





# TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

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## Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

### Populism

IT is here to stay, and it would continue to be a power in the land even if none of its leaders ever held office. Perhaps it will be stronger, and purer, and braver, without office than with it—at least until our educational work is completely done. For instance, we believe that the People's Party is in a better condition in Georgia, where it has not been in office, than in Kansas, where it has.

Populism cannot be destroyed; it stands for vital principles which in themselves are deathless. It stands for the doctrine that the Government belongs to the governed and not to the governors. To the average officeholder of the two old parties there is a profound belief that the Government was created for the benefit of those in office.

Their conception of the whole business is that the Government is a huge carcass to be fed upon alternately by the "ins" and the "outs." Whenever the Democratic jackals can drive off the Republican vultures the carcass is the feast of the Democrats. Whenever the Republican vultures grow too numerous and strong for the Democratic jackals the banquet belongs to the Republicans.

The time for the people to have anything done for *them* never comes.

They vote out the "ins," because the "outs" have promised "reform"—only to find that the "outs," when in, and the "ins," when out, have only swapped places and habits.

The People's Party stands for the doctrine that the world's stock of wealth and of opportunity belongs to all mankind—to be won or lost on the basis of merit or demerit.

We say that the avenues of advancement should not be closed up by class legislation. We say that accumulated wealth should not be allowed to surround itself with statutory intrenchments which keep off competition. The holder of wealth has no right to legislate his fortune out of reach of the risks and chances of legitimate business. He has no right to legislate his wealth into a mortgage upon the revenues of the Government and upon the annual produce of all labor. He has no right to legislate special favors to himself, whereby enormous accumulations are held together, not by force of energy, industry and superior ability, but by reason of the special privileges and exemptions created by law.

For instance, we do not question the right of any man to own as much money as he can honestly get, but we declare it to be wrong to allow the holder of the money to pass laws in his own favor which exempt his money from taxation, give him a lien upon the property of every other citizen, and exact from other citizens a tax to pay the interest on the money of this specially favored citizen. In other words, we oppose national bonds, just as Thomas Jefferson did, and in doing so we represent a principle which will

struggle for recognition as long as the Government lives.

Populism stands for the doctrine that the Government should directly do whatever it is charged with the power and duty of doing. We apply this principle particularly to the making and distributing of money. The sovereign power in every state is clothed with two functions which give to the Government terrific advantages over the governed.

The power to levy taxes and the power to create money are the most tremendous concessions which the people can make to their rulers.

Both these concessions are necessary to good government, but an abuse of either ruins the people. They can be taxed to death, and their money system can be so manipulated that a favored few of the capitalists can reap all the fruits of the labor of unfavored millions.

Populism enters its protest against the grievous burden of taxation which has been laid upon our people by wickedly corrupt rulers; and it says that these taxes are illegally laid, unequally distributed and prodigally spent.

Populism stands for the principle that the Government should make the money and distribute it. We say that there is no more business necessity for delegating to the national bankers the sovereign power to make and distribute money than there would be in delegating to them the power to levy, collect and disburse our taxes.

The right to create and destroy money, to regulate its value, its volume and its circulation, is as much a function of government as the right to levy and collect taxes.

Yet here we see in the United States a hateful and oppressive system, by which the governmental power of bossing the money question is exercised by a handful of millionaires—who thus become masters of the people and masters of the Government.

Populism enters its protest against this system and will fight it to the death—just as Jefferson did in his day and as Jackson did in his. If the

Democratic Party were not led by a lot of cowards, boodlers and demagogues it would arouse the masses into a storm of enthusiasm by going back to the old-time Democratic doctrine of "Down with the National Banks."

Populism stands for the doctrine that a party platform is a contract between the people and the representatives: and that the representatives are bound in honor to stand by the platform, whether it suits their party to do so or not. In other words, we condemn and denounce the contemptible doctrine that any man is excusable for violating his pledges to the people upon the ground that a performance of the contract would "hurt the party."

We hold that a party which can live only by breaking its pledges deserves to be "hurt"—fatally hurt.

Populism demands that public franchises be taken away from private individuals—just compensation being paid—and that they be enjoyed by the public to whom they rightfully belong.

We say that any system which allows corporation highwaymen to stand in full control of all the public iron highways of the country, and to demand tribute of every traveler that passes, is out of joint with the times, out of touch with true freedom of commerce, out of unison with justice and the doctrine of equal rights, out of touch with the doctrine that within a state there should be no power greater than the state.

Populism demands that the public roads be owned by the public—just as they are owned in all countries where legislation is not openly bought with the money of the corporations, as is done with us.

Populism stands for the principle that our Republic cannot live unless we restore to the people the right to elect *all* their rulers. Self-government is no longer in existence when the people are deprived of the choice of the office-holders.

Populism demands that all wheels within wheels be abolished, and that President, senators, judges, solicitors,



and all the others, be elected by direct vote of the people.

Populism demands honest elections; a resort to the courts for the punishment of all crimes; the abolition of the horrible convict lease system by which human beings are sold into slavery; the furnishing of the school-books as well as the school-teacher; an income tax whereby great fortunes may be effectively reached by a gradu-

ated scale which lays on the percentage of taxation more and more heavily as the income grows bigger and bigger.

Add to these an emphatic denunciation (made in the Georgia platform) of the free pass evil, and you have the creed of Populism.

Nothing can kill a party founded upon these principles, if we can but convince the world that we are honest, determined and consistent.

### *Populism a Protest as Well as a Creed*

IN its last analysis Populism is a protest against existing evils and an organized effort to restore the Government system of our fathers.

The enemies of reform indict us as disturbers of the public peace, and, as foes to the best interests of society, attempt to set the conservative elements of the country against us.

This is nothing new; the enemies of reform have always tried to overwhelm with ridicule and abuse those whose attacks upon social, political and ecclesiastical evils could not otherwise be met. In every society there are those who seek to fatten upon special privileges; speak against special privileges, and you incur the bitter hatred of those who enjoy them.

They who dared to say that the public lands of Rome should be restored to the public were butchered by the privileged few who had seized the lands.

When Turgot, in France, and after him Calonne, proposed to avert national bankruptcy and revolution by laying a tax upon the colossal property of the church and nobility, they were howled out of office by the blind selfishness of the privileged classes, who drifted madly into bloody revolution rather than concede the just demand for reform.

When the Chartists in England demanded annual Parliaments, manhood suffrage, secret ballot, the laying off of regular parliamentary districts and the payment of stated salaries to

the members, a storm of indignation, backed by the fixed bayonet of the British soldier, drove the Chartists into the outer darkness of political defeat, and another generation had to be born and educated before the reasonable demands of the Chartists became (with one exception) the law of Great Britain.

So the Populists, asking nothing that shrinks from the test of full and fair discussion, have been pitilessly assailed as a lot of cranks, fanatics and hoodlums, whose alleged principles were unworthy of serious consideration.

The very essence of Populism is antagonism to class legislation and to special privilege. Its constant text is "Equal and exact justice to all men," its constant purpose to check the tendency which concentrates the political power and all material prosperity into the hands of the few.

We arraign existing conditions, and we say that the worst features of the European system, which our forefathers came here to escape, are creeping into our Government and finding secure footing in our statute book.

Our corporations have become a privileged order, armed with the power to tax the unprivileged, and thus we have an aristocracy. Our wealth has been exempt from taxation, made secure from the ordinary chances of competition by laws which tend to make the rich richer; and thus by legalizing the advantages of the mil-

lionaire, we make certain that the numbers of those who must remain penniless shall ever increase. Wealth, after all, is but a common fund from which all must derive existence.

If a few have seized upon more than they are legally and equitably entitled to, the many will get less than they need and less than they legally and equitably deserve.

Populism would remedy the disease by removing the cause. We trace every

evil of our present situation to some departure from the true principles upon which our fathers founded the Government. Figs are not gathered from thistles, nor are happy results to be obtained from unjust laws. If ever this Republic is to be again blessed with general prosperity it must go back to the system which once made it prosperous; and to do that the creed of Populism must find place upon the statute book.

### As to Life Insurance

THE life insurance agents were stirred up a bit by my comments in the August number. Did they suppose that *their* own particular ox was insured against being gored?

They should have taken out an accident policy.

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One life insurance agent, good friend and clever fellow, is shocked that I should have cast a doubt upon the integrity of the surplus of the Equitable. To set me right he sends me a table of figures. These figures boost the Equitable right up into the skies.

Well, I've seen these old figures before.

In fact, I've seen them often.

And a lovely lot of numerals they are, too.

*But where's the money?*

If you wanted to "cash in" that surplus, could you do it?

Nobody knows.

The surplus is represented by a pile of paper securities for loans.

And these loans may be rotten.

*Nobody knows.*

How many instances are there of thefts having been made, disguised as loans, like that of the Depew gang, who stole two hundred thousand dollars of our money under the form of a loan?

If the directors, in one case, loaned themselves \$250,000 on property which sold for \$50,000, what hindered them from doing it in other cases?

Is Chauncey Depew the only Oily Gammon in New York who can work a racket like that?

Don't come trying to convince people that everything is solid and safe by showing us a lot of fascinating figures. We've all had a bellyful of figures.

Bookkeeping's easy. What we want now is to have honest, disinterested examiners report on the *actual cash*.

Surplus?

I have been paying premiums ever since 1886, and I have no more idea that I shall ever taste any of that alleged eighty million dollars surplus than I have of getting drunk on the nectar which Jupiter sips.

Surplus?

That's a beverage for those who dwell on high Olympus.

We common mortals furnish it; the elect drink it.

Figures?

*Please* don't show me those old figures any more.

Bookkeeping's easy.

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The exposures in the Equitable would be halfway lost to the world if they did not stimulate a general study of the huge business of life insurance.

What has been shown to be the case with the Equitable?

First—That about one-half of the money paid in premiums by policy-holders was spent by the officers of the Society for their own benefit.

How?

(a) By giving themselves outrageously high salaries;

(b) By giving to their retainers, relatives and friends liberal feed out of the ample crib;

(c) By charging up their personal expenses and dissipations to the policy-holders;

(d) By creating a pension system which is liable to gross abuse;

(e) By contributing campaign funds to both the Democratic and Republican parties;

(f) By keeping upon the payroll, at enormous expense, such professional lobbyists as Oily Gammon Depew—the trained retainer of the Vanderbilt family and Vanderbilt railroads.

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Second—The overpaid officers of the Society have squandered the funds in loans to those who had “a pull” with the management, and by letting them out to the use of favored corporations at a nominal rate of interest.

Third—That the Equitable assets—*four hundred million dollars!*—has become a Hessian column, ready for the hire of any king of finance who wants to use it in one of his marauding expeditions against the people.

This is the most tremendously dangerous of all the conditions now attending the vast accumulations of money by the old-line life insurance companies.

The people pay in the money; the insurance companies league themselves with the kings of high finance: the trust fund committed to the care of the insurance officers supplies the sinews of war to the Harrimans, Morgans and Ryans.

Thus the common people fill the war chest of the plunderers who exploit them. Could a more dangerous situation exist?

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As to the Equitable, these things have been proved. They have not only been proved beyond question, but admitted by the criminals. Confessions became every day more damn-



“Telling him to sit right there and he would see the procession pass along after a while.”

ing as other evidence rendered them the more unnecessary.

What about other old-line companies?

It is probable that similar conditions exist in their management, but at present there is no explosion or exposure.

In the Equitable thieves fell out among themselves, and honest men got the facts, even though they did not get their rights.

But enough has been shown about the methods of life insurance to put the people on their guard, and to justify the statement that the cost of insurance is extortionately high.

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Consider the “reforms” which have been brought about in the Equitable.

The society squirt, James Hazen Hyde, got a salary of \$100,000.

You and I (and other fools) paid it.

The lawbreaker, Paul Morton, whom Roosevelt lost credit by whitewashing, gets a salary of \$80,000.

You and I (and other fools) pay it.



“The Equitable Hessians are Ryan’s little soldiers.”

Eighty thousand dollars per year is a nice salary for *us* to be paying, isn’t it?

I had no idea that you and I (and other fools) were able to pay third-rate men such lofty salaries until I actually found that we were doing it.

Which proves that we never know what we can do till we try.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a rising market and a diminishing supply of talent, Paul Morton might possibly be worth ten thousand dollars to some corporation which needed a plausible, pliable, resourceful and eminently respectable gentleman, who was willing to violate the law for the good of his bosses.

As to James Hazen Hyde, he might easily command five thousand dollars per year as head waiter at some out-of-sight hotel.

But the idea that you and I (and other fools) should have been paying this semi-French dude one hundred thousand dollars per year to manage our Society would stir my bile if my indignation were not already fixed upon Paul Morton, the whitewashed pet of the Santa Fé, who has reformed our Society by appropriating to himself a yearly salary of *eighty thousand dollars*.

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Another “reform” brought about in the Equitable is the removal of all uncertainty as to where its Hessians will fight.

From henceforth the Equitable column of four hundred million dollars will fight for Ryan—the boss Democrat who helped to buy the nomination of Parker.

Heretofore the Equitable Hessians

were anybody's troops. They fought for Morgan in one campaign and against him in another; for Harriman in one battle and against him in another. In some engagements it is probable that they divided forces and fought on *both* sides. Such things have happened. But all that is ended now.

The Equitable Hessians are Ryan's little soldiers; hereafter both the ox and the ass will know the master's crib.

\* \* \* \* \*

And Grover Cleveland!

Ryan called him up and seated him on the fence, telling him to sit right there and keep awake, and he would see the procession pass along after a while.

And it happened just that way.

But, Mr. Democrat, how do you feel when you learn that the Equitable gave a portion of *your* money to the Republican campaign fund?

And, Mr. Republican, how do *you* feel when you learn that the Equitable has been giving a part of *your* money to the Democratic campaign fund?

Poor fools, both of you! Are you *never* going to learn that corporations have no principles, except those which make for money-making, and that *both* the old political parties are financed and controlled by the big corporations?

\* \* \* \* \*

Moral: Keep on paying premiums to furnish high living for city dudes, and to supply campaign funds for *both* the old parties. It's a little rough on *you*, but it's the making of the Society.

## A Wiggle-Tail

### MR. KEELY'S LETTER

*The Editor, Watson's Magazine.*

A FRIEND of mine has seen fit to give my name as one who believes in progress and cares more for real reform than mere party names. I have no knowledge of the one who forwarded my name; that, however, is of minor importance.

The giving of any support, morally or politically, to the champion of Populism and the leader of the latter-day political saints would be suicidal to Democracy; and no Democrat, in my opinion, could possibly impart any more notice to the moonings and meanderings of the Hon. Thomas E. Watson than if they were the idle wind.

Democrats, indeed, are asked to flap arms and support the teachings of a man who did his might and main to elect Roosevelt to the Presidency. The day the Democratic Party turns to Thomas E. Watson for guidance it is no more extant.

Any reforms brought about in the Democratic Party can be executed from within the party and not from an outsider like Watson.

The party has had sufficient proof of its inability to succeed carrying such a load as Hearst, Watson and their political satellites.

Mr. Watson, there is ample room for you in the Republican Party if you desire to do any reforming. You would be far more at home in such company, and the ideas of some of the leaders would rather coincide with yours.

Why not induce the real party of plutocracy, Mr. Watson, to accept your teachings, now that it is indebted to you for the election of a President?

Why not reform the party, Mr. Watson, that really needs reforming?

THOMAS M. KEELY.

Jacksonville, Fla.

WHEN this Magazine made its modest entrance into the great world of periodical literature it did that which most new magazines are compelled to do. It sent out sample copies. Those who were already friendly to us were requested to send us the names of such citizens as would probably appreciate a sample copy and would become subscribers.

In some instances it happened that our friends were more zealous than discreet, and they sent us the names of the wrong men; but in two instances only was our courtesy in sending a sample copy rewarded by letters of wanton insult.

One of these letters came from the North—from the immediate region of Tom Taggart's gambling hell. It was so scurrilously abusive that it was

thrown aside with the contempt which it deserved.

The other letter came from the South. This, while severe and offensive, is not unparliamentary. Inasmuch as Mr. Keely's letter exposes with such primitive frankness the mental condition and the mental standard of the average Bourbon Democrat, I have presented it just as he wrote it, and for the purpose of replying to the class of men whom he represents, because a man like Mr. Keely never stands alone. No one man is strong enough to occupy a position of such imbecility. It requires a group, each one leaning up against the other, to maintain an attitude so out of date, so unprogressive, so highly prejudiced, so essentially obtuse, pig-headed and slavishly partisan.

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The man who digs a well never means that it shall become stagnant. There are toil and danger in digging a well. Some judgment is required in its location and in its proper construction.

It is meant to benefit mankind. It goes down and down into the earth, until the pure, cool, underground streams, abounding in life and health, are struck. These are expected to rise and supply the well. The bucket is supposed to go up and down, keeping the water constantly stirred, constantly treated to fresh air, and the stale water constantly drawn off. The fresh water is thus constantly invited to come in. The well, so used, becomes a source of strength and never-failing comfort to those for whom it was dug.

If, however, the well is not properly used, if it is not constantly agitated by the going down and the coming up of the bucket—if it is left undisturbed, left to itself, left without change from day to day and from week to week, it becomes stagnant, it is useless, it is dangerous, it is noxious to the smell and unpleasant to the eye.

In a little while it develops wiggle-tails by the thousands, by the millions—little wiggle-tails, medium-sized wiggle-tails and big wiggle-tails. But large, small or medium sized, the well

is filled simply with wiggle-tails, because it is stagnant, because there is no life or motion in it, because the old, stale water is not drawn off and replaced by ever flowing, ever changing and ever refreshing supplies of fresh, pure water.

In many parts of the North and East the Republican well is stagnant and full of wiggle-tails. In many parts of the South the Democratic well is stagnant and full of wiggle-tails.

Inasmuch as Mr. Keely has, in his letter, most frankly shown what the stagnant well is, and shown what the wiggle-tail is, it has been dignified by receiving a place in our columns and a reply, which, I trust, will carry some light, some fresh air, some elements of life and motion of the world to the wiggle-tails—the big wiggle-tails, the medium-sized wiggle-tails and the little wiggle-tails.

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The first proposition of Mr. Keely is that it would be suicidal to Democracy to give any notice to the meanderings of a man like me either morally or financially.

By financial support I presume Mr. Keely means it would be suicidal for a Democrat to subscribe to this Magazine.

As the price is only ten cents per copy, it occurs to me that the wiggle-tail who will commit suicide by giving his support to this Magazine must be a very small wiggle-tail indeed.

What Mr. Keely means by moral support is not so clear.

I presume he means that if his neighbors knew that he was lavishing the sum of ten cents per month on this Magazine they would at once conclude that he was giving us his moral support, and that would be suicidal to him. If so, Mr. Keely's standing in the community in which he lives must be somewhat rickety. If I had known that Mr. Keely's standing as a Democrat was of such exceedingly doubtful character that his patronage of my Magazine would necessitate hari-kari I would have sent him as a tonic, invigorator and

general bracer a list of the Democratic congressmen, Democratic governors and Democratic leaders who are subscribers, and who have not as yet done any violence to themselves by reason of the fact that they read and pay for the Magazine.

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Mr. Keely says that I did my "might and main" to elect Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency.

A charge of that sort should rest upon some basis of fact.

The part which I took in the campaign of 1904 was public. Any help which I gave to Mr. Roosevelt necessarily had to be given in public. Only in public speech, and in writings which were published, was it possible for me to influence the voters of the country.

I was a discredited man, belonging to a discredited party. My part in the campaign was the minor part. No great daily newspapers championed my cause. Only a few weekly newspapers of limited circulation were friendly to me, and only one daily paper (of purely local influence), published in a state which was safely Democratic.

There were no secret means by which I could influence votes for or against anybody. It was only by public appeals that I could get votes for myself or for others. Therefore if I did my "might and main" to elect Roosevelt to the Presidency that assertion should be capable of proof.

Where is the speech of mine which gained votes for Roosevelt? Where is the letter of mine which gained votes for Roosevelt? Where is the interview of mine which gained votes for Roosevelt?

In every speech, in every letter, in every interview I attacked him, his principles, his policy. I was the only candidate in the field who *did* attack him.

The Democratic nominee, Judge Parker, did not attack Mr. Roosevelt, and did not state wherein he and Mr. Roosevelt differed on any question of principle or policy. Roosevelt was for the gold standard and so was



"If I had known his patronage of my Magazine would necessitate hari-kari . . ."

Parker. Roosevelt was for the protective tariff, so was Parker. Roosevelt was against the income tax and so was Parker.

The only candidate in the field who declared himself against the protective tariff system was myself. No other candidate declared in favor of the income tax. No other candidate declared himself in favor of that principle which Bryan now says must be the next Democratic war cry—Government Ownership of Public Utilities.

No other candidate declared himself in favor of the Southern attitude on the race question. I did it in a speech in Atlanta, Ga., on the night of September 1, 1904, when the campaign was just beginning to get hot.

Mr. Roosevelt had lunched with Booker Washington.

I challenged Judge Parker to say that he would not do the same thing, and he declined to answer.

Mr. Cleveland, as Governor of New York, had signed the bill abolishing separate schools for whites and blacks and establishing mixed schools in which black boys and white girls are compelled to associate on terms of social equality. I challenged Judge

Parker to declare publicly whether he favored such schools in New York and for the Southern states. Judge Parker declined to reply.

Throughout the campaign I stood for Jeffersonian principles, just as I had done for fourteen years. Throughout the campaign I arraigned with all the strength in my power the principles of Roosevelt and the Republican Party. My speeches and my letters are all on record to prove it. Therefore, when Mr. Keely asserts that I did my "might and main" to elect Roosevelt to the Presidency, he makes a statement to support which he will find himself pitifully unable to find enough testimony to cause a commotion even in the stagnant world of the wiggle-tails—the big wiggle-tails, the medium-sized wiggle-tails and the little wiggle-tails.

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Any third party movement will draw support from political organizations already existing. It must do so or it cannot live. It may draw more from one of the existing parties than from the other. For instance, the People's Party, being a third party movement, drew from the Republicans in the West and from the Democrats in the South, the West being mostly Republican and the South being mostly Democratic.

The Populists captured several Western states from the Republican Party. It did not capture any Southern state from the Democratic Party. Thus the literal facts show that the People's Party did more damage to the Republicans than to the Democrats. Everybody knows this except the wiggle-tails down in the darkness of the stagnant well.

Had it not been for the wretched management of the Democrats in 1896—the base treachery with which they treated the People's Party—the Republicans never would have regained their lost ground in the West. It was the shameless breaking of pledges, the greedy attempt to swallow up the People's Party movement in 1896, which caused the Republicans once more to get their clutches upon

Nebraska, upon Kansas, and upon other Western states which had already been wrenched away from the Republican organization.

Mr. Bryan does not get a majority of votes in his home precinct, nor in his county, nor in his town, nor in his state; and these facts are due to the treatment of the People's Party in 1896.

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Mr. Keely says any reform brought about in the Democratic Party can be "secured from within the party."

The old, old wiggle-tail idea in the stagnant well!

The Christian Church once became utterly rotten, utterly stagnant, utterly false to its duties and its mission.

Reformers from the inside tried to reform it. The great scholar Abelard had his ideas of reformation "within the church," and the church brought down upon him its heavy hand and smote his lips into silence.

The Italian orator Savonarola tried to reform the church "from within," and his reward was an ignominious, horrible death at the hands of the church.

John Huss, the Bohemian, tried to reform the church from within, and he was burned at the stake.

Wycliffe, of England, tried to reform the church from within, and his efforts came to naught. As long as Luther tried to reform the church from within he found himself beset with deadly dangers, impassable barriers, immovable obstacles. It was only when he, like John Wesley, went outside the pale, outside the organization, outside the party, that he accomplished a reformation whose reflex action resulted in the reformation of the church itself.

So in Great Britain the Whigs and Tories have rarely put their hands to the work of reform. Nearly always it is some independent, outside movement like the Chartists, like the Radicals, like the labor organizations, like the Socialists, putting a pressure from without upon the time-servers and weather observers within, and thus compelling progress in the direction of reform.



In this country reforms have always been brought about by independent movements outside the old parties.

Thomas Jefferson organized a new party, and called it the National Republican Party. Thomas Jefferson was never known as a Democrat. His Republican Party elected him to the Presidency; reduced the standing army; abolished the internal revenue system; cut down the expenses of the Government; did away with the semi-royal functions which had been established by Washington and the elder Adams; almost extinguished the public debt, and to a considerable extent checked the growth of the Federal judiciary.

In the course of time the Congressional caucus of the Jefferson Republicans arrogated to itself power which belonged to the people. The Congressional caucus made itself omnipotent, became a Star Chamber, became a secret clique which declared Presidential nominees and platforms without consulting the people. In this manner it lost touch with the people, and when it sought to compel the acceptance of William H. Crawford as Presidential nominee the dissatisfaction with this Congressional ring broke out into open revolt. Andrew Jackson organized a new party movement. Mr. Clay was the leader of the Whigs; the younger Adams was the leader of what was left of the Federalists; Mr. Crawford represented the remainder of the Jefferson Republicans; Jackson headed the great body of the people, organized the Democratic Party, and, after one defeat, which was more disastrous to the victors than to the vanquished, was carried into the White House by a majority which made him supreme for many years.

Again reforms were accomplished by this outside independent movement. The national banks were destroyed. The tariff was reduced to a revenue basis.

Also take the movement which Lincoln led and which made him President. Was it not at first a third

party movement independent of both the old parties? Had it not been found impossible to accomplish reform *inside* of either of the old parties?

From the very necessity of the case, did not the leaders of the present Republican Party have to organize it as an independent third party movement because they despaired of getting reform "inside the old parties"?

If these facts have not penetrated the darkness and stillness of the stagnant well in which the wiggle-tail lives, it is a great misfortune, for if life and air and truth should penetrate even the stagnant well the result would be beneficial to mankind, although they might carry destruction to the wiggle-tails—the big wiggle-tails, the medium-sized wiggle-tails and the little wiggle-tails.

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Mr. Keely declares that the party (meaning the Democratic Party, of course) has had sufficient proof of its inability to succeed, carrying such a load as Hearst, Watson and their political satellites.

I don't know how much trouble the Democratic Party has had carrying Mr. Hearst, but if it has carried me since 1890 it must be a notion confined to the regions peopled by the wiggle-tails.

I may have put the Democratic Party in the state of Georgia to considerable trouble to deal with me as an opponent, but it never has had any *carrying* of me to do so far as I can now recall.

As to Mr. Hearst, it is sufficient to say that he could hardly have led the Democratic Party to a more disastrous Waterloo, had he been its nominee in 1904, than Belmont's man Parker stumbled on.

So far as I can remember, Belmont's man left the Democratic Party in worse shape than it had been in since Grover Cleveland's second Administration covered it with national disgrace.

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Mr. Keely ought not to be too hard

on the principles which I profess. His memory should remind him that these principles were good enough for the Democratic Party to steal in 1896, and every indication points to the fact that they are going to be stolen again in 1908. Bryan has already taken about as much of our political stock in trade as he can well afford during one year. Nothing is more certain than that the Bryan wing of the Democratic Party, which dressed itself in our wardrobe in 1896, is going to

Democratic leaders nobody can maintain.

Both these old parties favor national banks, and united in rechartering them a few years ago. Both of them favor a protective tariff, and continually feed the trusts on special favors which fatten the few at the expense of the many. Both of them oppose the income tax. Both of them oppose governmental ownership of railroads; and during the recent session of Congress it was the Democratic leader, John Sharp Williams, who acted in concert with the Republican leaders to kill the bill which actually gave the Government power to regulate freight rates in the interest of the people.

Both the old parties stand for the same financial system which compels the Government to abdicate its privilege of coining national currency, and to surrender that enormous power to private individuals and corporations, who exploit it for their own benefit to the ruinous oppression of the people.

If Mr. Keely will take the trouble to study Democracy as laid down by the founder of the party, he will find that there is not enough Democratic principle in the present platform of the National Democratic Party to put a patch on the seat of Andrew Jackson's breeches.

Let him read Jefferson's first inaugural address and then remember how August Belmont, representing one of the corruptest combinations of capital that was ever made, bought the nomination of Judge Parker in 1904 and wrote into the Democratic creed the leading articles of Republican faith!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Keely asks, Why not induce the real party of plutocracy to accept my teachings? Why not reform the Republican Party which really needs reforming?

Mr. Keely, for a Florida man, shows a boldness which must be based upon a very comprehensive lack of memory or information.

The Standard Oil group of financiers is supposed to be plutocratic. They are also supposed to be Republicans.



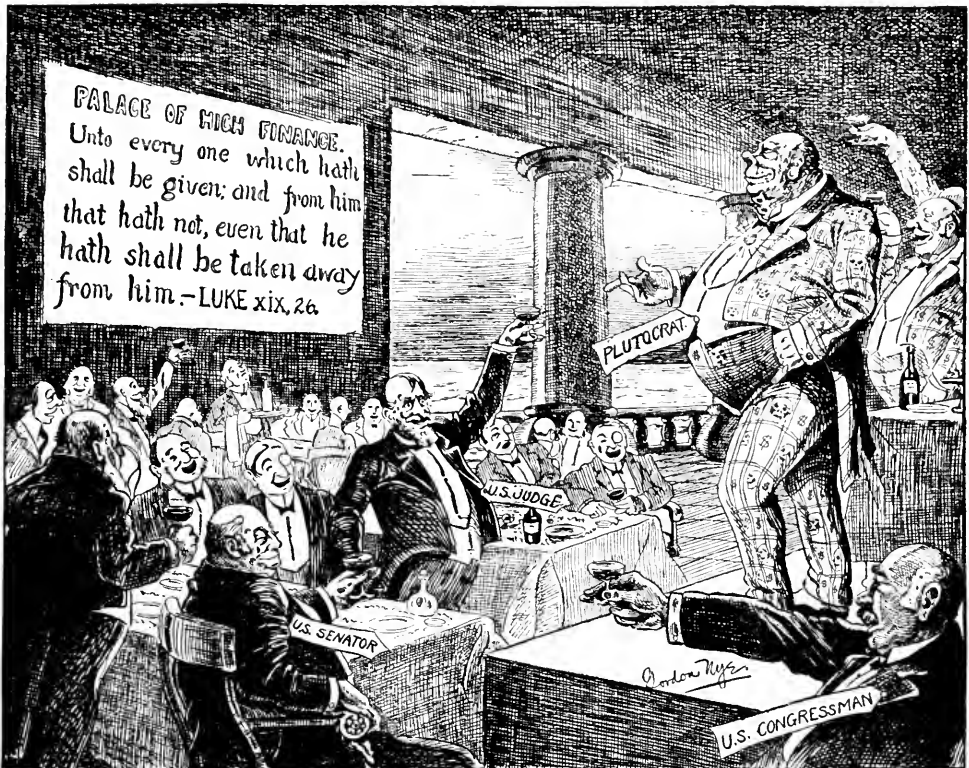
"Not enough Democratic principle in the present platform to put a patch on the seat of Andrew Jackson's breeches."

borrow our clothes for another masquerade in 1908.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Keely says there is room enough for me in the Republican Party, if I want to do any reforming, that I would be far more at home in such company, and that the ideas of some of its leaders coincide much more nearly with my own.

That the Republican Party needs reformation nobody disputes. That its leaders differ in any way in national principle and policy from those of the



"The railroad king sits at the head of the table in the feasts of both parties."

Florida, on the other hand, is presumed to be Democratic; and yet, if my memory serves me right, a very prominent member of the Standard Oil group hired the Florida Legislature to alter the time-honored divorce law of "the land of flowers," in order that he, a Standard Oil king, might get rid of an old love and take on a new. This man's insane wife was put aside by virtue of the action of the Democratic Legislature of Florida, and the Standard Oil king given permission to go and take unto himself another helpmeet—the insanity having occurred during the wedlock. If there is any living creature who does not know in his heart of hearts that Flagler bought the Florida Legislature as he would buy a flock of sheep, he must belong to that class of benighted nincompoops who believe that all plutocrats are in the Republican Party and all the religious,

God-fearing, reform-loving people of the land are herded under the sacred pennant of latter-day, Parker-led, Belmont-bought, Tammany-blessed Democracy.

In the state of Georgia, which is Democratic, the lobbyists, the newspapers and the prominent officials are as obedient to the Southern Railway as Kentucky is to the Louisville & Nashville, or as New Jersey is to the Pennsylvania Railroad, or New York to the New York Central.

It was the influence of the Louisville & Nashville which led to the election of the Republican ticket a few years ago over the Democratic nominee, Goebel; and there seems to be no doubt that the men whom the Louisville & Nashville put into power in Kentucky assassinated the Democratic Governor, Goebel. The railroad king who thus used the Republican Party

to crush and kill a reforming Democratic Governor was a Democrat, and the most powerful Democrat in the present organization of that wonderful party. It was Belmont, the Democrat, who profited by the murder of Goebel, the Democrat!

On the other hand, the state of Georgia is controlled by the Southern Railway, and consents to be robbed in every conceivable way by J. P. Morgan, who is a Republican. Just as Mr. Flagler did as he pleased with the Florida Legislature, which is Democratic, so J. P. Morgan can do as he pleases with the Legislature of Georgia—he being a Republican and Georgia being Democratic.

Therefore, Mr. Keely, I can see no difference between the National Democratic Party and the National Republican Party.

They are both controlled by the plutocrats; the railroad king sits at the head of the table in the feasts of both.

The national banker is commander-in-chief of the armies of both. The protected manufacturer is premier in the administration of both. The lords of the trusts and the privileged combines constitute the privy council of both. Both the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey work side by side, drawing the triumphal car of plutocracy, class-law privilege, legalized robbery, and both, whether led by Roosevelt and Fairbanks or by Parker and Bryan, are pulling the car forward amid the enthusiastic approval of Wall Street and the beneficiaries of unjust laws, while in the train of the conquerors come the oppressed, come the persecuted—come the victims, the broken mechanic, the broken merchant, the broken farmer, who in the bitter warfare of modern competition have found themselves unable to resist the attack of those armed with the tremendous power of a Government which by law helps the strong to rob the weak.

## Dr. Hart's Retreat

### DR. HART'S LETTER

JUNE 26, 1905.

To the Editor of Tom Watson's Magazine.

SIR: My attention has been called to an article in the May TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, entitled "A Bitter Attack on the South," which is in criticism of an article in a recent *Independent* on the negro question. I inclose you also copies of articles recently written by me in the *Boston Transcript* upon two phases of the general question, viz., the character of the negro and the question of negro education at public expense.

To the personalities of your article I do not propose here to take exception; that seems to you a method of meeting criticism, and if the criticisms are so flimsy that they can be dispelled in that manner, they ought to disappear in the furnace heat of your indignation. Nor will I claim that the articles are free from errors of fact, or from wrong deductions; I claim no infallibility and no exemption from the inaptitude of mankind to feel strongly upon subjects to which they give their attention. You have doubtless pointed out some mistakes into which a man who had spent years in the South, instead of months, might not have fallen.

On the other hand, your article exactly

illustrates the truth of the main contention of my article, viz., that the negro question in the South is not primarily economic or social, but psychical; that the main difficulty is not the character of the negro nor of the white man, but a state of mind; and outsiders are likely to be quite as good judges of the nature and the reasonableness of states of mind as those who possess them. I do not undertake to say that there is any one state of mind in the South, because I notice in your article that on many points you hold views widely different from those that have been expressed to me by Southern white men of intelligence, experience and leadership. For example, the remark to which you take such exception, that the ultimate difficulty is the desire to keep the negro down, "because otherwise the lowest white men will marry negro women," was put to me in almost those exact words by a former Confederate soldier, an able lawyer, and a member of one of the most distinguished families in the South, who has lived all his life in a community where there are more negroes than whites. The incident about a poor white taking his child out of school, because he was told that the world was round, came from a native white Kentuckian.

The main burden of your article is, after all, not so much the ignorance of the present writer as the fact that criticism can also be brought against the North. For instance, the murder of Gonzales by James Tillman you parallel by the murder of James Fisk by Edward S. Stokes; to be sure, Gonzales was killed because he told the truth in his paper about Tillman, and Fisk because he sought the favor of the same woman as Stokes; Tillman went scot-free and evidently had the sympathy of the jury and presumably of other men of the same class throughout the state, while Stokes served a term of years in the penitentiary and when he came out was shunned as a jailbird to the end of his days. Yet I am interested and pleased by the instances that you cite of white men tried and convicted for the murder of white people and also of negroes, and I freely admit that I was in error in saying that not one white murderer in a hundred is punished for his crime; I should have said "executed for his crime." Nevertheless certain crimes of violence go unpunished in the South, and similar crimes are followed up and punished in the North. No government can prevent crime, but public opinion of the best people can reprobate, and so far diminish crime.

Behind all these details, it seems to me, lies the fundamental difficulty which I brought out in my articles, and which I will ask you to allow me to restate here, viz., that you people in the South treat any criticism of Southern institutions as insulting, instead of taking to heart whatever there is in it that is sound. Any Southern man who will come North and take the pains to spend months in studying, say, the trades-unions and violent and murderous strikes, and who will state his conclusions candidly and honestly, will be doing us a favor; and he will not be treated as an enemy or a criminal in a safe place of refuge.

Very truly yours,  
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

WITH more or less grace Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart retires from the field, saluting his colors with a volley or two as he withdraws.

The fact is that Dr. Hart permitted himself to get entirely too gay in his attack upon the South, and nothing was left for him to do but to back down and out. Even the *Washington Post* severely condemned the article in question, and if a single Northern editor indorsed the views of the Harvard historian I am not aware of it.

When Dr. Hart stated as a historical truth that "*the poor whites of the South do not allow themselves to be punished for*

*such peccadilloes as murder*," he ran his engine into an open switch and disaster was sure to befall him.

Such a statement, deliberately written and published, reflects discredit upon the man who made it and proves that the temper in which he wrote was not that of the friend trying to benefit us by judicious criticism and advice.

Again, when Dr. Hart, eminent historian and scholar, declared to the world that "*the good people of the South rarely make much distinction between the man who is guilty and the man who looks like a criminal*," he certainly could have expected no vote of thanks from the good people thus maligned. If New England would relish that sort of treatment her temper has undergone a radical change within the last few years.

Dr. Hart has abandoned that part of his case, and it would be a cruelty to press him farther; but he still harps upon James Tillman—conveniently forgetting Sullivan, of Boston, who kicked a drunken man to death on Sunday morning and was sent to Congress, where he now votes for actual mileage to reimburse members for imaginary traveling expenses supposed to have been incurred during a theoretical recess.

If Dr. Hart were required to make proof of his assertion that Gonzales published nothing but the truth against Tillman he would probably have to do a little more retreating. In the very nature of the case Dr. Hart cannot possibly be familiar with everything which Gonzales published against Tillman, nor can he possibly know that it was all the truth. Gonzales had been lambasting Tillman for more than a year—how, then, can it be possible for Dr. Hart to know that he had published nothing but the truth during the whole of that period? He simply cannot know it.

As to Edward Stokes, his four-year sentence for shooting James Fisk dead on the stairway in the Broadway Central Hotel was more of a nominal punishment than a real one; and so far from his having been "shunned as a jail-

bird," Stokes continued to be the favorite of the "sports," as he had been prior to the killing; his bar at the Hoffman House was the crack bar of New York City; his hotel was one of the crack resorts, and among his close, personal friends was no less a personage than the haughty, exclusive Roscoe Conkling.

No! Stokes emerged from a horribly bad case without any great loss of liberty or prestige; and the recent breakdown of New York justice in the Nan Patterson case would indicate that were the Stokes case to be tried over again he would get a mistrial or two, and then a discharge.

\* \* \* \* \*

It will be remembered that Dr. Hart stated in his article in *The Independent* that the motive of the people of the South for wishing to keep the negro down was to save "the lowest white men from marrying negro women." This shocking declaration was so foreign to the facts, such a novelty to me in every way, that I challenged the author to produce his evidence.

He attempts to do so. And what is it?

The statement of "an able lawyer, a member of one of the most distinguished families in the South"!

Upon the statement of this one man, whose name there seems to be some delicacy about using, Dr. Hart formulates the accusation that the South has to oppress the negro to check the tendency to miscegenation.

It is sufficient to say that if such a condition existed throughout the South the knowledge of it would not be confined to one able lawyer. A general condition like that could be shown by facts and circumstances as well as by oral evidence, and the burden of such an ominous tendency would not be left pressing down upon the head of *one* able lawyer.

General tendencies are hard to check. For instance, the good women and men who make war upon the drink habit resist a general tendency, and they find the job heavy. In spite of all sermons, songs and prayers,

in spite of laws, regulations and hideous examples, those people who want to drink whisky are drinking it.

Now, if there were a general tendency on the part of low-class whites in the South to marry negro women, would not such marriages be constantly occurring, and in spite of the opposition of the better whites?

If such a disease existed could not the symptoms be shown?

You are off the track, Dr. Hart—entirely off the track.

\* \* \* \* \*

In his article in *The Independent*, Dr. Hart said:

"White mountaineers have been known to take their children out of school because the teacher would insist that the world is round."

When the Harvard historian came to a show-down of his proofs in support of this statement, it appeared that his "white mountaineers" had dwindled to one "poor white," and that "their children" had diminished pitifully to "his child."

Dear me! I don't think I ever saw a professional historian get caught going so long on his assertions and so short on his proofs.

Had Dr. Hart only been good enough to have said in his *Independent* article that there was *one poor white* in the mountains of Kentucky, who took his child out of school because the teacher had departed from the Old Testament conception of the shape of the world, nobody would have lost any sleep.

Industrious historians can always find *one* back number in any community—some solitary recalcitrant and obstructionist who will not ride on a train, will not ship freight by rail, will not wear "biled shirts," will not allow an organ in the church, will not give up the literal hell nor surrender an inch of the never-dying worm, will persist in being opposed to capital punishment, and who is conscientiously in favor of compelling husband and wife to live together whether they can do it or not.

Had Dr. Hart merely cried out, "I've found *one* in the mountains of Kentucky," I would have simply said,

"Look again, Doctor, and you may find another."

Has New England no belated believer in witches? Is there not, in the regions round about Salem, one warped and stubborn Puritan who would like to try his hand at swinging up some ugly and hateful hag—quoting the Old Testament command on the subject of witches?

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Hart concludes that "the main difficulty" in the South "is not the character of the negro nor of the white man, but a *state of mind*."

How can there be any general state of mind in the South which has become the main difficulty, unless there is something in the character of the negro or of the white man which causes that state of mind?

A general state of mind prevailing among any people must necessarily grow out of conditions, be caused by facts or suspicions, hopes or fears, love or hate.

If the state of mind of the Southern people is unfavorable to the negro, that

state of mind is due to the character of the whites or of the blacks. With the one race or the other there is something wrong. Or there is something wrong in the relations in which they are thrown, the one with the other.

Now what is it? We might as well be frank and say that the white man knows himself to be the superior and that he means to hold that position.

Every race riot in the North and West emphasizes the fact. The whites feel that their ancestors made this civilization what it is. Centuries of toil and struggle, rivers of blood and tears were the cost of it. From the hands of our fathers it came to us as a sacred heritage. Every instinct of race pride, of manly courage and ambition moves us to keep unimpaired the priceless treasure committed to our care; and we whites—North, South, East, West—do not intend that an inferior race shall degrade our civilization nor lower the standards to which our best efforts are bent.

