each for the sixth and last grade. **U. S. Senator Allison and Admiral Geo. Dewey will make the final awards on behalf of the judges.** These names are an absolute assurance of the sincere good faith and confidence the "Heart Throb" contest merits from you. If you are not already a regular subscriber, send along the accompanying coupon with your subscription for six months and with one clipping, or a year's subscription and two clippings. Be sure to do so soon as the contest will be closed as soon as 50,000 new subscribers are obtained. Understand the NATIONAL is a dollar-a-year magazine and is worth all you pay for it. There is nothing to lose—you may secure a handsome award. When you know Joe Chapple, you will like his NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Show this to your newsdealer and say there is something for him if he will send for particulars. **JOE CHAPPLE, Editor.**

**National Magazine, - Boston, Mass.**

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO NATIONAL MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.

Enclosed find 50 cts and clipping for entry in the "Heart Throb" contest.

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21.199 for a year's subscription gives privilege for two entries, &c.



LAKE TRAVEL POINT

# Colorado Utah

AND THE

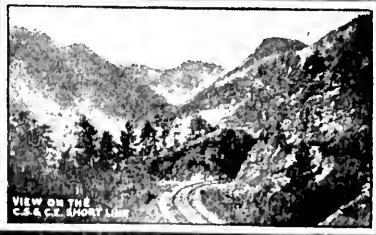
# Pacific Coast

BEST REACHED VIA THE

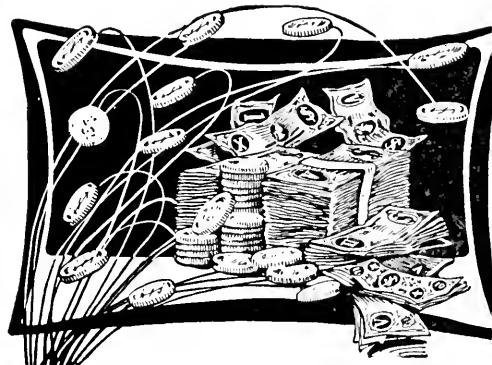
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VIEW ON THE  
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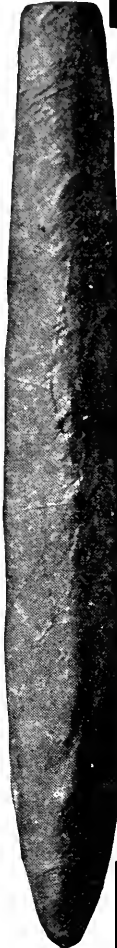


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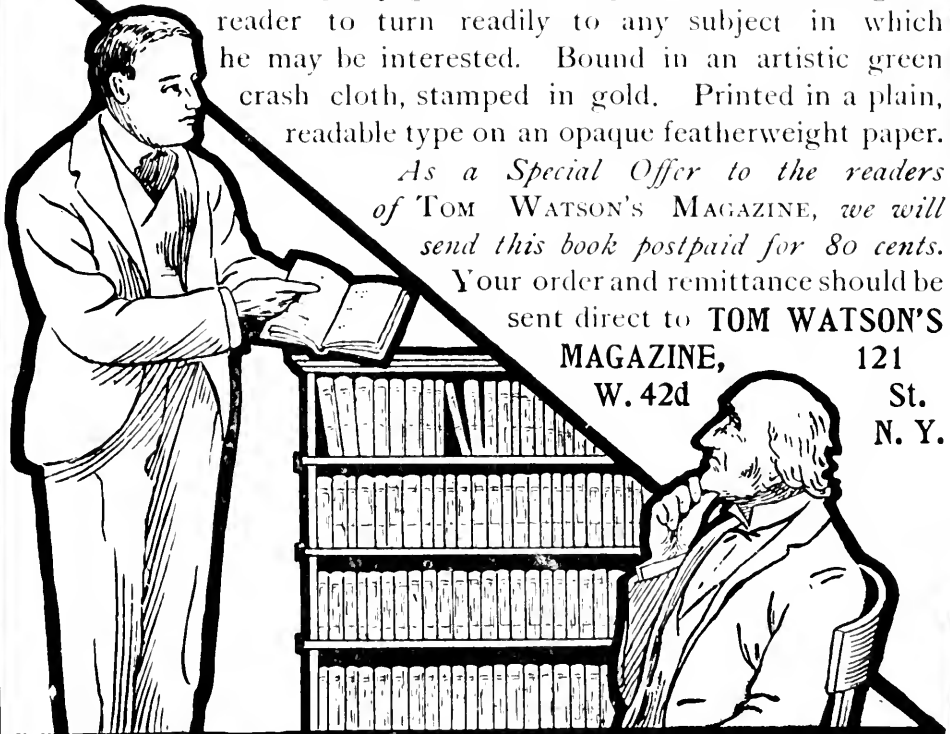
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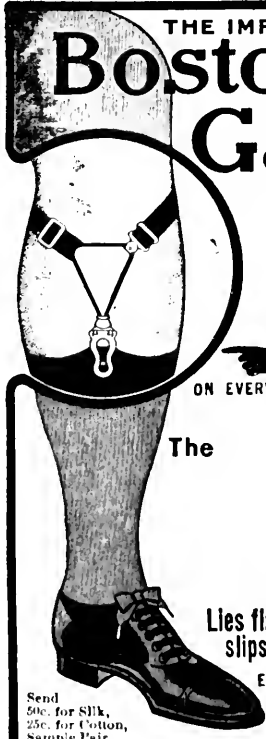
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