There you have it, Mr. Historian, of Harvard.

### *Fiat Nonsense and Money*

A CORRESPONDENT requests us to reply to an article which bears the above name.

We find some difficulty in comprehending what the author of the article means by "Fiat Nonsense." He says in one breath that we have no such thing as fiat money, and in another that our system is made up of law-made money. Law-made money and fiat money mean precisely the same thing: consequently the author of the article unconsciously includes himself among those hapless talkers of nonsense whom he denounces.

We Populists say that there never was and never will be any money which is not the offspring of law, custom or convention.

God made no such thing as money. He no more created dollars, francs, guineas, ducats or florins than He

created bathtubs, tin pans, teapots or pocket handkerchiefs.

A flower, or a tree, or a cow, are natural products: God created them. But the perfumes manufactured from the flower, the boards, shingles or planks manufactured from the tree, the pair of shoes made from the hide of the cow are productions of man.

Money is not a natural production. It is artificial: that is, it is made by the art of man from materials furnished by Nature.

God made the material, but man made the money—just as God made the milk, but human labor makes the butter.

By custom, by law or by agreement anything in Nature may represent money, may *be* money.

Shells may be agreed on as money, and, so long as the agreement lasts,

shells *are* money. This was the case among the Indians.

So, also, glass beads, bits of tin, hides of animals may be agreed on as money. So long as that is the law they *are* money.

Gold and silver may be discarded entirely, and copper agreed on, or iron. Such was the case in Sparta, and some other olden countries.

As long as iron was selected and designated by the law as money, it *was* money in the same sense as gold is money now. When the law changed, and iron ceased to be its choice, iron fell from its high estate as money and became a mere commodity again.

Many people attach a strange importance to silver and gold, and claim that these two metals are the money of Nature. This is not the fact, for Nature has no laws of coinage and cannot have. Nature has no universal money, no universal ratio between gold and silver, and no unvarying ratio between these two commodities and all the others.

If Nature possessed such a thing as money it would be practically the same in all lands, in all ages.

Nature's oak is the oak everywhere: the rose is the rose throughout the earth. The lily is never anything but the lily, and the songbirds which sang to Adam sing to us. Nature paints the canary as it always did; the mocking-bird has not changed its spots; the redbird is still red, and the crow is black in spite of fashion or preference.

But there is no money of Nature—nothing which she sends in her sunlight or rain or wind can be called money, nothing which springs from her soil or lies in her bosom can be called *money*.

Gold and silver lie hidden in her loins; but are they money? Not until MAN says so.

When the virgin gold comes to light who decides whether it shall be made into a bracelet, a ring, a watch, a cup or a dollar?

Man decides.

Nature does not.

Nature simply supplied the raw ma-

terial—man decided what should be made of it.

Just as nature supplies the milk, and man must decide whether he will use it as sweet milk or as clabber, or make it into cheese, or into butter and buttermilk, so Nature supplies the gold metal, and MAN must decide whether it shall become a trinket, an ornament, a medicinal ingredient, an aid to science, or to art, or to commerce. If he decides in favor of commerce the gold becomes a *dollar*, under regulations fixed by *law*. And these regulations vary in every country and in every generation. There is absolutely no fixed and unchangeable rule or law or custom upon the subject.

In like manner Nature supplies a metal called silver. Who decides whether it shall be made into a teapot or a dollar?

Who decides whether it shall display its charm as the nose-ring of an African belle, or become the image of the Virgin before which devotees shall bow, or be turned into *dollars* which ALL of us good Christians can unite in worshipping?

Does NATURE decide? Not at all. Nature is mute. Nature leaves the whole question to man.

We Populists say that these truths are evident to any intelligent citizen who will study the question with a mind open to conviction.

And we say that all money, being merely the creature of law, or custom, is fiat money—that is, *money created by the say-so of Man, not of Nature*.

We say that gold as a metal is worth its coinage value as a money, because of the LAW which fixes its price at the Bank of England and at the various mints of the world. The effect of these laws is to give it a worldwide market, an unlimited demand, at a fixed MINIMUM price, which allows gold to go above a certain figure if it can, *but does not allow it to fall below*.

Silver would do exactly the same thing if the law treated it as it does gold. So would copper: so would aluminum.



## “History Repeats Itself”

SUCH is the adage. Did you ever stop to think what it meant?

Reduced to its last analysis it means no more than this: that mankind is continually forgetting the lessons of experience and is continually having to learn them over again.

What one generation learned from bitter experience the next generation forgets, and the third has to learn it anew. Whereupon some blundering fool of a historian says, “*History repeats itself.*”

History does not do anything of the sort. It is mankind that repeats itself, running blindly into the same mistakes from century to century.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our fathers learned certain political lessons, and embalmed them in our organic law, but their sons do not grasp the meaning. To most of the present generation the precious principles of the Constitution are meaningless phrases.

“Church and state are to be kept separate,” our fathers said. What is meant by it? Few know: few care. To our fathers the words had a profound meaning, driven into their minds and hearts by terrible experience in the Old World.

But to our sons the words convey no meaning, and the union between church and state is growing closer in America every generation.

Another generation may see a revival of church tyranny. Priesthoods may deny to the laity freedom of thought, speech and conscience, as in the past.

When that time comes the struggle for liberty of conscience will again be fought, and again (we trust) be won, but with immense sacrifice of blood and treasure. In that event the state will again divorce itself completely from church affairs, and the fool historian will chirp, “History repeats itself”—when the fact is that mankind has merely forgotten one of its lessons and was forced to learn it all over again.

Take the matter of corporations, as another example. They have always been dangerous to the body politic. A wise Roman Emperor had to abolish them because their mighty influence threatened to erect within the state a power greater than the state. Queen Elizabeth of England also had to abolish them for the same reasons.

At this time it is not extravagant to say that corporations are the ruling power of our Government. They make and unmake laws: defeat or elect rulers: nominate and control judges: dictate our foreign and domestic policies: levy and disburse taxes: and arrogantly govern the output of every field of industry.

They have completely changed the NATURE of our Government. Its form is the same as ever, but the spirit is no longer that of Democracy.

The corporations have introduced among us the evils of European class-rule, unaccompanied by that sense of responsibility and that pride of patriotism which, to some extent, redeem the class-rule of the Old World.

## Rockefeller and the Negro

A CORRESPONDENT is puzzled by the statement, made some time ago in this Magazine, that many a negro farmer in the South pays a larger sum in taxes to support the Federal Govern-

ment than is paid by John D. Rockefeller, the richest of all the rich highwaymen in America.

Well might the correspondent be puzzled. When laws have been so

juggled with that the burdens of the Government rest upon the shoulders least able to bear them, it is time to be puzzled.

When tax laws are so framed that they not only exempt the favored few, but enable the privileged to rob the unprivileged, it is time to be puzzled.

One of the puzzles is:

"How were such laws ever sneaked upon the statute book without causing revolution and bloodshed?"

Another puzzle is:

"How do the privileged few manage to maintain the system of plunder when they are in the minority and their victims are in the majority?"

Does the negro farmer pay a larger sum annually to the support of the Federal Government than Rockefeller pays?

Of course he does.

Consider for a moment:

The negro makes *all his purchases* in the market where the American manufacturer has established a monopoly and *makes all his sales* in markets where he has to compete with other producers throughout the world.

The negro farmer in the South must pay a tariff tax when he buys material to build or to repair his house—lumber, nails, glass, and so on.

He must pay a tariff tax upon the furniture of his house, the beds and the bedding, the cooking utensils, the crockeryware, the tinware, the ironware; he pays heavy taxes upon each and all.

Upon the clothing for himself and family, from hat to shoes, he pays enormous taxes.

Therefore it is strictly true that he lives in a taxed house, eats food cooked in taxed vessels, from taxed dishes, at a taxed table, smokes a pipe of taxed tobacco and goes to sleep in a taxed bed.

When he gears up his mule for work everything he uses is taxed—plow-gear, plow-shoes, trace-chains, and all. He can't open a furrow till he has paid a tremendous tax for the privilege. The axe with which he clears away thickets, the bush-hook, the grass-

blade, the weeding hoe, the grubbing hoe, the hammer, the saw, the horse-shoes and nails—every blessed thing he works with on the farm compels him to pay tax as he buys it.

American manufacturers sell these farm implements to farmers in other lands cheaper than they will sell them to us homefolks, and thus the foreign farmer has the advantage in competing with the negro farmer of the South.

*Our Protective system favors home manufacturers, and our home manufacturers favor foreign farmers by selling them cheaper goods than American farmers can get!*

That's a pretty kettle of fish, isn't it?

When the negro farmer of the South has made his crop of cotton (his only money crop) he gins it at a taxed gin, wraps it in taxed bagging, binds it with taxed ties, gets *thirty pounds knocked off arbitrarily*, because of the bagging and ties which he was obliged to use, and sells his cotton in open competitive market for whatever price foreign competition (Egyptian fellahs, Indian ryots, etc.) may leave for him to get.

How much Federal tax has this negro farmer paid to the Federal Government as he plodded his weary way through the clearing of the ground in February and March, through his plowing of the ground during the bleak, half-wintery days of early spring, through his seeding of the ground in the early summer, through his cultivation of the ground during the blistering months of summer?

No harder fight does any bread-winner make than this!

The cold sends its chill to his marrow, for he is *not* well clad. The rain soaks him, the wind cuts him cruelly, and many a time his broken shoe is tied up with strips of cloth.

Then comes the sultry summer, the long days of drought and dust and heat and patient, exhausting toil—the price which he *must* pay for the crop.

From the very beginning to the very end the Government nags at *this* man

for taxes. The infernal tariff dogs his heels at every step. In the price of *everything* which he buys to make his crop he is made to pay a tax, *concealed in the price of the goods.*

Now, how is it with Rockefeller?

When he buys protected goods in the American market he also pays a tariff tax, but he pays no more upon his hat or shoes or hammer and nails than any other citizen pays.

Hence the vast injustice of the taxing system of the Federal Government.

Rockefeller is worth, at least, five hundred million dollars. Perhaps he himself doesn't know just how near to the billion dollar mark his fortune has gone.

*But he pays no Federal tax on his millions at all.* He only pays Federal tax when he buys protected goods. Therefore, if he buys no more than you, he pays no more Federal tax than you—although he is richer than ten million such men as you.

*Is that right?*

But the chief wrong lies here:

Rockefeller is one of the privileged few; he is protected from competition; he *sells* in a market of monopoly. With his oil tanks, his railroad lines, his national banks, he levies taxes upon the unprivileged. Whatever he pays in taxes *he* can add to the expense account and compel *you* to return to

him when you patronize his oil well, his railroad or his bank.

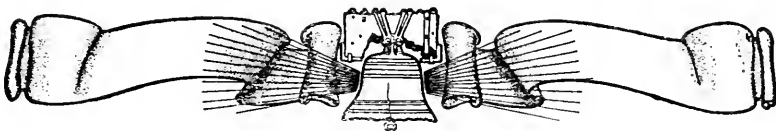
No honest man, no honest method, no honest government could have put into the hands of one man the wealth belonging to Rockefeller.

Only the dishonest method framed by dishonest legislators and exploited by dishonest men could have seized for any one man so much more than his share.

Yes! the negro farmer of the South *does* pay more Federal tax than Rockefeller, for that which the negro pays is a dead loss to him, whereas Rockefeller can "pass it on" to the unprivileged—thus adding the taxes of those who do not pay to the burdens of those who do.



"Does It Pay?"





The Palmist—"Why, you have had trouble and you are about to part with a large sum of money."

Cory, in *N. Y. World*



"1905"

(After Meissonier)

F. Opper, in *N. Y. American*  
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# Municipal Ownership in New York

BY HON. SAMUEL SEABURY

*A Justice in the City Court of New York*

THE leading cities of Great Britain have demonstrated the wisdom and the practical benefits of the municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. American cities have been slow to adopt this course, and, as a result of their neglect, public property of the greatest value has been converted to private uses. Great corporations have been created for the purpose of deriving the profit which comes from the operation of these utilities, and the opportunity which their ownership affords for the exploitation of the public. Because of the special privileges which these corporations possess, or desire to secure, they have become active political agencies, which have robbed the people of the city they were supposed to serve, and which have been the source of much "graft" and political corruption.

It is not only the fact that these corporations practice extortion upon the users and consumers of the services they supply that makes them a danger instead of a benefit. They have entered into close alliances with political machines, and by generous campaign contributions to both political parties they have placed both parties under obligations to them, which at every legislative session are discharged with compound interest at the public expense. So unsatisfactory have been the services performed by the gas, electric lighting and street railway companies and so great the taxation for private purposes, which by excessive charges they have levied upon the people, that public sentiment—once

indifferent to their aggressions—is now turning against them and seeking a safe, conservative and practical method of protecting the public interests in the future.

This problem is now pressing with peculiar force in the city of New York, which is in the grip of the public service corporations. They plan its municipal policy and control the actions of its public servants. No ancient highwayman or pirate ever looted a city with the facility by which similar results are achieved in this city by the Gas Trust and the traction interests. Through restrictive legislation which violates the city's right to home rule, and servile officials whose chief aim it seems to be to promote private rather than public interests, the city has been placed at the mercy of its public service corporations. So anxious are these corporations to secure new privileges, and so confident are they of accomplishing this result through one or both of the existing political parties, that in their rush for further plunder they do not even stop long enough to pay Tweed's empty compliment to decency and ask the public what they are going to do about it.

If the grip of these corporations is to be shaken from the city of New York its people must not wait to obtain the leave of those whose grip it would release. Nor have the people time to indulge in academic discussions of the theory of public ownership and operation. Gas franchises have already expired, although private companies are still operating under them without interruption from the present city admin-

istration. Other gas franchises will shortly expire. As to these franchises the city must determine whether it will renew them and lease them to private companies, or whether it will itself operate them. New subway railways are to be built, and it is proposed that the franchises under which they are to be operated shall be granted for long terms upon conditions wholly disadvantageous to the city. Under these circumstances it is not unnatural that a large number of our citizens should insist that the city government should perform its proper governmental functions and render those public services upon the proper operation of which the comfort, safety and health of the whole community are absolutely dependent.

The efforts now being made by such citizens, to have the city government own and operate a public lighting plant, and secure the benefits of the new subway railways which are to be built with public money, is not an effort in behalf of Socialism. This movement is in no proper sense socialistic. The aim of Socialism is to have the government own and control all the means of production and distribution of wealth. The present movement for the public ownership and operation of public utilities is entirely different in conception, aim and ultimate purpose. It seeks to secure the public ownership and operation of those public utilities which in their nature are natural monopolies. It does not seek to interfere with individual initiative or with private business.

Indeed its main object is to distinguish clearly between those services or enterprises which are the result of individual effort and which require no franchise from government for their lawful performance, and those services or enterprises which, being public in their character and involving the use of public property, require a franchise from government, and are in their very nature monopolies. The former should be left to private enterprise, while the latter should be assumed by the government as the representation of the whole

citizenship. Socialism violates the right of private property. The movement for municipal ownership of public utilities asserts the right of private property, while at the same time it recognizes the city's right to its public property. The franchises of the public service corporations now operating in New York City were conceived in political corruption, and have been perpetuated and extended by questionable methods.

Nearly all the franchises under which gas is furnished in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx have expired, or will shortly expire, or are of doubtful validity. After reviewing these franchises the report of the recent Legislative Investigating Committee says:

Sufficient facts appear, however, to make it extremely doubtful whether the Consolidated Gas Company has any rights in the streets of considerable value.

In reference to the gas companies operating in the Borough of Brooklyn, the same report says:

It is a serious question to what extent the Brooklyn Union Gas Company is lawfully exercising rights in the streets of the borough. It is evident that the matter should at an early date be made a matter of judicial inquiry upon proper action taken by the municipal authorities.

In reference to the expired gas franchises it is interesting to note that the Greater New York Charter provides that, "at the termination of any franchise or right granted by the Board of Aldermen, all the rights or property of the grantee in the streets, avenues, waters, rivers, parkways and highways shall cease without compensation."

Where the franchise does not provide for payment by the city for the plant the franchise rights "shall cease without compensation," and in such case the power is conferred upon the city "either to take and operate the said property on its own account or to lease the same for a term not exceeding twenty years."

Where the franchise grant provides that the city "shall make payment for the plant and property" the statute

specifically prescribes that "if the city shall make payment for such plant it shall in that event have the option either to operate the plant and property on its own account or to lease the said plant and property."

The city is not therefore obstructed in the course which it should pursue in dealing with the gas franchises. It is under no necessity of buying out at inflated prices the franchises of the gas companies. These companies have no substantial rights in the city's streets. In most of the streets in which they operate they are mere trespassers. The city is clothed with the legal power necessary to operate a public gas plant upon obtaining the certificate of the State Gas Commission, which under circumstances such as now exist the Commission must grant.

Not only has the city the legal power to construct and operate such a gas plant, but it has the present financial ability to do so. Under the state Constitution the city is prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of 10 per cent. of the assessed value of the taxable real estate within the municipality. This "debt limit" prescribes an unreasonably narrow margin, and under it, if the city incurs a small debt to acquire a very valuable income-producing property, the borrowing capacity of the city is less than before it increased its assets. By our present methods of municipal financing our assets are charged against us as liabilities. Thus although the public operation of our water supply yields a net profit of about \$2,500,000 per annum, and our docks also produce a large revenue, the borrowing capacity of the city is impaired because public money has necessarily been expended to enable us to realize these profits.

Notwithstanding the fact that the city's borrowing capacity is thus unreasonably limited, there is a margin of about \$75,000,000 in excess of 10 per cent. of the assessed valuation over debt. Within this margin the city is free to borrow to secure funds with which to establish a public gas plant. No good reason exists why such a pub-

lic plant should not prove as profitable to the city as its public water supply while at the same time furnishing the consumer with cheaper and better gas. Nor will any remedy short of the establishment of a public lighting plant afford any relief to the people of the city. The last legislature established a State Gas Commission and conferred upon it legal powers to regulate and control the gas companies. Those responsible for this Commission expressed the hope that it would prevent a recurrence of the mischiefs revealed in the recent investigation. That this hope will not be realized is clearly demonstrated from the experience of other states where such commissions have been established and broad powers conferred upon them. The Massachusetts Gas Commission has made many futile efforts to regulate the Boston gas companies. Notwithstanding the strict provisions of the law and the ample powers conferred upon the Commission, the gas companies have done as they pleased. Stock watering, extortionate charges and inferior gas—the usual and inevitable accidents of private operation—have all survived the efforts of the Massachusetts Gas Commission. The conditions in Massachusetts were certainly as favorable to the successful exercise of public control as will probably be found in any other state of the Union. Surely the conditions there were as favorable to success as the conditions existing in New York. There is a probability that the gas companies may regulate and control the State Gas Commission; but there is, in the very nature of things, no possibility of the Commission's exercising successful regulation and control over the gas companies.

Under these circumstances New York must adopt the inevitable alternative of municipal ownership and operation of the gas plant. Owing to the fact that existing franchises have expired, the present is a peculiarly opportune time to establish a public lighting plant. In considering this subject it is important not to be misled by those

who advocate a municipal, but not a public lighting plant. A municipal lighting plant only lights the streets and other public places, whereas a public lighting plant, in addition to this, furnishes light, heat and power to private consumers as well. If the lighting companies now furnish good light at fair prices, no reason exists for either a municipal or a public plant. If on the other hand these companies furnish inferior light at unreasonably high prices, and do rob the consumer, then a method which prevents this imposition upon the city only, while permitting it to continue as to all private consumers in the city, is wholly inadequate as a remedy. It is manifest that a lighting plant operated wholly for municipal purposes must of necessity be conducted under adverse conditions. Once a lighting plant is established its success will largely depend upon the volume of business which it is able to transact. The present administration controlling New York City have made efforts to secure a municipal, but not a public electric lighting plant. The reasons for these efforts are obvious. From the fact that Mayor McClellan signed the Remsen Gas Bill, which sought to perpetuate franchises of very doubtful validity of the old East River Gas Company, the fact that under the recent contracts which his Commissioner of Water, Gas and Electricity made with the lighting companies by which an attempt was made to pay the claims of these companies against the city, which a former administration had repudiated as excessive, and the fact that the gas companies have been permitted to use the streets under franchises that have long since expired, public opinion has regarded the present city administration as unduly friendly to the gas companies. To divert public attention from these facts, which cannot be explained away, an effort has been made to establish a municipal electric lighting plant and call it public ownership. It is not real public ownership, and is merely an attempt to avoid responsibility for the attitude of the city

government toward the gas companies, and to side-track the growing movement for real municipal ownership and operation of the city's public utilities. The pretense is too shallow to deceive, and as soon as public attention is directed to it its transparent character will become obvious.

In New York all franchises conferring the right to transport passengers are under the control of the Rapid Transit Commission. This Commission is a peculiar institution which is well worthy of the careful consideration of the citizens of the city. It is a State Commission, although New York is the only city in the state subject to its jurisdiction. Its members are named in the act creating the Commission, and when a vacancy occurs the remaining members fill it. The Commission is therefore self-perpetuating. Its members are appointed to hold office for life at annual salaries of \$5,000 each. The Mayor and Comptroller of the city are *ex officio* members of the Commission, as is also the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of New York. As might naturally be expected from the unrepresentative character of this Commission, the public interests have been sacrificed through the franchises which it has granted. Under existing law, the Commission is compelled to offer franchises to competitive bidders, and may accept the bid which in its judgment is most satisfactory. The Commission has no power to operate a railway franchise itself, even if the private corporations refuse to comply with conditions which the city may consider essential to protect the public interests. When an attempt was made at the last session of the legislature to amend the law so as to permit the city to operate the railways which it builds with its own money, in case the private corporations refuse to accept them upon just terms to the city, the influence of the Commission was used to defeat the proposed amendment.

The Manhattan-Bronx franchise and the Brooklyn-Manhattan franchise to operate subway railways are both



owned by the Belmont interests. Both have been granted by the Commission upon terms grossly unfair to the city. The Manhattan-Bronx franchise is granted for fifty years, and the Belmont interests have the option of a twenty-five year renewal if they desire. For the construction of the railway under this franchise the city has paid over \$35,000,000, and all that the Belmont interests are required to pay is a sum equal to the interest payable by the city upon the bonds issued by it to furnish the means of construction, and 1 per cent. in addition upon the amount of such bonds. The Brooklyn-Manhattan franchise is granted for thirty-five years and a renewal for twenty-five years may be granted with the consent of the city. For constructing the railway under this franchise the city pays \$3,000,000. The only consideration which the city receives for this franchise is the interest on the debt it incurs and 1 per cent. in addition. Under both of these franchises the city guarantees that the Belmont interests shall not during the life of the franchise be required to charge less than a five-cent fare. Both of these valuable franchises are absolutely exempted from all taxation.

Possessing two such franchises as these, and planning the acquirement of others, it is no wonder that Mr. August Belmont should oppose municipal ownership and operation and denounce plans for them as "ill-digested and ill-considered," and that he should hold the view, so well expressed by himself, "that municipal participation is justified to the extent of furnishing credit for the construction of such a road, but should stop short of the operation of the property when constructed."

In addition to these great franchise grants the Rapid Transit Commission have granted enormously valuable rights under the Pennsylvania franchise, and the New York and New Jersey franchise, and the Hudson and Manhattan franchise. These last three franchises were granted in *perpetuity*, and upon grossly inadequate terms. In nearly every instance the Commis-

sion have made the worst possible contract sanctioned by law. The Commission have laid out the routes for the new subway railways, the franchises for which are to be granted as soon as legal difficulties can be overcome. These plans are laid out in the interests of existing traction companies. If these new subways are granted to private corporations in perpetuity or for long terms the city will for generations to come be dependent upon its public service corporations. The new subways should be laid out pursuant to a general and comprehensive plan which would afford complete rapid transit for the whole city. As the public need requires it these plans should be developed solely in the public interests. The manner and conditions upon which these new subway franchises are granted will determine the control which the city will possess in the future over transportation, gas and electric lighting and the telephone monopoly. With such new subways should be constructed pipe galleries which should be built for the purpose of accommodating the various gas and sewer pipes, electric conduits, telegraph and telephone wires and pipes for compressed and hot air.

In the control of underground New York the city possesses the key to the whole problem of dealing with its public service corporations and properly developing its public utilities. With the exception of a few franchises already granted, the subsurface of the streets of New York is still the property of the people.

The surfaces of the streets have been exploited in private interests, but in the control that the city possesses and the use that it may make of its vast underground territory, it possesses the power to compete with all existing public service corporations and the opportunity to construct and operate its public utilities for the benefit of its citizens. It is premature to talk of New York immediately acquiring its street surface and elevated railroads. The city will be in a much better position to assume this task with advan-

tage to itself after it shall have built and operated the new underground railways which must be built in the near future. The ownership and operation of such a system of railways by the city would place every existing street surface and elevated railway company completely at the mercy of the city. When such a system is established it will be time enough to discuss the advisability of and the terms upon which the city should acquire the franchises now enjoyed by street surface and elevated lines. The matter of immediate and paramount importance to the city is to retain its control and properly to develop the subsurface of its streets. If the new subway franchises already approved by the Rapid Transit Commission shall be given away for long terms or in perpetuity, the city's rights will be foreclosed for generations.

It is urged that the city's legal powers stop with the construction of the railways and that it has no power to operate such railways for the benefit of its people, and that, therefore, the city cannot retain control of the subsurface of its streets. Certainly the legal incapacity of the city is a great detriment to it, but it is manifest that it would be better to go a little slow in the granting of new franchises with a view to obtaining enabling legislation than to sacrifice rights so important to the city. While the city has no power to operate the railways which it constructs, it has the power to grant the franchises for such railways for short terms, reserving to itself the option to revoke the grant at any time upon payment by it to the private company to which the franchise was granted of a fair and adequate indemnity. Private companies operating such franchises could lose nothing, and the assurance that if the franchise was revoked an indemnity would be paid would encourage such corporations to bid for these franchises upon these terms. While the new subways should be laid out solely in the public interests, they should be so planned that they will connect with existing railway lines and at the same time be capable

of independent operation. This method would secure to the city effective control over these franchises while they remained in private hands, and would leave the city free to own and operate them in the public interests as soon as it shall acquire the legal power and possess the financial ability to do so.

The control of underground New York has not yet been irrevocably surrendered to private corporations. In the right which the city at present possesses lies the opportunity not only to secure the proper operation of its public utilities in the future, but the means of again securing the control of the surface of its streets, of which it has long been deprived.

In the future government of the city of New York the Board of Estimate and Apportionment occupy a place of controlling importance. The Mayor, Comptroller, President of the Board of Aldermen and the Presidents of each of the five Boroughs constitute this Board. This Board not only determines the policy of the city government, but it possesses power over all franchises which are to be granted in the future. Even the Rapid Transit Commission must submit its plans and conclusions to this Board for approval. Every member of this Board is to be elected at the next municipal election for a term of four years. The future disposition of the city's franchise wealth is therefore entirely in the hands of the people of the city. If the people indorse those now in control of the city's government the plans which are already under way to surrender its franchise wealth to private corporations will undoubtedly be carried out. If, on the other hand, the people of the city possess the capacity and public spirit necessary to overthrow the piratical band that are now conspiring to plunder the city of its franchise wealth, this great wealth may continue a public possession, and the city's public utilities will be developed with a view to promoting the welfare of the city, and will be operated so as to promote the convenience, comfort and safety of its citizens.

# Public Ownership

BY W. S. MORGAN

TO the observer of events and the trend of human thought the growth in popularity of the principle of municipal and government ownership is simply wonderful. This growth is due not so much to the efforts of the advocates of that system as it is to the logic of events. The exactions and extortions of corporations who have received as a gift franchises worth millions of dollars are doing more than anything else to educate the people along the lines of government ownership.

Another thing that is arousing public indignation and making friends for the principle of public ownership is the corrupting methods employed by the corporations to debauch the city councils and the state and national legislatures. Only a few years ago it was openly charged that a corruption fund of \$750,000 was spent by a Chicago corporation to buy privileges of the Illinois Legislature; and when it is known that those franchises were worth fifty million dollars there can be but little doubt of the truth of the statement.

The city of Philadelphia recently gave away a franchise worth forty million dollars. The strange part about that transaction was that the council was offered ten million dollars for the franchise by another company. Of course the citizens revolted, but what could they do? They had no provisions in their organic law for a referendum to protect themselves. The action of the council was final. Had the action of the council been referred to the people they would have vetoed it. The referendum is a wise provision, and many cities are now

adopting it. Without it all the citizens can do is to howl and foot the bills as they are presented by the corporations that secure the franchises.

The Western Union Telegraph Company pays 6 per cent. dividend upon one hundred million dollars of watered stock, and just why it is permitted to do it no man has ever been able to explain. The law which limits, or, rather, which is said to limit, the extortionate charges of railroad companies seems never to have reached out to the Western Union, although it has the same right to do so. In Great Britain, where the Government owns and operates the telegraph system, the charges are less than half those of the Western Union for a like service, yet the system pays into the Government treasury a revenue equivalent to 21 per cent. of the gross receipts of the business. Of the thirteen principal governments owning and operating their telegraph systems each secures a profit ranging from 5 to 44 per cent. of the gross receipts.

The problem to be settled in this country is equitable distribution, and all economic measures which do not point to a better distributive system will fall short of existing demands. Human ingenuity has been taxed to invent better methods of production, and as a result we produce better than any other nation on earth. But we distribute poorly. The invention of machinery has forced upon us new conditions. Under the present system one of three things is inevitable: fewer hours, millions out of employment or overproduction. The idle are a menace to our social and political structures, and every attempt to remedy

this evil throws us back again upon the question of distribution. It is no solution to the question to say that the machine does it. If that were the only solution to the problem then the machine would better be destroyed than humanity starved. But there is a solution, and that remedy will be adopted. One of the principal agents of distribution is transportation. Under the present system the cost of transportation in many instances is greater than the cost of production. Freight is so classified that the rates are simply computed on what the traffic will bear without killing the industry. No one can believe for a moment that it is worth more to haul hewn timber than that which has been sawed. Yet on some roads the classification is different and a higher rate charged for the former.

There is a distinction between creating wealth and accumulating it which should not be lost sight of in the consideration of this question. There is also a difference between a legal right and a moral right. With letters of marque and reprisal men may do legally upon the high seas that which would be piracy without such letters. Abraham Lincoln is praised and immortalized for doing what John Brown was hanged for trying to do. Slavery was authorized by the Constitution, but the moral sentiment in this country rose up and shot it to death because it was wrong. Having escaped chattel slavery, is the laborer now to be turned over into a new form of bondage? Shall capitalistic control of public utilities bind him as firmly as the black slave was ever bound? Must the men who dole out the money and transport our products to market be allowed to tax us at their will and rob us of the profits of our industry? Must we forever pay such tribute to these corporations as no government would dare exact from its subjects?

It is not necessary to destroy the railroads, street cars and telegraph and telephone lines. The root of the evil is in private ownership. There is

where we must strike. All these are public utilities, and should be owned by the public. It will be remembered that the black slaves were not destroyed, but the ownership of them. Then, if the private ownership of the means of transportation is one of the chains by which the people are held in bondage to pay tribute to predatory wealth, we should strike at the root of the evil and abolish private ownership. Let all public utilities be owned and operated by all the people at cost. There is no escaping the fact that the invention of machinery has largely increased our power of production and forced upon us a new condition, differing materially from that of half a century ago. This new condition cannot be met with the old system of distribution, but demands a readjustment.

A new system of distribution is inevitable. Nor will the plea of "property rights" avail against it. There can be no "property rights" acquired where a human right has been violated. Every man has an "inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Nothing that stands in the way of these has a right to exist, or else the Declaration of Independence is a lie. Property rights rest upon human rights, and the natural law is that a man has a right to the opportunity to produce, and the right to that which he produces.

With an equitable system of distribution a man could produce enough to live on in half the time he does now. No man has a moral right to tax his fellow-man. That function belongs to the Government alone, and should be used sparingly by it. The right to take the products of labor is all the right the slaveholder ever had. And with it he had the care of the slave. Under our present system the railroads take the products of labor, over and above a fair rate, and have not the care of the laborer on their hands. This system of taxing labor is but another form of slavery and should be abolished. It can only be done through public ownership. So-called

"control" is a failure. How are you going to control the railroad corporations and trusts through legislation when they control legislation? The only hope of relief is to change the system.

Chattel slavery was wrong although it was legalized. Private ownership of public utilities is wrong although it is legalized. A wrong can be legalized, but all the laws in the world cannot make it right. Private ownership of the means of transportation is wrong because it robs the producer of part of his labor, gives to certain individuals the right to tax other certain individuals for a public service, and without recourse. I am aware that in making these declarations I am treading on disputed grounds. But I am sure of my position, or thirty years' study of the question is worth nothing. And I answer that every advance that civilization has made, every great idea that marks the progress of humanity, has been ably disputed by those who profited by old and established customs. Christianity itself was met by dagger, scaffold and torch, and its progress is marked by the blood of martyrs through all the rolling centuries since the lowly Nazarene was nailed to the Cross. As between the two questions: "Is it right as regards the owners of property?" or, "Is it right as it relates to humanity?" the question of humanity should weigh the heavier.

When these theories are advanced we are often met by the cry of "Socialism." But few people who raise this cry know what Socialism is. Socialism means the elimination of all competition. To that extent perhaps the government ownership of the railroads would be socialistic, but it stops there. Socialism demands the elimination of the wage system. Public ownership of the railroads and street cars does not. It is sometimes claimed that the post-office system, the public roads, schools and asylums are examples of Socialism. They are not. The wage system obtains in all of them.

But suppose it is Socialism? What

does it matter about the name, if it is right? The question is not what we might call it, but how much of it can we assimilate advantageously? How much is advisable to incorporate into our system of government? How far can we depart from individualism without destroying the incentive to action or paralyzing the energies of the human race? We find that it works pretty well in the postal system. Our money-order system comes in competition with the express companies and compels them to carry money at a lower rate. The public school system comes in competition with the private schools and lessens the cost of an education. Every experiment made by this Government, or other governments, in the way of owning and operating public utilities has been a success. The principal opposition comes from those who are fattening off special privileges or from their satellites.

The objection that public ownership centralizes too much power in the hands of the Government is weak, to say the least. It rather diffuses the power. The railroad companies of this country employ about one million men. Do they use their power with these men to influence elections? Of course they do. Frequently a man's job depends upon the way he votes. But under our civil service regulations, which might be extended and improved upon with much benefit, the Government employee would not be influenced in his action any more than the officer or private in the Regular Army now is. We need better civil service regulations whether we have public ownership of anything else or not. We need it for what we have. The spoils system has done much to corrupt and undermine our free institutions, and every patriotic citizen should cry out against it. But, even as it is, its baneful influence is nothing like that of the corporations, for not only do the corporations use the power they have over their employees to influence elections, but they have done more to corrupt our legislatures

and courts than all other forces combined.

It is known that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in bribing Congress to pass laws granting lands to different railroad corporations, and it has been stated that the Union Pacific Company spent \$525,000 to bribe Congress to pass an amendment to the original act, so that the Government would accept a second mortgage on the road for its own loan to the

company. The greatest lobbies kept in our legislative halls are those of the railroad corporations and banks, and these can be got rid of by taking absolute control of the railroads and of the currency. Instead of government ownership centralizing power it would have the reverse effect—that of diffusing the power among all the people, and would most certainly put a stop to so much wholesale corruption and debauchery of our courts and legislatures.



### *His Question*

LITTLE LESTER (*who has a prying mind*)—Say, Aunt Dorcas, what did Uncle Theobald marry you for, anyhow?

AUNT DORCAS—Why, what a question! For love, of course!

LITTLE LESTER—Then it's true, ain't it, that love is blind, and—? You leggo my ear, now! You ain't my father, dag-gon it!

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### *Professional Courtesy*

JUDSON—What do you think of these investigating committees?

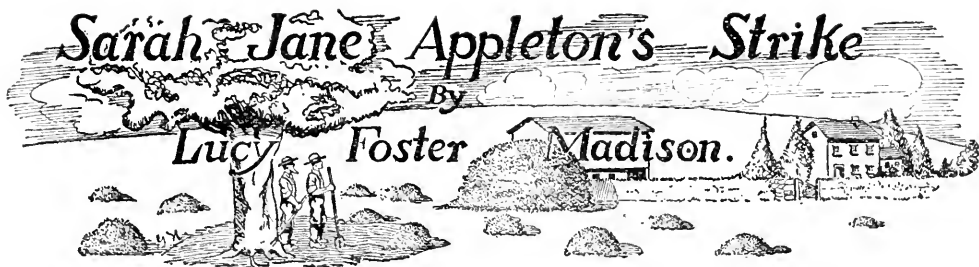
MERRITT—They usually act as if they were afraid they might be investigated themselves some day.

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### *A Question of Figures*

JAGGLES—What's the difference between a schoolmaster and a college professor?

WAGGLES—About \$4,500 a year.



“THERE'S no use talkin', Sarah Jane, I ain't a-goin' to hev my money spent fer no sich foolishness.” Farmer Appleton puffed his pipe so vigorously that the kitchen was blue with smoke.

“But, Silas,” protested Mrs. Appleton, pouring a kettle of hot water over a pan full of dishes, “it ain't but fifty cents, and 'tain't as ef you couldn't afford it.”

“Yes; but fifty cents here and fifty cents there soon counts up. Last year you wuz sot on red geraniums, and this year it's a patent-leather belt. What 'ud you do with it ef you had it? A woman of your age couldn't wear one of them shiny things. Sarah Jane, I'm surpised at you.”

“I don't care,” said Mrs. Appleton defiantly, “I'd wear it ef I am forty. Lots of women do that's older'n me. I've allers wanted one, and now they're reduced it seems as ef I ort to hev it.”

“There's nothing the matter with that black ribbon of yourn,” declared Mr. Appleton.

“Oh, ain't there?” sneered Sarah Jane. “Silas Appleton, I've worn that black ribbon three year, and it's a disgrace to any respectable woman. I did want them geraniums last year, and I wanted 'em bad. But you said no, and I give 'em up. I ain't had no new dress in five year, ner no new hat, nuther. I've worked hard and faithful an' I want that there belt. I'm just clean sot on it.”

“Then you'd better git unsot, fer I'm not a-goin' to hev my money spent in no sich way.” Silas arose and tapped the ashes out of his pipe energetically. “I don't know what comes over you at times, mother, but you do

git the foolishhest notions in your head. It does beat all! Ef you'd 'a' had your way, we wouldn't 'a' had nuthin' laid up. It 'ud all gone fer gewgaws.”

“That ain't true, Silas Appleton, an' you know it!” flashed his wife so fiercely that Silas quailed involuntarily. “I've done my sheer towards gitting along ef ever a woman did. I've slaved night an' day with never a bit uv help 'ceptin' when the children come, an' you allers with your hired man. An' now I can't have a leetle ole fifty-cent belt! I notice, though, that it's allers me that has to give up. There ain't no stintin' on the ter-backer.” Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

“That will do, Sarah Jane. I ain't goin' to hev no back talk from a woman. You've had yer board and keep, an' it's not many men that's the pervider that I am, ef I do say it that shouldn't. I ain't a-sayin' you ain't bin a helpmeet; yer have, but that's what women wuz made fer. God made man in His own image, and give him dominion over the beasts uv the fields, an' the fowls uv the air, an' God made woman, too, that she might minister to man an' sarve him jest like the other animals. When you don't do that, Sarah Jane, yer a-goin' agin the purpose uv yer creation. Remember that St. Paul commands women to adorn themselves with sobriety and modesty, ruther than——”

“St. Paul wuz an ole bachelidor an' didn't know what he wuz talkin' about,” said Sarah Jane flippantly. “I b'lieve you men stay awake nights jest huntin' up what Paul says agin' the pore women. Wisht I'd bin that thorn in his side! He'd 'a' had some

purty sharp pricks, I can tell yer, fer the harm he's did us."

"Stop, woman!" thundered Silas, his face purple with rage. "Go down on yer knees an' beg fergiveness fer that blasphemy. When I kum ter supper I want ter find yer humble, with a contrite heart as a wife ort ter be."

He left the kitchen, slamming the door after him, while Mrs. Appleton burst into tears.

"I don't keer," she said presently, wiping her eyes and resuming her dish-washing, "'tain't right nohow. I ort ter have sump'n ter spend same as him. Ef he'd jest give me a little bit. Seems like I don't keer so much 'bout new things 'ceptin' when spring comes. But when the leaves are out, an' the brown airth gits a new coat uv green, an' the flowers come up so purty an' nice, seems as though it's nater to want sump'n new. I've allers give up ter Silas tell he's jest plumb spiled. But I ain't a-goin' ter this time. No, sir! I'm a-goin' ter hev that belt by hook or crook."

The worm had turned, and could Silas Appleton have seen the determined look in his wife's eye it might have convinced him that for once it would have been wiser to yield to the vanity of womankind. But Silas did not see, and when he came in to supper everything seemed as usual, save for a certain aloofness in Mrs. Appleton's manner.

"A leetle discipline'll bring her round," Sarah Jane heard him mutter, but she only compressed her lips and held her head somewhat higher.

After supper the men who were helping Silas to get in his crops gathered in the parlor, while Sarah Jane cleared up the work and prepared for breakfast. It was fully nine o'clock before she could enter the parlor. There was never much time for recreation with Sarah Jane. An animated discussion was going on concerning a strike then in progress. Usually Mrs. Appleton was so tired from her labors of the day that she dozed while the men

talked, but tonight her mind was on the alert, and she found herself listening with interest to the conversation.

"What air they strikin' fer?" she asked presently.

"Fer shorter hours an' higher pay," answered her husband.

He did not approve of women knowing about such things, but he feared that that belt might still lurk somewhere in the recesses of his wife's mind, and he wished to distract her attention from it. So he humored her, and so Sarah Jane Appleton found herself possessed of more knowledge of strikes, lockouts, arbitration and other things of like ilk than she had known in all her life before.

"Well, I don't blame the pore fellers," she observed; "sich long hours is terrible, sure 'nuff."

"You don't know nuthin' 'bout sich things, Sarah Jane," exclaimed her husband testily.

"Mebbe I don't," rejoined Sarah, with a tightening of her lips as she thought of her own days—from four in the morning until nine at night. "Mebbe I don't, Silas, but I'm good at guessin'."

"It's time fer prayers," said Silas hastily. He didn't at all like that answer. The woman must be disciplined. He could see that it was needed. "It's time fer the Scriptor an' prayers," he said.

Sarah Jane gave a snort of defiance as her husband turned to First Timothy and read: "'In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;

"' But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.

"' Let the women learn in silence with all subjection.

"' But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

"' For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

"' And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.'"



Never a word came from Sarah Jane while Silas wrestled long and fervently before the throne, praying that she might be endowed with a meek and humble and contrite heart. But there was a curious light in her eyes when she rose from her knees that spoke of anything but meekness.

That light shone still in her eyes at breakfast, but there was a shadow of a smile on her face also, which Silas, observing, congratulated himself upon his discipline, and hied away to the fields, for the time was early spring and he was unusually busy.

"Wonder what's the reason the horn don't sound fer dinner, Silas?" asked one of the men at the noon hour.

"I dunno," answered Silas. "Meb-be it ain't time yit. Yes, 'tis, too," he exclaimed, glancing at the sun. "It must 'a' tooted an' us not 'a' noticed. Come on, boys! Sarah Jane don't like her vittles ter stan'."

Tired and hungry, the men hurried toward the house. Silas paused aghast on the threshold of the kitchen. The fire was out. The breakfast dishes stood on the table unwashed. There was no sign of dinner, nor of Sarah Jane either.

Fearing he knew not what, he ran through the lower rooms quickly. She was not in any of them. Upstairs he dashed, calling her name frantically. The beds were unmade, the work undone. Silas came down and dropped meekly into a chair.

"She ain't up there," he said. "Where d'ye s'pose she is?"

"Hev yer tried the spare room, Silas?" asked one of the men. "I noticed the door wuz closed."

Silas started up eagerly. The spare room opened directly off the parlor, and Sarah Jane sometimes lay there when she had the headache.

"Sarah! Sarah Jane!" he called as he tried the door. "Air ye thar!"

"Well, what d'ye want?" came Sarah Jane's voice from behind the locked door.

"I want ter know the reason we

ain't go no dinner!" cried Silas. "Air yer sick?"

"No; I ain't sick," answered Sarah Jane. "I've struck."

"Struck!" cried Silas. "What d'ye mean, Sarah?"

"I mean thet I hev gone on a strike," answered Sarah Jane. "I want higher wages, shorter hours an' that belt. An' I'm goin' ter hev 'em, too."

"Wal, yer won't git 'em by any sich blamed foolishness as this," observed Silas wrathfully. "Come out an' git us some dinner."

"Git it yerself," retorted Sarah Jane. "Let some of the other animals what's made fer yer comfort wait on yer fer a spell. I ain't a-goin' ter be no drudge no longer fer nuthin'."

"Yer'll starve then, fer I won't give in," threatened Silas. "Yer know me, Sarah Jane, an' yer'll do well not ter try me too far."

"Oh, I guess I won't starve fer a spell nohow," laughed Sarah Jane. "I've got the most uv the cold vittles with me."

"Come on, boys," said Silas, exasperated to calmness. "Thar's no use argyfyin' now. We'll rustle around an' git us sump'n, an' then I'll go git Martha Martin. We'll see who gits the wust of this deal."

Sarah Jane chuckled as they went away.

"Martha is the highest priced an' the most extravagant cook on Sugar Crick," she soliloquized. "Silas couldn't 'a' choosed better. She'll make his hair stan' on end by her waste. He'll give in fust."

Martha Martin was duly installed that afternoon, and then the battle was on. Silas did not go near the spare room for two days, but to his surprise there was no sign from Sarah Jane either.

"It's the fust time in all our twenty-four year together that she ever defied me," he thought to himself on the evening of the second day as he sat on the porch steps to smoke. Usually he smoked in the kitchen, but Martha Martin was an austere woman who couldn't abide smoke, so he went to

the steps. "Mebbe I ort ter hev given her that belt. I dunno. She can't help bein' the weaker vessel, I s'pose, an' prone ter vanity. But it seems a sinful waste uv money ter spend it in sich fashion." He refilled his pipe as he mused. "'Tany rate, it 'ud 'a' been cheaper than Martha'll be. I'd better give in on the belt. It will be a savin'."

He entered the parlor and approached the spare room door cautiously.

"Sarah Jane!" he called.

"Well, Silas," replied Sarah Jane.

"Ain't yer about tired uv this an' ready ter come out?"

"No; I ain't," retorted Sarah Jane. "I'm hevin' the fust rest I've had in twenty-four year. I git up when I please, an' lay down the same. No; I ain't tired, Silas Appleton. I'm enjoyin' it."

This last was a trifle too emphatic, but Mr. Appleton's ear was not attuned to nice distinctions.

"Sarah Jane," in a wheedling tone, "you kin hev that belt. Mebbe I wuz too sot agin it."

"I want more than the belt now, Silas," said Sarah Jane. "I've thought a heap sense I've bin in here, an' I want help in my work same as you hev in yourn. I'm gittin' too old ter slave as I hev done, an' I ain't a-goin' ter do it no more. An' I want sum money fer myself, same as you hev fer your terbacker. 'Tain't no more'n right, Silas. I've helped arn it, ef I am nuthin' but a animal made fer yer comfort."

"You think ye'r smart, don't yer, a-makin' terms with yer own husband," cried Silas, walking away from the door in a rage.

But he gave more thought to his wife that night than he had done in years. He was a shrewd bargain-driver himself, and in spite of his wrath toward her his respect increased.

The next day passed without incident. The confinement was irksome to Sarah Jane, and she would have gladly capitulated, but she realized that it

was now or never. Should she give in it would be to renew with greater force than ever the old habits of sacrifice. On the morning of the fourth day Silas was called from the field to receive his lawyer.

"Mr. Appleton," said the man of briefs genially, "let me congratulate you. We have succeeded in closing up that deal with Murphy for your southwest eighty yesterday, and I have brought the deed to be signed. He gave us your price."

"No! Did he?" cried Mr. Appleton delightedly.

"Yes; we must hurry about the deed though. It is just as well to make the act irrevocable while we can. Men sometimes change their minds. If you will sign it I will go right back."

"All right," said Silas, producing pen and ink.

"Where is Mrs. Appleton?" queried the lawyer. "I hope that she is at home!"

"Yes; no; that is—see here," blurted out the farmer. "I spec' you'll think it's a joke, but I'm in a mess with my wife an' that's the hull uv it."

"Suppose you tell me about it," suggested the lawyer. "We must have her signature, you know."

"Well, I will," said Silas, and he did so, ending with, "an' that's the reason I'll have to shout through the door to get her to sign this. Lord! I hope she won't balk at it."

"If she does, maybe I can persuade her," consoled the other.

"All right, mebbe you can." Silas went to the door. "Sarah Jane!"

"Well, Silas."

"Sarah, Mr. Tracy is here with a deed for that southwest eighty fer Murphy. We air ready fer your signature. Will you jest drop this other fer the time bein' an' sign the deed?"

"How much do you get fer it, Silas?"

"Five thousand dollars, Sarah Jane. It means a hull heap ter us."

"To you, Silas. It won't do me no good. No; I won't sign it lessen you pay me fer it. I ain't never had no

money uv my own, an' I won't sign lessen I'm paid fer it."

Silas made a gesture of despair.

"Five thousand dollars lost for the sake uv a fifty-cent belt!" he exclaimed. "Darn it! Women air the peskiest critters that ever breathed."

"Still, Mr. Appleton, your wife has justice on her side. Would you like to work for twenty-four years without a single cent of money?"

"It's different with a man," muttered Silas.

"I hardly think so. I would advise you to ask her how much she wants and if the demand is not exorbitant, accede to it. I should do as she wishes about the other things, too. So fine a woman as your wife, Mr. Appleton, is not apt to be unreasonable. If you should lose her you would not find her equal soon."

"Lose her?" Silas looked up in alarm. "Don't you think she looks well?"

"I haven't seen her today, you know," smiled the lawyer. "But she certainly does work hard, and——"

Silas did not wait for him to finish, but jumping up he approached the door of the spare room hastily.

"How much do you want, Sarah Jane?"

"I want"—Sarah Jane's voice shook as she pronounced the sum in awe-struck tones—"I want five dollars, Silas."

Silas and the lawyer gave sighs of relief.

"All right, Sarah Jane. Come right out. And, Sarah——"

"Yes, Silas."

"I've bin thinkin' over what you've said an' I reckon you're about right in this matter. I've bin a stingy ole feller, but ef you'll forgive me I'll make it up ter you, and do what yer want."

"Silas!" screamed Sarah Jane, flinging wide the door. "D'ye mean that?"

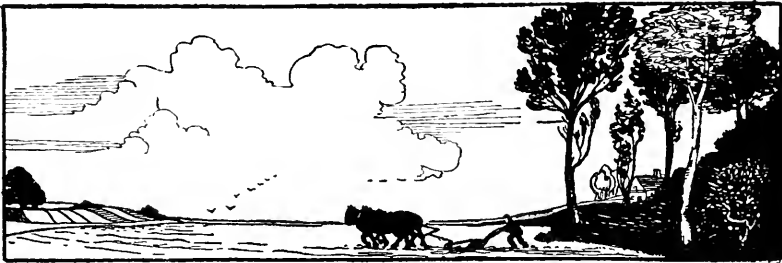
"Yes, I do, Sarah Jane. And here's the lawyer ter bear witness."

"Well, ef strikes ain't the settlin'est things!" and to her husband's amazement Sarah Jane kissed him right before the lawyer. "I wish I'd 'a' did it long ago."

"But don't let's hev no more lock-outs, Sarah Jane."

"No, Silas. Not ef you'll stan' by yer bargain."

"I'm a-goin' to," declared Silas.



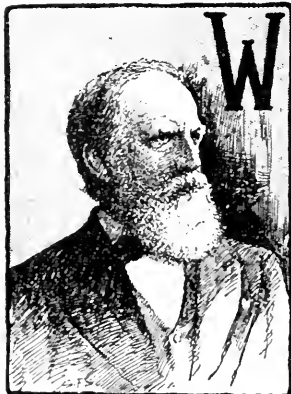
### *The Supreme Test*

**H**EARTS that are nobly true—and such there be—  
Would sooner clasp defeat in evil hour,  
Renouncing all—friends, fortune, high degree—  
Than barter manhood for a lease of power.

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

# John Redmond, Member of Parliament

BY W. T. STEAD



W. T. STEAD

**W**HILE many things are doubtful about the Parliament that is soon to be elected, two things are certain. One is that the Unionists will be in a minority in the next House of Commons.

The other is that the Nationalist Irishmen will come back as strong as they have ever been; that is to say, they will be in a majority of more than five to one over all other Irishmen in the House. And of these fourscore stout-hearted men John Redmond is the fighting chief. His undisputed supremacy is emphasized rather than impaired by the solitary howl of "Tiger Tim," the outcast orator, the disclassed Thersites, who roams outside the camp.

If only the Irish had not been forced by a hundred years of wrong into an attitude of irreconcilable opposition to the British Empire and the Government thereof, Mr. Redmond would have had a better chance than most men to be Prime Minister. He has the qualities for the post. He is a gentleman. He is the greatest of our modern parliamentarians. He is an admirable debater, a superb leader, a man of dispassionate intellect, of sound sympathies and of splendid

courage. And he has around him a group of colleagues, half a dozen of whom would grace any Cabinet.

"The Irish team," said an observer who did not disguise his hatred, "is too strong for any of the English Ministers to tackle." The self-inflicted ostracism of some of the most capable representatives of the people is one of the many sacrifices which afflict us as the indirect results of Home Rule.

Fortunately, no self-denying ordinance forbids an Irish Nationalist leading the Opposition, and it will be long remembered, to Mr. Redmond's credit, that from 1900-02 it was he and no other who was the real leader of the only opposition offered to the Government on the subject of the war in South Africa.

In those black years he proved himself to be not only the chief of the Irish National Party, but the leader of the only effective opposition that existed in the House of Commons at that time. In that position he occupied a place only second in importance to that of the Prime Minister. It is true that at the time national prejudices somewhat obscured the truth from the English and Scotch. But in the House of Commons the members in 1900 began to realize where the centre of power lay. Repeatedly, in the course of the debates, Mr. Balfour referred to Mr. Redmond as if he, and not Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, were the real leader of His Majesty's Opposition. Therein Mr. Balfour paid homage to facts.

In the midst of the debris of the

shattered party which then littered the Liberal benches in the House of Commons, we should have looked in vain for any leadership, had it not been for the presence of Mr. Redmond at the head of the Irish Nationalists. Here, at least, we had an organized, disciplined party, obedient to its leader, undistracted by any internal feuds, thoroughly united in principle and capable of constant attendance at the House. English, Scotch and Welsh Liberals in the constituencies who were sick and sore at heart over the spectacle of paralytic impotence presented by the disorganized and distracted ranks of their own representatives, began to recognize in Mr. Redmond the only leader of a parliamentary party in the House, who, upon the great issue of the hour, represented their views, and was not afraid of giving them free, full and bold expression in debate. Hence, while nominally only the leader of the Irish National Party, Mr. Redmond was really, at that time, the only leader of the Opposition to the Government in the country.

Mr. John Redmond is the first Irish leader who has given the world any token of the possession of the qualities which made Mr. Parnell so famous. It is true that his position is largely due to Mr. Dillon. But he is fortunate in having in Mr. Dillon a colleague who was, in other days, sufficiently self-sacrificing to allow no personal feelings to stand in the way of attaining the great object which he had set before him.

When "Tiger Tim" was read out of the party with bell, book and candle, the Irish parliamentarians became once more a fighting unit. Mr. Redmond, then being called to supreme command, displayed qualities with which he had hitherto not been credited. His readiness in debate, his self-control, his keen appreciation of the vital points in parliamentary strategy speedily made him a power. One of the greatest of our Imperial statesmen, who watched the proceedings in the parliamentary arena from

the distant post in which he was serving the Empire, declared, four years ago, that in his opinion Mr. Redmond was the ablest parliamentarian in the present House of Commons.

Mr. Redmond is a politician first, a politician second, and a politician third. As an individual entity he is almost unknown to any except his intimates. But he has brought keen intelligence to the study of the science of politics. He has given his mind to it, and spent days and nights in acquiring knowledge of all the niceties and rules of parliamentary procedure.

He is embarrassed by no fear of mutinies in the rear, and he is conscious of being armed with the mandate of the Irish race. As a speaker he is effective, fluent and eloquent.

Incongruous though it may appear to some unreflective persons, it is clear enough that the only possible Imperialism which can keep the Empire together is Imperialism of the Home Rule stripe. Imperialism of the John Bull Jingo strain would wreck the Empire. The homage paid by the Colonial Premiers in coronation year to the Irish Nationalist leaders was significant. Nor is Mr. Redmond without a strong Imperialist strain in his blood. As Mr. W. M. Crook, formerly editor of the *Echo*, wrote me in 1901:

When I first met Mr. Redmond I was more or less of a Separatist. He made me an Imperialist. I do not use that word to designate an admirer of the gorgeous Orientalism of Benjamin Disraeli, nor yet a follower of the narrowly insular policy of an uneducated Birmingham tradesman. John Redmond knew the Empire. His wife was an Australian, and even when I first met him he had been round the world.

The great free communities—Canada, Australia, New Zealand—even the United States—were to him, in large part, Irish States. Irish brains and Irish blood had helped them to freedom and to prosperity. It was a new point of view for me. I do not speak with authority on this point, but I do say with some confidence that never, while John Redmond is leader, will the Irish party consent to be deprived of their rightful share in the government of their Empire. Fifty years hence it will not seem, as it does today, the language of friendly exaggeration to write: "Politically, John Redmond

is the lineal descendant of his great countryman, Edmund Burke. But the passion for freedom and the passion for justice are the guiding stars of both.'

Let no one imagine from this tribute of Mr. Crook's that John Redmond is other than a grim, irreconcilable Irish fighter, as staunch as in the days of yore, when he fought for the lost cause of Mr. Parnell against overwhelming odds. It would be difficult to phrase more ruthlessly the Irish Intransigents' point of view than did Mr. Redmond when, addressing a mass meeting at Maryborough, he made the following significant declaration:

His guiding principle in life was perfectly simple. He had no faith in any English political party or in English benevolence toward Ireland, or in the possibility of any class of the population getting justice in the smallest particular from mere reason, or

argument, or persuasion. His policy was to make English government in Ireland difficult and dangerous. If the people wanted any instalment of justice, they must make themselves a trouble and a danger to the Government.

The personal facts of Mr. Redmond's history are briefly told. He was born in 1851; son of the late W. A. Redmond, Member of Parliament for Ballytrent. He married, in 1883, Johanna, daughter of the late J. Dalton, Esq. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Barrister, Gray's Inn, 1886; Irish barrister, 1887. He was Member of Parliament for New Ross, 1881-85; for New Wexford, 1885-91, and has represented Waterford ever since 1891. He has traveled far and wide among the Irish beyond the sea, and he knows personally most of the leading men in the Anglo-Irish-American world.

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## *The Financial Case for Home Rule*

BY JOHN REDMOND

*Member of Parliament*

FOR the Irish people there is only one question, and that question is Home Rule. The Irish Party stands irrevocably committed to Home Rule. Its members have been sent to the House of Commons to demand the freedom of their country. From that attitude nothing can change them. With us it is not a matter of expediency; it is a matter of principle and necessity. Writing with full authority and responsibility, in the name of the whole Irish National Party, I say that the Irish Party has not departed one hair's breadth from the position taken up in 1886 and 1893. I say that today we would be willing, as we were in 1886 and 1893, to accept

those bills, as bringing to an end forever, as we would all hope, a wretched and blood-stained chapter of English misrule, and consequent Irish disloyalty and resistance.

Why are the Irish people so resolute in their hostility to the existing system that our attitude has remained absolutely unchanged for twenty-five years? We regard the government of our country by a British Parliament as a usurpation. We deny the validity—we dispute the moral binding force of the Act of Union. We demand self-government, not as a favor but as a right, and we base our demand for self-government not upon grievances, but upon what we believe to be the in-

herent and inalienable right of our nation to govern itself. And we say plainly we would prefer to be governed badly by our own Parliament rather than well by the British Senate. For this we are accused of disloyalty. Disloyalty to what? By nature Irishmen are as loyal as any people in the world, but to a system of government maintained by force against the will of the people we are disloyal. Let none be startled at so frank a declaration. I would be dishonored and utterly ashamed of myself if I had ever made any statement in America or Ireland inconsistent with the statements I have made on the floor of the House of Commons. I believe the present system of government in Ireland is in principle so unconstitutional and in practice so ruinous to all classes and interests in Ireland, that if I had to choose between a continuation of the present system and an absolute separation from the Empire, I would not have the slightest hesitation in deciding in favor of that separation. And if I believed there was the smallest reasonable chance of success whatever, I would have no hesitation in advising my countrymen to endeavor to end the present system by armed revolt.

I have stated this in the House of Commons, nor do I believe that there is an Englishman who, if his country were in like case, would not echo my sentiments. But, fortunately, this dread alternative is not within the pale of practical politics. I have always been profoundly convinced that by constitutional means it is possible to arrive at a compromise based on the concession of self-government, or, as Mr. Gladstone used to say, free autonomy, to Ireland, which would put an end to this ancient international quarrel on terms satisfactory and honorable to both nations. That settlement was accepted by Mr. Parnell in the House in the name of the Irish National Party, and the acceptance was ratified by the public opinion of Ireland and the Irish race in every part of the world.

In this paper I propose to deal more particularly with the financial case in

favor of Home Rule; but before entering upon the particulars under that head of our indictment against the existing system, I must briefly and rapidly state the other counts of the Irish indictment of British misrule in Ireland.

To recapitulate and summarize the main features of the system of rule in Ireland which, in my judgment, makes Home Rule an urgent and vital question today: The present system of rule is unconstitutional, quite apart altogether from its tainted origin. It is in its everyday working and practice unconstitutional. The majority of the people ruled have no power in the government of the country. The country is governed by a minority. Representation in the House of Commons has been reduced to a farce. Five men from a small corner of Ulster have more power than eighty-six sent from the rest of Ireland. We are under the British Parliament, but we have not in Ireland the benefit of the British system. We are suffering under a permanent disability in the form of an exceptional law which does not exist in any other portion of the British Empire, under which, at the caprice and will of a single man, trial by jury may be suspended and trial by paid servants and deputies of the Executive Government substituted for it. It is bad government and it is government which does not fulfil any single one of the elementary duties of a government. For the last one hundred years it has been absolutely out of sympathy with the opinion of the mass of the people. Nowhere, except in Ireland, is there a system which is thus divorced from the confidence and control of the people who are ruled. For the last thirty years a majority of Irish representatives has been returned pledged to overturn the existing system, but in the present government of Ireland public opinion in Ireland is a negligible quantity. No Irishman is allowed to serve in any really responsible position in the government of the country, unless he is a known opponent of the wishes of the majority.

Ireland today is governed by a bureaucracy more divorced from sympathy with the majority of the people and responsibility to the people than the system which Englishmen are fond of denouncing in Russia. Ireland is governed by a network of public boards, all of which are nominated by Dublin Castle. The Chief Secretary is President of them, but he can only nominally be responsible for their actions. These boards, filled with members of the ascendancy party, have been omnipotent in the government of Ireland.

Lord Spencer went to Ireland to administer coercion, and his experience taught him the rottenness of the present position, and the same was the case with Lord Carnarvon. Lord Dudley, too, went to carry out the Unionist policy, and he had not been long in the country without discovering the rottenness and impossibility of the system. Then there were Sir Robert Hamilton and Sir Redvers Buller. Every man ever sent to govern Ireland has admitted that the system had broken down absolutely.

Every class and creed in Ireland is today denouncing the system of Dublin Castle. The Ulster Unionist members have denounced it far more vigorously than ever the Nationalists did.

Lord Rossmore, Grand Master of the Orange Society in Ireland, whose name is associated with the utmost hostility to the National movement at an earlier stage—to the principle of self-government for Ireland—joined Lord Dunraven's reform association. Being immediately attacked he replied to the attacks of the so-called loyal minority by saying that he had come to the conclusion that the extreme section of Unionists in Ireland were seeking to establish the worst kind of mental slavery in the country, and that this was being done by men who proposed no constructive policy whatever in relation to their country. Their policy was purely negative—they were in opposition, ever seeking to sow dissension. They appeared to be following

plainly the lead of a few professional politicians, caring more for their salaries than for the interests of their own country. That is the character which has been given to them by one of their most prominent men—that was his summary of the character of the minority which governs Ireland.

Is it any wonder that, in these circumstances, no class in Ireland is satisfied with this rule? Fifty years ago a great Tory Irishman—Chief-Justice Whiteside—used these words: "He was compelled by respect for truth to admit that the Government of Ireland was very inefficiently conducted. He was a Protestant and a Conservative. Well, he must say that were Ireland as far removed from England as Canada, the system of government there could be blown to pieces as easily as a house of cards. He would say that the Government of Ireland was opposed to nine-tenths of the industry, intelligence and intellect of the people of Ireland." That was said fifty years ago, but every word of it is as true of the Government of Ireland today as it was then. Unfortunately, the Irish Unionist disgust in the days of Whiteside, just as ever since, and today, was silenced by the influence of that system of place and preferment which alone has induced the Irish minority to consent to the robbery and misgovernment of their country. There is only one way of governing Ireland, and that is by consent.

I have no need, at this time, to enter into any argument on the proceedings of the Financial Relations Commission, or any defense of its verdict. That verdict stands. What, in plain, homely and unmistakable language, is the grievance of which Ireland complained, and which has been proved on incontrovertible authority by the Royal Commission? First of all, let us remember the Royal Commission was a body which consisted of a British majority. Let us bear in mind also that it contained admittedly eminent financiers, such as the late Mr. Childers, Mr. Currie, Lord Welby,



Lord Farrer, Sir R. Hamilton, and others. Let us bear in mind that the Commission came to its decision on the evidence of the officials of the British Treasury, and that, after deliberating for two years, the Commission reported with practical unanimity that "the actual taxed revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh that of Great Britain, while the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us to exceed one-twentieth." That, translated into figures, meant that Ireland is overtaxed, as compared with Great Britain, to the extent of nearly three millions a year; or, put in another way, that for every £100 of Ireland's taxable capacity Ireland has been forced to pay nearly £9, whereas, if she were taxed on the same principle as Great Britain, she would only be called upon to pay £5. With one exception every British member of the Commission agreed to that report.

We are therefore entitled to take that verdict as the basis of our claim that today Ireland is weighed down by a burden of unjust taxation which makes any real progress from poverty to prosperity an absolute impossibility for the nation at large, or for any single class of its population.

The two broad facts which stand out, plain and indisputable, are that, since 1894, our population has gone down, and that our taxation has increased by leaps and bounds. Our population today is about 200,000 less than it was in 1894. The total revenue from Ireland in 1893-94 was £7,568,649. This year it was estimated by Mr. Clancy at £10,378,000, the highest figure yet reached.

This enormous increase has fallen on all classes in the community. The amount levied from income tax in Ireland has been doubled. The direct taxation has risen by about half a million. But the real hardship of the case is in the enormous rise of indirect taxation. These taxes fall upon the poor, and, hardest of all, on the very poor. In England the indirect taxes are only 50 per cent. of the whole revenue

raised. It has been the policy of successive chancellors and governments for many years to bring down indirect taxation, and, if possible, to equalize direct and indirect taxation in Great Britain. He would be a very rash statesman who would venture to disturb this balance. But the policy has been quite different in Ireland. Indirect taxation has never been reduced in Ireland. Today it is 75 per cent. of the whole, which means that the great burden of taxation of the country falls upon the most poverty-stricken class of the population. In 1893-94 the indirect taxes amounted to £5,267,775. In 1904-05 it had risen to £6,890,000. This enormous increase came entirely from increased taxes upon food, upon what are for the poor really necessities of life—tea, sugar, tobacco and meal.

Now, what does Ireland get for this enormous taxation, or, in other words, what becomes of the money? The strangest thing about the whole business is that, so far as Great Britain or the Empire is concerned, Ireland is not such a profitable asset as one would suppose. By far the greatest part of Ireland's enormous taxation is spent upon a recklessly extravagant and hopelessly inefficient system of government in Ireland. During the last ten years the cost of government has steadily gone up. In 1895 it cost £5,970,000 to run the Government of Ireland, leaving as an Imperial contribution from Ireland the balance of the total revenue of the country amounting to £2,176,000. In 1902 the cost of Dublin Castle Government had gone up from £5,970,000 to £7,214,000, and the Imperial contribution had risen by £200,000 or £300,000. There is no reason why the Government of Ireland should cost more than half the present expenditure. The whole scale of expenditure is excessive. Law and police charges are just three times as great as in Scotland. Dublin Castle and all the Government Boards are run upon ridiculously extravagant lines. Belgium, with four times the trade of Ireland and with a much larger popula-

tion, is governed at about half the cost of the crazy, inefficient system supported in Ireland by our excessive taxation. And what a contrast! Belgium, well governed, rich and contented; Ireland, poor, naturally discontented and so badly governed that Dublin Castle has become a byword in the mouths of all men.

The real truth is, no proper saving can be made or will be made in the cost of the Irish Government which will be of any material benefit to the nation until the present system of rule is absolutely swept away. When the present system of semi-independent, irresponsible, nominated Government Boards has disappeared, when the management of Irish affairs is placed in the hands of Irishmen, elected by the Irish people and responsible to Irish public opinion, and when our annual Imperial contribution is fixed so as not to be liable at any moment to overwhelm us with ruin by reason of some Chamberlain of the future rushing the Empire into mad and guilty and unprofitable wars, then, and then only, in my opinion, will it be possible really to economize Irish expenditure with substantial benefit to the nation.

What a cruel thing it is that while every industry and interest in the country is neglected, while education is starved, while the laborers can get no justice, while the artisans of the towns cannot get decent habitations, while the drainage of Irish rivers is neglected, while Irish railways are the worst and dearest in the world, and nothing is done to improve transit facilities, while the piers and harbors of the country are a disgrace and a danger to human life, and while all these things are so because of want of money—what a scandal and a crime it is that all the while we are supporting the most expensive Government in the world, and are paying from £3,000,000 to £5,000,000 a year more than our taxable capacity warrants as compared to Great Britain. Just think of how Ireland would be transformed if even a portion of this money of which we are annually robbed were spent under the paternal care of a

native government upon some of these matters I have mentioned, instead of being squandered as it is today.

Take the case of the agricultural laborers. The justice and moderation of their claims are universally admitted. If they are not settled it is not because of any differences of opinion among political parties of various classes in Ireland. There is no such difference. I suppose £10,000,000 would go a long way toward settling this question. But even say that twenty million were needed. How easily we could meet the annual charge necessitated by raising and paying off such a capital sum out of the millions we are now annually overtaxed.

So also with the housing of the working class in towns. The Treasury blocked the way, and no effort whatever has been made to provide decent and sanitary houses for the artisans and workmen of Irish towns, or to remove from Dublin and other cities the reproach of slums which are a disgrace to civilization. I will not commit myself to any estimate of the capital sum required for a great scheme such as is necessary; but again, I say, how easily it could be provided for out of our annually plundered millions.

Englishmen are fond of protesting against being asked to endow a national university which Catholics could avail themselves of. We do not ask for one penny of English money for the purpose. We only ask permission to use for this purpose an insignificant amount of our own money, which is annually extorted from us and wasted on useless, and worse than useless, expenditure, while the Irish nation is left hopelessly handicapped in its struggle for advancement, and even for existence, by its youth being deprived of facilities for higher education. "No money," is the answer when we ask for any educational improvement, whether university or primary, or for the betterment of the position of the national teachers. No money! Yet how easily education in all its branches which is now stunted and starved could be put on a level

with the system of all other countries in Europe, were the overtaxation of Ireland devoted to a useful and profitable, instead of useless and wasteful, expenditure!

Take another subject—the question of arterial drainage. Our friends in Ulster are making sore complaints about the drainage of the Bann, and they are absolutely right. Ruin and desolation have been spread over a vast area, extending into five counties in Ulster by the floodings of the Bann, and whole families have frequently been driven from their homes to seek shelter and safety on higher ground. Large areas are covered to the depth of two feet six inches for seven months of the year. The flooding of the Owenmore in Sligo lays waste thousands of acres, and six hundred families are annually affected by it. The Suck, which runs through Roscommon and Galway, spreads ruin broadcast. The Barrow drains one of the largest areas drained by any Irish river. Its drainage area consists of 480,000 acres, and of these 46,000 acres are regularly flooded. Royal Commissions have sat upon the question and made reports, but all in vain. Great injury is done by the flooding of the Barrow, not merely to the lands, but to the towns of Athy, Monasterevan, Portarlington, Mountmellick, and others, and the general health of the whole district is affected. The facts are indisputable, but the answer we get from successive governments is always the same—No money! Belgium, where the cost of government is half that of Ireland, has spent £16,000,000 on drainage works in the last twenty-five years.

In my deliberate opinion the utterly defective condition of railway and transit facilities generally is the most serious of all the causes which keep Ireland in a state of chronic poverty. The rates of carriage in Ireland must be reduced fully 50 per cent. before profitable employment can be provided for the people of Ireland and emigration stopped. It is beyond dispute that nine-tenths of the ordinary

agricultural products consumed in the English markets, which are produced, or could be, in abundance by Ireland, are supplied by foreign producers, and the reason is perfectly clear. It is because in every country in Europe enormous decreases have been effected in rates of carriage during the last twenty-five years, while in Ireland freights are still monstrously and prohibitively high. Recently a woollen factory was established in the town of Galway. They get all the coal they require from England. But in the next county, in Arigna, in the County Roscommon, there is plenty of just the class of coal they require to be had at 8s. 6d. a ton, but the carriage from Arigna to Galway is 13s. 6d., which makes the price considerably more than that of the English coal.

The question of Irish railways has been discussed by several Royal Commissions, which have recommended nationalization, state-purchase, amalgamation and other remedies, but which have never led to any practical result whatever. For my part, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this question can only be satisfactorily settled by the nationalization of Irish railways and waterways, and that until this is done no real or permanent improvement will be found for a great deal of the poverty of Ireland.

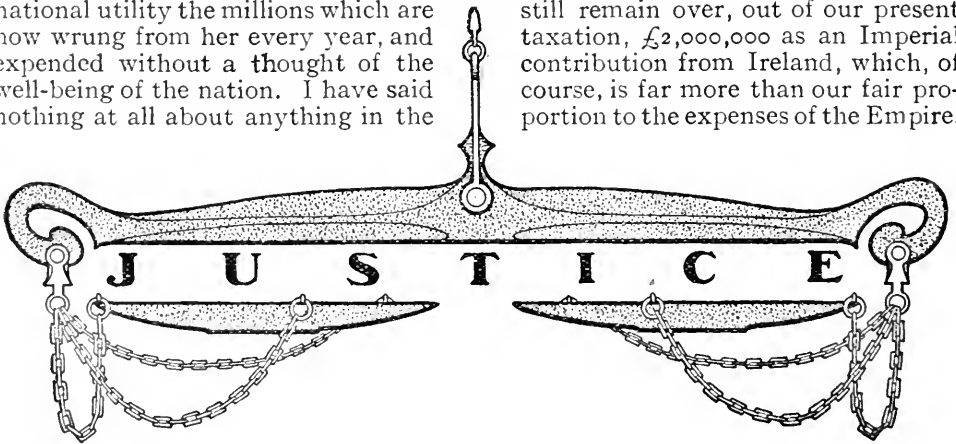
It is estimated that there are 1,500,000 acres of waste lands in Ireland which are capable of reclamation for agriculture, and it is estimated that the cost of reclamation would be £6 10s. per acre, or £9,750,000 in all. Reclamation of waste land in other European countries, which are, however, self-governed, has been carried out on far greater scales at a far greater cost. The Dutch Government drained Lake Haarlem, transforming it into 45,000 acres of meadow at a cost of £19 an acre, and they pumped out about half a million acres of the Zuyder Zee at a cost of £18 an acre, and I understand the work was so reproductive that they sold the land at £34 an acre. Does anyone suppose that a National Government in Ireland would be less

ready than the Dutch Government to undertake the far less heroic schemes of reclamation which would so greatly develop this country? The capital necessary for this work could easily be supplied out of the amount of our present overtaxation.

Mr. Howitz, the eminent Dutch forest conservator, made a special report on Ireland, and declared that had the forests of Ireland been protected and fostered they would now represent a value of £100,000,000. In every other European country forests are regarded as a great national asset. In Ireland they have been ruthlessly destroyed. It has been estimated, on the basis of calculation by Mr. Howitz and various experts, that there are 3,000,000 acres of land in Ireland which could profitably be planted, and it is calculated that though such an operation would need an annual expenditure of a large sum for twenty-five years, at the end of that time there would result an annual profit of about £3,000,000 a year. This operation also would be easy had Ireland at her disposal for works of national utility the millions which are now wrung from her every year, and expended without a thought of the well-being of the nation. I have said nothing at all about anything in the

nature of restitution of the millions, the hundreds of millions, robbed from us during the last hundred years, especially since 1853, in shameless violation of what Englishmen call the Treaty of the Union.

I confine myself to the future, and I say the money annually raised by overtaxation, which goes to the maintenance of a rotten, inefficient and demoralizing system of government, which satisfies nobody but a handful of placemen, under which the population is diminishing and every industry languishing, would be amply sufficient, over and above the reasonable cost of civil government, to settle the laborers question, the housing question in towns, every phase of the education question, the arterial drainage question, harbor and pier accommodations, the great and vital question of general transit facilities, and the questions of reclamation of waste lands and the reforestation of Ireland. I calculate all these things could easily be provided for by about £3,000,000 a year or a little more; and allowing £5,000,000 a year for the government of Ireland, there would still remain over, out of our present taxation, £2,000,000 as an Imperial contribution from Ireland, which, of course, is far more than our fair proportion to the expenses of the Empire.



### *The Friends*

SHARE not thy joy with me, O friend the best;  
 Thou may'st forget me then—I shall not care:  
 But shut me from thy grief the bitterest,  
 And mine own grief would be too great to bear!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

# "MOTHER" MARTIN MILLIGAN.



By  
*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

ONE OF ROURKE'S

RECOLLECTIONS

IT'S funny how just to see one thing or hear one word will make a fellow remember a whole town or a whole story, isn't it? Now, yesterday afternoon a big, broad-shouldered, fine-looking man walked into my office and says:

"Hello, Rourke."

"I can't place you for the minute," says I.

"I'm Milligan," he says.

And that was why I locked up the office and didn't get home until the alarm clock was beginning to cluck like it does a little while before it makes you swear at it. Martin Milligan! I hadn't seen him for fifteen years. Not since he got me the job in Burley's sawmill at Millport, when I reached there—by way of the pike. I was looking for a job and for the way out of town when I met him, and he gave me the first and later on showed me the second, because he said I was wasting my time. People are better to a young Irishman than to any other. I don't know why it is, but you give a young fellow a touch of the brogue and the honest eyes that have the Kilkenny twinkle in them, and nobody is going to see him have much of a fight with hard luck. Milligan isn't Irish, but he is near it. If he was Irish he would have been married to Allegra Hicks, back there in Millport. But, not being Irish, he hadn't the sense to see when he held the high cards.

Did you ever work in a sawmill? No? Well, you've got an experience coming to you, if you never have it at all. I don't mean one of these big, jumbled-up places, where they snake a log into one end of the mill and shoot

it out of the other, all bundled up into shingles or finished into doors and furniture. I mean one of these little country sawmills, where you get docked half an hour's pay every morning because the engineer hasn't been able to get up steam enough to start the engine. That's the kind they had at Millport. There were just two places to work in Millport. One of them was in the sawmill and the other was a tannery that had been closed down after the Civil War.

I met Milligan at the gate opening into the lumber yard the evening I struck Millport. How I happened to go there is a long story—and a long walk—and I'd rather not go over the ground now. I met Milligan, as I say. He was leaving the sawmill, going to supper.

"Is there any chance of a man striking work here?" I asked him.

"Do you mean the kind of chance that has danger in it?" he asked.

"Is that a dangerous place?"

"No," he says, "not very. But I thought probably you wanted to know if there was any danger of your getting work, because there is."

With that I saw that he was joking, so I laughed and told him I wasn't afraid of work—as I've never been. The man that's afraid of it always finds it running away from him.

"Did you ever offbear from a slab saw?" Milligan asked me next.

"No. But I always thought I'd like to."

"You may change your mind. Come to the mill in the morning and I'll get Burley to put you on. We need another man."

He started on up the street and I kept along beside him, talking about the weather and thanking him for getting me the place. Finally we came to a nice-looking house, where he turned in at the gate. He said good-bye and then sort of jerked his head to one side and looked me over.

"I plumb forgot," he said. "You haven't\* found a boarding-place yet, have you?"

I told him I'd just got in, and he said I should come with him and he'd stake me to supper and a bed. I went up forty points in his estimation when I told him I had a little money—enough to pay my own expenses, but that I'd thank him to tell me of a good place for a man of my means to get board and lodging.

"Right here," he told me. "This is where I board. It's run by Mrs. Connolly, and——"

"You've said enough," I interrupted him. "Her name is a good enough reference for me."

And it was. An Irish name—What? The story? Well, if I hadn't got started to tell you about the town!

All right, the story you shall have. I went to work in the mill the next morning. I was to offbear from the slab saw. I would just as cheerfully have agreed to curry down the engine or parboil the logs, as far as knowing what offbearing was. It's this way. When they ran a log down to the big saw on the carriage, the first thing they did was to square it up. They ripped off four sides of it, and that left them a square log to slice into boards or joists or whatever they wanted to make out of it. These first four strips, and any others that weren't fit to be turned into lumber, went to the slab saw and were cross-cut into stove lengths for firewood. The dray in Millport never hauled anything but loads of slabs, except when some drummer came to town and couldn't unpack his trunks in the depot. Milligan ran the slab saw. He would take one of those long strips of timber and shove it against the saw, and my

part of the work was to grab the piece he lopped off and throw it out of the window into the millyard.

I got seventy-five cents a day for doing that. It was good exercise. It strengthened the arms and chastened the spirit. My memories of the time I officiated as gentleman-in-waiting to the slab saw are still strong enough to convince me that I did a good deal toward compelling the Government to organize the forestry commission. It is very pretty work for about twenty minutes. For that long the window where the slabs are thrown out is just about breast high. At thirty minutes the window creeps up a little. An hour after you begin it is on a level with your eyes, and your arms and back are getting weary. Two hours after you begin, the window is a little bit of a hole up near the roof, and your arms are made out of hot iron and your back is a mile long and aches all over. After a while your eyes get glassy and you realize that you are a machine. In a short time you know you will wear out and fall to the floor in a heap of scrap iron and bent wheels. The inside of your head hums and jumps around, and you realize that you are going to die. Just before you die the whistle blows for noon.

Repeat the dose for the afternoon and you will understand why I claim that the man who works that way day in and day out ought to have a gold medal pinned on him at six in the evening and be escorted home by a brass band. Only he wouldn't care a rap for the band. All he would ask would be for someone to lead him to the table and let him alone.

After my first day's work at the slab saw I met Allegra Hicks. Now, there are lots of folks who name their children out of novels, and once in a long time the name fits. I don't know what Allegra means, but it sounded as if it was made for her. If you was to play the prettiest piece of music you ever heard of until it changed into a flower, and then had seen that flower grow until it changed into a girl, you would understand what she was like.

No, I wasn't, either—but then, the Irish have eyes for beauty. Anyhow, I was too young. Besides, big Martin Milligan and young Billy Thompson had laid claim to the ground she walked on and were contesting the title. The way I met her that evening was: Martin and I were walking home when she happened along and spoke to him. Now, if you had watched a fine, well-built man slam sections of saw logs around all day, and had grown to wonder if he ever knew what weakness was, you would be surprised to see him get the shivers at the sound of a girl's voice.

"How do you do, Martin?" she said. Her voice was low and soft and sweet, and she smiled—ah, how she smiled!

I don't know which of them it is that breaks a man up the most—a woman's voice or her smile. But I do know that when she plays them both at once she simply melts him. Martin took off his hat and looked like a schoolboy that has just started to tell the audience that they'd scarce expect one of his age to stand in public on the stage, and then forgets what he is standing in public for. By and bye Martin managed to reply to her. He told her he was very well, thank you, and then he introduced me.

"I am so glad to meet Mr. Rourke," she said, turning to me. "Martin was telling me about you last night. You are a stranger in our town, are you not?"

If I do say it myself, there never was but one woman who could rattle me—and it wasn't Allegra Hicks. I told her that I was a stranger in Millport, but that I hoped to get acquainted rapidly.

"Well, Martin certainly is able to make you acquainted," she says, with another of those smiles.

"I'm going to take care of him, all right," Martin said. He was coming to himself. Then he told her to excuse us, as we were just from work and not dressed to be seen walking with her.

"As if that would make any difference!" she pouted. "Now, to punish

you I'm going to walk all the way to Mrs. Connolly's with you."

Of course, the fact that she lived right around the corner from Mrs. Connolly's didn't have anything to do with it. So she walked along, Martin brushing against the fence, and me keeping toward the curb. I forgot all about being tired, except when I showed her the blisters on my hands and the splinters in my fingers. Martin didn't talk much, but he listened well. That girl got me to tell more about myself than anybody else ever did. I told her all about how I happened to run away from home because my father wanted me to go to work, and how I'd had to work a good deal harder than he would have wanted me to, because of running away.

"Poor boy!" she sighed. "Why don't you go home, then? Be like the prodigal son."

"You don't know my father," I told her. "He would be apt to make me think I was the calf."

Of course it is an old joke, but it was tolerably new then. And she and Martin laughed at it. I guess they never had heard it before. After we left her at the corner, Martin and I went on into the house, and we didn't have much talk until after supper. He was hungry, and so was I. After supper, though, he began telling me how well I had stood up to the work, and from that he gradually led the talk around to Allegra. Once he got me started talking about her he let me go ahead full steam. You know the Irish can say what everybody else thinks. Martin could think all about her, but he couldn't speak it.

"Let's change the subject," he asked, when someone else came out where we were. I looked up and saw young Billy Thompson.

Young Billy was head sawyer—he ran the big saw, you know. His father before him was a head sawyer, and his grandfather used to run an old-fashioned rip saw that worked by water power and could chew its way through a twenty-foot log in an hour. As I said, this Billy Thompson was as much

smitten with Allegra as Martin was. Nobody could tell which of them she liked best, or if she liked either of them at all. First one and then the other could take her to places, or spend an evening with her.

Within a week I had figured it out that she couldn't decide which of them she wanted. She wanted one of them. They were both nice fellows—strong, good-hearted and honest—and good-looking. As far as looks went, Martin had a shade the best of it. He was taller and heavier than Billy. Billy wore a mustache, but Martin went smooth-faced those days.

I never could figure out, either, where I came in in the combination. If Martin went to see Allegra of an evening he would take me along. And Billy did the same thing. I was pretty young—well, I wasn't as young as she was, though. I don't know. Maybe. But then, anyhow, Billy and Martin were my friends. Still, she used to get me to sing some Irish songs—the ones about farewell, my love, and broken hearts, and about ghosts coming across the lake in the dead of night to wail at the old trysting-place. I could pick out the chords on a guitar, and those days my voice hadn't been spoiled by yelling at asphalt gangs. As I look back at it now, I guess I was making love for Billy and Martin and didn't know it. I was Mr. Gaily, the troubadour, or sort of a hired band. All I had to do was to sing the love songs while those fellows sat off to one side and wished they could do it. What Allegra thought I never tried to decide. No man can tell what a woman thinks—not even if she tells him. Love is a guessing contest. First you guess you are right; then you guess you are wrong. After a while you find you're neither one nor the other. But if it hadn't been for the accident I'd have had one more guess, maybe. As it turned out, neither Martin, Billy nor I got another chance to guess.

It was easy to see that Billy and Martin had asked Allegra to decide between them. In the first place, neither of them ate very much any

more. It isn't love that takes away a man's appetite—it's anxiety. If a man is sure that he is the favored one he can eat anything. He will be so tickled that he won't know what he is eating. But if he is worrying for fear he will not be the man that will have to make excuses to the girl for staying out late at night, then he can't see the roast beef for the reason that there is a haze of "I wonder" and "Will she?" always before his eyes. Then, Billy and Martin got rather chilly with each other. I never could understand why two men would be on the outs because they both happened to be after the same girl. You never hear of men becoming strangers because both of them have the measles or appendicitis at the same time. And love is just as uncertain as any other disease. Yes, sir, as any other disease. Haven't you seen where modern science has decided that it is a disease? It's worse than that. Let a man get a full attack of it and it's a raging epidemic as far as he is concerned.

One night I strolled around to Allegra's with my guitar tucked under my arm, expecting to run into either Billy or Martin. But neither of them came. So I tuned up the guitar and sang one or two little things. I wanted to sing these light, jolly songs, but Allegra kept asking if I remembered the sad ones. So I gave her the repertoire of songs about forsaken maidens gazing out over the sea, and heartbroken youths seeing some girl's eyes in the sky, and all that kind of thing.

"Where are Martin and Billy tonight?" she asked me, after I had played a lot of minor chords and told how somebody's ghost roamed the hills forever and a day, making casual inquiries as to some person who had promised to be true through all eternity.

"I thought they would be here," I answered, making a chord in C minor simply wail from the guitar.

"Mr. Rourke," she asked me, rubbing her hands together and looking down at them, "which—which one of them do you like the best?"



"It's not for me to say."

"But surely you have a preference."

"To be sure, Martin got me the place at the mill. But then Billy has always been good to me. And besides——"

I stopped then, and thrummed the strings softly.

"Besides what?" she asked.

"Besides, neither of them wants to marry me."

Poor thing! She thought nobody could guess the reason she was asking me about them. She thought I had not noticed anything of her worry over which of them she wanted. But it was written on her face in the great blush that covered it then.

She put out her hand and took hold of my fingers.

"Stop playing those chords," she said.

I did. My fingers simply closed around hers, and we sat there for what seemed like a day or so, looking at each other.

"Mr. Rourke," she sighed, "you may be glad you are not a girl. I would not have believed there were two such noble men in the world."

"Who is the other one?" I asked.

"The other one?"

"Yes, me and——"

"I hadn't been thinking of you."

I dropped her hand and struck the strings again. I was too young. The unhappiest time of life for a man is when he is too young or too old to mingle in courtships except as a confidential adviser. Pretty soon I took the guitar and went home, leaving Allegra sitting there, looking at a book and listening for a knock at the door.

It was the next day that the accident happened. No, indeed, man, I haven't just been telling you about the accident. Oh, no. Humph! If episodes like that were accidents I'd have retired independent rich on accident insurance by this time.

Now, I believe I told you that the big saw was in the centre of the mill and the slab saw down at one end.

Maybe it was thirty feet from one to the other. Next morning Martin and I were converting the waste timber into firewood for the people of Millport. Martin lugged back a piece, about six by two at one end, tapering down to a point. We were chopping it off as fast as he could switch it against the slab saw, when as I took up a section of it to throw out of the window I let it hit the top of the saw. I was thinking about the evening before, not about slabs. Whish! The stick flew out of my hand, tearing the skin off my fingers. It whirred down the mill—br-r-r-r—sping! And Billy Thompson went back in a heap on the floor. The stick had rapped him on the head as it was coming down.

When we got to him he was lying white and still, and I came near dropping myself. I thought he was dead. But Martin had hold of me and kept me from falling.

"He isn't dead," Martin said. "He's breathing all right."

But he was giving the best imitation of a dead man I ever saw. Somebody passed the word down to the engine-room and the machinery was stopped. Then we carried Billy over by the planing machine and laid him on a pile of shavings and sent for a doctor. The only doctor in town had gone five miles in the country.

Well, we treated Billy the best we knew how—sprinkled water in his face to bring him to, as if he had fainted. You know how word gets around in a little town. It didn't seem to me that it was five minutes until the people came. Allegra was among the first. She turned whiter than Billy, then whirled around and ran back home, to come back with a bottle of harts-horn. Martin and I were beside Billy, rubbing his hands when she brought it. She shoved me to one side and put the bottle to Billy's nose. He gasped and opened his eyes.

"He's alive!" Allegra said, and dropped the bottle on the floor and commenced to cry.

Isn't it queer how a woman will cry if she thinks someone is dead, and if

she finds out he is alive? I never could understand it.

Now, it seems that when that stick whacked Billy on the head it struck on his bump of memory and rather caved it in. You know there's people who claim that the head is covered with bumps and each bump is like a push button. It rings up your memory or your speech or hearing, or something like that. When the stick hit Billy it connected his mind with his boyhood, for the first thing he did when he opened his eyes was to look dazed and say:

"Mama."

It wasn't his voice at all. It was a regular boy's voice—a little boy's voice, say about five or six years old.

We all looked at one another. We couldn't understand it. I rubbed some more water on Billy's face, and he knocked my hand away and cried:

"I won't have my face washed, so there!"

Same little, thin, treble voice. I chuckled. It was funny—me scared to death, almost, for fear he was killed, and him opening up with that spoiled-child talk.

"You ought to be ashamed," Allegra said, looking at me sternly. "You ought to be ashamed to laugh at him at this moment."

I quit chuckling. Billy was lying there, his eyes wide open and looking from one to the other of us. The men crowded around and asked him if he knew them, but he didn't seem to hear anything. His hands kept fidgeting about, and finally Martin, who had been sitting at his head all the time, took hold of them to keep them still. Then Billy looked up at him and whispered:

"Mama, sing about the old gray goose."

Martin got purple clear up to his hair. I looked around at the others, but not one of them was smiling. Everything was so still and ghastly-like, with no sound except Billy's heavy breathing—and that piping little voice of his. Allegra's eyes were as big as saucers. She was gazing at

Martin. Billy's fingers kept clasping and unclasping on Martin's hands, and then he said again:

"Sing about the old gray goose, mama!"

"Sing it for him, Martin," Allegra whispered.

"I don't remember it all," Martin answered.

"But if you don't humor him he may die before the doctor gets here."

Martin looked the picture of despair. I knew just what he was thinking. Imagine yourself a big, husky fellow, and that you are asked to sing some foolish little song like the kind people please babies with. Martin cleared his throat once or twice, then said to Allegra:

"You sing it."

Allegra began, slowly:

"Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody  
The old gray goose is——"

"I want mama to sing it!" Billy interrupted. "I don't want that girl to sing it. Why don't you sing it, mama?"

Martin kept his eyes on the floor, cleared his throat, and began, his voice shaking:

"Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody,  
Go tell Aunt Rhody  
The old gray goose is dead."

"That's good, mama," says Billy, patting Martin's hands, while Martin looked foolisher than ever.

I wish you could have seen them. Billy, with that vacant, baby look in his eyes, Martin sitting, holding Billy's hands and looking down into the shavings, and Allegra between sobs and smiles, looking first at one and then at the other. Pretty soon Billy clutched Martin's hands tighter and asked him:

"Now, tell me about David 'n' Goliath, mama."

Martin looked over at me helplessly, then turned his eyes to Allegra sort of piteously. The strain was beginning to tell on him.

“Go on, Martin,” Allegra whispered.

So Martin had to start in on the story about David and Goliath, but Billy prompted him from time to time. Billy made him tell it as if David’s mother had put up some jelly and pie and cookies for his brothers that were in the army, and made him describe the armor Goliath wore, and finally he had to tell how the sword was “all bluggy all over” after David had won the fight. By that time Martin had one hand free and was wiping the sweat off his forehead and watching over the heads of the men for the doctor. You see, Billy had the idea that he was a kid again and that his mother was putting him to bed, like she used to. Billy took Martin’s hand in both of his and piped up:

“Mama, when I get to be a big man you won’t have to work and keep your hands rough. I’ll be your big man, won’t I?”

Allegra whimpered and buried her face in her hands. She whispered that Billy always was good to his mother, but that she had died when he was just a boy.

“Won’t I, mama?” Billy asked, looking up at Martin in that innocent stare of a child.

Martin’s face was a sight for gods and men. The sweat had run down to his chin and made streaks through the fine sawdust that had lodged on his cheeks. It must have been a pretty hard whack on the head to make Billy think Martin was his mother, meaning no disrespect to either Martin or Mrs. Thompson.

“Won’t I, mama?” Billy repeated.

This time Martin knew what to say without any prompting.

“Yes, dear,” he whispered. He seemed to have caught the idea of what was going on in Billy’s inverted bump of memory. “Now, go to sleep like a good boy.”

You could see that it was all coming back to Martin, too. His face was sober and sort of studied like. It was plain that he was going over in his mind the talks he used to have with his own mother before he would go to

sleep. Isn’t it fine that the Lord makes all children and all mothers alike? Just as if He started the children off properly and it is their own fault if they don’t turn out as good as they should.

Billy’s head turned over to one side and he shifted his shoulders about as if he were snuggling down into the pillow.

“Goin’ to say my p’ayers nowk, mama,” he said, sort of sleepily.

“Yes,” Martin murmured.

Then Billy began: “Now I lay me,” and he hesitated and started over and had to be prompted—and Martin sitting there all the time holding his hand—and finally Billy got down to “God bless papa and mama and Uncle Jim,” and all that. Then he drew a deep breath and shut his eyes. And I looked up—and every man in the crowd had his hat off and was looking down at his feet—and most of them were wiping their eyes—just as I was doing—and Allegra had one arm across Martin’s shoulders and was holding on to Billy’s fingers with the other hand and she was simply looking straight ahead of her.

No, it’s this confounded dust that blows in at the windows. Makes a fellow’s eyes water, you know.

There, I guess that dust is out. Never mind, I’ve got a handkerchief. Doesn’t help it any to rub, though.

. . . Well, while everything was as still as the inside of a tomb, except for the shuffling of feet and once in a while a sob from Allegra, there came a rattle and a clatter outside the mill, and someone yelled “Whoa!” and the doctor rushed in. One of these fat little country doctors, he was. Knew his business, though. He felt Billy’s pulse and pushed his hair to one side and looked at the dent in his scalp, and asked how long he had been that way. We told him about his thinking he was a child, and all that, and the doctor said it was a good thing we humored him. Then he had Billy taken to his room, and sent to the county seat for another doctor. You know, when one doctor gets a case that worries him he

calls in one or two more, and all of them take a guess at it, and usually they disagree. Which, the proverb says, is when the patient gets well.

They braced Billy's skull up again the same day, though. Trepanned it? I suppose so. That straightened out his memory anyway. It was two or three days before they would let anyone see him. Martin and I were the first to go around and tell him we were glad to see him getting well and to explain how it happened. He had gotten clean over the idea that Martin was any female relation of his.

And who do you suppose took charge of him and nursed him until he got well? Of course she did. But she never got through praising Martin—out of Billy's hearing—and telling him what a noble character he had, and how if it hadn't been for him Billy would have cashed in—no, she didn't use that expression. She said something about passing to the great beyond. But Billy had entirely for-

gotten that he ever was a boy. He was doing a splendid lot of remembering that he was a man, and that Allegra was right there with him.

Martin never told me till yesterday about what happened one evening after Billy was nearly well. I'm not going to tell it, either. But that night I remember that Martin came into my room and said:

"Rourke, play that guitar of yours and sing that song about the man that jumped into the lake and is always answering to an encore on the anniversary of the day his girl turned him down."

The next morning Martin packed his things and left. He went West and at the end of the week I went East. We never saw each other again until yesterday. Sure, Allegra and Billy got married. And what do you think? They've got a boy now, and what do you suppose they call him?

Martin? No, sir. His name is Rourke Thompson.



### *Described*

**L**ITTLE CLARENCE—Pa, what is a boar-hound?

**MR. CALLIPERS**—A bore-hound, my son, is an exceedingly unfortunate dog belonging to a man who is the father of a bright baby, or has the dyspepsia, or is the second cousin of a great man, or once caught a big fish, or is in love, or expects to do something of importance after a while, or thinks himself a logical candidate for something, or has just returned from abroad, or knows how to cure the grip, or is going to write a play, or persists in talking about himself when I want to talk about myself.

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**A**LMOST everybody is in favor of the public ownership of the United States Senate.

# The Science of Insurance

BY THOMAS H. TIBBLES

THERE is no basis to be found in political economy for insurance.

Political economy treats of the creation of wealth. Insurance, either life or fire, in no way enters into the production of wealth. The basis of insurance is benevolence. In its simple form a number of persons unite and agree that each will contribute to a fund a certain amount. If the house of a contributor burns, or if a contributor dies, he, or his family, will receive a certain amount from that fund. In an unorganized way it has been practiced since men associated in bands or tribes. If a pioneer's cabin burned down, his neighbor's always contributed either labor or money to make good, at least in part, his loss. Even among primitive peoples the principle was recognized. If a hunter died in the prime of life, or a prairie or forest fire destroyed his tent and implements of war and the chase, members of his band cared for his family or contributed toward repairing the loss.

When insurance companies were first organized in this country they fully acknowledged that benevolence was the basis upon which they operated. The offer they made was that they would care for the contributions of the members, so as always to have the money ready when it was most needed, and would do that work for a moderate recompense for the time and talent required. Insurance companies, especially life companies, were acknowledged to be expressly fiduciary in their nature, and the responsible persons in charge of them were always men of the highest character or men known for their philanthropy. None of the founders of the first insurance com-

panies imagined that they would be used as money-making institutions to pile up fortunes for a few, gathered by the sacrifices of loving fathers or prudent, toiling business men. The uncertainties of life and business caused so much suffering that a way to avoid it was sought for by lovers of mankind, and in that spirit the companies were started.

The actuaries who made the first rates had few data upon which to base them, and they proved too high. Besides that, with the advance made in preventive medicine, the average life has been considerably extended. The result is company surpluses so vast that they stagger the imagination. The enormous sums of money collected from the toiling millions, placed as they are in the hands of speculators, are a threat to civilization. It is from these funds that the money has come to float most of the great promotion schemes of the last few years. They have swayed the policies of the Government. One of these companies openly voted \$25,000 as a contribution to the Republican campaign fund in 1896.

The life insurance companies have established banks of loans and discounts, which operate outside of the banking laws; they have organized trust companies composed of their officers and directors. If these officers and directors loaned the hundreds of millions of surplus directly to themselves, they commit a felony and could be sent to prison. To avoid such unpleasant consequences they organize a "trust company" composed of themselves, and by that means borrow millions and then loan them on Wall

Street securities, or float trusts, finance railroads, steamship companies or make any other financial ventures that they think will turn out profitable. In this way these great fiduciary institutions have been entirely diverted from their benevolent functions. All the great companies pursue practically the same methods. Every large life company has had a number of "auxiliary companies," as they are called, which is only a euphonious term to cover up nefarious or illegal practices. The methods of the Equitable have been made public because of a disagreement among the officers, but its methods are not essentially different from the others. A great deal has been said in the newspapers about Seeley dinners and minor matters, but of the auxiliary companies of the Equitable, the banking business that it does and other speculative ventures, nothing has been said.

The early managers of life insurance companies were the well-known philanthropists of that day. The managers of today are political adventurers, get-rich-quick fortune hunters, Wall Street speculators and owners of the great trusts and corporations. Into the hands of such men have the savings of millions of the common people gone, not by the desire of those who have earned and saved the money, but by tricks and frauds practiced upon them by Wall Street magnates and political managers. The Morton family, one of whom has been placed at the head of the Equitable, is a fair sample of the remainder of this coterie of fortunate fortune hunters, and a little sketch of the family will prove of interest to the policyholders of that company.

J. Sterling Morton came to the territory of Nebraska in 1854. He was a man of no property at that time, but, like the peasants of Europe, he was always ready to bow in humble submission to plutocratic pretenses. He was a sympathizer with slavery, born a fossilized Democrat of the Judge Taney-Buchanan type, a lover of monopoly, a despiser of the common people, a persistent advocate for the disfranchisement of all except the

wealthy. He never had any "visible means of support." He never engaged in any legitimate business, but was always fairly supplied with money. In fact, J. Sterling Morton was a railroad lobbyist and followed that as a trade for many years. He was often a candidate for office, but the hardy and self-respecting people of that state always overwhelmed him with adverse majorities. He, however, held many honorary offices in Nebraska. The railroads always had great influence, and they secured from the Republicans who ran the state for the railroads such positions as president of the historical or horticultural societies, which kept him before the public. Of this he made the most. Nebraska was an arid, treeless plain. Everyone was saying: "Plant trees." A farmer in one of the counties wrote article after article in the local paper advocating the establishment of a state holiday to be devoted to the planting of trees, to be called "Arbor Day." The State Historical Society met and discussed the proposition, passed a resolution recommending the establishment of such a holiday, and after several votes adopted the name "Arbor Day." Morton immediately claimed the honor of originating the whole matter.

As the profits from railroad lobbying and inside tips increased, Morton built himself a palace and surrounded it with complete aristocratic exclusiveness. Here his boys were brought up to despise the common people and taught the intricacies of railroad wrecking and running legislatures in the interest of corporations.

Paul Morton was put at the head of great railroad interests, where, as a despiser of the law, he soon made himself famous. Santa Fé rebates under Paul Morton were the most open and flagrant violations of the law in the whole country. The railroad managers were so delighted with him that they had him change his politics so that Mr. Roosevelt could appoint him as a member of the Cabinet. One week Mr. Paul Morton was a Gold Democrat.

The next he was a Republican and a member of the Cabinet. Paul's brother is the head of the Salt Trust.

Paul Morton is now back in his old political environment. Cleveland, Ryan, and others at the head of the great, benevolent, fiduciary institution known as the Equitable Life Insurance Society, are all Gold Democrats. They will take the millions gathered from the toiling people—sacred trust funds—and handle them the way Cleveland handled the trust funds of the people of the United States when he sold millions of United States bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan for 106, at the very time that the bonds were quoted on the open market at 118. The nine or ten millions that Cleveland presented to Morgan of the people's money was one of the chief factors in the great promoter's subsequent career. How do these men—Ryan, Morton and Cleveland—compare with the great philanthropists who first induced the people to confide in them, feeling certain that their savings would be carefully guarded and returned to the stricken family with interest added and only the actual cost of caring for the trust fund retained?

The men who organized the People's Party were the first to discover the iniquities of the great insurance companies. The plan of fighting them was practicable and has proved almost universally a success. They said that the rates for both fire and life insurance were exorbitant, and the leading members of the party advocated the

formation of local mutual insurance companies that would furnish insurance at cost to the members. There are hundreds of these local insurance companies scattered all over the West, and when the names of the active men in them are scanned it will be seen that the most of them are also Populist leaders in the vicinity. These practical men did not waste time and money in denouncing the "old line" companies, as they are called. They went after practical relief and got it. It is a wonder that any of these companies succeeded, for the plutocratic press—and that includes the whole press with the exception of the few Populist papers—denounced them with great vindictiveness. The events of the last few months have proved that these men of the South and the West, if not "frenzied," were very practical financiers.

It may well be predicted that the day of looting life insurance companies draws toward a close. The solution may be government insurance, against which there can be no sound argument made. Ever since government was instituted one of its functions has been through probate courts to care for the property rights of widows and orphans. It would be for the public welfare for the government to care for the savings of the widow and orphan in handling their savings through life insurance, as well as by the establishment of savings banks; and every civilized government on earth does that except the United States.

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### *Defined*

**F**REDDIE—What's the difference between a good trust and a criminal one?  
**P**APA—A good trust, my boy, is one that has not been able to get the upper hand.

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**G**ETTING a good start in this world doesn't always help you to see your finish.



*Let Him Loose*  
*W. A. Rogers, in N. Y. Herald*

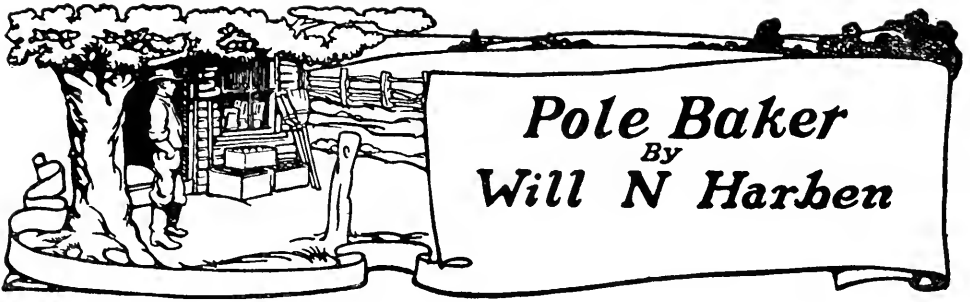


*Prosperity Is the Mother of Graft*  
*Jamieson, in Pittsburg Dispatch*



*Thumbs Up? Or Thumbs Down?*  
*C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World*





# 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. Cynthia's grandmother fears lest Mrs. Porter, who suspects the girl's interview with Floyd, may become insane and kill herself as a sister had done. At bush-arbor meeting Pole warns Floyd that if Cynthia suffers at his hands he himself will kill him. On their way home Cynthia and Floyd are driven by a storm to take refuge for the night in a deserted mill. The situation and Pole's warning complete the awakening of Floyd's better nature and convince him of his true love for Cynthia.

### CHAPTER XVII

THE sun—and it had never seemed to shine so brightly before—had been up about half an hour when the couple drove up to Porter's gate.

"There's mother at the window now," Cynthia said as she got out of the buggy. "I can see that she's angry even from here."

"I'll hitch Jack and go in and explain," offered Floyd.

"Oh, no, don't!" Cynthia said quickly. "I'll tell her all about it. Go on. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, then," Floyd said, and he drove on to the village.

But Mrs. Porter did not come to the door to meet her as Cynthia expected. The girl found her alone in the sitting-room, seated sulkily at the fireplace, where a few sticks of damp wood were burning gloomily.

"Well, where did you spend the night?" the old woman asked icily.

Cynthia stood before her, withered to her soul by the tone in which her mother's question had been asked.

"You are not going to like it a bit, mother," the girl said resignedly. "The storm overtook us just as we got to Long's mill. The horse was frightened and about to run away and the road was awfully dangerous. There was nothing for us to do but to go in."

"Long's mill! Oh, my God! there is no one living there, nor in miles of it!"

"I know it, mother."

Mrs. Porter buried her pale wrinkled face in her hands and leaned forward in her chair, her sharp elbows on her knees.

"I'm never going to get over this!" she groaned—"never—never; and you are my *only* child!"

"Mother!" Cynthia bent down and almost with anger drew the old woman's hand from her face. "Do you know what you are saying? Do you know that—that you may drive me from home with that insinuation?"

Mrs. Porter groaned. She got up stiffly, and, like a mechanical thing moved by springs, she caught her daughter's wrist and led her to a window, sternly staring at her from her great, sunken eyes. "Do you mean to tell me that you and *that* man sat together all the livelong night in that mill?"

"Mother, I was completely tired out. There was some fodder on the floor. I sat down on it, and after a long time I dropped asleep. He did, too. He was near the door, and I——"

Mrs. Porter extended the stiff fingers of her hand and plucked a piece of fodder from Cynthia's hair, and held it sneeringly up to the light. "It's a pity you didn't have a comb and brush with you," she said. "You'd have been supplied at a hotel. Your hair is all in a mess. I'm going to keep this little thing. Light as it is, it has knocked life and hope out of me."

Cynthia looked at her steadily for a moment, and then turned from the room. "I'm not going to defend myself against such suspicions as you have," she said from the door. "I know what I am, if you don't."

"I reckon this whole county will know what you are before many days," snarled Mrs. Porter. "Minnie Wade had somebody in her family with enough manhood in 'im to want to defend her honor, but you haven't. Your sleepy-headed old father——"

The girl was gone. For several minutes the old woman stood quivering in the warm sunlight at the window, and then she stalked calmly through the dining-room and kitchen and out to the barn. One of the stable doors was open, and she could see her husband inside.

"Nathan Porter!" she called out—"you come here. I've got something to tell you."

"All right," he answered. "I'll be thar in a minute. Dern your lazy soul, hain't I give you enough corn to eat without you havin' to chaw up a brand-new trough? I'm a good mind

to take this currycomb an' bust yore old head with it."

"Nathan Porter, I say, come out here! Let that horse alone!"

"All right, I'm a-coming. Now, I reckon I'll have to fetch a hammer an' saw an' nails an' buy planks to make another trough, jest for you to chaw up into powder."

"Nathan Porter, do you hear me?"

"Well, I reckon ef I don't they do over at Baker's," and the farmer, bareheaded and without his coat, came from the stable.

"That blasted hoss has deliberately set to work an' chaw——"

"Nathan Porter"—the old woman thrust her slim fingers into his face—"do you see that piece of fodder?"

"Yes, I see it. Is it a sample o' last year's crop? Are you buyin' or sellin'? You mought 'a' fetched a bundle of it. A tiny scrap like——"

"I got that out o' Cynthia's hair."

"You don't say! It must be a new sort o' ornament! I wouldn't be surprised to see a woman with a bundle of it under each arm on the front bench at meetin' after seein' them Wilson gals t'other night ready fer the dance with flour in the'r hair an' the ace o' spades pasted on the'r cheeks."

"Cynthia and Nelson Floyd stayed all night in Long's mill," panted Mrs. Porter. "There wasn't another soul there nor in miles of it."

"Huh, you don't say!" the farmer sniffed. "I reckon ef they had 'a' sent out a proclamation through the country that they was goin' to stay thar a lot o' folks would 'a' waded through the storm to be present."

"I got this out of her hair, I tell you!" the old woman went on fiercely. "Her head was all messed up, and so was her dress. If you've got any manhood in you you'll go to town and call Nelson Floyd out and settle this thing."

"Huh! Me go to his store on his busiest day an' ax 'im about a piece o' fodder no bigger'n a gnat's wing? He'd tell me I was a dern fool, an' I'd deserve it. Oh, I see what you are a-drivin' at, an' I tell you it gits me out o' patience. You women are so dad

blasted suspicious an' guilty at the bottom yoreses'ves that you imagine bad acts is as plentiful as the leaves on the ground in the fall. Now, let me tell you, you hain't obeying the Scriptural injunction to judge not lest ye be judged accordin'ly. I want you to let that little gal an' her sweetheart business alone. You hain't a-runnin' it. You don't have to live with the feller she picks out, an' you hain't no say whatever in the matter. Nur you hain't got no say, nuther, as to the way she does her particular courtin'. The Lord knows nobody was kind enough to put in away back thar when you was makin' sech a dead set fer me. Folks talk a little about Floyd, but let me tell you my *own* character them days wasn't as white as snow. I don't know many men wuth the'r salt that hain't met temptation. I sorter cut a wide swath 'fore I left the turf, an' you know it. Didn't I hear you say once that you reckoned you never would 'a' tuck me ef I'd 'a' been after you day an' night? You knowed thar was other fish in the sea, an' you didn't have any bait to speak of, with them Turner gals an' the'r nigger slaves an' plantations in the'r own right livin' next door to pa's. Yore old daddy said out open that that you an' yore sister needn't expect a dollar from him; he'd educated you, an' that was all he could do. I hain't grumblin', mind you. I never cry over spilt milk; it hain't sensible. It don't help a body out of a bad matter into a better one."

"Oh, I wish you'd hush and listen to me!" Mrs. Porter had not heard half he had said. "I tell you Cynthia and that man stayed all night long in that lonely mill together, an' she came home at sunrise this morning all rumbled up and——"

"Now, you stop right thar! *You stop right thar!*" Porter said, with as much sternness as he could command. "As to staying in that mill all by the'rse'ves, I want you jest to put on yore thinkin' cap, ef the old thing hain't wore clean to tatters or laid away till it's moth-et. Do you remember when that lonely old Widder Pelham pegged

out durin' our courtin'-time? You do? *Well!* We went thar—you an' me did—expectin' to meet the Trabue crowd an' that passel o' young folks from Hanson's, to set up with the corpse. Well, when me 'n' you got thar about eight o'clock the Trabue crowd sent word that as long as the Hanson lay-out was comin' they believed they wouldn't drive so fur; an' right on top o' that come a message from the Hanson folks, sayin' that you an' me an' the Trabues was as many as the little house would hold, so they would stay away; an' thar you an' me was with nobody to make us behave but a dead woman, an' *her* screwed down tight in a box. I remember as clear as day that you laughed an' said you didn't care, an' you set in to makin' coffee an' cookin' eggs an' one thing 'n' another to keep us awake an' make me think you was handy about a house. Well, now, here's the moral to that tale. The neighbors—tough as my record was—was kind enough not to say nasty things about us afterwards, an' it hain't Christian or motherly of you to start a tale about our gal when as big a storm as that driv' her an' her beau in out o' danger. Besides, I tell you, you are standin' in Cynthia's light. She's got as good a right to the best in the land as anybody, an' I believe Nelson Floyd is goin' to git married sooner or later. He's had a chance to look over the field, an' I hope she'll suit 'im. I never made money by marryin', myself, an' I sorter like the idea o' my child gittin' a comfortable berth. That gal hain't no common person nohow. She'll show off a fine house as well as any woman in this State. She's got sense, an' a-plenty of it; folks say she's like me."

"You don't know what you are talking about." Mrs. Porter was looking at the ground. Her hard face had softened; she was drawn perforce to words at her husband's view of the matter. His rebuke rang harshly in her ears. She turned toward the house and took several steps, then she looked back. "I pray God you are right, Nathan," she said. "Maybe all the

worry I had through the night has made me unable to see the matter fairly."

"That's it," said Porter as he leaned on the fence; "and let me tell you, if you don't quit makin' so many mountains out o' molehills, an' worryin' at sech a rate, you'll go like yore sister Martha did. Try worryin' about *yorese'f* a while; ef I thought as mean about my own child as you do I'd bother about the condition o' my soul."

With her head hanging low Mrs. Porter walked slowly to the house. Her view was more charitable and clearer, though she was so constituted that she could not at once obey her inclination to apologize to her daughter.

"I'm actually afraid I'm losing my mind," she said. "I am acting exactly as sister Martha did."

## CHAPTER XVIII

It was a warm morning on the first day of June. Pole Baker lay on the thick grass, near the door of the court-house, talking to Jim Carden, a little shoemaker from Darley.

"Didn't Nelson Floyd go into the court-house jest now?" Pole asked.

"Yes," said the shoemaker in his high voice; "him and Colonel Price was settin' here fer half an hour 'fore you come, talkin' about a trade. Price is tryin' to sell 'im his plantation an' that big house completely furnished. I'd rather see Floyd's eyes when he's on a trade than anything I ever looked at. They shine like twin stars. But I don't believe they'll trade. They are too far apart."

"This section is chock full o' keen men, from the highest to the lowest," remarked Pole. "Old settlers say that a long time ago seven Jews settled here, intendin' to git rich, an' that these mountain men got all they had, an' the Jews literally starved to death. Thar hain't been one in the county since."

"Our folks certainly are hard to down," said Carden. "Do you know

that long, slim chap in front o' Floyd's store? That's one o' the Bowen boys, from Gilmer—I mean the feller at the covered wagon."

"Know 'im? I reckon I do," Pole laughed. "That's Alf Bowen. I had a round with 'im one day. It was in the fall o' the year, an' they was so busy at Mayhew & Floyd's that they pulled me into the service. I'm a purty good salesman when I'm about half loaded. Well, Alf come in leadin' his little gal by the hand an' said he wanted to fit 'er out in a cloak. Joe Peters hung to 'im fer half an' hour, but everything he'd show the feller was too high, or not good enough, an' Joe switched 'im off on me. Joe was afear'd ef the skunk went out that some more that was with 'im would follow, an' they was buyin' a little now an' then. Well, do you know, Jim, I made up my mind I'd sell that feller a cloak ef I had to do it below cost an' make up the difference myself. Old Uncle Abner Daniel was thar settin' on a nail keg, a-spittin' an' a-chawin' an' pokin' fun at me. As I was passin' 'im he cocked his eye up an' said, said he: 'Pole, I'll bet you a cigar you cayn't sell 'im.' 'Done,' said I. 'I'll go you,' an' I set to work in earnest. Alf had sorter intimated that six dollars was his cloak limit, an' I drewed Joe Peters round behind a stack o' boxes, an' axed 'im ef we had anything as low as that. Joe said no, we didn't, but, said he, 'sometimes, when we git short, we run into Glenn's store next door an' take out an article on trial, an' ef we sell it we git it at cost.' Well, I happened to know that Glenn had some cloaks in, so I went back to my customer an' told 'im that we had just got in a box o' cloaks the day before, but they was in the cellar unopened, an' ef he'd wait a minute I'd bust the box an' see ef thar was any low-priced cloaks in the lot. Bowen's eyes sorter danced, an' he said he had plenty o' time.

"So I picked up a hammer an' run down in the cellar. I knocked at an empty box an' kicked over a barrel or two, an' then scooted out at the

back door an' round into Glenn's shebang. 'Sam,' said I, 'have you got a cloak that you kin let us have so we kin sell it at six dollars an' make any profit?' He studied a minute, an' then he said he 'lowed he had jest the thing, an' he went an' got one an' fetched it to me. 'This 'un,' said he, 'is all right except this little ripped place here under the arm, but any woman kin fix that in a minute. I kin let you have it, Pole, fer five-fifty.' Well, sir, I grabbed it an' darted back into our cellar, knocked once or twice more with the hammer, an' run up to Alf an' the gal. 'Here's one,' said I. 'It's an eight-dollar garment, but in drawin' it out o' the box just now I ripped it a little, but any woman kin fix that in a minute. Now, bein' as it's *you*, Alf,' said I, 'an' we want yore trade, I'll make it to you at first cost without the freight from Baltimore. I kin give you this thing, Alf,' said I, 'fer six dollars.'

"Well, sir, I thought I had 'im, an' was winkin' at Uncle Ab, when Bowen sorter sniffed an' stuck his long finger through the hole. 'Shucks!' said he. 'Sam Glenn offered me that cloak fer four dollars an' a half two weeks ago. I could 'a' got it fer four, but I wouldn't have it. It's moth-et.'"

Carden threw himself back on the grass and laughed. "What the devil did you do?" he asked.

"Do?—nothin'. What could I do? I jest grinned an' acknowledged the corn. The joke was agin me. An' the funny part of it was the feller was so dead in earnest he didn't see anything to laugh at. Ef I'd a-been in his place I'd 'a' hollered."

"Did you give Uncle Ab his cigar?" the shoemaker asked.

"I offered it to 'im, Jim, but he wouldn't take it. I axed 'im why. 'Beca'se,' said he, 'I was bettin on a certainty.' 'How's that?' said I. 'Why,' said he, 'I seed Alf Bowen buy a cloak for that gal at the fire sale over at Darley two weeks ago. He was just lookin' round to see ef he'd got bit.'"

Pole saw Floyd coming out of the court-house and went to him. "I un-

derstand you an' Price are on a deal," he said.

"Yes, but we are far apart," Floyd answered pleasantly. "He offers me his entire two thousand acres and furnished house for twenty-five thousand. As I told him, Pole, I could draw the money out of the other investments and take the property, but I couldn't see profit in it above twenty thousand."

"It's wuth all he asks fer it," Pole said wisely.

"I know it is, to any man who wants to live on it, but if I buy it I'd have to hire a good man to manage it, and, altogether, I can't see my way to put more than twenty thousand in it. He's anxious to sell. He and his wife want to move to Atlanta, to be with their married daughter."

They were walking toward Floyd's store, and Pole paused in the street. "Are you busy right now, Nelson?" he asked, his face wearing a serious look.

"Not at all, Pole."

"Well, I've got some'n' to say to you, Nelson. I'm goin' to acknowledge that thar's one thing I've wanted to do fer you more, by hunkey, than anything in the world. Nelson, I've always hoped that I'd run across some clue that 'ud eventually lead to yore findin' out who yore kin are."

"That's good of you, Pole," responded Floyd in a sincere tone. "It is a thing I am more interested in than anything else in the world." The young merchant laughed mechanically. "Pole, if the lowest-looking tramp you ever saw in your life were to come here, and I found out he was even a distant cousin of mine, I'd look on him with reverence. I'd fit him out in new clothes and give him money, and never want to lose sight of him. Why I feel that way I don't know; but it is planted deep down inside."

"I knew you felt that-a-way," said Pole, "an', as I say, I want to help. Now, Nelson, all my life folks has said I was keen about tracin' things out. In my moonshinin' day, an' since then, in helpin' old Ab Daniel an' Alan Bishop in that timber deal, an' in one way an' another, I've always been good

## CHAPTER XIX

at readin' men an' the'r faces an' voices. Now, I reckon what Captain Duncan said that day about his talk with that feller Floyd—Henry A. Floyd—in Atlanta went in at one o' yore ears an' out at t'other, but it didn't with me. I've studied about that thing night an' day ever since, an' yesterday I had a talk with Duncan. I made 'im go over what him an' Floyd said, word fer word, an' I'm here to tell you that I want yore consent to see that old man myself. I've got to go down to the United States Court tomorrow to see Judge Spence about leniency in old Paxton's moonshine case, an' I'll have time on my hands. I wish you'd consent to let me talk, in a roundabout way, of course, to that man Floyd. Captain Duncan made a big mistake in sayin' so much about yore bad luck in yore childhood an' nothin' about what you've since made of yoreself. A man as pore as Floyd is, an' as proud, wouldn't care to rake up kin with a man like Duncan showed you to be. The Captain had an idea that ef he got the old chap's pity up he'd find out what he wanted to know; but a man of that stripe don't pity no unfortunate man nor want to claim kin with 'im. From the way Duncan talked to me I have an idea that old man was keepin' back some'n'."

Floyd was looking at his rough friend with eyes full of emotion. "I'd rather have you do a thing of that kind, Pole, than any man alive," he said. "And I can trust your judgment and tact, too. I confess I am not hopeful in that particular direction, but if you want to see the man, why, do it. I certainly appreciate your interest, and next time I hope you will not wait to ask my consent. I trust the whole matter to you."

"Well," the mountaineer smiled, "I may be away off in my calculations and make nothin' by it, but I want to try my hand. Thar comes Colonel Price. I'll bet a new hat he'll come to yore offer before long. You jest keep a stiff upper lip, an' don't bring up the subject of yore own accord; he'll do the talkin'."

WHEN he had finished his interview with Judge Spence in Atlanta the next day Pole went to a drug-store and looked up the address of Henry A. Floyd in the city directory. The old bachelor lived on Peachtree Street, about half a mile from the Union Depot in a rather antiquated story-and-a-half frame house, which must have been built before the Civil War. The once white paint on its outside had turned to a weather-beaten gray, and the old-fashioned blinds, originally bright green in color, had faded, and hung loosely on rusty hinges. There was a little lawn in front which stretched from the gateless iron fence to the low-floored veranda, but it held scarcely a tuft of grass, the ground being bare in some places and in others weed-grown. Pole went to the door and rang. He was kept waiting for several minutes before a middle-aged woman, evidently a servant of all work or housekeeper, appeared.

"Is Mr. Floyd about?" Pole asked politely, doffing his slouch hat.

"He's back in the garden behind the house," the woman said. "If you'll wait here I'll go call him."

"All right, ma'am," Pole said. "I'll wait; I've got plenty o' time." She went away, and he sat down on a rickety bench on the veranda, his hat still in his hands, his eyes on the passing carriages and street cars.

Presently the owner of the house appeared round the corner. He was tall, clerical-looking, ashy as to complexion, slightly bald, had sunken cheeks over which grew thin, iron-gray side whiskers, and a despondent stoop.

"I'll have to git at that old skunk through his pocket," Pole reflected as his keen eyes took in every detail of the man's make-up. "He looks like he's bothered about some'n', an' a man like that's hard to git pinned down; an' ef I don't git 'im interested, he'll kick me out o' this yard. I'll be derved ef he don't favor Nelson a little about the head an' eyes."

"How are you, Mr. Floyd?" Pole

stood up and extended his hand. "Baker's my name, sir; from up the country. I was on yore farm in Bartow not long ago, an' I sorter liked the lay o' the land. Bein' as I was down here on business, anyhow, I 'lowed I'd drap in an' ax ef you had any part o' that place you'd care to rent. I've jest got two hosses, but I want to put in about thlirty acres."

A slight touch of life seemed to struggle into the wan face of the old man for a moment.

"I've got just about that many acres unrented," he said. "The rest is all let out. You'd have good neighbors, Mr.——"

"Baker, sir—Pole Baker," the caller put in.

"And good fertile land, too, Mr. Baker. May I ask if you intend to rent on the part-crop plan or for cash?"

Pole's eyes twinkled as they rested on a pair of fine horses and glittering carriage that were passing. "Ef I rent yore'n, Mr. Floyd, I'll pay cash."

"Well, that certainly is the wisest plan, Mr. Baker." There was a still greater show of life in the old man's face; in fact, he almost smiled. "Come inside a minute. I've got a map of my property, showing just how each section lies and how it's drained and watered." He opened the door and led Pole into a wide hall, and thence, to the right, into a big, bare-looking parlor. "Have a seat, Mr. Baker; my desk is in the little room adjoining."

Pole sat down, crossed his long legs, and put his hat on his knee. When he found himself alone he smiled. "Captain Duncan thought a crabbed old cuss like that 'ud be interested in pore kin," he mused. "Huh! nothin' short o' Vanderbilts an' Jay Goulds 'ud start his family pulse to beatin'. Le' me see, now, how I'd better begin to——"

"Here it is, Mr. Baker." Floyd entered with a map and pencil in his hand. "If you looked the place over when you were there, you may remember that the creek winds round from the bridge to the foot of the hill. Well, right in there——"

"I know, and that's dandy land, Mr. Floyd," Pole broke in. "That's as good as you got, I reckon."

"The very best, Mr. Baker—in fact, it's the part I always rent for cash. I have to have ready money for taxes and interest and the like, you know, and when I strike a man who is able to pay in advance, why, I can make him a reasonable figure, and he gets the best."

"It's got a good house on it, too, I believe?" Pole was stroking his chin with a thoughtful air.

"Six rooms, and a well and stable and good cow house, Mr. Baker." Old Floyd was actually beaming.

"Does the roof leak?" Pole looked at him frankly. "I won't take my wife and children into a leaky house, Mr. Floyd. If I pay out my money, I want ordinary comfort."

"Doesn't leak a drop, Mr. Baker."

Pole stroked his chin for another minute. He was looking down at the worn carpet, but he felt Floyd's eyes fastened eagerly on him.

"Well, what's yore figure, Mr. Floyd?"

"Two hundred dollars a year—half when you move in, and the rest a month later." The old man seemed to hold his breath. The paper which he was folding quivered.

"Well, I wouldn't kick about the price," Pole said. "The only thing that——" Pole seemed to hesitate for a moment, then he went on. "I never like to act in a hurry in important business matters, an' I generally want to be sorter acquainted with a man I deal with. You see, ef I moved on that place it 'ud be to stay a long time, an' thar'd be things on yore side to do year after year. I generally ax fer references, but I'm a-goin' to be straight with you, Mr. Floyd; somehow, I feel all right about you. I like yore face. The truth is, you have a strong favor to a feller up our way. He's the richest young man we got, an' the finest ever God's sun shone on. An' as soon as I heard yore name was Floyd—the same as his is—somehow I felt like you an' him was kin, an' that I wouldn't

lose by dealin' with you. Blood will tell, you know."

"Why, who do you mean?" The old man stared in pleased surprise. "All the Floyds I know were broken up by the war. I must say none of them are really rich."

"This Floyd is, you kin bet yore boots on that," Pole said enthusiastically. "He owns mighty nigh the whole o' our county; he's the biggest money-lender and investor in stocks and bonds I know of. He's fine all round: he'd fight a buzz-saw bare-handed; he's got more friends than you kin shake a stick at; he could walk into Congress any election ef he'd jest pass the word out that he wanted the job."

"Why, this is certainly news to me," the old man said. "And you say he resembles me?"

"Got yore eyes to a T, an' long, slim hands like yore'n, an' the same shape o' the head an' neck! Why, shorely you've heard o' Nelson Floyd, junior member o' Mayhew & Floyd, of Springtown, the biggest dealers o' farm supplies in——"

"Oh, Nelson Floyd! Why—why, surely there must be some mistake. He hasn't made money, has he? Why, the only time I ever heard of him he was in destitute circumstances, and——"

"Destitute hell!—I beg yore pardon, Mr. Floyd; that slipped out. But that feller's not only not destitute, but he's the *friend* o' the destitute. What he does fer the pore an' sufferin' every year 'ud start many a man in life."

A flush had crept into Floyd's face, and he leaned forward in warm eagerness. "The truth is, Mr. Baker, that Nelson Floyd is the only child of all the brother I ever had."

"You *don't* say!" exclaimed Pole, holding the old man's eyes firmly. "Which brother was that?"

"Charles Nelson—two years younger than I am. The truth is, he and I became estranged. He broke my mother's heart, Mr. Baker. He was very wild and dissipated, though he died bravely in battle. I would have looked after his son, but I lost sight of

him and his mother after the war, and, then, I had my own troubles. There are circumstances, too, which I don't care to go over with a—a stranger. But I'm glad the young man has done well. The first I heard of him was about ten years ago. He was then said to be a sort of wild mountain outlaw. It was not natural for me to feel pride in him, or——"

"He *was* wild about that time," Pole said as he stood up to go, "but he settled down and made a man of hisse'f. I'll let you know about that land, Mr. Floyd. Ef you don't hear from me by—this is Tuesday, ain't it?—ef you don't hear from me by Saturday, you may know that my wife has decided to stay on up the country."

"But"—Floyd's face had fallen—"I hope nothing will interfere with our deal, Baker. I'd like to have you on my place. I really would."

"All right, we'll live in hopes," said the mountaineer, "ef we die in despair," and Pole went out into the sunlight.

"Now, Poley," he chuckled, "who said you couldn't git all you was after? But *lie!* My lord, I don't know when I'll ever git all that out o' my body. I feel like I am literally soaked in black falsehood, like a hide in a vat at a tannery. It's leakin' out o' the pores o' my skin an' runnin' down into my socks. But that dried-up old skunk made me do it. Ef he hadn't a-been so 'feared o' pore kin, I wouldn't 'a' had to sink so low. Well, I've got news fer Nelson, an' that's what I was after."

## XX

It was ten o'clock that night when the stage, or "hack," as it was called, put Pole down in the square at Springtown. He went directly to Floyd's store, hoping to see the young man before he went to bed, but the long building was wrapped in darkness. Pole went over to the little hotel where Floyd roomed. The proprietor, Jerry Malone, and two tobacco drummers sat smoking on the veranda.



"He's jest this minute gone up to his room," the landlord said, in response to Baker's inquiry as to the whereabouts of his friend. "It's the fust door to the right, at the top o' the steps."

Pole went up and knocked on Floyd's door, and the young merchant called out, "Come in."

Baker opened the door, finding the room in darkness. From the bed in the corner Floyd's voice came: "Is that you, Pole?"

"Yes, I jest got back, Nelson. I went to the store expectin' to find you at work, an' then Jerry told me you was up here."

"Light the lamp, Pole," Floyd said. "There are some matches on that table right under your hand."

"Oh, I hain't got long to stay," returned the mountaineer, "an' I don't need a light to talk by, any more'n a blind man does to write his letters. I 'lowed I'd tell you what I done down thar. I seed Floyd."

"Oh, you did! After you left I got really interested in your venture, and I was afraid you might accidentally miss him."

"Yes, I seed 'im." Pole found a chair and sat down at the little table, resting his hand on it, and tilting the chair back, after his favorite method of making himself comfortable. There was a lamp on a post in front of the hotel, and its light came through a window and faintly illuminated the room. Pole could see the white covering of Floyd's bed and the outline of the young man's head and shoulders against a big feather pillow.

"You say you saw him?" Floyd's voice was eager and restrained.

"Yes, an' I got news fer you, Nelson—substantial news. Henry A. Floyd is yore own uncle."

"Good God, Pole!"—Floyd sat up in bed—"don't make any mistakes. You say he is actually—"

"I ain't makin' no mistakes," replied Pole. "He's the only brother of yore daddy, Charles Nelson Floyd. That old cuss told me so, an' I know he was tellin' me a straight tale."

There was silence. Floyd pulled his feet from beneath the coverings and sat up on the bedside. He seemed unable to speak, and, leaning forward in his chair, the ex-moonshiner recounted in careful detail all that had passed between him and the man he had visited. For several minutes after Pole had concluded the merchant sat without visible movement, then Pole heard him take a long, deep breath.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied with what I done," said Pole tentatively.

"Satisfied! Great heavens!" cried Floyd, "I simply don't know what to say to it—how to tell you what I feel. Pole, I'll bet I'm having the oddest experience that ever came to mortal man. I don't know how to explain it, or make you understand. When a baby's born it's too young to wonder or reflect over its advent into the world, but tonight, after all my years of life, I feel—Pole, I feel somehow as if I were suddenly born again. That dark spot on my history has been in my mind almost night and day ever since I was old enough to compare myself to others. Persons who have strong physical defects are often morbidly sensitive over them. That flaw in my life was my eternally sore point. And my mother"—Floyd's voice sank reverently—"did he say who she was?"

"No, we didn't git fur enough," Pole returned. "You see, Nelson, I got that information by pretendin' to be sorter indifferent about you, an' ef I'd 'a' axed too many questions, the old codger 'ud 'a' suspicioned my game. Besides, as I told you, he wasn't willin' to talk perfectly free. Although yore daddy's in the grave, the old man seems to still bear a sort o' grudge agin 'im, an' that, in my opinion, accounts fer him not helpin' you out when you was a child."

"Ah, I see," said Floyd; "my father was wild as a young man?"

"Yes, that's the way he put it," answered Baker; "but I wouldn't let that bother me, Nelson. Ef yore daddy'd 'a' lived longer, no doubt he'd 'a' settled down like you have. But he passed away in a good cause."

It ort to be a comfort to know he died in battle."

"Yes, that's a comfort," said Floyd thoughtfully.

"An' now you've got plenty o' kin," Pole said, with a pleasant laugh. "I come over in the hack with Colonel Price and Captain Duncan, an' you ort to 'a' heard 'em both spout about the Floyds an' the Nelsons. They say yore blood's as blue as indigo, my boy, an' that they suspected it all along, on account o' yore pluck and determination to win in ever' game you tackled. Lord, you bet they'll be round tomorrow to give you the hand o' good-fellowship an' welcome you into high life. I reckon you'll sorter cut yore mountain scrub friends."

"I haven't any scrub friends," said Floyd with feeling. "I don't know that you boast of your ancestry, Pole, but you are as high above the kind of man that does as the stars are above the earth."

"Now you are a-kiddin' me!" said Baker. He put out his hand on the table and felt something smooth and cool under his touch. He drew it to him. It was a pint flask filled with whisky. He held it up with a laugh. "Good Lord, what are you doin' with this bug juice?" he asked.

"Oh, you mean that bottle of rye," said Floyd. "I've kept that for a memento of the day I swore off, Pole, five years ago. I thought as long as I could pass it day after day and never want to uncork it, that it was a sign I was safely anchored to sobriety."

There was a little squeak like that of a frightened mouse. Pole had twisted the cork out and was holding the neck of the bottle to his nose.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "That stuff smells *fine*! You say it's five years old, Nelson?"

"Yes, it's almost old enough to vote," Floyd laughed. "It was very old and mellow when I got it."

The cork squeaked again. Pole had stopped the bottle. It lay flat under his big, pulsating hand. His fingers played over it caressingly. "I wouldn't advise you to keep it under

yore eye all the time, Nelson," he said. "I tried that dodge once an' it got the best o' my determination."

"I sometimes feel the old desire come over me," said Floyd; "often when my mind is at rest after work, and even while I am at it, but it is never here in my room in the presence of that memento. It seems to make a man of me. I pity a drinking man, Pole. I know what he has to fight, and I feel now that if I were to lose all hope in life that I'd take to liquor as naturally as a starving man would to food."

"I reckon," said Pole in a strange, stilled voice. His fingers were now tightly clasped about the bottle. There was a pause, then he slid it cautiously—very cautiously—toward him. He swallowed something that was in his throat; his eyes were fixed in a great, helpless stare on the dim figure across the room. Noiselessly the bottle was raised, and noiselessly it went down into the pocket of his coat.

"I feel like I owe you my life, Pole," Floyd continued earnestly. "You've done today what no one else could have done. If that old man had died without speaking of this matter I'd perhaps never have known the truth. Pole, you can call on me for anything you want that is in my power to give. Do you understand me, Pole, old friend?—anything—anything!"

There was silence. Pole sat staring vacantly in front of him. Floyd rose in slow surprise and came across the room. Pole stood up suddenly, his hand on the weighty pocket. Quickly he shifted to a darker portion of the room nearer the door.

"What's the matter, Pole?" Floyd asked in surprise.

"Matter? Why, nothin', Nelson." Baker laughed mechanically. "I was jest thinkin' that I ought to be in bed. I've told you all I kin, I guess."

"You were so quiet just now that I thought—really, I didn't know what to think. I was telling you——"

"I know, Nelson." Baker's unsteady hand was on the latch of the door. "Never you mind, I'll call on you if I want anything. I've got yore

friendship, I reckon, an' that's enough fer me."

He opened the door and glided out into the hall. "Good night, Nelson."

"Good night, Pole, good night. God bless you, old man!"

On the lonely road leading to his house the mountaineer stopped and drew the bottle from his pocket. "You dern little devil!" he said playfully, holding it up before his eyes in the starlight. "Here I've gone all day in Atlanta, passin' ten thousand barroom doors, swearin' by all that was holy that I'd fetch Nelson Floyd his news with a sober head on my shoulders an' a steady tongue *in* that head; an' I rid, too, by hunkey, all the way from Darley out here with a hack driver smellin' like a bung-hole, with two quarts under his seat an' no tellin' how many under his hide. I say I got through all that, although my jaws was achin' tell they felt like they was loose at the sockets, an' I 'lowed I'd slide safe to the home base, when *you*—you crawled up under my nose in the dark like a yaller lizard, with that dern tale about yore ripe old age an' kingly flavor. '*Memento*' hell!" Pole was using Floyd's word for the first time. "I'd like to know what sort of a memento you'd make outside of a man's stomach. No, Poley, I reckon you've reached yore limit."

The mouse squeaked again. Pole chuckled. He held the flask aloft and shook it.

"Gentlemen," he said to the countless stars winking merrily down from above, "take one with me," and he drank.

## CHAPTER XXI

Two days after this Nathan Porter brought home the news of what had happened to Floyd. The family were seated at the dinner table when he came in warm from his walk along the dusty road. He started to sit down in his place without his coat, but Cynthia rose and insisted on his donning it.

"Folks is sech eternal fools!" he said as he helped his plate to a green hillock of string beans, from the sides of which protruded boulders of gray bacon and down which ran rivulets of grease.

"What have they been doing now?" asked his wife curiously.

"They hain't doin' nothin' in town but talkin'," Porter said in a tone of disgust. "Looks like all business has come to a dead halt, so that everybody kin exchange views about what Nelson Floyd has discovered about his kin. He's found a man—or Pole Baker did fer 'im, when Pole was drunk down in Atlanta—who don't deny he's his uncle—his daddy's own brother—an' you'd think Floyd had unearthed a gold mine, from all the talk an' well-wishin' among the elect. Old Duncan an' Colonel Price helt a whole crowd spellbound at the post-office this mornin' with the'r tales about the past power an' grandeur of the Nelson an' Floyd families in America, an' all they'd done fer the'r country an' the like."

"Father, is this true?" Cynthia asked, her face almost pale in suppressed excitement.

"I reckon thar's no doubt about it," answered Porter. "Pole Baker's roarin' drunk, an' that always indicates that some'n' good or bad's happened to him or his friends. Thar hain't no money in Floyd's find. The Atlanta man's on the ragged edge; in fact, some say he never would 'a' confessed to the crime ef he hadn't heard that Nelson was well-to-do. I dunno. I hardly ever laugh, but I mighty nigh split my sides while Jim Carden was pokin' fun at 'em all. Jim says all the bontons in this section has been treatin' Floyd like a runt pig till now. The Duncans had a big blow-out at the'r house last night. Miss Evelyn's got some Atlanta gals an' boys thar at a house-party, an' the shindig was a big event. Jim said he was standin' nigh Floyd yesterday when he got his invite, an' that Nelson was about to refuse p'int-blank to go, beca'se he'd never been

axed thar before he got his blood certificate; but Jim said Pole Baker was standin' thar about half shot, swayin' back an' forth agin the desk, an' Pole up an' told Floyd that he'd have to accept—that he was as good as any in the land, an' to refuse a thing o' that sort would belittle 'im; an' so Nelson put on a b'iled shirt an' a dicky cravat an' went. Jim said his wife run over with a passel o' other women to help about the dinin'-room an' kitchen, an' that Floyd was *the* high-cockalorum of the whole bunch. He said all the women was at his heels, an' that nothin' was talked except the high an' mighty grandeur that's come an' gone among the Nelsons an' Floyds. Jim said Floyd looked like he wanted to crawl through a knot-hole in the floor. I'll say this fer that feller—blood or no blood, he hain't no dern fool, an' you mark my words, this thing hain't a-goin' to spile 'im, nuther. You let a man make hisse'f in life, an' he hain't a-goin' daft about the flabby, ready-made sort."

"You wait and see," Mrs. Porter said, a sneer on her lips, as she critically eyed Cynthia's face. "A man as bad as he is, to begin with, will be worse when he is run after like that."

"I dunno," said Porter, his mouth full of beans. "I seed 'im give old Johnson Blare a cut this mornin' that tickled me powerful. The old skunk got out o' his rickety buggy in front o' the store an' went in to congratulate Floyd. I knowed what he was up to, an' follered 'im back to the desk. He told Floyd that he was a sort o' far-off cousin o' the Nelsons, an' that he was prouder of that fact than anything else in the world. I seed Floyd was mad as he looked at the old fellow, with his high collar an' frazzley necktie. 'I'm gittin' tired o' the whole business,' Floyd said to 'im. 'I want to be appreciated, if I deserve it, for my *own* sake, an' not on account o' my dead kinsfolk.' An' that certainly did squelch old Blare. He shook all over when he went out."

"I suppose Nelson Floyd will end up by marrying Evelyn Duncan or

some of the Prices," Mrs. Porter said significantly as she fastened her lynx eye on Cynthia's shrinking face.

"That seems to be the talk, anyway," Porter admitted. "She belongs to the doll-faced, bandbox variety. She'd be a nice little trick to dandle on a fellow's knee, but that's about all she'd be good for."

After the meal was over Mrs. Porter followed Cynthia out into the kitchen.

"This ought to make you very careful, Cynthia," she said.

"I don't know what you mean, mother." The girl looked up coldly.

"Well, *I* know what I mean," said Mrs. Porter. "People seem to think this will bring about a sort of change in Nelson Floyd's way of living. We are really as good as anybody in this county, but we are poor, and others are rich, and have more social advantages. Evelyn Duncan always has snubbed you girls around here, and no young man has been going in both sets. So far nobody that I know of has talked unkindly about you and Floyd, but they would be more apt to now than ever. How that thing about the mill ever escaped——"

"Mother, don't bring that up again!" Cynthia said almost fiercely. "I have heard enough of it. I can't stand any more."

"Well, you know what I mean, and you have my warning," said Mrs. Porter sternly, "and that's all I can do. As good and respectable a man as ever lived wants to marry you, and the worst rake in the county has been paying you questionable attentions. First thing you know Mr. Hillhouse will get disgusted, and——"

But Cynthia had left her work and gone out into the yard. With a face quite pale and set she went through the orchard, climbed over the briar-grown rail fence, and crossed the field and pasture to Pole Baker's house. Mrs. Baker, pale and bedraggled, with a ten months' old baby on her arm, stood on the little porch of the cottage. At her feet the other children were playing.

"You've heard o' my trouble, I kin

see that," the married woman said as the girl opened the gate. "Come in out o' the sun."

"Yes, I've heard," said Cynthia, "and I came as soon as I could."

They went into the poorly furnished bedroom, with its bare floor belittered with playthings and sat down in the straight-backed, rockerless chairs.

"You mustn't notice the way things look," sighed Mrs. Baker. "The truth is, Cynthia, I haven't had the heart to lay my hand to a thing. Pole's been away three nights and three days now, and I don't know what has happened to him. He's quick-tempered, and gets into quarrels when he's drinkin'. He may be in jail in Darley, or away off some o's on the railroad."

"I know, I know," said Cynthia. "Let me hold the baby; you look as if you are about to drop."

"I didn't sleep an hour last night," said Mrs. Baker as she relinquished the child. "I don't want to complain. He's so good-hearted, Cynthia, and he can't help it to save his life. He's the kindest, sweetest man in the world when he's all right; but these sprees mighty nigh kill me. Take my advice an' don't marry a drinkin' man fer all you do. No—no, not even if you love 'im! It's easier to tear one out o' your heart before you have children by 'im, an' God knows a pore woman ought to have *some* happiness and peace of mind. If Pole don't come home today I'm afraid I'll go crazy. Pore little Billy kept wakin' up last night and askin' about his papa. He can't understand. He fairly worships his father."

"We must hope for the best," Cynthia said sympathetically, and she drew the baby up close to her face and kissed it tenderly.

Late in the afternoon Cynthia went home. She helped her mother prepare supper, and after it was over she followed the example of the others and retired to her room. For an hour she sat sewing at her table, every now and then stifling a sigh. She rose and

looked out of her window. The family were already asleep. She would undress and go to bed, but she knew she would lie awake for a long time.

Just then a sound broke the stillness of the night. Ah, she knew it so well! She sank back into her chair, quivering from head to foot in excitement. It was the whippoorwill call. It came again, more insistent, more pleading, but Cynthia sat motionless. Again it came; this time it was as if the weird notes were full of aggrieved inquiry. Cynthia rose, moved to the door of her room, but with her hand on the latch she paused. Then she turned back to her table and blew out her light, and began to disrobe in the darkness. No, she would not go in that manner to him again—never—never! To expect such a thing of Evelyn Duncan would not have entered his mind. Her mother was right. Evelyn Duncan was one thing in his estimation—she another. In the darkness she got into bed and drew the covering over her head that she might shut out the sound, for it pained her. There was silence for several minutes, then she heard the night bird's call farther away in the direction of the swamp. Floyd was going home.

For hours she lay awake, unable to sleep. Once she sat upright with a start. Perhaps that would be the end. Perhaps she had driven him away, when if only she had obeyed the promptings of her heart he and she might—but he was gone, and, according to her mother's cautious view, she had acted for the best; and yet how could she ever forget the vast respect with which he had treated her that night at the mill? If he had been a bad man he would have shown it then. But he wasn't; he was good and thoughtful of her feelings. And he had come tonight full of his recent discovery. He wanted to tell her all about it, as he had told her of other things touching his inner life, and she had repulsed him—driven him away—to Evelyn Duncan. A sob struggled up in her bosom.

*(To be continued.)*

# Effective Rate Regulation

BY W. G. JOERNS

AT this writing the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce is holding a moot court on the subject of railroad rate regulation. The members of the committee have been in public life for many years. During the greater part of this period the matter has been before them in some shape or other. It has been investigated and reinvestigated times unlimited. The Senate and House Committees of the Fifty-seventh Congress gave the subject thorough investigation, and the House Committee of the Fifty-eighth Congress, at the last session, gave all sides of the controversy an elaborate hearing. The late Industrial Commission, a creation of Congress, likewise delved deep into the several phases of the transportation question and made an elaborate and comprehensive report on the subject. All these proceedings are matter of record, and if the august members of the American "House of Lords" are doing their duty they have thoroughly familiarized themselves therewith.

There is absolutely no occasion for the present hearing. It is a palpable fraud on the American people. Its manifest purpose is to serve as an excuse for past recreancy to a sacred public trust, and to obscure the issue, and thus furnish a possible avenue of escape from popular action on the question in the future.

The Esch-Townsend bill, as it passed the House at the last session, had every appearance of a carefully prepared measure. It was in no sense, except possibly from a plutocratic point of view, a radical measure. It fixed beyond doubt or cavil a power of present regulation in the Interstate Commerce

Commission that even the railroad interests, in the main, apparently acquiesced in until several adverse judicial interpretations had shorn the Commission of the most substantial of its powers and attributes. It took from the railroads not one substantial ultimate judicial remedy or protection, but aimed to do away with the pre-existing "law's interminable delay." In some respects from the standpoint of the people's interests, it may, indeed, be open to the criticism of not having gone far enough in a remedial way. It was apparently, however, an honest measure of relief, and that fact appeared sufficient justification, in some less charitable quarters, for the prediction that the "plutocratic" Senate would balk at it, and that in some way, under cover and by means and in ways in which the political trickster and corporation hireling are adepts, eventual "regulation" would, for the public, prove a vain hope and an idle dream.

There is a growing sentiment in this country, which is increasingly shared by many thoughtful and conservative people, that government ownership of transportation facilities offers the only ultimate of effectual relief; but there is also a patriotic willingness to try "regulation" on a substantial basis. There is absolute unison on the part of the public, except the exploiting interest itself, with the expressed sentiment of President Roosevelt, that

At the present moment the greatest need is for an increase in the power of the National Government to keep the highways of commerce open alike to all on reasonable and equitable terms,

and that such control "must be *real* and *effective*." There is also a strong

hope that public duty and not entangling private alliances will govern the people's representatives in both branches of Congress in speedy and wholesome action in the premises.

The issue between the general public, on the one side, and the autocratic railroad magnate, on the other, is in the present instance quite clearly drawn. Public sentiment has crystallized upon a measure of supervision and control which will give the Interstate Commerce Commission the increased powers vital to its effectiveness as the regulating body. Most prominent among such may be mentioned the power, upon full hearing and investigation, to determine not only, as at present, that a given rate, classification or practice is unreasonable, but also what, in a given case, the reasonable rate, classification or practice shall be, and the provision that, upon due notice and subject on demand to judicial review, such determination shall go into immediate effect. But the judicial review shall no longer be one covering years of time and thus from the beginning prove abortive; it must be speedy and practical, with the incentive for the greatest possible despatch placed upon the shoulders of the obstructive transportation interest instead of the long-suffering public as heretofore. Of almost equal imperative necessity—a provision, by the way, which was not included in the Esch-Townsend bill—is the extension of the application of the "rate" law to the coastwise and inland water transportation of the country.

This urgent general public demand certainly involves only a simple remedy. It is anything but revolutionary. Yet railroad magnates, corporation lawyers and that numerous band of apologists for the exploiting special interest are holding up their hands in affected horror at the threatened invasion of the sacred precincts of the vested "interest."

Elaborate arguments and briefs on behalf of the railroads, orally and in writing, have been presented to the committees of Congress, and are now,

on invitation, being produced before the Senate Committee. Some of the ablest corporation lawyers in the land, railroad presidents galore, the seductive and insinuating lobby, journals and journalists of the thrifty kind—the sharers generally in looting the public—have joined hands in one great and magnificent effort to stem the tide of honest protests and to lay the foundation for the betrayal by our public servants of their sacred trust.

There are forces at work for the weal or woe of nations as of individuals that are apparently beyond individual control. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Heretofore the sophistries and insinuating wiles of special interests have been sufficient again and again to disarm or nullify agitation. The seed of indignant protest and justified discontent was sown, but the germinating process remained more or less in abeyance, and the public paid the piper as before. For some time now, however, there has been a fructifying influence apparent, that, like the germs of contagion, is in the air, and the democratic instinct of manly self-assertion is becoming rampant. The desire to administer a practical rebuke and to wipe out unjust and oppressive conditions is sweeping the land, and they are dull or calloused indeed who cannot see the fateful signs or will not heed the solemn warning.

The contention of the railroad interests is "to let well enough alone." "No interference with present conditions!" says the fat and sleek millionaire. "It will interfere with prosperity!" "It will raise doubt!" "It will disturb confidence!" "It may decrease dividends!" Who has not heard the time-worn phrases? So said also the debauching and exploiting nobility of France. So say the corrupt bureaucracy of Russia today.

The burden, in the main, of the railroad contention is:

1. There is no longer any unlawful discrimination or secret rebate; and if there is, that it can be reached through

the Elkins amendment of the Interstate Commerce law.

2. That unreasonable rates, as such, have practically disappeared.

3. That the rate-making power should remain in the absolute control of the railroads, and that the suggested extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission would be revolutionary and invite disaster. That the Commission can never be so efficiently equipped as to be a safe and reliable remedial agent, and that, if there must be such supervisory regulation, it could more safely be lodged in the courts.

Let us see what there is to these claims and take them up in the order named.

*a. Unlawful Discrimination and the Secret Rebate.*—The bald railroad contention is that these are things of the past. Who believes it? Even the testifying railroad presidents, with the lie on their lips, shrug their shoulders when confronted with the incriminating admissions of their colleagues on the subject. In the proceedings before the Congressional investigating committees a "prominent railroad president" is quoted as recently stating that "the railway business of the country is honeycombed with rebates and discriminations." At a meeting of the American Economic Association in Chicago last December President Ripley, of the Santa Fé, made the broad statement: "The railways do not want to break the law, but some must do it or go to the wall." Another railroad "expert," in an endeavor to establish the inconsistency of the prohibitions against unlawful discriminations and railroad pooling, claimed that the law against pooling inevitably drove the railroads into violations of the law against unlawful rebates. Second Vice-President Bond, of the Baltimore & Ohio, in his testimony before the House Committee, practically admitted the practice of discriminations by railroads in favor of the shippers along their own lines of road, but also took the position that the Elkins law in its provisions as to published rates

afforded a remedy. President Stickney, of the Chicago, Great Western, on the other hand, lucidly explains how, under existing statutes, the published tariffs—on grain, for example—are raised and lowered in accordance with previous understandings and secret contracts with favored shippers. President Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine, is quoted in the press reports of the Senate hearing that even if there were discriminations "competing shippers could not find out if rebates were being granted," and that if railroads were giving rebates "they could manipulate their books so that they could not be detected." Possibly the books of President Tuttle's road will prove equally noncommittal on the inducements extended to Massachusetts officials and legislators when they negotiated and ratified the sale to the Boston & Maine of the controlling common stock of the Fitchburg road, then held by the state. The general traffic manager of the Northern Pacific recently admitted the existence of practices relative to switching charges in Minneapolis and St. Paul that were designated in effect as little short of criminal.

So much for damaging admissions direct from the mouths of the general managers.

At a recent hearing before the Minnesota Railroad and Warehouse Commission on the subject of car-demurrage, it was definitely established that railroads favored the Sugar Trust, Earthenware Trust, Beef Trust and other large shippers by allowing them to use cars on track for storage purposes without charge for weeks at a time, whereas the ordinary shippers—after all, the bone and sinew of commerce—were relentlessly hounded and charged to the limit. A record of hundreds of such instances was produced. The chairman of the Terminal Despatch Association admitted that his subordinates did not take the numbers of all loaded cars in the cities, but only such "as were convenient and upon which demurrage could be collected." The ordinary shippers were



shown to have found corresponding difficulty in getting empties when demanded by them.

All hope of relief from the blighting exactions of the Beef Trust are *absolutely vain* so long as these discriminatory practices are allowed to continue, and surely the present rate law is powerless to reach them. Even criminal convictions as the result of recent Grand Jury activity in Chicago can have but a temporary effect at best. The packing and meat business is already so concentrated that nothing short of almost revolutionary general development of independent packing establishments could stem the disastrous tide; and these would probably without exception invite irretrievable ruin under existing transportation conditions. Even the most promising effective remedy of municipal slaughter houses, under modern, comprehensive and approved conditions, would be doomed to failure so long as rate regulation, Elkins law or no Elkins law, remained as palpably ineffective as it is at the present writing.

It has been currently reported that the great packing establishments have developed a regular system of fictitious claims for overcharges in weight by which they are rebated approximately one-fourth of the freight charge. It follows as a matter of course that any such fraudulent practice, to be permanently successful, must be connived at by the railroads.

It was also developed at a formal hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Beef Trust cars are not subjected to the regular inspection that, as to the ordinary shipper, is rigidly enforced.

Again, what shall be said of a practice, for example, that allows the Beef Trust to ship meats and packing-house products in car lots from, say, point of origin A to final destination D at *through commodity rates*, and winks at the unlawful stoppage of these cars at intermediate points B and C, the switching of them to the local warehouses of the Trust, the unloading

there of part of the contents, the refilling of the car with general commodities and the forwarding of the reloaded car to point of destination D, all at the *original through rate*?

How idle for hypocritical and bombastic railroad magnates to claim that the unlawful rebate is a thing of the past. As President Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine, facetiously admits, however, the books can be so manipulated that the unlawful practices cannot be readily detected.

Then there is another method by which railroad companies are forced to give or connive at giving unlawful rebates, namely, when the private interest owns or operates private switch tracks or so-called terminal roads. The International Harvester Company and the Illinois Steel Company cases are in point. The facts were developed in a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and are matter of record. In the first-named instance the private company had a switch track 300 feet long, and was able thereby to rebate to itself 25 per cent. of the freight charge on through shipments to its works. In the case of the Illinois Steel Company (one of the numerous antennæ of the Steel Trust) the manufacturing company owned the stock of a railroad forty miles in length, which connected its works with three or four trunk lines and along the line of which numerous other private industries were located. The Steel road exacted an exorbitant pro-rate from the connecting lines not only on its own through shipments but also on those of the other industries on its line—and the connecting lines freely acquiesced. It was, in effect, the old Standard Oil deal over again. The Commission decided adversely to the private interest in both cases, and the connecting roads were ordered to cease the practice. Some of the connecting lines were ready and willing to submit to the Interstate Commerce Commission's determination, and, in fact, modified their arrangements accordingly. Not so the Steel Trust. It did not, on its part, propose to submit tamely

to the very equitable ruling of the Commission. Its representative, if quoted correctly in the press, made the claim that the Commission did not have the legal power to make the ruling in question, and, pending litigation to definitely determine the matter, threatened the law-abiding roads to take from them all its through traffic and route it exclusively over a specified road that stood ready to back it up in its arrogant and ominous defiance.

The Standard Oil Company receives from the railroads on its tank cars a mileage rental of three-fourths of a cent per mile, going and coming, as does the Beef Trust on its refrigerator cars. On live-stock cars three-fifths of a cent per mile is paid. Here is the rankest discrimination on the face of things. What boundless opportunity, in addition, for the secret rebate. Who doubts for a moment the unlawful manipulation of the mileage computation? What honest independent industry can stand up against such conditions?

The Interstate Commerce Commission has jurisdiction over coastwise and inland water rates, so far as they may enter into joint rail and water rates on interstate shipments. The railroads knowingly and openly evade this control and discriminate in favor of special localities by ostensibly throwing the burden of the discrimination on the all-water part of the route, though, in reality, it is all part of one transaction. Thus a shipment from New York to Buffalo by rail, from Buffalo to Duluth by water and from Duluth to St. Paul by rail can, if one "stands in," be made at the same aggregate rate, for example, as the rail and water rate to Duluth. The cut may, on the surface of things, fall entirely on the water end of the route, and though the railroad company at one or the other end of the route may own the stock of the water transportation company, as the law now stands the practice cannot be reached. Atlanta, Ga., has been one of numerous complainants as to similar practices in part coastwise ship-

ments to competitive points. Cotton has been shipped from Memphis and New Orleans to Manchester, England, via New York at a rate almost 20 per cent. less than the rate to Fall River, Mass., to the serious detriment of American industry. As these unfair practices cannot be reached under the law as it stands, it is manifest that the amendment of the law becomes imperative. It is only another illustration of the utter unsoundness of the railroad pretense that discriminatory practices are a thing of the past or can be reached under the present law.

The passage of the Elkins amendment has, no doubt, paved the way to some measure of relief as to unlawful discriminations; but who will doubt for a moment that with the power to regulate generally and to fix a present rate, the just demands of the Commission will have a sanction and command a respect that they can never have under present conditions?

b. "Rates are reasonable," says the railway magnate; and the claim is echoed and re-echoed until even some of the railroad people themselves appear to believe it. The reiteration of the claim, however, does not establish its correctness. Neither does the oft-repeated assertion that our average per ton mile charge is about one-half the charge on the German state-owned roads prove anything. The comparison with Germany, properly made and followed to its legitimate conclusion, is anything but creditable to American railroads. The per ton mile proposition is an uncertain guide at best; but taking into consideration the difference in length of haul and the nature of the traffic, the American rate should be reduced at least 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. to be actually on a par with the rate on the German state-owned roads. This means that in freight rates alone, to say nothing of the vastly lower passenger rates in Germany, there would, on the German basis, have been saved to the American people last year the enormous aggregate of \$225,000,000. Yet the German roads are paying a handsome con-

tribution to the state and are laying by a sinking fund that by 1950 will have extinguished every vestige of railroad debt. Under state operation, also, the rates have been so scientifically established and adjusted that every possible impetus has been given to German commerce and industry, as witness its marvelous development and the proud rank Germany has won industrially and commercially, a rank in which she yields alone to America, that young colossus of the West, of unexampled natural wealth and resource.

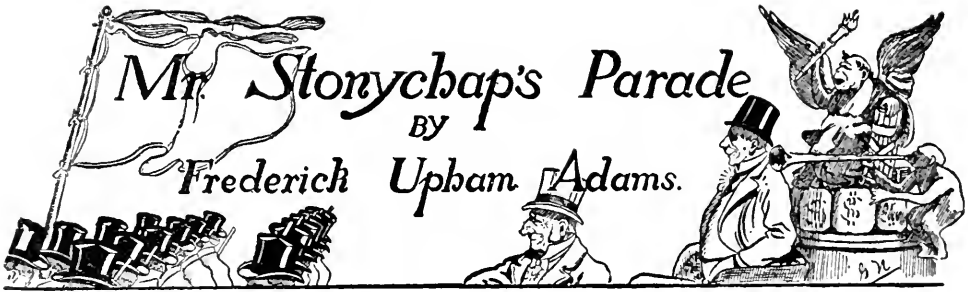
According to President Spencer, of the Southern Railway, in his statement before the Congressional Committee: "Our export grain business is done at an exceedingly low rate, far below the average (.78 cent per ton mile) for the total tonnage of the United States." If this statement is true (and there is no reason to doubt it nor that similar reductions are made on much other low-class through freight, as, for example, export cotton to, and lumber products from, the Pacific Coast), how much must not the general average on the balance, the local and the higher class freight, be raised in consequence to bring the average to .78 cent. No wonder the average non-competitive local rate remained on the extortionate basis of from three to four cents per ton mile, and this practically without change the past twenty years.

On the surface of things, except in occasional instances, rates are not extortionately excessive. I say advisedly "on the surface of things." This means that at current rates there is only a fair average annual return on the entire nominal capital stock investment. This has been statistically computed for 1903 at 3.03 per cent. But this takes in all roads, good, bad and indifferent; those which have developed an earning capacity of three or four or more times the average, as well as those which are of no more economic use than the proverbial fifth wheel. Thus we find by Interstate

Commerce Commission returns that during the panic years of 1895 to 1897, inclusive, more than 70 per cent. of the stock was non-dividend paying; in 1898, 66.26 per cent. Gradually decreasing from year to year with increasing prosperity, we still have 43.94 per cent. of the capital stock non-dividend paying for the year ending June 30, 1903, the most prosperous year the railroads of the United States have ever seen.

There is, however, an easy explanation for this apparently anomalous condition. The truth is the railroads of the country are overcapitalized to a shameful degree. The Statistical Abstract for 1904 gives the total capitalization in 1903—stock, funded debt and floating debt—at \$13,525,000,000, or at the rate of \$65,377 per mile; the stock alone at \$6,355,000,000. It has been reliably estimated by competent authority (see Hardesty on "Cost of American Railways," also "Poor's Manual") that in 1896, when the aggregate capitalization was \$11,179,000,000, or at the rate of \$61,631 per mile, the entire railroad system of the country could have been duplicated at the average cost of \$22,940 per mile, or for the aggregate of \$4,837,000,000. At the present higher level of prices by approximately one-third, the 206,886 miles of road would represent a present value of about \$30,000 per mile, or \$6,300,000,000. This is almost a billion dollars less than the funded and floating debt and just about the amount of the present capital stock. Think of it! *Over seven billions of water* in the capitalization of American railroads on which practically from 3 to 8 per cent. must be earned each year to "keep the ball rolling"—not taking at all into account the fact that, on the generally accepted basis that 4 per cent. is an ample net annual return on that kind of investment, the stock of many of the larger or more prosperous roads of the country is selling far above par, and in some cases for two and three times its par value.

(To be continued.)



NOW that we are permitted to enjoy the full benefits of absolute monopoly, due to the concentration of all wealth in the hands of a few, we are wont to give scant credit to those brave financial pioneers who battered down the old competitive system. It required courage of the highest order to dispossess eighty-odd millions of people of their belongings, and it required tact to convince them that this consummation would result in their own good; but Mr. Stonychap and his associates possessed courage, tact, money and patriotism; hence victory was inevitable.

As the unworthy historian of some phases of this epoch, I have already narrated the story of the inception and splendid success of the "Money Show," first held in Madison Square Garden, New York City. The idea of this exhibition originated in the fertile brain of young Reginald Gridley, who urged Mr. Stonychap and other centi-millionaires to make an open display of their wealth.

"Let property show its splendor and power to the masses," he said to Mr. Stonychap, "and their feeble resentment will change to worship and silent admiration." The Money Show was the result of this advice, and in a former article I vainly attempted to set forth some of its glories. Those who were present will never forget the huge tower blazing with gold coins, the cascade of money representing the accumulation of interest, the machine which illustrated the significance of Mr.

Stonychap's annual income of \$54,000,000, Mrs. Van Bullion's unprecedented feat of wearing two hundred gowns during the festival, Mrs. Doolittle-Busby's marvelous collection of dogs and their valets, Mrs. Magnus Pursse's four hundred uniformed servants, and the innumerable other wonders of this superbly instructive exhibition.

After the close of the Money Show Mr. Stonychap sent for Reginald Gridley.

"You did very well, Mr. Gridley," he said, with the directness for which he is famous, "but I fear that the masses have not yet obtained an adequate idea of the income derived from a billion of dollars. They cannot comprehend figures. I gave away millions of cards which informed them that my income was \$54,000,000 a year, and I attempted to impress them with the immensity of this by explaining on the card that I earned money at the rate of \$5 a second, \$300 a minute, \$18,000 an hour, and \$180,000 for a working day of ten hours. Some of them seemed dazed, but I doubt if many of them realized what these amounts mean. I wish to convince them that I am so powerful as to be absolutely beyond their reach. How can I do it, Mr. Gridley?"

"You flatter me, Mr. Stonychap," said Reginald Gridley, "but I hope I may be of service to you. In a problem of this nature the more simple the illustration the better."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Stony-

chap. "The people are simple; in fact, it would not be an exaggeration to state that they are very simple."

"Mr. Rattleton-Lackhead had the right idea," continued Reginald Gridley. "The papers had frequently asserted that he has a suit of clothes for each day of the year, and no doubt the people believed it and respected him for it; but they had no proper conception of what that possession implies until Rattleton-Lackhead displayed those garments on three hundred and sixty-five lay figures in the Money Show. It was an imposing sight and did him credit."

"I could buy that number each day and not count it much of an item," mused Mr. Stonychap; "but we must think of something original and comprehensive. You have an imagination and an inventive talent for this sort of thing. Think it over for a week and let me see you then. I wish to do something which will give so clear an illustration of the power of the income from a billion of dollars that even the dullest business man will comprehend it."

"The task is a difficult one," smiled Reginald, "but I will attempt it."

The task was a difficult one, as the gifted young promoter learned when he applied his mind to it. Many expedients came to him, were pondered, weighed and found wanting in some essential particular. At one time he thought of plastering the sides of passenger cars with imitations of one dollar bills and of making a tour of the country with such a train; but a calculation proved that it would require so many cars as to cripple the service of the nation. At last, when he was on the point of admitting defeat, an idea came to him which stood every test. He gave it careful thought and then presented it to Mr. Stonychap.

"It is impossible, by any combination of figures or trickery of words, to convey an impression of your income, Mr. Stonychap," he began, "but every man has a certain amount of imagination, and we must work on it. The poor devil out of a job looks with envy

on his fellow who is permitted to dig in a trench, while the latter dreams of the day when he will be boss of a gang. For the same reason the hod-carrier looks up to the bricklayer, and the latter has an ambition to become a petty contractor. The college tutor can imagine what it would be to be elevated to the presidency of his institution, but beyond that his fancy halts."

"All this is true," interrupted Mr. Stonychap impatiently, "but what is its relevancy?"

"It is this," calmly continued Reginald. "We must find some method by which the toilers of the different crafts and professions can compare their incomes with those above and below them, and in so doing grasp an idea of the immensity of space which separates each and all of them from you. At the present time it is impossible for the switchman to comprehend the exalted station of his railway president. Even the general manager is beyond the range of his imaginative vision. This being true, how is he to have a proper appreciation of your sphere?"

"He cannot," admitted Mr. Stonychap, "and if you have designed a way to make him do so, I will make it worth your while. The besetting sin of our American citizenship is discontent, and I feel that I am the innocent cause of the growth of that curse. Each man imagines that it is possible for him to become as wealthy as I am. There was a time when it was good policy to encourage that idea, but I am convinced that it is now better for all concerned to know that the bounds have been fixed beyond which they cannot hope to pass. All of us cannot be billionaires, and"—hesitating and smiling quietly—"I rather fancy the position and shall attempt to hold it with credit."

It is not necessary to relate the conversation which followed, in which Reginald Gridley outlined his plans for what is now known in history as "Mr. Stonychap's Parade." The announcement, made several weeks later by Mr.

Stonychap, fully and frankly set forth the idea. It appeared in the leading papers throughout the country and read as follows:

TO THE PUBLIC—The time has arrived when I must fittingly respond to the attacks which have been made against the undersigned, the legal possessor of the largest private fortune in the world. I have no desire to belittle the extent of my holdings, neither do I shirk any of the responsibility which is attached to the same. Were it not for my wealth a considerable percentage of the American people would be without employment, our unprecedented prosperity menaced, and our national progress checked.

I deem it my duty, and hold that the time is propitious to make such an exhibit of the immensity of my income as will be clearly understood by my associates and by the common masses. To that end there will be held on the coming Labor Day a parade in the city of New York. There will be more than forty-five thousand men in line, and *the total annual income of all of them will not exceed that which I now derive from the property I have amassed under our laws, institutions and our glorious flag.*

It is my hope and belief that the sight of these marching thousands will give the average beholder a proper perspective of the insignificance of his position and of his responsibilities as compared with mine. The spectator is requested to bear constantly in mind that I earn more each year than all the congressmen, senators, bankers, railroad presidents, judges, mayors, college professors, editors, clergymen, reporters, authors, publishers, merchants, clerks, commercial travelers, school-teachers, and various craftsmen and laborers who will constitute this parade. As near as I am able to estimate my present annual income is about \$54,000,000, and it is rapidly increasing.

I trust that this parade will convey to the people an indication of what such an income means, and that it will give a hint to those who persist in attempting to oppose me.

Very truly mine,

SOLOMON STONYCHAP.

This announcement created much excitement and gave rise to various speculations. Reginald Gridley had charge of the arrangements and kept them a secret. Mr. Stonychap issued the orders, and his youthful subordinate carried them out to the letter. There were many who secretly rebelled against marching in such a parade, but few went so far as to do so openly. Some were permitted, as a special favor, to hire substitutes; but the vast majority yielded implicit obedience to

the mandates which issued from the private office of Mr. Stonychap.

Surrounded by a small army of clerks and assistants, Reginald Gridley proceeded with the preliminary work. His experience as promoter of the "Money Show" stood him in good stead. He smiled when he thought of the day when his irate father had cut his allowance to a thousand a month.

The day set for the parade dawned clear and warm. The line of march was from the Battery up Broadway, Fifth Avenue and the Riverside Drive. For a week preceding the holiday thousands of decorators were at work, and when the eventful day arrived the line of march was a mass of color, a riot of flags and bunting.

Though the start was set for noon, the marchers began to assemble in Battery Park and its surrounding streets as early as nine o'clock. Millions of people struggled for places where they could view the parade and waited patiently for hours for the first sight of the marchers. Hundreds of stands had been erected by speculators, who reaped a harvest. Windows in hotels and office buildings sold at unheard-of prices. Hawkers of "Stonychap buttons," "Stonychap badges" and other souvenirs of this great occasion did a thriving trade.

On the site once occupied by the famous Dewey arch there had been erected one which made that creation seem modest by comparison. It towered above the surrounding buildings, a massive pile which looked like burnished gold. It symbolized the life-work of Mr. Stonychap. Into it were skilfully blended representations of factories, mines, railroads, banks, steamships, court-houses, halls of legislation, church edifices, universities, hospitals, jails and all the accessories of our advanced civilization. At its apex was a colossal figure of Mr. Stonychap posed on a globe representing the earth, on which was the simple and eloquent inscription: "THE EARTH AND THE FULNESS THEREOF BELONGS TO STONYCHAP."

Mr. Stonychap's right foot was

planted solidly on the United States, the left foot advanced as if about to settle on Europe. It is stated that the members of the art commission having charge of the designing of this arch were not agreed concerning the appropriateness of this design, the minority stoutly contending that it would have been better to have pictured Mr. Stonychap as holding the earth in one hand, or possibly in both, with his feet resting on the Constitution or a law-book; but Mr. Stonychap modestly declared that he did not yet own the earth, though, as he laughingly admitted, "I will if the people will have a little more patience." The two factions compromised with the inscription above quoted, and the effect was most impressive.

The entire police force of the metropolis was reinforced by twenty thousand troops of the Regular Army, and the marchers filed between parallel rows of glistening bayonets.

The first division of the parade consisted of Mr. Stonychap, who occupied a specially constructed and elevated seat in an automobile driven by a well-known multi-millionaire. Ahead of him were trumpeters who announced to the waiting throngs that all who marched behind earned a total income only equal to that enjoyed by Mr. Stonychap. So sure was Mr. Stonychap of the love and reverence of the multitude that he refused an armed escort, and his judgment was verified by the fact that not even an unkind remark was addressed to him during the long hours while he made his progress between the ranks of admiring and applauding millions.

The second division was not picturesque, but it was impressive. It consisted of twenty-two heavy trucks gaily decorated with flags, each wagon drawn by eight horses, and each loaded with about five tons of gold bullion taken from the Sub-Treasury of the United States. This one hundred-odd tons of gold represented the annual earning capacity of Mr. Stonychap, as was explained by placards and announced by heralds. This exhibit was

guarded by a regiment of cavalry with drawn sabres, and was preceded and followed by detachments of artillery and machine guns.

Following this concrete illustration of the power and genius of Mr. Stonychap came the parade proper. First came a squad of mounted couriers who distributed circulars containing the formation of the parade, its object and significance, also biblical and patriotic mottoes and a few high-class advertisements. Then came Sousa's band of one hundred pieces, playing almost without intermission the stirring notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The crashing melody was almost drowned by the cheers which greeted the patriotic strains.

The House of Representatives of our National Congress had the position of honor. They marched by states, the thirty-seven members from the Empire State of New York leading the line. Behind them came the representatives from Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and other states according to population, a total of three hundred and eighty-six congressmen, each of whom receives \$5,000 a year for his services, a total of \$1,930,000—a tidy sum, to be sure, and fully as much as they earn, but less than 4 per cent. of the income which flows to Mr. Stonychap.

It is a fitting tribute to the power, if not to the popularity, of Mr. Stonychap that only twenty of the congressmen sent substitutes, and these were greeted as heartily as the real ones, the spectators being unable to tell the difference. Since it is no longer practical to send statesmen to Congress, the spectators were unable to identify any of the individual members, but it was the consensus of opinion that as a body they appeared safe and sane, and that Mr. Stonychap's interests were perfectly secure in their hands.

Eighty-one United States senators and nine substitutes were next in line, four of the substitutes taking the places of senators who were in jail, under indictment or who were otherwise indisposed. The direct income of our senators is \$8,000 a year, a total

of \$720,000. When it is considered that Mr. Stonychap makes this much in four days we may feel disposed to overlook the efforts of certain of our honorable senators to pick up a few perquisites on the outside. Mr. Stonychap realizes this and condones what some of our ultra-moralists deem an offense, and it is understood that it was with his consent that a certain distinguished Senator was paid \$20,000 a year, or some such miserable pittance, for "giving advice" in legislative matters pertaining to a life insurance company.

It was the first time in the history of the nation that its Congress had been on this sort of exhibition, and the spectators regarded them with good-natured curiosity. A large banner contained an inscription which explained that the annual income of Mr. Stonychap was more than twenty times the salaries paid to all the United States congressmen and senators, and the comparison seemed to arouse no resentment.

One hundred bankers were preceded by a band which played a popular negro melody with the title, "If You Ain't Got Money You Needn't Come 'Round." The program explained that these were the hundred leading bankers of the country, and that their salaries ranged from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year, the average being \$25,000, making a total item of \$2,500,000. They were a distinguished body of men, and the attitude of most of them was evidence that they did not take part in this festivity from personal inclination. Nearly half of them were merely clerks in the employ of banks owned by Mr. Stonychap, and the others drew their salaries from institutions controlled or about to be controlled by him. Many of them were men of modest private fortunes of from five to twenty millions of dollars, but they were as much a part of the Stonychap System as the bass drummer who pounded out the time to which they kept step.

It is fitting to observe that not until this great captain of finance and industry amassed his billion did we have

anything approaching a democracy in this country. Until then we were cursed with classes. Now we have only Mr. Stonychap and the common people. Since one man cannot constitute a class, it is apparent that we now have no classes. Compared to him the banker and the blacksmith are on an approximate level, and in the light of this result who will say that Stonychap has not done more for democracy than Jefferson?

The one hundred bankers were followed by fifty railroad presidents, the pick of the executive genius which has developed the grandest system of transportation in the world. Many of these men started from the bottom and worked up from section hands to the presidency of vast corporations spanning the continent. They were the leaders in the foremost material institution in the nation. They had won their honors in fair competition, and had reached heights to which the ordinary mortal need never hope attain. Their salaries ranged from \$20,000 to \$100,000 a year, the latter being twice that received by the President of the United States, and the banner which preceded them asserted that their average salary was \$40,000 a year. The total of \$2,000,000 was their annual recompense for overseeing the affairs of one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway, and a herald proclaimed that "a more brainy body of men never marched in honor of an occasion."

Yet what were these men compared to Mr. Stonychap? No more than a coachman to his affluent employer. What was their executive genius compared to his? Any school child can solve that problem, which I will state as follows for their elucidation: "If one man has the executive genius which permits him to earn \$54,000,000 a year, what is the proportionate genius of a body of fifty men who can earn only \$2,000,000, and what is the average proportionate worth of each of them measured in dollars and cents?" This question should be in all school arithmetics.

Thus far there had been thrown into



the scales the wisdom, experience and genius of the National Congress, that of the great bankers and railroad men of the Republic; yet their weight was nothing compared to that of the patriotic billionaire, Mr. Stonychap.

Garbed in their official robes, one hundred judges marched with solemn step in platoons of twenty. Here were the men distinguished for their legal attainments, for the accuracy of their judgment and for their probity. Most of them were men well past the medium of life, and to their honor let it be said that few of them were men of private fortunes. They were representative of the most respected calling in the Republic, and the herald announced that their stipend amounted to an average of \$7,500 a year, a total item for the hundred judges of \$750,000. Mr. Stonychap would not think of offering so trifling a sum as a gift to one of his favored universities.

The section consisting of the leading mayors of the United States was much applauded. There were one hundred of them in line, and they made a fine appearance. Most of them were distinguished for various abilities, and it is only fair to state that it would be difficult to find men more worthy of their honors. Those representing such great cities as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and others of this class received salaries ranging from \$10,000 to \$15,000; but a careful estimate proved that the average paid to the executives of the hundred leading American cities was about \$5,000, making a total of half a million, which, of course, is hardly worth considering.

There is a popular belief that the position of president of a college or university is one requiring high executive ability, wide scholarship, tact, experience and special training. The place is one of honor and represents the goal of a worthy ambition. In a certain way the success of the future generation is in the hands of the men who stand at the head of our great private institutions of learning. There were one hundred of these excellent men in Mr. Stonychap's parade, including the

presidents of Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, California, and others hardly less famous. These worthy hundred had devoted their lives to their work, yet their total annual income was not more than \$750,000.

The official program mentioned the fact that for every dollar earned by a college or university president Mr. Stonychap earned \$7,200. Had Adam started a college when ejected from the Garden of Eden, and lived to maintain it up to the present time, the total of his salary would fall far short of what Mr. Stonychap has earned in less than twenty years. This doubtless is as it should be, it being evident that Adam was woefully lacking in business ability. Next came the great editors, the men who direct the policies of the one hundred leading newspapers of the United States. It is presumed that these men have a genius of a certain kind, and it is certain that some of them receive incomes exceeding \$100,000 a year; but Reginald Gridley made a careful estimate, which showed that the average salary or income of the one hundred leading journalists of the United States did not exceed \$12,500, a total item of \$1,250,000 per annum.

While this sum does not make much of a showing compared to Mr. Stonychap's earnings, it is fair to assume that the majority of these editors are entirely satisfied with what they receive, since they not only defend Mr. Stonychap, but also are zealous in attempting to conserve every law and institution by which he has attained supremacy. *If one of our great editors were permitted to live three hundred and sixty years, and to save all of his salary, he would be in possession of as much as Mr. Stonychap earns in one month.* The trouble is that they are so extravagant, and consequently short-lived, that they find it impossible to do this.

After the really great editors came a division of five hundred editors of fairly prosperous papers in the small cities and large towns. It would be difficult to find a more conservative class than this. They are the proud

and satisfied recipients of from \$2,500 to \$10,000 a year, and most of them are agreed that "If a man does not succeed in this country it is his own fault." The only difference between them and Mr. Stonychap is in the matter of wealth. Reginald Gridley accepted their own statements of their earnings, and found that the average was \$4,000 a year, a total of \$2,000,000.

The thousand who were next in line did not make so fine an appearance, due possibly to the fact that they found it impossible to earn more than \$1,200 a year on the average, but they are an influential and hard-working class. This regiment of a thousand editors find it impossible to earn in three years what Mr. Stonychap does in a month. They are rather ashamed of this, and hence do not call the attention of their readers to this discrepancy.

The march of the next division was signalized by a wave of applause and cheers. Think of two thousand newspaper reporters in line in honor of Mr. Stonychap! In the front rank were the famous writers who are permitted to sign their names to their articles. There were forty-eight of these, the pick and cream of the journalistic profession. Here were the famous war correspondents, the intrepid men who beard trust magnates in their offices, the Washington representatives and others of marked individuality. There were also the famous lady correspondents, and what a cheer went up as the spectators recognized certain of their popular favorites!

While no figures were given it is known that many of these writers receive from \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year. Then came the lesser lights in the journalistic ranks, the society reporters, sporting reporters, police court reporters, political reporters and ordinary reporters who cover various assignments. They came from all parts of the country, and while the majority of them found it difficult to earn a thousand dollars a year, Reginald Gridley gave them the liberal estimate of \$1,500 each, an impressive total of \$3,000,000 a year for the reportorial talent of the

country. Mr. Stonychap can earn more than this any time he chooses to raise the prices of oil a fraction of a cent—but it is rather invidious to compare Mr. Stonychap to a reporter, or even to all the reporters in the world.

The five hundred leading clergymen of the United States formed the next division, and the records showed that the average salaries of these divines was \$5,000, though some of them receive much more. It will not be disputed that this \$2,500,000 is well expended, neither will it be denied that these gentlemen of the cloth are earnest, scholarly, loyal and generally conservative. In a lesser degree this was true of the three thousand clergymen who followed, and whose salaries averaged \$1,500 each, a comfortable total of \$4,500,000 a year, or almost exactly what Mr. Stonychap earns in one month.

These three thousand five hundred clergymen made a most impressive appearance as they marched in platoons of sixteen, forming a line nearly a mile long. All denominations were represented, and the throng maintained a respectful silence as they swept majestically down the streets.

The place of honor in the authors' division was reserved for ten personages, each of whom glided along in an automobile. These were the ten most popular authors of the country, or, as the official program explained, "the seven great lady authors, and the three great gentlemen authors." These gifted writers had so charmed the reading public as to place their works permanently among "the best sellers," in consequence of which their royalties averaged \$40,000 a year. That is a large amount of money.

Then came twenty-five authors in less expensive automobiles, said fortunate authors being in receipt of average royalties of \$20,000 a year, and on foot there were one hundred common authors who had to be satisfied with \$2,500 per annum. Immediately behind them was a motley array of a thousand authors who receive no royalties, but who live on their hopes. This brought the annual total income for the

authors of the country to the sum which Mr. Stonychap earns in a week, and there was some surprise expressed that they were able to make so favorable a showing.

There were also five poets with a total income of \$5,000.

Twenty determined-looking men constituted the publishers' division, and they pressed hard on the heels of the timid poets and the nervous authors. It was stated that they enjoyed incomes of \$50,000 a year, a total of \$1,000,000, and no one seemed to doubt it.

What may be termed the "intellectual section" of the parade was completed by two thousand school-teachers, equally divided numerically by sex. These useful and laborious public servants were quoted at average salaries of \$600 a year, and every state in the Union was represented. The total income of these two regiments for a year is a trifle more than that which Mr. Stonychap earns in a week, but it must be considered that his responsibilities are correspondingly greater.

It required more than an hour for these congressmen, senators, bankers, railroad presidents, judges, mayors, college presidents, editors, reporters, clergymen, authors, poets, publishers and school-teachers to pass a given point, and they walked as fast as they were able. In it were eleven thousand one hundred and thirty-six persons highly representative of the brains of the country, the recipients of rewards ranging up to \$50,000 a year, with a grand total of \$27,750,000. It was a notable array, but the official program called attention to the fact that all of these gifted men and women lacked the ability to earn much more than Mr. Stonychap did in six months.

As Reginald Gridley rode up and down the line he noted with pleasure that the vast multitude was deeply impressed, and he was delighted to report to Mr. Stonychap that there were not the slightest signs of resentment.

Several of the poorer editors, authors and school-teachers dropped from exhaustion after reaching Fifth Avenue, but the ambulance service was per-

fect, and they were removed without interrupting the progress of the great pageant.

It is not necessary to pay so much attention to the commercial and industrial section which followed, though it was much more impressive in point of numbers. It was headed by one thousand retail merchants with incomes ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year, but with an average of \$2,500. These men were very conservative and very important. Each of them had more money than had Mr. Stonychap at one stage of his career, and each of them saw no reason why he should not and would not supplant that gentleman in the near future. Whenever any reference was made to "the business interests of the country" each of these two thousand retail merchants felt that he was referred to.

They were followed by two thousand five hundred clerks, the fortunate recipients of wages averaging \$750 a year. They were happy in the knowledge that they did not belong to the "working class," and they were much better garbed and more jaunty in appearance than the editors, authors or bankers who had preceded them.

The trust methods of industry have so depleted the ranks of the commercial travelers that Reginald Gridley was unable to get more than a thousand of them in line, and he also found that they were unable to earn more than \$2,000 a year under present conditions. The conversation and political affiliations of the majority of these gentlemen would lead one to believe that no wide space separated them from the position occupied by Mr. Stonychap, and if the latter were disposed to reward loyalty to his interests he would double the annual salary of the thousand of them, a mere trifle of \$2,000,000. Possibly he may do this, and then again, possibly he may not.

The spectators greeted the one thousand street-car employees with cries of "Step lively!" For their services in collecting nickels for the corporation owned by Mr. Stonychap the conductors receive about \$750 a year,

and the motormen face the cold in winter and the dust in summer for the same stipend.

Perhaps the greatest ovation of the day was that tendered to the thousand locomotive engineers who risk their lives for salaries averaging \$1,800 a year. It is true that the \$1,800,000 received by these thousand locomotive engineers seems small compared to the \$54,000,000 enjoyed by Mr. Stonychap—being exactly one-thirtieth of that amount—but it must be considered that it requires vastly more skill and sometimes more courage to water the stock of a railroad than it does to stand at the throttle of an engine as it tears through the storm and darkness. There are plenty of men willing to risk their lives as engineers, but who could take the place of Mr. Stonychap? And who would pay the salaries of these men if Mr. Stonychap should decline to bear the burden? We are too likely to forget these points.

There then followed twelve full regiments of a thousand each, composed of men employed in standard avocations in which the wage payments are well above the average. Reginald Gridley took the figures from the latest census reports, though most of the men insisted that they were guiltless of receiving any such amounts. It is fair to assume that the statisticians know more about this than the men do, and hence 1,000 blacksmiths were marched at \$834 a year, 1,000 boilermakers at \$830; 1,000 bricklayers at \$1,300, 1,000 carpenters at \$936, 1,000 compositors at \$1,144, 1,000 hod-carriers at \$690, 1,000 iron-molders at \$890, 1,000 machinists at \$786, 1,000 painters at \$920, 1,000 plumbers at \$1,150, 1,000 stonecutters at \$1,070, and 1,000 stonemasons at \$1,170.

It was a goodly sight to see these twelve thousand stalwart American workmen swinging up Fifth Avenue to the strains of patriotic music, and to reflect that so boundless are the opportunities of our citizenship that a single individual is able to earn nearly five times as much as all of them combined.

These skilled workers were followed

by ten thousand laborers, whose average wage according to our Census Bureau is \$480 a year, making the largest single item of any class in the parade, \$4,800,000. This is more than Mr. Stonychap earns in a whole month, but his yearly income is equal to that of one hundred and twelve thousand five hundred such men as clean our streets, dig our ditches and perform other work requiring nothing but long hours and severe muscular exertion.

With the musicians included, there were forty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-six men, women and children in line in Mr. Stonychap's parade, and the combined income of this vast army, as nearly as could be estimated, was \$54,000,000, the same as that derived by Mr. Stonychap from his various enterprises and investments. So that the reader may grasp at a glance the full significance of this array, I append the following summary as it appeared in the official program distributed on this occasion:

THOSE WHO MARCHED IN MR. STONYCHAP'S PARADE

Number in Line	Occupation	Annual Income	Total Income
386	Congressmen.....	\$5,000	\$1,930,000
90	United States senators	8,000	720,000
100	Bankers.....	25,000	2,500,000
50	Railroad presidents...	40,000	2,000,000
100	Judges.....	7,500	750,000
100	Mayors.....	5,000	500,000
100	College professors....	7,500	750,000
100	Editors.....	12,500	1,250,000
500	Editors.....	4,000	2,000,000
1,000	Editors.....	1,200	1,200,000
500	Clergymen.....	5,000	2,500,000
3,000	Clergymen.....	1,500	4,500,000
2,000	Reporters.....	1,500	3,000,000
10	Authors.....	40,000	400,000
25	Authors.....	20,000	500,000
100	Authors.....	2,500	250,000
1,000	Authors.....	.....	.....
5	Poets.....	1,000	5,000
20	Publishers.....	50,000	1,000,000
1,000	Merchants.....	2,500	2,500,000
2,500	Clerks.....	750	1,875,000
1,000	Commercial travelers..	2,000	2,000,000
2,000	School-teachers.....	600	1,200,000
1,000	Locomotive engineers..	1,800	1,800,000
1,000	Street-car employees...	750	750,000
1,000	Blacksmiths.....	834	834,000
1,000	Boilermakers.....	830	830,000
1,000	Bricklayers.....	1,300	1,300,000
1,000	Carpenters.....	936	936,000
1,000	Compositors.....	1,144	1,144,000
1,000	Plumbers.....	690	690,000
1,000	Hod-carriers.....	690	690,000
1,000	Iron-molders.....	890	890,000
1,000	Machinists.....	786	786,000
1,000	Painters.....	920	920,000
1,000	Plumbers.....	1,150	1,150,000
1,000	Stonecutters.....	1,070	1,070,000
1,000	Stonemasons.....	1,170	1,170,000
10,000	Laborers.....	480	4,800,000
5,000	Cash girls.....	200	1,000,000
800	Musicians.....	750	600,000
45,486	Total earnings.....		\$54,000,000

The last division was one of the most picturesque, consisting of five thousand little cash girls from our great stores. Many of them were mere tots, and it was impossible for the older girls who acted as marshals to preserve even the semblance of order, but the little ones seemed to enjoy their outing, and it was inspiring to watch them as they waved their flags and sang patriotic melodies. Each of these children has an earning capacity of \$200 a year, footing up to the tidy sum of a million dollars.

The line was slightly in excess of twelve miles in length, and it required five hours for it to pass a given point. At the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park Mr. Stonychap alighted, was escorted to a memorial reviewing-stand, and from it watched the thousands as they filed past him.

I have not attempted to describe in detail the glories of this wonderful pageant. Only those who have witnessed such sights can understand the eloquence of marching myriads, and it is a matter of record that not until that day did the American people obtain a proper perspective of the power and grandeur of a billion dollars, and come to a keen appreciation of the exalted position filled so worthily by Mr. Stonychap.

"You managed this excellently, my young friend," said Mr. Stonychap to Reginald Gridley that evening over dinner. "To quote a popular bit of slang, 'I think that will hold them for a while.'"

"It will make them sit up and think," smiled Reginald as he pocketed the proffered check tendered by the billionaire.



### *Two of a Kind*

DOBSON—Is there a list of millionaires published?

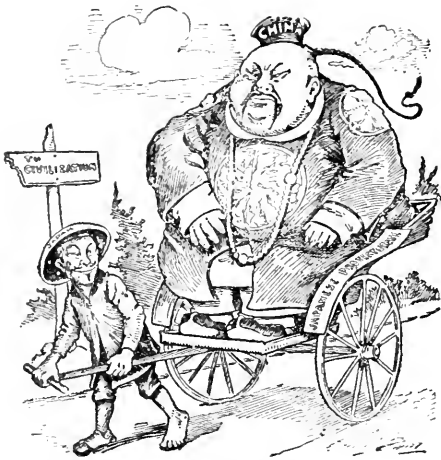
HOBSON—Not that I know of; but you can probably get a list of the fellows who dodge their taxes.

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### *A Fatalist*

THE JOLLIER—Cheer up, old boy, some day you'll get in on the ground floor.

THE JONAH—If I do, I'll tumble into the cellar.



*A Heavy Load*

*Bart, in Minneapolis Journal*



*Wanted—A Washington, Napoleon or a Bismarck*

*McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune*



*William—"Let's see; where will I butt in next?"*

*Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle*



*All Taking a Hack at Graft*

*DeMar, in Philadelphia Record*



*The Fallen King of Jesters*

*Morris, in Spokesman Review*



*Still Pouting*

*Donahey, in Cleveland Plain-Dealer*



## The Flag Of His Country

By

Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

"And ever upon the topmost roof—  
and ever—and ever—and ever upon the  
topmost roof our banner of England  
blew."

WOULD the jingle never cease? Would it buzz in his ears, throb in his throbbing brain, run like an undercurrent to his thoughts, forever? Captain Turberville pressed his hands to his aching head. It had gone on now for—hours, was it?—or centuries?—this perpetual reiteration of the hackneyed, weary strain. "And ever—and ever—and ever—" O God!

Night was just falling, African night, swift pursuer on the heels of day, when sky and veldt swung round him, the mountains leaped and fell, and he crashed over the body of his dead horse into unconsciousness. The glowing range, like hills of bronze, lit with interior fire, over which his eyes had glanced rapidly for traces of an enemy, had brought the poem to his mind.

"The Defense of Lucknow," by Lord Tennyson. How often the announcement had been greeted with volleys of applause, hoarse cries of "Hear! Hear!" and friendly, half-checked laughter. It was his one recitation. He had learned it in boyhood; an arduous, self-imposed task, mastered in secret, and delivered on his father's birthday, in honor of the culminating hour of the gray old soldier's life. How many happy family gatherings had listened to it since then? How often, at sing-songs after mess, had he been pushed forward, protesting

that he knew only this; that it had been given so often; that everyone knew it by heart as well as he—until at last, blushing like a girl and unable to refuse any longer, he had clicked heels together, straightened himself, and pointing stiffly at the regimental colors on the wall, had commenced:

"THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW

"By Lord Tennyson

"Banner of England, not for a season, O  
banner of Britain, hast thou  
floated in conquering battle or flapped to  
the battle-cry!  
Never with mightier glory than when we  
had reared thee on high,  
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege  
of Lucknow—  
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but  
ever we raised thee anew,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner  
of England blew."

He warmed to his work always, as the poem progressed. At each mention of the banner the stiff arm jerked out toward the colors. It jerked to the roof for "the heights of the mosque and the palace," it jerked to the right for "the Water-gate," to the left for "the Bailey-gate," to the ground, with a long, sweeping movement, for "mine and counter-mine." His voice grew to a shout as he proceeded. His hand, flung out, was the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with tears.

"Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?"

he cried, pointing from officer to officer as the poem rose to its climax of excitement, quite unconscious, in his earnestness, of the good-humored mer-

riment that shook the white fronts and scarlet mess jackets.

"Saved by the valor of Havclock, saved by the blessing of Heaven.  
'Hold it for fifteen days!' We have held it for eighty-seven!  
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew."

Amid a clamor of bravos he would sidle to his seat, blushing again, and with a modest glow of satisfaction at his heart. Not for the world would his messmates, clapping him on the back and shoulders as he passed, have let him think that his was the humorous element in the entertainment.

Scanning the range at sunset for the enemy, the refrain had flashed suddenly across his mind. Over all this wide countryside our banner of England would soon unshake its folds. There was no sign of pursuit, though the foe was in force not many miles away; and he rode loose-reined after his men, now a dull patch, like the shadow of a swiftly moving cloud, on the brown, darkening veldt. Suddenly his horse, worn out with hunger and hard service, had dropped under him. He came to his senses when the red eye of the sun had closed on the horizon.

In his mind, the only framed and ordered words he knew—the words he had been muttering when he fell—rang incessantly, intolerably, refusing to be cast out.

He lay for some time motionless, while the veldt darkened. He was badly injured. Darkness had blotted out his men. At last, very painfully, he dragged himself toward the body of his horse. It was stone-dead; dead, without bullet-wound (as he at first suspected), killed with scant rations and hard riding.

What should he do? Confound that everlasting jingle; he wanted his head now for clear thinking. Someone had read him Mark Twain's "Punch, Brothers" story; like the buff-trip and pink-trip slips, this line of Tennyson's seemed to have fixed itself on his mind and barred the entrance against all else. What should he do? Some-

where behind the dark range which he had climbed the enemy was hidden. Somewhere among the hills in front his men were halting for a few hours' rest. They had ridden hard and far, a handful in dangerous country, hurrying to join the British colors. Rations had run short; on a biscuit apiece, a few mouthfuls of brown, stagnant water, they had ridden the sun down the heavens, and would lie dog-tired until reveille, at daybreak.

The silence was so profound that he feared to break it by shouting. His cry might carry to his friends—it might carry to the foes behind and bring them in swift, stealthy pursuit. No doubt, they would soon miss him at the camp. Not yet, perhaps; they knew that he had ridden off to bring last news of the sunlit world; but by and bye, when the scanty meal had been spun out to its farthest limit—when pipes had been lit—when, here and there, men began to curl up and sleep—someone would wonder and someone would grumble, and others would listen for the soft pad of horse-hoofs which never came. By and bye, no doubt, a few men, swearing under their breath, would swing stiff limbs into creaking saddles and ride out. Without lights (and a lantern on the veldt might bring their foes swarming like moths to flame), their quest must be hopeless.

He tried to crawl toward the hills. Clutching the coarse grass, he dragged himself on wearily, foot by foot. Now and again sharp pain gripped him and held him quivering for long minutes, unable to proceed. He grew faint, dizzy; in his disordered fancy the words of the monotonous burden seemed to circle round him, like gnats, irritating, stinging, brushed aside only to return. He wedged disconnected thought between the words. He strained his eyes, trying to pierce the darkness. His ears, in which the refrain droned on, like the voice of the sea in empty shells, listened vainly for the soft patter of the hoofs.

"*And ever—and ever—and ever—*"  
Oh, would this jingle *never* cease? He



pressed his hands to his head and drew them back again suddenly, wondering. They were wet; he knew at once, with blood. He must have struck a stone or rock when he fell; and now blood was welling from the wound. He tried ineffectually to bandage it and stop the flow. Should he cry for help? By his own order the men had ridden silently, for fear of capture or attack. Yet his eyes had seen no signs of enemies among the sunlit hills just before he fell. He clenched his teeth and tried to struggle on. The lives of two-score men might hang upon his silence.

His silence? As time passed and the ink-black hills still seemed as distant, the dull possibilities of never-broken silence dawned upon him. Unless help came—and came speedily—his torn and broken body must be silent dust of the vast and silent veldt. His strength was ebbing. His dry lips longed for water; but, looking forward to the halting-place, he had drained his bottle just before he fell. Unless help came—

He lay still, powerless to move another yard toward safety. Black night seemed to hold the spirits of men slain. He thought of the march of terrible ages, when the white man's foot had never trodden the ground on which he lay; of savage wars and human holocausts offered to fierce, implacable gods. His mind went back month after month. He remembered comrades slaughtered in battle, falling, with faces suddenly white, suddenly frozen into types of agony, of terror, of surprise—like the stone faces of dying warriors he had seen once on the walls of the Arsenal at Berlin. Strange, that men should perpetuate such horrors and place them for the eyes of sight-seers in a gay capital—unless to inspire them with hatred of this brutal business of war. The strain of the last few months had told upon his nerves. If some of these people at home could be dragged out to see what he had seen—these householders, to see the widows and orphans their money had paid to make; these flag-waving lunatics who swarmed the public-houses,

loud-tongued and vulgar, to see the heaps of quiet, cold bodies of the dead; these legislators and officials, in their noiseless, carpeted offices, to see lads young enough to be their grandsons roused suddenly from hard-won sleep by the hissing bullet or thrusting bayonet, shrieking, with eyeless sockets, shattered limbs, mangled bodies, for their mothers, coughing and vomiting blood—these lads who might have been working quietly in the fields of dear old England, loving, courting in the leafy lanes, marrying, bringing up children who at last might close their eyes when death, "a summer night descending, cool and green," fell on the peaceful evening of their days—these lads whom they had sent with a pen-stroke to slay or be slain.

Surely the world was wide enough and empty enough as yet for men to live in it as brothers. Miles upon miles of park and deer-forest and preserves, kept for sporting and pleasure in our own land; countless miles of bush and prairie, of rich jungle and forest in the countries over sea; and we must pack our hundreds of thousands into vessels and send them thousands of weary leagues to shoot and stab and ravage for this veldt, these hills, that earth-hidden gold.

He tried to thrust these thoughts from him. What would his stiff old father have said to the barest hint of such treason against the service which claimed them both? What would his ancestors and kin have said—those men who lay under the soil of a score of countries or under the waters of the seven seas? He thought of the tablets in the ancient church at home, the tablets he had eyed so often through dreary sermons; they had given their lives for our banner of England, the men who fell at Salamanca, at Torres Vedras, at Waterloo, at Inkerman; the men who fell at Aboukir and Trafalgar; even the little midshipman who had perished in an obscure fight among the feverish marshes of a far-off Borneo river.

The memory of that little country church in England rose before him,

with its shining bronzes, its tattered flags, the silent effigies of men long dead who had borne his name, the ivy that tapped against the windows on summer evenings. The sinking misery of homesickness seized him; the sense of the immense distances of this dark Africa shutting him in grew intolerable; these countless miles of veldt to the south, and veldt, desert and unknown jungle to the north; the native villages, the wandering tribes, the iron mountains, the white-walled towns, with the mosques of a strange creed thronged with worshipers and the streets teeming and clamorous with men of alien races and alien tongues. But beyond the veldt, beyond the great expanses to the north, reflecting the white bastions of these cities, ran the seas which washed the homeland shores.

*"And ever—and ever—upon the topmost roofs—our banner—"* The strain kept time now to the rattle and roar of train-wheels, taking him back, in thought, to the port at which they had landed a few months since. It throbbed with the pulsing engines of the transport; it joined with the scamper and mutter and dying laughter of waves heard at night, in his cabin, as they washed and broke against the vessel. Pictures of his life at home rose before him; broken pictures, little scenes detached and inconsequent, like the pieces of a child's puzzle not yet fitted into place; scenes from his life at Wellington, at Sandhurst; his wedding day; children's parties; a quiet Sunday morning; a ramble with his children in country lanes.

Where were they now, his wife and children? It was summer in England, glorious summer. Wild roses and honeysuckle were in the hedges; poppies flamed among rolling fields of wheat and oats and barley. Lying there on the dark veldt, knowing that death must come if help were long delayed, he thought of the little seaside town, far away, where they were staying. How had they spent this day, while he, half starved, ragged, sick of the whole business of war, had been riding with his men through the hills

where death was lurking? Early in the morning, with the first song of the birds, the children would be astir. He had stayed often, in summers past, at that little rose-twined cottage on the cliffs; you could hear the murmur of the sea, and watch the reflected dazzle of the waves gleaming on the bedroom walls. Quite early Dick's stubby, freckled little nose would be pressed against the pane to see if white horses flecked the blue distance. Then would come the shrill call to Ethel, and the patter of bare feet as she crept in, in her little frilled nightgown, to lean out with him, and gulp in the pure morning air, and talk sagely about the prospects of the day. Ten minutes later—Dick having helped to adjust strings and tapes, in some queer-wise fashion of his own—they would race together down the parade, scramble over the slippery rocks, stir up the little feathery anemones, green and brown and pink, in the tiny pools, and come back again with glowing cheeks and bright eyes to meet their mother at the breakfast-table.

Then there would be the long morning on the sands, bathing, paddling (he pictured Ethel, with her white sunbonnet like a flower on the sunny little head, and her petticoats tucked up into the queerest bundle), playing cricket, perhaps, with other children, and flying now and then, like small birds to the nest, for the buns and fruit doled out by their mothers from the deck chair where, working and reading, she kept an ever-watchful eye upon their wanderings.

In the afternoon, washed and brushed up, they might go to the pier or walk on the downs or among the cornfields with her; in the evening, another little walk before bedtime in the pleasant country, or another hour or two on the sands; and then, at last, the slipping off of shoes from tired little feet, the rattle of sand and tiny pebbles, the hanging up of strips of brown, weather-telling seaweed; and gentle sleep rounding the happy day.

Ah, he could almost hear the mur-

mur of the sea; could almost smell the weed and sands; could almost see his wife bending over the children's cots—putting her face, which had not quite lost the curves and dimples of girlhood yet, to their round and sun-browned cheeks.

Were they thinking of him, too? Talking about him? Wondering what he was doing, while he lay lonely and still, with the life that friendly hands might save, ebbing fast from the open wound?

After all, there was equal chances about the enemy being near; if he cried for help his men would ride swiftly enough to the rescue; he was risking his life—giving his life—for a scruple. He sat up with intense difficulty; painful cramps racked his limbs; a cry was on his lips—he checked himself suddenly.

What was that?

The moon was struggling now through a film of cloud. By its thin light he saw, ten yards or so away, a horseman riding silently through the night. Another and another followed. There was scarcely a jingle of stirrup, scarcely a creak of leather; not a voice was raised, even in a whisper; even the pad of hoofs was muffled in the long, coarse grass. And they came from the hostile hills.

After the first three, they rode past, five or six abreast, not noticing the two black figures on the dark veldt so near them. Foes, these; but men, at all events, who would help a fallen enemy—who would give him water and check the pulsing blood which was carrying him away from hope of seeing England and those he loved again. He was on the point of calling for aid when he suddenly remembered. If they saw him, they must know at once how near his men were. And if not?

Scores upon scores passed by. Riding silently like this, they would come suddenly upon the camp; kill the sentries, perhaps; certainly, so feebly the light glimmered, they must overwhelm the little troop now resting in the hills.

Picture a sailor on a raft at sea, thirst-parched, hungry, dying—and a sail which means help in sight. Imagine him letting the friendly vessel pass without hail. Turberville dug his nails in the soil, grappled the roots of grass, pressed his face, covered now with blood, to the ground, fighting with the cry that was welling from his heart: Oh, England! Oh, home! Oh, dear ones! "*And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.*" That cry, the voice of duty, as he understood it, rang louder in his ears.

And then, suddenly, a man sharper-eyed or more observant than the rest saw the two darker patches—dead horse and dying man—on the dark veldt. He checked his horse abruptly.

Turberville, with a spasmodic effort, drew his revolver; perhaps he should have done this earlier to warn his friends. He beat back the last frantic impulse to save his ebbing life. His finger closed on the trigger. The sharp report echoed among the hills; the bullet sped aimlessly; the next second a volley rattled out. . . .

Far away a drowsy sentry heard the report, saw the flashes cleaving the night and the shapes of men and horses springing suddenly out of darkness. Three minutes later twoscore men were riding, at all speed, into the fastnesses of the hills, and a mile or so farther on lay ambushed for the coming foes. . . .

Far away—far, far away, beyond the rolling leagues of Africa, beyond the rolling miles of ocean, a mother and two children were on the sands of a little seaside town. Night was falling, but had not fallen; the rosy glow of sunset lay on land and sea. From the rim of the darkening water lightships winked toward the land; silvery lights began to twinkle from the pier, crawling on its long black spider legs toward the vacant sea.

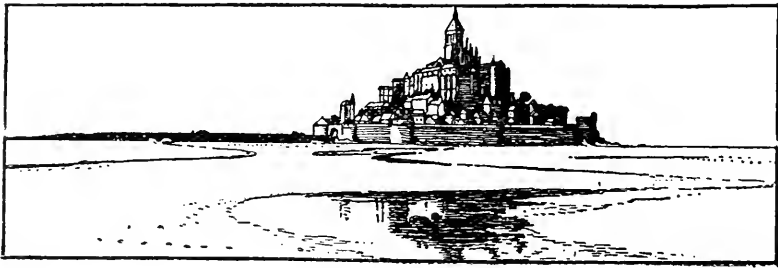
"Bedtime, Dick," the mother said. "Come along, children."

"Let me just finish this castle, mother," Dick pleaded. "Hurry up, Ethel. Look, mother, look! There's the flag on top!"

He sprang aside and, jerking a stiff, sturdy little arm toward it, declaimed: "*And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.*"

"Doesn't he say it just like daddy, mother?" piped Ethel shrilly.

"Just like daddy, dear. Now the castle's finished, Dick. Furl the flag up again, there's a good little son." She shivered, though it was warm summer. "It's bedtime, children. Come along home."



### *Just As You Used To Do*

I'M dreaming a dream in the twilight  
 And the years roll away like a tide;  
 The silver creeps back to the golden  
 And you are again at my side.  
 We wander through sunny, sweet meadows  
 Where the snowiest daisies grew;  
 I am hearing you say: "I love you!"—  
 Just as you used to do.

Just as you used to do, dear heart,  
 In the vanished days of yore;  
 I hear you softly whisper  
 The old sweet words once more.  
 Your loving arms are round me,  
 Your clasp so strong and true,  
 I hear you saying: "I love you!"—  
 Just as you used to do.

And then I wake from my dreaming,  
 Awake to my lone unrest.  
 The daisies change to the lilies  
 I laid on your dear dead breast.  
 But always and ever at twilight  
 I'll dream of the joy I knew;  
 I'll hear you say: "I love you!"—  
 Just as you used to do.

MAURICE SMILEY.

# *The Need of a Remedy*

BY GEORGE H. LOCEY

**I**N the history of all nations there comes a time when the people are compelled to face a crisis; and the wisdom, the intelligence and the patriotism of the citizen are invoked to seek a solution of the conditions, and, if possible, disclose and apply the remedy.

Today the American people are face to face with an important crisis—so important that it seriously disturbs their tranquillity; and they are thinking, and thinking hard, to discover the reasons for this unrest.

On every hand are the evidences of a rapid centralization of wealth in the possession and control of the very few. This, it is feared, is the precursor of important changes in social conditions, which will reflect disastrously upon the labor and producing interests of the nation—and eventually overthrow the Republic.

Whether the dread is well founded or a figment of the imagination only, it is well to take time by the forelock, diagnose conditions and seek the remedy.

Our increase in national wealth since 1860 has not exceeded 4 per cent. per annum. Our estimated wealth today is \$100,000,000,000. In 1911 it will reach the enormous sum of \$128,000,000,000—equal to the combined wealth of France and Great Britain.

As a world power, in wealth and resources we rank the first among the family of nations; and we should be the first to recognize the economic fact that nations, like individuals, cannot expend more than they earn. To do so invites insolvency and the brood of evils in its wake.

There is a feeling in business circles that the legal limits on the compensation for the use of money is an ancient heresy, which has no place in our modern life, and that all interest laws ought to be repealed. There are those who affirm, and not without some appearance of plausibility, that a man with money should be at liberty to contract for the compensation for its use as freely as he is now at liberty to contract for the rent of his house.

This is the argument of our modern Shylock, and it would be as easy to navigate the infernal regions in a paraffin boat as to suppress the effort, prompted by an unholy greed, to secure compensation in excess of what the law provides. Money is not only property in itself, but carries with it another and important function of representing, measuring and exchanging all other values. The civilizations of all the ages have recognized and enforced the right to limit by law the compensation for the use of money. This being true, it follows that in a nation where the interest and dividend-bearing indebtedness closely approximates the entire national wealth, which is the condition in our nation today, the excess over the national increment measures the forces of centralization. Every ten years we look for a financial panic—a readjustment of values and general liquidation. It is now due, and the sword of Damocles will fall sooner or later.

These periodic revulsions could not follow with historic regularity if the interest and dividend-bearing burden was not greater than the annual national increment. The only solution

is to reduce this annual burden to a point below the annual increment or submit to periodic financial panics.

For a time, as the nation grew from youth to manhood, the steady growth in values acted as a sedative. It was a set-off against the speculative tendency to employ capital at rates greatly in excess of actual earnings, and the people were not alarmed.

But the undeveloped acres are now occupied, and the wealth of mineral resources is now a matter of individual and corporate ownership. The community, in the aggregate, cannot now hope to reap an annual net increment of over 4 per cent. The limitations are inflexible, and the only solution of the problem is either to liquidate, at the risk of a merciless insolvency, or reduce the rates of interest upon loanable capital to a point below the national increment, for the producer is entitled to his equity in that increment.

This can be secured only by an amendment to the Constitution fixing the legal rate of interest at a point below the annual increase in wealth and compelling the legislatures of the several states to repeal existing laws and enact laws in conformity with the Constitution so amended, with adequate penalties for violations, direct or indirect. This advance in national economics cannot be secured in any other way, for the state sovereignties, under the reserved rights, now control the matter, and it would be practically impossible to secure uniformity through state legislation—and uniformity at a rate below the national increment is essential.

Starting with our national wealth in 1860, our growth has been as follows:

1860.....	\$ 16,000,000,000
1877.....	32,000,000,000
1894.....	64,000,000,000
1905.....	100,000,000,000
1911.....	128,000,000,000

Our estimated wealth for 1905 proves that our growth in wealth in the most prosperous era of our history has not and does not exceed 4 per cent. per annum, for money doubles every

seventeen years at that rate, compounded.

If we were out of debt, or the debt were slight as compared with the volume of wealth, we could endure for a time the blight of usurious demands; but the day of reckoning would come.

The aggregate of the stocks and bonds of the railroads alone is \$20,000,000,000, or one-fifth our estimated national wealth. The aggregate of the debt of our cities, large and small, is \$10,000,000,000 more, and when to this you add the debt of other public and quasi-public corporations—state, county, township, copartnership and individual indebtedness—the nation stands face to face with a condition both serious and appalling, for the average burden by way of interest and discounts is fully 8 per cent. per annum, or twofold greater than our annual increase in wealth. It is a grave question how long these forces of centralization can continue. In a republic the cardinal principle which underlies stability is *diffusion of wealth*. It is the hardpan of democracy. The remedy, if not already too late, lies in an amendment to the Constitution nationalizing the rate of interest upon money at a point below the annual increase in wealth.

Until this is done periodic financial revulsions are inevitable. When this is done the producing interests, the burden-bearers of the nation, will begin to share in our boasted national prosperity, money will seek *investment* rather than *loans*, with the hope of greater reward; trusts and combinations would be replaced by the most active and persistent competition. The lack of needed income because of the lower interest rates would be supplemented by investments in industrial enterprises.

This would enlarge the area of competition, employ idle labor and bring it into demand, a condition that would be healthful to the community. It would stimulate the development of industries for the employment of labor, because of the promise of greater rewards for the money invested. Greed

would become the stimulus to progress.

Our fictitious boasted prosperity has very largely come to us through a successfully manipulated market, entirely speculative, and which, in the end, immolates its victim.

The natural and healthy law of commerce is the law of supply and demand. The manipulated market has supplanted it and is today the whirling

vortex which engulfs the votaries of a life devoted to wild speculation and the greed of accumulation—wholly artificial, abnormal and self-destructive. The angles of incidence and reflection are equal, and the true equilibrium in economics is to nationalize the rates of interest at a point below the annual increase in national wealth—stimulate competition and enlarge and multiply the channels of individual opportunity.

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### *The Octopus: According to Bobby Jonks*

AS near as I can make out from Uncle Bill's remarks, an octopus is a monster with a white vest, side-whiskers and eight arms, one of which he uses in foisting libraries down the throats of innocent bystanders and teaching a Sabbath-school class of young wunks between times, while with the other seven he takes the food and raiment right out of the mouths of widows and orphans.

He also has a considerable sized sense of youmer, and says that if the public-be-jammed can't live on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table they can chase themselves off and eat grass. That's funny when it is done right, for we've tried it—me and Stump and Hookey and Squat Miller. We sooperindooed Percy Uh-eugene Bondwaller, whose Paw owns 'most everything around here but the sunshine; Percy Uh-eugene lispes and has a governess and wears good clothes all the time. We are the People, and when we heard about that there grass-eating business we enticed Percy Uh-eugene away off into the woods where the grass was plentiful, and made him eat a strip of it about this wide and so long. He didn't do as good a job as a lawn-mower, but he made a heap worse noise about it. When we got through with Percy Uh-eugene he looked like a gunny-sack stuffed with the strange remark Excelsior, and he's sure had a hull-some respect for the People ever since.

The octopus don't admire money for money's sake alone, but for what he can do with it; if a dollar wouldn't buy anything he wouldn't care a cent for it. And it is what other folks haven't got that tickles him even more than what he's got himself. When he goes to heaven—which he won't sorter commence to do, if he don't watch out; for I hear tell that it is powerful hard for a camel to go through the knee of an idol—his chief enjoyment will be in thinking how full the Other Place is of common folks.

But let him beware! Let him ride around on his high hand as long as he can while the rest of us walk supinely along on our backs in the dust; for just when he is busiest wotting not, a fat lady with an "ie" on the end of her name will come by and with a sighreen smile inviggle him out of his earthly all, as they call it in stories, or a trooshulent young man who would rather be right than be President, and happens to be both at the same time, will grab up a pee-rogy-tive and knock his entire eight arms off'n him.

This is all I know about the octopus, and Uncle Bill (and I got it 'most all by listening to him, too!) says it's a good deal more than he knows.

Yours truly,

Bobby Jonks.

His hand and pen:

He will be good, but don't know when.

# Monarchy Within the Republic

JOHN MARSHALL'S DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED POWERS—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF  
THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

BY FONTAINE T. FOX

## THIRD PAPER

I TAKE the following extract from Justice White's dissenting opinion in what has been properly called "The Income Tax Case," decided by the Federal Supreme Court (See Vol. 157 U. S. Reports, page 609):

The decision of this court holds that the collection of a tax levied by the Government of the United States will not be restrained by its courts. *Cheatham vs. United States*, 92 U. S. 85; *Snyder vs. Marks*, 109 U. S. 189. See also *Elliott vs. Swartout*, 10 Pet. 137; *City of Philadelphia vs. The Collector*, 5 Wall, 720; *Hornthall vs. The Collector*, 9 Wall, 560. The same authorities have established the rule that the proper course in a case of illegal taxation is to pay the tax under protest, or with notice of suit, and then bring an action against the officer who collected it. The statute law of the United States, in express terms, gives a party who has paid a tax under protest the right to sue for its recovery. Rev. Statutes, Sec. 3226. The act of 1867 forbids the maintenance of any suit "for the purpose of restraining the assessment or collection of any tax." The complainant is seeking to do the very thing which, according to the statutes and the decisions above referred to, may not be done. If the corporator cannot have the collection of the tax enjoined, it seems obvious that he cannot have the corporation enjoined from paying it, and thus do by indirection what he cannot do directly. It is said that such relief as is here sought has been frequently allowed. The cases relied on are *Dodge vs. Woosley*, 13 Howard 331, and *Hawes vs. Oakland*, 104 U. S. 450. Neither of these authorities, I submit, is in point. In *Dodge vs. Woosley* the main question at issue was the validity of a state tax, and that case did not involve the act of Congress to which I have referred. *Hawes vs. Oakland* was a controversy between a stockholder and a corporation, and had no reference whatever to taxation. The complainant's attempt to

establish a right to relief upon the ground that this is not a suit to enjoin the tax, but one to enjoin the corporation from paying it, involves the fallacy already pointed out—that is, that a party can exercise a right indirectly which it cannot assert directly—that he can compel his agent, through process of this court, to violate an act of Congress.

In this statement of Justice White lies embedded the entire principle of our form of representative government. Government by injunction (borrowing the phrase of the Chicago Democratic platform of 1896) has received since the rendition of the celebrated judgment in their cases some very striking and alarming illustrations, but none of them should be considered with calmer thought or deeper analysis than the order of the Federal Supreme Court in these cases. The laws referred to in this extract have never been, to my knowledge, held unconstitutional, and if they have, Justice White would most certainly have so stated. The philosophic student of American politics and history must make himself intimately familiar with the decisions of the Supreme Court if he would reach just and correct conclusions as to the real channels of our politics.

They are indeed the very sources of our political parties and the pivot of our political issues. He will surely be struck with the absence of any evidence of historical studies in these opinions. Whatever of such evidence he may find he will note immediately its English drift and English source—none of it American in spirit, in fact, in reference or in inspiration.



Mr. Madison, intending himself to publish his records of the debates of the Federal Convention that formed the Federal Constitution, wrote an introduction to these debates, from which I quote: "Such were the defects, the deformities, the diseases and the ominous prospects from which the convention was to provide a remedy and which ought never to be overlooked in expounding and appreciating the Constitutional Charter, the remedy that was provided." (Vol. II, page 714, Madison Papers.) And further, as follows: "The curiosity I had felt during my researches into the history of the most distinguished confederacies, particularly those of antiquity, and the deficiency I found in the means of satisfying it, more especially in what relates to the process, the principles, the reasons and the anticipations which prevailed in the formation of them, determined me to preserve as far as I could an exact account of what might pass in the convention while executing its trust, with the magnitude of which I was duly impressed, as I was to the gratification promised to future curiosity by an authentic exhibition of the objects, the opinions and the reasonings from which the new system of government was to receive its peculiar structure and organization. Nor was I unaware of the value of such a contribution to the fund of materials for the history of a constitution on which would be staked the happiness of a people great even in its infancy, and possibly the cause of liberty throughout the world." (*Ibid.*, Vol. II, page 716.)

The judges of this court seem prone to rest their arguments on a superficial view, regardless of the deductions to be drawn from their conclusions, and consequently our dual government is wobbling on its onward march, ready to topple over from constitutional and political fatigue. How strikingly illustrated are these comments by this extract? Why did not Justice White go to the very marrow of this question, a question that involves the right of the President to execute the law and

of Congress to pass laws without the consent of the Supreme Court, unless the law, upon an issue properly framed and in a suit testing its constitutionality as a defensive bar, has already been declared unconstitutional? Congress had enacted these laws years ago—by one, the Act of 1867, the maintenance of any suit for the purpose of restraining the assessment or collection of any tax was forbidden; by the other, the party paying the tax under protest has the right to sue for its recovery. These laws are clearly constitutional. The gist of the action was that, as a corporation could not have the collection of the tax enjoined under these acts, he sued to have the corporation enjoined from paying it. The President is the executive of the laws in this Republic; the collector of the taxes under the revenue laws is appointed by him and is his agent for that purpose. Congress is the legislative department under our government, and had passed the laws fixing these taxes, and also pointed out the course to be pursued by a taxpayer to recover the amount of illegal taxes paid by him.

What is the logical deduction to be drawn from this opinion enjoining the payment of this tax? I do not care, nor is it necessary to this contention to note the fact that this decision overrules all its former decisions on the subject. First, the court entertained and decided a suit which Congress, by an express law on that very subject, prohibited being brought to restrain or enjoin the assessment or collection of taxes. The law was not, in these words, repealed; but it was simply by injunction ordered not to be obeyed, which is tantamount to a repeal. If it possesses this power over this law it holds its exercise at its own will over any other law, and, consequently, over all laws enacted by Congress. This right and exercise is not synonymous or identical with the right to declare a law unconstitutional, which is a declaration by the court that the law is not in accordance with the provisions of granted powers of the Constitution, and is therefore void. The injunction

issued as to the law in issue assumes the right and power to say what laws should be executed, and, in other words, is in effect and substance the same as claiming the constitutional right to inform Congress what laws it shall pass and what shall be their provision. Is not this decision a direct and unqualified usurpation of legislative authority, or rather an absorption or destruction of the legislative department of the Government?

Second, if the payment of the tax was enjoined, the collector was just as certainly enjoined from collecting. The collector was only the official agent of the President, and consequently the injunction of the agent was the injunction of his principal, the President. If the court possessed the right to enjoin the Executive from the performance of his sworn duties in this instance, it has the same right in any other case, and consequently in all cases. Now, what is left of these two departments and of the Constitution by which they were both created as co-ordinate branches of the same government with this court? Where is the provision under or in the Constitution which can justify, much the less grant, any such right to the Supreme Court? I do not find it so nominated in the bond. Is not this judicial monarchy? The legislative department abolished and the Chief Executive of this Republic chained to its triumphal car and paraded through the highways of history as a trophy of its victory.

And who now comes driving that car with the driving of Jehu—driving furiously like Jehu, the son of Nimshi? The present Chief-Justice of this court. John Marshall died too soon. It has been left to other hands to complete the gigantic work conceived by his imperial intellect, and one life was all too short for a design so vast and comprehensive. He planned the work; he wrote the specification; he laid the foundation; he left his directions in language so simple and clear that a wayfaring man could not err therein.

The decision fulfils the prophecy couched in the form of an argument

made by Robert Y. Hayne in his celebrated debate with Daniel Webster, that ultimately all the powers of government would be absorbed by the Supreme Court through the assertion by its judges of the right, constantly enlarging by its exercise, to review all the acts of Congress—an argument which Webster did not notice, because it could not be answered. It is now an accomplished fact in American history, which at last gives the palm of victory to Hayne. Webster, realizing the tremendous force and virtue of the argument, executed a flank movement by a burst of magnificent eloquence on Massachusetts, and which actually increased the vanity of that self-satisfied state. Webster, in this speech, with a superior diction animated by the touch of Hooker's majestic style and enriched by the constant study of Milton's perfect rhetoric, gave to florid oratory a lofty bearing, an elevated dignity, an exquisite richness of imagery which it had not received from the almost inspired tongue of Edmund Burke. His speech stands today, and will ever stand, as a monument to his parliamentary genius and skill in debate, in not replying to, by evading an argument he could not answer. For Justice White's manly and patriotic protest against this daring usurpation by the majority of the court we should be grateful; but if he had gone one step further in his logic—gone to the very marrow of this question, and exposed the ultimate consequences of this decision, he would have given a blessing of inestimable value to the American people, and which a nation's gratitude could never repay.

To have done that would have made him the judicial hero of this people. I do not censure him for what he did not do. I applaud him for what he did do. He might have used with great force and propriety this extract from Mr. Read's speech in the Federal Convention (Madison Papers, Vol. II, page 807): "If we do not establish a good government on new principles we must either go to ruin or have the work to do over again, followed by the

suggestion that we are now rapidly going to ruin and the work must be done over again with stronger and better defined checks on the Federal judiciary so clearly expressed as to exclude implied powers." All the dissenting opinions in this case are great opinions, but the extract from Justice White's was used because it was pertinent to this argument.

The sole question, robbed of its useless words, presented by the decision of the majority, is this: Is this a government composed of three co-ordinate and equal departments, or is it a government of only one, to wit: The Federal judiciary? This question is now defiantly presented to the American people by the Chief-Justice of this court, sustained by a majority of its justices. How will it be settled? I hope without blood, but I doubt it. The American people will consult their right and their nerve, as their forefathers did when they threw British tea overboard in Boston Harbor. This question is structural in its nature, and goes to the foundation of representative government—such as is the American system.

A government of three co-ordinate departments was suggested by Montesquieu in his "Spirit of Laws," and gradually developed by England, in her constitutional monarchy, to a certain point where our forefathers took it up and made it the basis of foundation upon which our system rests, with well-defined lines of division and separation. Must indeed the work be done over again? When the proposition of a council of revision of the laws to be enacted by the legislative department was discussed by the convention as a provision of the Constitution (Madison Papers, Vol. II, page 783), Mr. Gerry said: "Mr. Gerry doubts whether the judiciary ought to form a part of it, as they will have a sufficient check against encroachments on their own department by the exposition of the laws which involve a power of deciding on their constitutionality. In some states the judges have actually set aside laws as being against the

Constitution. This was done, too, with general approbation. This was quite foreign from the nature of their office to make them judges of the policy of public measures."

When the question was put to the vote it was lost by 3 to 8—a majority of 5 against it, and yet in this very decision they have asserted the right to be judges of "the policy of public measures"—the right denied by this overwhelming majority. The same measure was again defeated in the same convention. (Is it not pertinent to ask if these judges ever heard of the Madison Papers, and if so, have they ever read a line of them?) The right asserted by this court to decide what a certain law ought not to be, and should not be executed by the President, enforced by injunction, is the same as the right to pass on the policy of the public measure contained in the act. They are one and identical and not in any wise synonymous with the right to decide the constitutionality of an act. The question as to the policy of a law is solely one of judgment as to the necessity of the law in the administration of the Government; the question as to its constitutionality is solely as to its nature, tested by the provisions or powers expressed in the Constitution. The injunction, therefore, issued in this case was destructive of the executive department of the Government.

It is an easy transition from the asserted right to enjoin the execution of a law, the policy of which is objectionable to the Supreme Court, to the assertion of the right as an implied power to pass on the policy of the act before its enactment. The decision passed in this way on the policy of the act after its enactment. It is under this decision merely a question of time. If it can be done after its passage by an injunction on the President to stop its execution, why can it not be done by an injunction on him to prevent his signature or approval of it? Would it not save time, litigation and trouble? The mere fact that a proposition for a council of revision, of which the judges of this court were to be members, was

twice voted down, manifestly has no weight with the court—it is no evidence to them that the refusal to grant them this power expressly does not exclude it from powers granted impliedly.

Let the latter power be asserted by the court, would not, and ought not, this decision be used as a precedent to support and sustain it? Most surely it would be by every lawyer employed by corporations as to laws touching their rights, franchises or privileges in the event a suit could be filed, appealed and heard by this court before that particular law had been signed. And why not? That is the question. Would this court overrule its decisions in these cases when the supposed case was before it? When did this court ever voluntarily recede from its position on the doctrine of its implied powers as to any power or right usurped by means of that doctrine? Has it ever retraced its steps in a search for that Constitution from which they have wandered so far that it is almost proper to ask if they recognize it as the organic law of this land, and which their official oath binds them to respect?

Is it not true in law, as in morals, that an error or a wrong principle in law, as in morals, must run its logical course? And what is the end to that course? If you appeal to History, her voice answers, The block or revolution. And that, whichever it may be, alone eradicates such errors or principles, because power grows by its own exercise, and the exercise of it strengthens and increases the power, and thus usurpers have in the past been enabled to crystallize their power into right, and the right in subsequent times upheld the power born of usurpation. It will take a mind of extraordinary foresight—almost prophetic—to decide which, the injunctions to prevent

*(To be continued.)*

the execution of a law enacted, or the injunction to stop the approval of one on its passage, would have the most injurious influence upon our dual system of government. These income cases have borne legitimate fruit. A Federal judge has recently enjoined the officials of the state of Tennessee from collecting the taxes due from railroad property because he thought the assessment too high.

I have not considered this important question through the cold medium of chancery law, in which it was originated by English chancellors as a means of preventive justice. How stands it in chancery, from which it has been wrenched and sent forth on its high political mission by the Supreme Court? A summary statement from this point of view may be beneficial for some purposes to this discussion. It has been issued in only three cases time out of mind:

First—Where there was no other adequate remedy at the common law for the wrong stated.

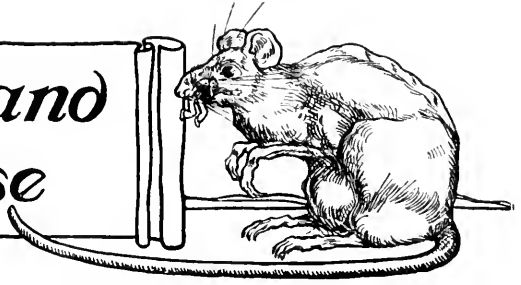
Second—Where there was or would be an irreparable injury done.

Third—Where there was such an urgent necessity to prevent the threatened act that the chancellor was justified in issuing this writ. In the first and second cases the Federal statutes had not only provided an adequate remedy, but had also prescribed the very course to be taken to remedy the wrongs complained of in the cases then being heard; and in the third, these very statutes prevented, by the remedies provided, the urgent necessity which might have been used as a justification of the application of the writ. This writ is purely a private process in the equity courts to prevent injustice to private rights between man and man—it is not, and never was, considered as a remedy for political wrongs.

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THE man with the biggest head is the one who gets drunk on fame.

# The Man and The Mouse



A FABLE

BY F. G. McCAULEY

"The Tariff is the Mother of All Trusts."—*Havemeyer Proverb.*

THERE was once a Man who was a great farmer and also a bachelor. He was the owner of vast estates, and, as you may infer, very rich. His house was like a castle with towers and outlying buildings. From its roof could be seen wide ranges of meadowland, plowland and forest. The scene was beautiful—upland, lowland, vale and hill, vistas and streams and lakes to delight the eye and please the taste. His barns sheltered large droves of sheep and kine, his sties inclosed herds of the finest swine, and in the barns and fields were fine horses for the work of the plantation and for pleasure. Domestic fowl filled the yards with their merry and homely clatter, and the woods and trees were the homes of innumerable birds of rare plumage and sweet song, and all around the atmosphere breathed the delightful aroma of content.

The ricks of hay and fodder, the bins of grain full to bursting, fed the healthy and sleek animals whose good fortune it was to live in such a paradise and to enjoy the care of such a kind master. Health and happiness and prosperity were found in every corner of this vast domain. It seemed like Eden before the Tempter came.

The Man was the very image of good nature and prosperity, large and with a jolly, pleasant face that showed honesty and goodness in every lineament. His countenance at once invited confi-

dence, and one instinctively felt drawn toward him for his large-hearted brotherliness. Prosperity seemed to have chosen him as her especial favorite. Everything about his home revealed taste and refinement. He paid his hired help beyond the wages paid by his neighbors, so much so that most of his neighbors not only envied him but felt aggrieved and jealous of him. He did not oppress his hirelings, and he fed them well, even luxuriously, so that men and women loved to work for him and people of all kinds came to him to obtain a place for service. He gave them all the work they could perform, and the more he employed the more there were that came.

When one kind of labor had engaged all who could profitably be employed in it he invented still other kinds, and so the work and the prosperity went hand in hand, and he grew rich and his people grew rich with him, and he became more popular than ever with all classes.

But he was a man of rather peculiar tastes. As he had neither wife nor bairn he surrounded himself with pets of various kinds, upon which he lavished a wealth of sympathy and love. He had dogs and cats and birds and cattle which waited upon his word and call and loved to respond to his advances.

To show his rather peculiar disposition, it may be remarked that the poorer and feebler the animal was the more he seemed to love it and cherish

and protect it, until the event which I am about to chronicle, when a psychological change took place—gradually, of course—in his mind and affections. How it was, and why it was, I leave the experts to reason and explain.

One cold, clammy day the Man saw a Staghound worrying some poor Creature, which seemed to be a half-dead little Mouse or a creature closely resembling one.

The Man at once enlisted his active sympathy for the poor Creature, which he took from the Hound, and the Mouse cuddled close in his warm hand and came a great deal closer to his warm, sympathetic heart.

He scolded the Hound as savagely as his generous nature would permit, and the Hound, unused to such cruel treatment, slunk off in shame and disgrace.

Then the Man took the poor little Creature, squeaking and trembling, to his bosom and later to his home, where he made It a bed of down and silk, close to his fireside.

He gave orders to man and maid that the Mouse must be tenderly cared for. It must be fed on the most nourishing food, kept in a good, warm place and surrounded by every creature comfort. It must not be worried by cat or dog or by children. He even went so far as to have It kept in his own room, and even took It into his bed. Its plaintive squeaks were music in his ear, and every time he looked upon It It struck a tender chord in his heart. Its two pink eyes seemed to him like liquid opals in whose changing depths he saw, or thought he saw, wondrous beauty.

It thrived amazingly under his loving care. Soon It ran around the room, climbed into his lap and gave

little squeals of delight when he came near It.

It was a wonderful Mouse of rare intelligence.

When a Friend came to visit the Man and talk over old times, the Man could not withdraw his mind from that Mouse. It seemed to fill his waking hours and his dreams by night. It expanded until the whole horizon of his thought was filled by It.

"What makes you so anxious about that Mouse?" said his Friend.

"Oh, It is a poor, distressed infant that needs my fostering care until It gets large and strong enough to take

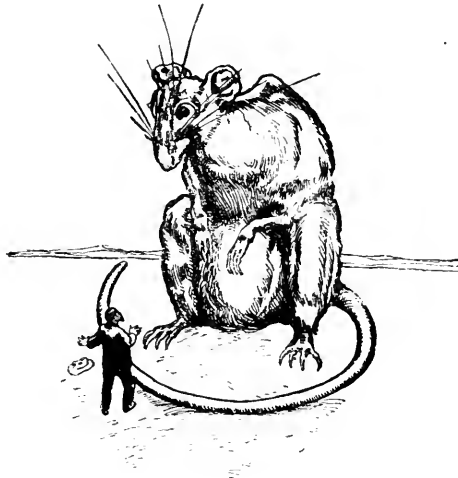
Its own part. You see how I have provided for the weak and distressed who find an asylum with me, and how happy they are, and now I find this poor, distressed Creature that needs my help," said he; "and why should I not show It humanity and help It until It is able to take care of Itself?"

"To be sure," said the Friend, "and it does honor to your kind heart that you take It in

and that you are so kind to It, but then It is only a Mouse, and a Mouse It will always remain. And a full-grown, active Mouse is a mighty mean customer, I tell you."

"Ah," said the Man, "I am not so sure that It is only a Mouse and that a Mouse It will always remain. In fact, I have my suspicions and my dreams about this Creature. I think It has a great future before It, and I am going to give It a chance."

At this the Mouse, which was sleeping upon the Man's knee, awoke and stood up on Its two hind legs and looked into the Man's eyes with Its little opaline orbs and smiled, actually smiled on him to show Its satisfaction,



"It became the lord of the manor."

and as if It really understood, and It licked his hand, and the Friend laughed a short, dry laugh and proceeded to fill his corn-cob pipe for a smoke, for what could he say after that?

So day by day Mousie grew. Its body became sleek, Its limbs sturdy, Its proboscis and Its tail grew long and thin until It became larger than any single mouse on the whole plantation. Its teeth grew large and strong and showed signs of becoming tusk-like and It also began to slay and eat other mice. As It grew older and stronger Its appetite increased, and It became ravenous to a great degree, devouring all that was set before It and continually preying upon Its kind. It became a terror to the other members of Its tribe, but as they were only small cattle and only mice no one seemed to care for them. When the Man saw Its depredations he only laughed.

"What if It does kill the other mice? They are no good."

So this Mouse would pursue Its fellows, and when It could not catch them It would sit by their holes and catch them when they came out. It would watch for a mouse for a whole day or more and often literally starve it out.

At last all the mice about the house and barns were killed or driven away. When the Overseer of the plantation discovered this state of affairs he told the Man, whereat the Man laughed and said, "A good riddance," and loved his Mousie all the more, and the Mouse loved the Man all the more. It never went back upon the Man.

So the growth went on by what It fed on, and It fed on everything that came in Its way that It was able to masticate and swallow, until one day It became bigger than a rat. At once It

began war upon the rats. The same tactics It had used upon the mice It now employed upon the rats. It was wise. If It saw a number of rats together It made friends with them and showed a compromising nature, and if they were distant in their manner, It retired as gracefully as possible and bided Its time. Still, the number of rats decreased daily, until one day It was remarked that there were no more rats—they had all been absorbed by this growing Animal, or had been frightened away.

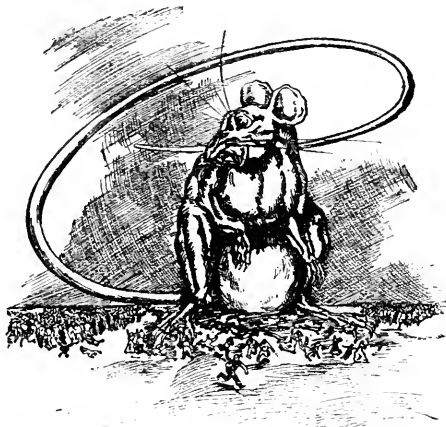
And still the Mouse, now a Rat, grew and grew, stouter and sleeker, and Its eyes seemed to change to rubies and had a sinister glare in them, something like blood.

One day It was as large as a cat, and it had a fight with Tom, the staid domestic that was the prime favorite of the Man until Mousie came to steal away his affections, and Tom was killed and eaten, for the Mouse was a cannibal of the most pronounced type, and It had no regard for the amenities of life, or

for anything that was venerable or beloved. It liked the taste of cat, and the more It ate the more It wanted to eat.

So the cats disappeared, and the Man was puzzled to know what was becoming of them. He never suspected his Pet, for he was so blinded by prejudice toward his Favorite, and so deeply interested in his experiment, that he never suspected It, and if anyone had told him the truth he would not have believed it.

Mousie had his own quarters outside now, most of the time, and was free to go and come at his own sweet will, so his pleasure became law. He became exceedingly cunning, and his brain seemed to outgrow his body.



"The people fled in terror."

The Man told his Friend that he thought his Favorite would grow to the size of an elephant, and his Friend thought so, too, and watched It grow, and commended the Man upon his prophetic insight. Then the Man would boast of what It could do when that event arrived.

But the Friend said to the Man one day: "Are you not afraid that when that time comes your Animal will turn upon you and destroy you?"

"Never a bit of it," says the Man. "D'ye suppose It will forget all my kindness and the care I have taken of It?"

If the cats had combined—if they had—then this tale would not be told, and there would have been one less Mousie and the cats would have lived in peace. That terrible IF. They did not, and the Creature frightened them all and destroyed them one by one until they were exterminated.

And still the Animal grew. Its teeth seemed like the tusks of a wild boar. Its tail was long and heavy, and It could use it like a whip. Its proboscis became elongated, and Its whole appearance changed.

It next attacked the dogs, and Fido, with his silken hair, disappeared, and the Rat Terrier soon shared the same fate. The Shepherd and the Fox-Hound, the St. Bernard all went down before It. Then came the elimination of the Staghound, the Boarhound, the Mastiff and the Great Dane. Mongrels and the prides of the Bench Show all disappeared. Had the dogs combined they might even then have crushed the growing Mouse, but they were distrustful of each other and there was no cohesion among them, and It was able to destroy them one by one.

It swept the fowls before It as by a blast of a tornado; It devastated the sheepfolds and the pigsties; It ravaged the gardens; It trampled the fields and fed and fattened and grew strong and more ravenous and fierce and rapacious. It turned against everything, and Its one ambition seemed to be to be master and lord

over every living thing and to possess and rule at Its own sweet will.

It became like an ox, and as an Ox It devoured the cattle and It slew the horses. Not a draught horse was strong enough to resist, not a racer was swift enough to escape, and soon the herd of horses was extinct. It frightened the peasants and destroyed their gardens and homes and property. There was nothing too small to escape Its notice or too humble or great to escape Its rage and power.

It grew, as the Man had prophesied, to be like an elephant, and Its bellowings and trumpeting filled the land with terror. Its name was mentioned with bated breath. It took possession of the home of the Man, but still it fawned upon him. It was no longer an infant—It had become almost full grown. Yet it still continued to grow.

One day the peasants came to the Man and cried out their misery and prayed for deliverance. Had the people combined against It at any stage of Its growth they might have killed or at least crippled It, but they, too, had lacked the initiative and the unity of purpose and the faith necessary in each other. They were afraid to attack It single-handed. And so the Animal had Its way with them. It became the lord of the manor.

From Elephant It became a Mastodon.

So the Man called all his tenants together and told them that they must chain the Monster. It was too bad to kill It, so they had better chain It. Then they went to work and planted a huge iron cylinder in the earth. They drove it down with a pile-driver twenty feet into the solid earth. Next they made a huge chain and forged and welded every link. Then they made a nose-ring strong enough to hold a raging cyclone. Next they dug pits near the post and adroitly covered them over so that if the obstreperous Pachyderm stepped into one It would inevitably be trapped, just as men hunt elephants, only this was not an elephant but an Animal in his own particular class.



When all was ready the word was passed around and all the peasants made a great ring and surrounded the Animal and tried to drive It to the posts and the pit, and they pounded pans and blew horns and yelled, and some even threw stones at It, but It only glinted at them out of Its blood-shot, cunning eyes, and snarled at them with Its great yellow teeth and charged upon their pigmy ranks and trampled them in Its fury.

The hunt was a signal failure. There was more weeping and sorrow among the peasants.

At length the Man said:

"It was always my Pet, and I was kind to It, for I saved Its life and nursed It and fed It at a great cost, so I will chain It and make It secure."

So he picked up the nose-ring and had a string of men to carry the chain after him toward the Brute, which was

in reach of the post and chain. And they approached the Animal, which appeared calm and sedate, and the people wondered why they had not thought of that before, and they felt confident of success, but just as the Man and his men came close to It, and the Man was talking to It and calling It Pet and endearing names, the Monster gave a great roar and raised Itself up on Its hind legs and took a great leap toward the Man and threw Itself upon him and crushed him to the earth. Then the Beast turned upon the chain-carriers, and It danced around upon them until there was no further semblance of humanity—only masses of quivering flesh.

Then the People gave a great shout of anguish and fled in terror.

And that was the end of the Man. But not of the Mouse.

"*The Tariff is the Mother of All Trusts.*"



### *One-Sided*

**W**HITE—What constitutes prosperous times?

**B**LACK—According to the capitalists it is based on the number of diamonds and autos imported into the country by the rich.

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### *The Other Side*

**C**RAWFORD—The doctors claim we die before our time from eating too much.

**C**RABSHAW—Still, the people who never get enough to eat don't seem to live as long.

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### *Kickers*

**F**LIPPER—We hear more about taxation in these days.

**F**LAPPER—That's because the people who can afford it are being taxed.

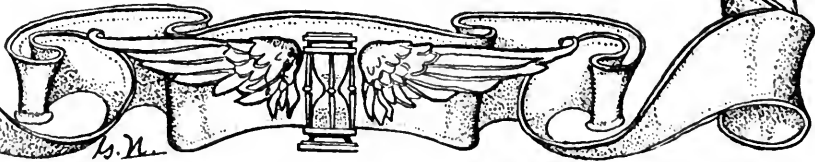


# The Silent Worker.

626 THEODORE DREISER.

HEREIN lies the beauty of wealth: If you have the opportunity, by means of labor or inheritance, or any other hook or crook, to secure the sum of ten thousand dollars, you then have the equivalent of what, if properly invested, is equal to one man's labor every day in the year, Sundays included, for all the time that you shall hold the sum mentioned. Think of it! One man working for you, day after day, in rain or shine, whether there be good times or bad, through sickness and in health—one man working all the time! If you were supersensitive and owned a slave, such conscientious, unvarying labor on the part of anyone might be disturbing to you—you could not be entirely indifferent to his material or spiritual wants. If he were ill you might, perforce, almost be compelled to be sorry. If he were pale or run down in health, you could not help but feel that he might need a rest in his labor. If he were oppressed by debt, wrought upon by the illness or wants of others, you would be apt to take cognizance in some small way; but here, by the good fortune of inheritance or the sense of prudence, you are saved all this.

The man whom your money represents is never ill. He is not, so far as you can know or see, possessed of a family. He is not a creature of ambitions, not a person of feelings. No desires drag at his heart-strings as they do at yours. He is a strange creature, built of some odd material that never wearies. His hands are quick, his feet willing, his mind incapable of worry or care. All day he works, and all year—year after year—and though you be taking your leisure at the shore or in the city, though you rest and never think, he is busy—this slave of yours—laboring, laboring so long as you own the ten thousand he represents. Seasons come and seasons go. Your own life becomes a weariness to you. Work loses its charm, but he, this creature whom your ten thousand represents, is ever plodding. Though you eat, drink and be merry, you need have no fear for him. He cannot rest. He cannot die.



# *Ungrateful Annabel Sue*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

**T**HIS is the tale of old Mariner Hale  
As he sat in the shade of the cocoanut tree,  
With his face full o' seams and his eyes full o' dreams  
And his skin full o' gin, which he borrowed from me.

"Full many a dool that was awful and crool  
I've fought on the ocean as well as on land,  
And many a whale I have caught by the tail  
And choked 'im to death with me sinewy hand.

"For when I wuz young I wuz that stout and strong  
I could pull up an anchor 'twixt finger and thumb;  
And when in a wreck I wuz throwed from the deck,  
Through water-spouts, tempests and typhoons I swum.

"And that wuzn't bad for a slip of a lad—  
Yet spite o' me vigger and muscle I grew  
As mum as a clam and as meek as a lamb  
When I gazed in the eyes o' me Annabel Sue.

"Oh, Annabel Sue, she wuz fair as they grew,  
And I saved 'er from drowning jest forty-eight times;  
But 'er manner with I wuz both haughty and high  
And she paid for me service with nickels and dimes.

"Now it happened one day when 'twas stormy and gray,  
I seen 'er a-weeping alone by the sea.  
'Oh, what can I do for ye, Annabel Sue?'  
I arsk 'er polite, and she answers, says she:

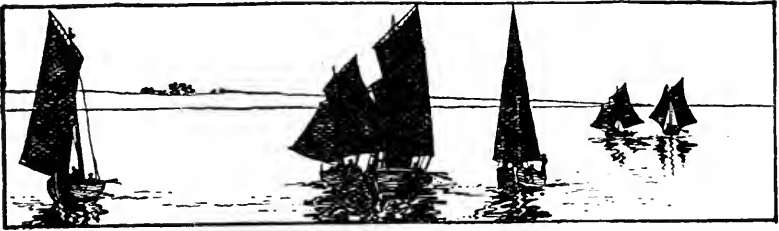
"'Yon vessel, I think, is preparing to sink,  
And Robert T. Jenkins, of Troy, is aboard—  
Oh, please, mister, swim and go over to him,  
And fetch to your Annabel Sue her adored!

"Immejut I did as the lady had bid—  
I swum to the ship through the storm and the gale,  
And I says to the passengers, 'Don't be afraid—  
Ye're going to be reskied by Mariner Hale!'

"Then the vessel I hove with a push and a shove,  
 And I carried her bodily straight for the shore,  
 Then I pushed 'er up high and I carried 'er dry  
 And I hollered to Sue, 'Is there anything more?'

"Then fair Robert T. from the vessel climbed he,  
 But Sue looked at me with a look o' regret.  
 'Oh, mister,' says Sue, 'it wuz careless 'of you—  
 You've got my poor Robert T. Jenkins all wet!'

"And that is me tale," said old Mariner Hale  
 As he sat with a bottle o' gin in his hand,  
 "I've tussled with gales and I've rassled with whales—  
 But the moods o' them wimming I can't understand."



### *The Way It Was*

"EH-YAH!" said a certain philosophically inclined citizen, whose habitat was about four miles from Torpidville, Izard County, Ark. "It's sorter funny what tricks luck plays on some fellers. There was Lab Juckett, f'r instance; he lost his voice, somehow o' ruther, and just about the time he'd got his hogs trained to come for feed when he rapped on a board with a stick, all the woodpeckers in the region rendervoozed around there and got busy—and the poor hogs just naturally run themselves to death, thinkin' the woodpeckers was Lab."

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### *A Wise Clergyman*

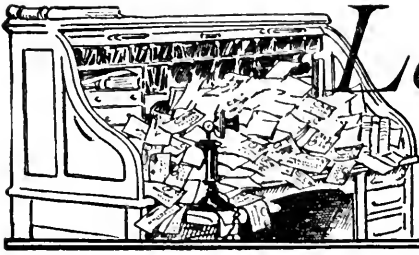
FARMER HORNBEAK—Tell ye right now, Elder Post is a pretty smart man! He went over to Whillersville yesterday and married a red-headed widow with six children—

FARMER HONK—Hoh! I don't see anything smart about that.

FARMER HORNBEAK—Ye don't? Mebby that's b'cuz I forgot to say that he married her to another man.

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THE worthless politician is generally worth the most.



# 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.

*Y. F. Malone, Sugar Valley, Ga.*

As soon as your Magazine was announced we decided to have it. I went out and got up a club of six for it

We think it is the greatest publication we ever read. We read it over and over again. We believe it will accomplish the object, to a very great extent, for which it was intended. I know of some very rabid Moss-backs who have subscribed for it.

Don't lose a moment's sleep thinking that true Populists might waver or go back on their platform or principles. They are simply waiting for the word to go forward. They know this great sham effort of the old party leaders at reform is to counteract what you are doing and have done.

I am seventy years of age. I would like to live till Thomas E. Watson is elected President of these United States. Wishing you a long and successful life.

When I can serve you, command me.

*J. Stonecipher, Xenia, Ill.*

Have received your Magazine regularly and think it the best political educator I have yet received. Am in Populist cause to stay. Have been for twenty years.

*G. W. B. Hale, Rocky Mount, Va.*

On the first Monday of this month the Democratic Committee (County of Franklin) met and adopted the primary system for electing candidates to fill various county offices. That was all good. The tricksters fought the plan hard. However, they succeeded in embodying a rule that has "dehorned," disfranchised, the entire vote in this county that gave you support last fall. The resolution reads as follows, or rather, you must answer in the affirmative the following question: "Did you cast your last vote for the Democratic nominee?"

Sticking to the party right or wrong will ruin the nation. 'Twon't be long when the Democratic Party fools will conclave. As a rule, they are led by some party knave.

I am sixty-five years old and an old Confederate soldier. Never voted for a Republican in my life. Served at three Democratic National Conventions as delegate. Have devoted forty years of life actively for true Jeffersonian principles of Democracy. Yet I have been "dehorned" (like the nigger) because I voted for Tom Watson, the only Simon-pure Democrat in the field.

*John F. Clarke, Arlington, Md.*

I have this day received the May number of your excellent Magazine and am charmed with it.

I am not a Populist, but am a Radical all right. I left the Democratic Party last year when the St. Louis Convention ratified the will of Wall Street, and I got behind Eugene Debs and shoved as hard as I could. I have an idea that I have found a good thing and I am going to push it along. I am acquainted with the Populist Party in Maryland. What it lacks in quantity it makes up in quality. If there was a great party of such material, both the state and Populism would be blessed indeed.

I met your speaker, Mr. Howard, last fall and heard his talk. "Minority" parties receive scant courtesy at the hands of election officials, and I think that a great many votes for both Populists and Socialists were "considered" defective and thrown out.

*A. M. T., New York City.*

I have never chanced upon your Magazine until very lately, and it voices so many of my sentiments so exactly that I feel I must tell you so. Continue in the path you have chosen and show more and more our degraded condition. This country expended an enormous sum of money to free the black slaves. Why not act the same part toward the white ones who are ground down beneath those relentless Trusts and gigantic frauds?

My father and his father before him served their country as naval officers all their

lives. I live in a hot, top-floor flat of four rooms.

Your piece on Booker T. Washington was a fine one. It could not be better. "Do not give up the ship."

---

*J. Warren White, Rock Creek, Idaho.*

I have just recently run across a few copies of your Magazine and have enjoyed reading them very much.

I am a Republican, but I like the bold, fearless manner in which you discuss the vital questions of the day.

I am particularly interested in the Educational Department, as I am a young man, and need just such information as you are giving therein.

I wish you every success in your Magazine venture, and trust that you may be instrumental in righting some of the wrongs of our country.

---

*George Leavenworth, Seymour, Conn.*

The struggle must go on until the people get the scales off their eyes and sweep the cobwebs out of their brains and get ready. When the time comes for a leader the right one will appear as when Israel was in Egypt; when the thirteen colonies struck for liberty. When the dark cloud hung over our Southern horizon there was a Lincoln, and now, perchance, down in the bulrushes by the river bank there is a leader that when the time arrives will lead the struggling hosts out into the light of a glorious day.

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*Bert H. Beljord, Madison, Ark.*

Kind friend—I call you a friend as that is my belief, as sentiments in your Magazine go to show you are a friend to the poor people.

My father, Tom Bedford, is a subscriber to your Magazine, and he likes it fine, and I also read it. I tell you it strikes me just to a dot, and I would not miss it for anything. It is one of the best and most interesting magazines I ever read, although I am not much on any kind of books. I do not like these love-story magazines at all, so your book comes just right for me, and you can rest assured that I will add more to the subscription list on January 1, 1906, and I am trying to form a Magazine club.

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*D. L. McKinnon, Marianna, Fla.*

I am not only a "paid-up" subscriber myself, but have been instrumental in procuring quite a number of subscribers for the Magazine, and have received every number of it, which I loan out to willing readers, a number of whom have promised me that they would subscribe for it this fall, as soon as they could sell some cotton.

Yes, Mr. Watson, I still believe in the Pop-

ulist principles and advocated them long before you advocated them, or there was any People's Party organized.

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*O. E. Wadhams, Torrington, Conn.*

I claim to be a regular subscriber. Probably the *very first one* to subscribe from Litchfield County, and, more, I propose to be a regular subscriber as long as it is TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, and I heartily wish it success.

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*J. G. Warner, New York.*

The public ought to be better informed on the subject of fire insurance. I am peculiarly situated, inasmuch that I cannot disclose my clients' names, but will mention one case. An extensive manufacturer who is my client is insured for \$3,000,000. He has legally not one dollar of insurance, and has not had during the past forty years in which he has paid premiums amounting to over \$500,000, on account of the subtle shrewdness used in framing the policy form, by the attorneys of the insurance companies, who have devoted three hundred years to the formation of this policy contract. And while my clients have paid over half a million dollars in premiums they could not, legally, collect one dollar of insurance, as it could be paid only by the courtesy of the company and would be entirely optional to them whether they paid it or not. If they concluded to do so it would be illegal on their part "under the law," and the stockholders could secure an injunction against the company to prevent their paying the same, my clients thereby losing \$3,000,000 should they have a loss amounting to that sum.

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*W. A. Turner, M.D., Collbus, Mo.*

There is no Magazine published that gives me more pleasure and knowledge than yours.

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*William Pinckney Whyte, Baltimore, Md.*

I have high regard for Mr. Watson's ability and have bought the Magazine since its publication. I wish it all possible success.

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*S. Weiner, New York City.*

I am sorry not to be able to explicate my meanings of the common things in English, for I am German, an old German writer of sixty-seven years, contributor to many leading German papers, and now disappointed after all I saw and experienced. I would tell you that I found in your periodical, TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, the true political principles I am looking for. I am desirous to be helpful to you and to propagate your ideas in German. Accept the expression of my high respect.

*E. W. King, Hatcher Station, Quitman Co., Ga.*

I read and re-read this great Magazine with profound pleasure, and we think it is only second to that precious book that we so dearly love, the Bible. This Magazine is a true converter and ought to be read by every citizen in the United States, especially the middle and lower classes. It is an educator along the right line; no possible chance for political schemers to refute its teachings. No manly man in America can read it twelve months without being a better citizen.

*W. B. Roberts, Lily, De Soto Co., Fla.*

I sent in to you my subscription for WATSON'S MAGAZINE long before the first number was printed, for one year, and have received five copies. As for Watson, I have been following him and reading his papers and literature ever since he has been in public life, and I think he is the greatest man living today. I look on him as a second Washington. May Watson live long and his papers continue to lead in the much needed reforms of these later days.

I am not throwing the Magazines aside after reading them, but all the copies go out to do duty. I don't know that I have one in the house at this time. When I first saw in the *Missouri World* that there was going to be such a magazine, I immediately sent T. E. W. a dollar to his home in Georgia and in due time received a copy of the first issue and have not missed an issue yet. Yesterday one man took my last two numbers with the express understanding that they are returned when read to again go out on duty.

I don't think any honest man after reading a few numbers of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE could ever vote or work with either of the old parties. It is just what we need now. Possibly when it is illustrated it may be an improvement, but the articles from the pen of our noble Tom and others are a rich feast to any of the old guards. Yours for the success of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE and the principle it maintains.

*L. H. Loughborough, Bethesda, Md.*

Since I read your issue for June I scarcely dare make any criticisms. As a literary publication it is hard to equal. The articles on "Italians" and on "Corn Planting" are matchless.

*S. A. Black, Manhattan, Kan.*

I was a subscriber when you began to publish the Magazine. Got the first number and all the others, and that is not all. I have been reading them and handing them out to others to read. I am one of the old guards,

having been on the trail since 1876. I have done a great deal of work, but age and rheumatism have put a stop to active work. Yet I hope to live to see the day that the principles advocated by our gallant Tom will be engrafted on our Constitution, and penetrate all through our Government affairs.

*A. H. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Have been getting the Magazine regularly from the first copy and regard it the most fearless and able exponent of the people and republican government, as it should be, that is, or ever has been published in the United States. Watson is my idea of an able statesman.

*W. L. Thompson, Newton, Miss.*

Our success as a party depends on education, and Thomas E. Watson's Magazine will do it.

*W. F. Flynt, Laurel, Miss.*

I want to make a suggestion to you, as you are looked upon as one of our grandest Populist leaders in these United States. This, that we have our editors to publish in pamphlet form our demands, the Government Ownership of Railroads and all other public utilities, and also the money question and other remedies most needed. To have something like this published in short form and each and every Populist to pay for so much of it to distribute among the people, as there are lots of people who don't read our papers, and that is our great setback in not getting to our journey sooner. So 'most any man will read a short sketch of 'most anything. I am willing to do all that I can to help the people to get a Government run for the interest of every individual and not for the few, etc.

With best wishes to you and the reform cause.

*John F. Miles, Miles's Crossroad, Tenn.*

I will do all I can in the cause that you have striven and worked so long for. I have watched your course for twelve or thirteen years, and I never saw any wrong moves by you, and I love you because you are against fusion and Bryan's wrongdoings, and all other bad men's wrongs.

I have put up your circular on my door and offer to help twenty-five cents in all that will go in with me.

*Eli Brown, Farmington, Ia.*

I have been getting the Magazine from the newsdealer at Bonaparte ever since first one published and am delighted with it.

*L. G. English, West Mansfield, O.*

Your Magazine is all right.

*J. W. Overstreet, Bedford City, Va.*

It is grand. Just what the people need today. Of course, I expected it to be good. Anything Tom Watson is behind goes. You are the only man in the political arena that I have any confidence in as a leader. I hope you will not think I am flattering in my speech. I am honest in what I say. I don't think you will sacrifice principle for expedience or self-aggrandizement. I have been watching you ever since you were in Congress. I have never known you to deviate from what was right. I have had my blood to run hot when I would see how the old farce-bated Democratic Party of the South would treat you. I'll never be satisfied until the people of the United States honor you as a means of atonement for what you have suffered. Stick to your post. The people are ready for a revolution. The change is coming. It is inevitable, and the two old parties see it. That is the reason they are appointing their committees and investigating the trusts. Simply trying to fool the people. The Democrats will have in their next national platform more nice things than were ever heard of, and Mr. Bryan tagged to it as a decoy duck. They say that in Chicago they have a trained ox to lead the cattle into the slaughter pen. He passes out the back gate and leaves the others to be butchered. Mr. Bryan, consciously or unconsciously, is suffering himself to be used in this way by the Democratic Party, leading the people to the slaughter. So please watch Mr. Bryan, and also these investigating committees. The whole thing is a farce. We can get no relief in this way. The only hope for relief for the American people is Government ownership of railroads and all public utilities and the issue of the money direct to the people. That will make the corporations compete with the Government and they will go out of business. Suppose the Government were to build a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific and compete with the Gould-Rockefeller system, how long would it be before all the water would leak out and they would sell out to the Government? This is the way to put these corporations out of business. Simply make them compete with a stronger power.

*S. J. Crow, Webster, Fla.*

I don't think I could suggest anything that would improve on Tom's work, which I was always ready to swear by. . . . I met a traveling man here this past campaign that was going down pretty hard on you, and I asked him to give me some good reasons for being so down on you, and he said it was because you had left the Democratic Party. I told him you had only left it in name, but were still clinging to the true principles, and that was just why I was for you. You just go on giving it to them from the shoulder straight. Give them plenty of

hot stuff in a mild manner, and I think our long fought for principles will finally triumph as I have always believed they would.

With best wishes for your success.

*K. D. Strickland, Carlton, Ga.*

I think it the best and most appropriate paper now before the public. Watson's pieces alone are worth twice the subscription price of the Magazine.

I am a charter member of the TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE family. Those who do not read it are not in full fellowship with the headlights of this country. I do hope it will be read in one million homes within the next twelve months.

*John M. Horner, Paauilo.*

Your June Magazine at hand. In it I see "Some Populist Principles" and what you so ably write in their support. We say *Amen* to all thus far.

*Martin E. Tew, St. Paul, Minn.*

Yesterday (Sunday) a number of us old-time "Pops" got together and spent the better part of the day reading TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. All concur in the statement that every minute was rich in enjoyment and instruction.

Everything from your pen suited us to a T, both as to ideas and style of handling. We are going to advertise TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE wherever we meet acquaintances or strangers.

*W. D. Atkinson, Evergreen, Ala.*

Since the first issue of your Magazine I have been an interested reader of its pages, and shall continue to be. Your political utterances are in accord with my ideas on this subject and they are also in harmony with the tenets of Thomas Jefferson, of whom I have been a disciple and of whose teachings I have been a close student for more than a quarter of a century. You are advocating "a government of the people, for the people and by the people," and all your editorials have been so orthodox from a Democratic viewpoint that I wish every wage-earner, every farmer—in short, every patriot—were a reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Prior to 1861 much was written and said about the "irrepressible conflict." It came. Its cost in blood and treasures was appalling, but only two questions were settled; slavery and secession. Again are we confronted by another "irrepressible conflict." It is as sure to come as the other from 1861-65, and arrayed on one side will be the moneyed oligarchy, the tariff-pampered trusts and their hirelings, and on the other will be the great mass of common people.

Do not understand that I am condemning the honest accumulation of wealth. Such is



commendable, but capital has not dealt justly with labor; the one has been clothed in purple and fine linen and fed sumptuously every day, while labor has been content with the crumbs that have fallen from its table; but not for long will it be thus satisfied, for the time is not remote when it will assert itself. Heretofore it has "suffered and been kind and hath not vaunted itself nor behaved unseemly; hath sought not its own and has not been easily provoked," but the time is near when it will demand the recognition of its rights. Labor has asked for bread and has been given a stone. It has been the "hewer of wood and the drawer of water" for many years, while it has shivered in its rags and famished in its hunger. Its time of reckoning is not remote; yet I hope the common sense of the great body of American people will come to the rescue before it is too late.

*F. M. Sprowes, Terrell, Tex.*

I want Thomas Jefferson politics. Let it be Populism, Democrat or what. I believe that God is in the united voice of the people. I believe, as the Lord Himself said when He was seen and heard by our fathers, that the Kingdom of Heaven was in Humanity at hand and at our disposal, and that we pray His will be done. So you can start a heaven on earth here and now by enforcing its golden law.

*W. L. Walton, Neche, N. D.*

Was today handed a copy of your June issue, and have derived great pleasure from some of your editorials. Allow me to compliment you on the article "Is the Black Man Superior to the White?" I consider it a gem, beautifully expressed.

In politics I am a Democrat, and have voted for both yourself and Mr. Bryan. That you both failed of election I believe to be one of the great disasters of modern times.

*Albert Griffin, Topeka, Kan.*

I have recognized a steady improvement in each number, although it would be difficult to explain in a few words exactly in what it consists.

I am glad to note that Mr. Watson is interested in the Constitutional phase of our struggle, as that is one of the subjects that I have thought about long and seriously.

I never read a speech or article by Mr. Watson without realizing that this wide world contains but one Tom Watson. He is a unique character; and it is to be hoped that the circulation of his Magazine will soon become sufficient to warrant its enlargement and continued improvement.

One thing I had almost forgotten. His Educational Department is a *most excellent thing*. It will interest many and should, I think, increase its circulation; but I think

it could be made more popular—and I know it would be more helpful—if he would in addition to his own points give the titles of the best publications for consultation on the subjects under consideration, with their publishers—preference being given to those that could be most easily procured.

With best wishes.

*Charles Moncaliere, New York City.*

Please allow me to thank you for your admirable defense of the white race, and especially the Italians, against the negro.

You certainly gave them facts; not only for the benefit of Mr. B. T. W., but also for a good many narrow-minded white people.

May your shadow never grow less.

It would be hard to express oneself "frankly" about TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE without being well and truly acquainted with the character and qualifications of its proprietor.

The present era, so far as it relates to press authorship in the United States, I blush to say, is fraught with misgivings as to truth and sincerity. So much we read today in the journalism of America that emanates from commercial interest we hardly know, without the closest investigation, really how far to confide.

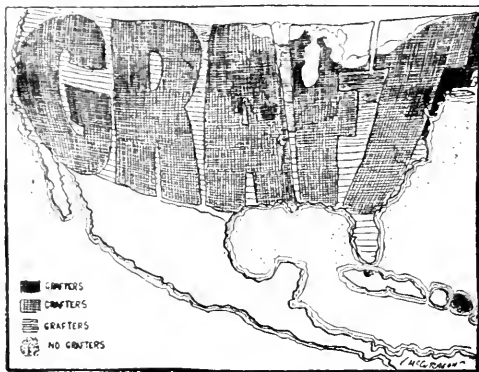
I have known the editor of the WATSON MAGAZINE for a number of years. I am one of the ground-floor subscribers to his pamphlet. I have the greatest confidence in the integrity of its articles. I feel sure that the public policies which have been and will be promulgated in his Magazine will be unquestionably for the betterment of mankind and the advancement of the highest type of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln Democracy. I shall do all I can to get people to read your periodical.

*John A. Crowell, Galaville, Tenn.*

Mr. Watson's platform is where I have stood for twenty years, and there is where I will stand until I find something better, and that will have to be *born*, and *Tom* will have to be its *Daddy*.

*E. Patrizi, Editor "L'Italia," San Francisco, Cal.*

I beg to thank you for copy of the Magazine containing your remarkable article in defense of the Latin race. Said article is not only beautifully written by a broad-minded man, but it is also generous, and is written by a courageous man who did not hesitate in taking up the defense in behalf of the Latin race, which is too often and too thoughtlessly calumniated also by many white people, politicians and newspapermen.



The Country Seems To Be Full of It  
*McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune*



A Hot Job, This  
*DeMar, in Philadelphia Record*



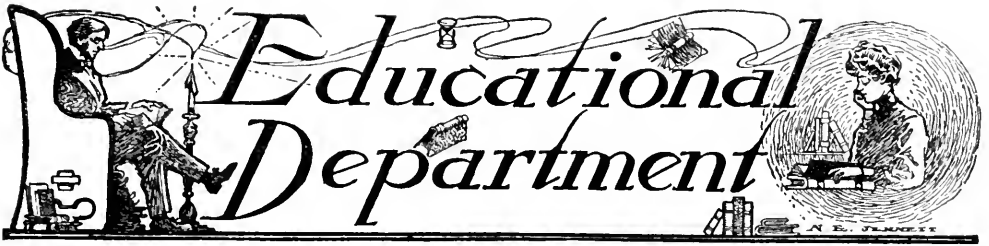
Some Get Too Much  
*Jamieson, in Pittsburg Dispatch*



More Than a Fat Hen Can Cover  
*F. Opper, in N. Y. American*



Honest Man Wanted  
*Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle*



Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Being very much interested in the general reforms which you are working for, and having a desire to understand thoroughly the serious problems confronting the struggling masses, I take the liberty of asking you to explain in the Educational Department of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE our system of national banks as fully as possible to be brief. I would also like to have the free silver or money question explained. What is meant by sixteen to one?

Yours, etc.,

ANSWER

Briefly stated, the National Banking System, as created by the law of 1864, is this: Any five citizens having surplus cash to the extent of \$50,000 can open up a national bank by purchasing United States bonds to the extent of \$50,000. The bonds having been purchased, they are deposited with the Government, which undertakes to keep them safe in vaults constructed at public expense for that purpose. The taxpayers of the country not only pay for the place in which the bonds are kept, but they also pay the salaries of the custodians of these bonds. Upon this fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds the Government pays to the owners thereof the interest stipulated in the face of the bond, and this interest is nearly always paid in advance so that the bondholder may lend out his interest and get interest upon interest before the original amount which the Government owed him as interest fell due. The Government also prints, at the expense of the taxpayers, \$50,000 in paper currency, called national bank-notes, and hands these notes over to the owners of the bonds, which have been deposited in the manner specified. The Government charges the bondholders one-half of 1 per cent. per annum for the use of this \$50,000 in currency. The citizens who own the bonds and who have decided to run a national bank lend out these notes to their fellow-citizens, at lawful interest—whatever that may be—and this interest can be compounded at regular intervals during the year. In the state of Georgia, for instance, the money which costs the national banker one-half of 1 per cent. can be loaned out for at least 8 per cent. In other words, the money which

the Government supplies him with costs him \$5 on the thousand and he lends it out for \$80 on the thousand.

Besides this, the Government deposits with the national banks huge sums which belong to the taxpayers, and these sums cost the banks no interest whatever. At the present time the national banks have the use of about \$60,000,000 of the Government's money, free of cost. This money they lend to their customers at various rates of interest, duly compounded at stated intervals. This sum of \$60,000,000, of course, is paid into the Treasury of the Government by the various taxpayers. Therefore, the literal fact is that the people who borrow this money from the national banks, and pay a high rate of interest to get it, are really borrowing their own money.

The Government guarantees the payment of the notes of the national bank. The Government, of course, stands for all the people. Consequently, the curious situation is brought about in which the people furnish the credit which makes the national bank-note good, and they furnish it free of charge, and they pay a high price to get the use of it. A more one-sided, unjust system of currency it would be hard to conceive.

The national banker not only puts his money where it does not have to pay any tax, national, city, county or municipal, but he puts it where it is at no risk whatever from fire or flood, chance or change. He draws interest upon it, which is paid in advance. He gets the privilege of the free use of the tax money which belongs to his less favored fellow-citizens. He gets in paper currency an amount equivalent to the sum he has invested in his bonds, and he draws compound interest from his fellow-citizens upon this money at the same time that he draws interest on the same sum represented by the bond. Thus, he is drawing interest twice on the same money, and his less favored fellow-citizens are paying interest twice on the same sum of money.

As to the money question, space will not allow me to enter into that at this time further than to say that by "16 to 1" is meant that one pound of gold, for instance, is coined into sixteen times as much money as one pound of silver. In other words, for monetary purposes gold is sixteen times as valuable as silver.

CHICAGO, July 6, 1905.

*Tom Watson's Magazine, Educational Department.*

GENTLEMEN: I am desirous of making a thorough study of our national banking and monetary system. Would you kindly suggest a systematic course of reading for same?

Sincerely yours, ———.

## ANSWER

In order to understand our monetary system you could not do better than to have your congressman secure for you a copy of "Laws Relating to Loans and Currency," issued by the Government in 1886. Other books on the subject are as follows: "Our Money Wars," by Leavitt; "Money and Civilization," by Del Mar; "The Science of Money," by the same author; "The Hocus-Pocus Money Book," by Albert Griffin, of Topeka, Kan.; "Ten Men of Money Island," by S. F. Norton.

LUMPKIN, GA., July 2, 1905.

*Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.*

DEAR SIR: Pardon me for sending you the inclosed clipping from Mr. Bryan's paper. Isn't it strange that you get no credit for your noble work in Congress for this great mail service to us farmers? We know who to thank for it. Keep it before the readers of your Magazine.

Yours, etc.,  
G. W. KENYON.

## ANSWER

Mr. Kenyon is surprised that Mr. Bryan should refer to the Rural Free Delivery system and give no credit to me. Mr. Bryan knows very well whose resolution and appropriation in favor of the present R. F. D. first became a law, because he was a member of the House in February, 1893, when I introduced that measure. It is not correct, as stated in Mr. Bryan's paper, that Illinois was the first state in which the R. F. D. system was tried. According to statements published by the Government itself, the first experiments in the free delivery of mail to country people, as distinguished from those living in cities, towns and villages, were made by Hon. William L. Wilson when he was Postmaster-General and were made in West Virginia. It should always be remembered in connection with the present R. F. D. system, which is universally recognized as a civilizing agency of such a vast influence, that Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States, was so much opposed to it that he refused to obey the first two laws in favor of it and Congress had to enact the law a third time before our Chief Magistrate would obey his oath of office and put the law into operation.

ROCK CREEK, IDAHO, July 2, 1905.

*Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York City.*

DEAR SIR: I am particularly interested in the Educational Department, as I am a young man and need just such information as you are giving therein. I would greatly appreciate your views on the following questions:

Essential education for a young man before taking up the study of law, or some similar question that will cover the field.

Is a correspondence course in law (or any other profession) of advantage to a young man who wants to make law his profession?

You will find herewith \$1.45 for a year's subscription to your Magazine and "Lincoln's Letters and Addresses."

Wishing you every success in your Magazine venture, and trusting that you may be instrumental in righting some of the wrongs of our country, I am, Very truly yours,  
—————.

## ANSWER

Replying to the first question, I will probably shock a great many good people by saying that it is my deliberate opinion that a thorough collegiate course is unnecessary to the make-up of a first-class practical lawyer. What is needed is a thorough English education. The knowledge of Latin and Greek is unnecessary. The time spent upon the dead languages in the colleges is just that much time thrown away. The successful lawyer is made in the office and in the court-room. He is not made in the schoolhouse and in the classroom. Above all, he is not made through the knowledge of Latin and Greek. A thorough knowledge of English, including history and the study of English institutions, a thorough knowledge of human nature and of practical affairs, an ability to grasp facts and to separate the essential from the non-essential—these are some of the things necessary to the make-up of a successful lawyer. Of course one must keep in mind the difference between a practical lawyer and the other sort. A scholar may be thoroughly equipped in the science of law and yet not know what to do with it when he gets into the court-house. Such a man might make a splendid judge. For instance, Thomas Jefferson was magnificently equipped as a lawyer so far as classical and scientific knowledge was concerned, but he was hardly worth a hill of beans in the court-room; whereas Patrick Henry and Ben Butler were sadly deficient as classical and scientific students, but were giants when they entered into the combat of the court-house.

To the second question I answer, "I do not think so." Moot courts, correspondence law schools, all these are preparatives, and they facilitate success, but, after all, the secret which makes the difference between the attorney who is a practical success and one who is not has to be learned in the rigorous school of experience.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 5, 1905.

*Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.*

DEAR SIR: Would you personally or through your Magazine inform me if at any time during the life of Napoleon the French arms met the English and were victorious?—not the paid troops of England, but Englishmen. The discussion is, to wit: Were the French soldiers superior to the English the last half of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth?

By giving the above information, or the title of any book whereby progress can be made on the subject, you will greatly oblige,  
Very respectfully,

ANSWER

The French soldiers, when led by competent generals and given a fair chance in fight, have never failed to acquit themselves creditably against the English.

The first victory Napoleon ever gained was at Toulon, where French soldiers defeated English soldiers, who were under the command of competent English generals, in fair fight.

At the battle of Fontenoy the French whipped the English. In the battle of Steinkirk the French whipped the English, although the English had surprised the French camp. The French were commanded by the Duke of Luxembourg, and the English by William of Orange, King of Great Britain. Many other instances might be given.

The French soldiers are quick to become discouraged and to lose confidence in their officers, but where they have their heart in the fight and have entire confidence in their leader they are as good soldiers as there are in the world.

This was sufficiently shown in that long era of warfare beginning with the French Revolution and ending with the Napoleonic Empire.

During this period, when the French soldiers were fired by the zeal of revolutionary principles and believed they were fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, they whipped everything which came up against them—Spaniards, Prussians, Austrians, Russians, English.

As long as this Crusader zeal lasted they were invincible, and all Europe combined against them in vain.

In the late Franco-German War the French soldier had no chance. Ill equipped, wretchedly commanded, half fed, badly trained, he was outclassed from start to finish.

Even at Waterloo the French were simply caught between two armies and crushed. Napoleon had not counted upon the appearance of the Prussians on the field, yet during the last half of the battle he had to combat Blücher on the flank at the same time that

he attacked Wellington in front. But for the Germans, the French would have beaten the English.

A correspondent asks for an explanation of the term "Watered Stock." The term can best be defined by an illustration. The Central Railroad of Georgia was originally capitalized at \$7,500,000. It fell into the hands of a band of rascally speculators, at whose head was J. Pierpont Morgan, and they issued stock and bonds to the amount of fifty-odd million dollars. In other words, the road was capitalized, under a new management, to the extent of forty-odd million dollars in excess of the true capitalization. The pouring of this fictitious capitalization into the real capitalization is called "watering." The term is said to have taken its rise from a practice which cattle dealers used to have of giving their cattle as much salt as they could consume just before the beeves were marketed, and then letting them drink water to their fill, in order that the thirsty cows might carry extra weight on to the scales where they were to be weighed for sale. Thus the seller not only got pay for the flesh, but also for the water. Wherever a railroad, or other corporation, issues additional stock over and above the capitalization justified by the actual outlay in money the transaction is called "Watering the Stock."

A correspondent inquires whether the Government, in its reports of the money in circulation, takes any account of that which has been lost or destroyed.

ANSWER

In the Government reports which give the amount of money in circulation no allowance is made for that which has been lost or destroyed. Therefore it is mere guesswork at any given time to say what amount of money is in actual circulation. The Government knows how much gold and silver has been coined, it knows how many national bank-notes have been issued, it knows how many greenbacks were originally issued and it undertakes to do no more than to subtract from the gross amount issued those sums which the Government itself has called in and destroyed or canceled, and thus arrives at the amount outstanding. It makes no allowance for the number of greenbacks, for instance, which may have disappeared forever in a dozen different ways; it makes no allowance for the gold or silver which may have disappeared forever in several different ways; it makes no allowance for reserves which are not in circulation and which cannot be legally circulated. Therefore the Government tables of the amount of money in actual circulation are just

about as misleading as the governmental statement that the average wealth of the people of this country is one thousand dollars. Such statements are true, but are fearfully misleading. John D. Rockefeller and four paupers might be grouped together and the average wealth of the five would be \$200,000,000, but, while this average would be strictly truthful, the facts would nevertheless remain that John D. Rockefeller had all the money, namely, \$1,000,000,000; and while the governmental average would officially class the four paupers as millionaires, they would go hungry to bed as paupers, nevertheless. In like manner, governmental tables show a huge amount of money to be in actual circulation, some of which neither exists nor circulates, and more of which exists but not does circulate.

STATESBORO, GA., July 28, 1905

Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON: I am a regular reader of your Magazine, started off with the first issue, and I find more information in it than any magazine that I read. But sometimes I come across things that puzzle me, and I would like for you to explain through your Magazine "why the Government loans money to banks and banking institutions at the unreasonably low rate that it does." Upon what authority can the Government loan money out of the Treasury of these United States to a banking company at one-half of 1 per cent., and yet allow these same banks to charge any rate so that it be within the rate allowed by law? Any information will be appreciated, as I always liked your politics.

Yours respectfully, \_\_\_\_\_

ANSWER

When the Government grants to the national banks the use of the money for one-half of 1 per cent. the transaction is not called a loan, but that is what it amounts to. For instance, at the present time the Government has granted to the national bankers the use of \$500,000,000 in national bank-notes. The Government itself paid for the paper upon which the notes are printed, paid for the engraving of these notes and bore all the expense involved in getting them ready for use. After having prepared this huge

sum of \$500,000,000 it was turned over to the national banks to be used as money. All that the national bankers had to do was to sign the notes. For the use of these notes the Government charges the bankers, as already stated, one-half of 1 per cent. This amount probably does not pay for the cost of preparing the plates, buying the paper and doing the work of printing the notes, to say nothing of the expense of hiring a lot of Government officials to take care of the bonds and to keep books with the national bankers. Hence, it is probably true that the Government gets nothing at all in the way of *net return* on the notes which it furnishes to the bankers to be used as money.

Having received these notes from the Government and having signed them, the national bankers issue them as money, and the law makes them receivable for all public debts and taxes, except import duties and interest upon Government bonds.

If the national banker loses any of these notes the Government will make the loss good to him. If any other citizen loses them, the loss is complete, for the Government makes no restitution, nor does the national bank.

The national bankers, of course, deposit Government bonds as security for the redemption of their notes, but, if they happen to issue a greater number of notes than the bonds will protect, the Government takes a sufficient quantity of the tax money of the people to pay off the notes, which the bank is unable to redeem.

To get a clear idea of the value of this special privilege to the national bankers, take out your pencil and figure the difference between the amount which the national bankers pay to the Government for the use of \$500,000,000 and the amount which the people pay for the same sum of money. One-half of 1 per cent. on \$500,000,000 is \$2,500,000, while 8 per cent. on the same sum is \$40,000,000. In other words, the privileged few who run the national banks make a profit of more than \$37,000,000 per year out of this governmental favoritism; and there is not a man on the face of the earth who can give any good reason why the Government could not as well issue this money directly to the people, instead of turning it over to the national bankers.

The Government furnishes all the security and pays all the expenses, then it permits 5,000 national banks to reap all the profits.





# The Say of Other Editors

If a man can travel from Charlotte, N. C., to Atlanta, Ga., by night and see the cotton mills lit up at almost every station and fail to heave a sigh or breathe a prayer for the little children toiling away their lives when they should be sleeping the deep sleep of childhood—well, there must be a hard lump of flesh in place of a heart within him.—*Presbyterian Standard*.

No matter what the name the people's independent movement will rise again. Keep your organization intact. It is not costly and can do no harm. Keep your reflector on the public and watch developments.

Personally we are still proud to be a Populist. The Populist Party within, for and of itself never gave the state of Kansas cause to hang her head in shame. Neither did any county that remained for years in the Populist column.—*Messenger, Smith Center, Kan.*

ONE jail in Ohio has so many bankers in it that it is difficult to find employment for them all. When the cashier of the Chadwick Oberlin Bank was sent up for a term of years he had a letter to the warden from very prominent people asking him to give the prisoner some clerical work to do. The warden replied that he had ten bankers on hand already, and had no easy work for any more.—*The Argonaut*.

THE election of "Uncle Tom" Davis in the Lower House of Congress from West Virginia is the first consolation prize since Esopus was removed from the map.—*Orange Observer*.

DEVELOPMENTS in the Agricultural Department scandal have not tended to relieve Secretary Wilson of the criticism directed against him since the leakage in cotton statistics was first exposed.

The public refuses to lose sight of the fact that Secretary Wilson has persistently endeavored to put the lid on this investigation and hold it down. He has sought to claim credit for taking action when, as a matter of fact, he was driven to it under great pressure. And President Roosevelt himself was

so impressed by this reluctance on the part of his Secretary of Agriculture that he hastened to give out a statement showing that it was not to the Secretary that the credit was due. Indeed, the public is fully aware that if President Roosevelt had not taken a hand in the matter nothing further would have been done, perhaps, after the dismissal of Holmes, and it is to the Chief Executive himself that all the credit is due for the vigorous prosecution of the charges brought by the Southern Cotton Association through Mr. Cheatham.

The cotton planters of the South fully realize and appreciate the attitude of the President in this matter. We probably do not misrepresent their sentiment when we say that in view of the obstacles which Secretary Wilson has persistently placed in the way of a thorough investigation, and his evident determination to suppress rather than to expose the corruption which existed under his nose, nothing short of the retirement of Secretary Wilson himself could relieve the Department of the suspicion under which it rests and allay the apprehension that a man so easygoing and so credulous as Secretary Wilson is not entirely qualified to serve the public further in his present capacity.—*Atlanta (Ga.) News*.

IT has just been discovered that a gentleman formerly connected with the Equitable Life, but who died thirteen months ago, has continued to draw his salary during all that period. But perhaps it is as legitimate to pay it to a dead dummy as to a live one.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE commission of Special Junior Ambassador Loomis "to make an investigation of the business methods of the various diplomatic posts of the United States in Europe," as President Roosevelt has done, is enough to make a Rough Rider's horse laugh. Loomis's own business methods have been only partly investigated, but enough was uncovered to make men hold their noses. Apparently, however, the President has not the faintest idea of the disgust with which the country received his exculpation of Loomis. He showers honors upon him as if his character were as white as the driven snow, when all that the people

can see is the driven whitewash. It is said that the State Department wishes to devise means of keeping our representatives abroad better posted in the current American diplomacy. But this is the last thing that Loomis should think of stirring up. Our diplomatic agents might be set on seeking information about Loomis himself, and the result could only be to make his welcome cold, even though bearing the President's commission.—*New York Post*.

"Go to the bottom," said Roosevelt to Wilson, and the order is all right, provided the Secretary begins at the top of the rotten departments and works his way to the bottom, dealing out justice all the way down. If, however, he reverses things and begins at the bottom, which is to be feared, he will never reach the top, and the leading sinners will all go free. It is not the habit of the administration to punish any of the big fish, but the little ones will do well to look out.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*.

The State intends to tell the truth about men and conditions in Rhode Island, even if such truth-telling hurts the feelings of some people. Truth is not defamation, and only criminals, wrongdoers, ignoramuses and snobs are injured or offended by its presentation. The old saying is as true of Rhode Island as of other places, that "no man need be ashamed of his country, but many a country has occasion to be ashamed of some of its men."—*The State (Providence, R. I.)*.

PAUL MORTON, head of the Equitable, has struck a rich lead. He has summarily deposed Controller Jordan, who has been for years in the service of the society, and the Attorney-General of New York will bring suit for an accounting against every member of the old Board of Directors—forty-nine in number, including Depew, Harriman and Schiff. This will be so interesting we shall forget all about rebates, and, come to think of it, it wasn't Morton who denied knowledge—it was Morton who said they (the Santa Fé) couldn't do business without resorting to rebates.—*The Star (San Francisco)*.

THE more the course of Mr. Roosevelt and Attorney-General Moody in the rebate cases is scrutinized, the more inglorious appears their utter abandonment of plain duty, and the more palpable their nullification of the Federal statutes. The law itself and machinery of justice recognize no favorites. The law designates and prohibits what is deemed to be wrong and provides specific punishment for all who violate it. Immunity is granted to none because of his wealth or influence. The President would

have been deserving of less censure had he come out plainly and said: "Morton is guilty, but he is my friend, and he shall not be prosecuted." It would have at least had the merit of candor. His attempt to justify his plain neglect of duty is so weak as to almost excite a feeling of contempt.—*Houston (Tex.) Post*.

THE same plea of the innocence or ignorance which was put forward by Alexander and his ilk in the Equitable is adopted by Mr. Morton when he says that he had no knowledge of the two years' violations of law by the railroad company of which he was a leading executive officer.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"I STAND," Senator Depew says, "on my honor and my conscience." Mr. Depew, alas, is not the first man to trample those qualities under foot.—*Kansas City Star*.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was most eager to persuade Hyde and Alexander to shake hands and make up before the public got a peep in at the Equitable. Now we know why.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THERE may always be sad depths of sorrow beneath a smiling, happy surface, but who would have looked for the grim, vile spectre shape in which Chauncey is now revealed. He is spotted with graft. The split hoofs are plain to be seen. The sulphurous smell cannot be dodged.

He cannot smile while he tries to explain the legal services which he rendered to the Equitable during the years of his \$20,000 per. He cannot jest when he mentions the \$250,000 loan which he aided the Depew Improvement Company to obtain from the Equitable on property now worth little more than half that amount. There are no neat little speeches he can make about his verbal guarantee that the debt would be paid—a guarantee that he admits had no legal validity. We want to know why he should have guaranteed even thus cavalierly the debt of a company concerning whose affairs he pleads dark ignorance, but we get no answer.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

How much money should there be? The People's Party in 1892 declared there should not be less than \$50 per capita. There is now \$31.19, according to official figures, and this is not enough to pay a year's interest on public and private indebtedness and a year's taxes. Can the people prosper with so little money in existence? Can they lift their debt burdens when there is not enough money in existence to pay the interest after their taxes have been



paid? More people are prospering now than prospered ten years ago because there is more money, but the masses are not prospering and never will until there is a much greater supply of money.—*Missouri World*.

Six months in jail and a \$1,000 fine must appear a light sentence for Senator Mitchell. Senator Burton fared worse. Both have carried their cases to the United States Supreme Court. Burton was granted a new trial, and Mitchell hopes for one.

Technicalities may save one or both of them from the physical disgrace of donning striped suits or the inconvenience of parting with money illegally gained. But whatever the higher court may decide, it cannot cancel the moral stigma branded upon their brows by the criminal court juries that found them guilty.

It is time Mitchell and Burton resigned. For the present, at least, their seats in the United States Senate will remain unoccupied. Neither will have the impudence to seek re-election, but neither should longer presume to hold the high office of United States senator.—*New York World*.

Do you want to know what Republicanism means? Then look at the indictment of Governor Johnson, of the Indian Territory; of Ben Colber, a personal friend of the President, United States Marshal, and several attorneys who have been looting and forging; look at the trial of United States Senator Mitchell and Congressman Hermann, of Oregon—look anywhere you please and see the glittering story of the grafters of the grand old reprobate organization. In the South it is as bad under Democratic control. This is what you have been voting for for years. Isn't it time to vote for a party that is opposed to the system that produces these effects?—*Appeal to Reason*.

ACCORDING to a bulletin just issued by the United States Bureau of Labor covering the period from 1890 to 1904, prices of fuel, clothing and practically all food products are constantly increasing. High as were prices just prior to the period of financial and commercial depression created by the McKinley tariff bill, they are relatively higher at the present time.

Of fifty-two articles included under the head of food, it is shown that in 1904 the prices of all but fourteen articles were higher than the average prices from 1890 to 1899. So that seventy articles show that the average price for 1904 was 9.8 per cent. higher than the average from 1890 to 1899.

The table on fuel and lighting places the average 1904 price at 32.6 per cent. higher than the 1890 to 1899 price. There

is neither Congressional nor Presidential election the present year, so there is no real occasion for the Bureau of Labor to juggle the figures for partisan, political and protection purposes.—*Buffalo Evening Times*.

GOVERNOR FOLK is quite right when he says that the hunt for boodlers and grafters is a sign of moral health, not of degeneracy. The mass of people are honest and only need to have corruption in public life called to their attention to insist upon turning the rascals out.—*Indianapolis Morning Star*.

THAT king of commercial pirates, Rockefeller, has given two millions of his loot to Yale College. John knows the value of bribing the schools as well as the legislatures, councils, judges and churches.—*Appeal to Reason*.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, who often gets into print, has announced that he will give \$10,000,000 for higher education. The moment we read that despatch we turned our lampwick lower and shuddered.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Enterprise*.

THE withdrawal by the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia of the bid for enriching its members at the public cost, by a scandalous lease of the city's gas plant, is a great victory for public interest and a greater victory for public morals.

Councils had actually approved the lease by a majority great enough to pass it over the Mayor's veto. The conspirators had not reckoned upon Publicity and upon Public Opinion. These have defeated them in the very hour of their triumph.

These men announced that they would henceforth vote as their constituents demand. They might face unmoved newspaper criticism or even indictments, but they could not stand the bad opinion of their neighbors.

Ostracism to be consistent should not stop with the Councilmen. If his clubs were to expel Thomas Dolan, if the society in which he moves should avoid the contamination of Clement A. Griscom's presence, if the people should refuse insurance in the company of which Samuel R. Shipley is president, if there were no social gathering which would tolerate his presence, it would not be long before these directors and others of their kind would come to a dawning sense of decency and honesty. Perhaps it is already dawning upon them.—*New York World*.

WE have some slight respect for a plain, ordinary highwayman, who frankly robs, but none at all for those sanctimonious

rascals who try to bribe their way into heaven with paltry fractions of the money they have stolen. Like Dr. Patton, of Princeton, we "hate to see a cold-blooded right-living rascal who has his \$400,000,000 and can teach Sunday school regularly and drive his hard bargain every week, always keeping just within range of the law," and like Dr. Patton, also, we think Rockefeller "lucky not to be in jail." And as for the argument of many stately clergymen that the thing to do is to take Rockefeller's money but preach against him—it is an infamous suggestion. Take the gift with one hand and strike the giver with the other—could base-ness further go than that?

The money of John D. Rockefeller is stained black with blood and rusted red with the tears of the children of the poor. Let the church touch it not, for thereby it is defiled beyond all purification.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Our postal system at present is handicapped by the express companies as well as the telegraph companies. Both are doing what the postal system could easily embrace in its system. Our senators are to blame for this, and they will, in the near future, through public opinion, be forced to desert one or both of these children of special privilege. Which one will go to appease the clamor of the reformers time alone will demonstrate. Like the father in the story, who, when with his family in a sleigh on his way home through a dense forest, being overtaken by hungry wolves, found his horse about to drop from fatigue, self-preservation forced him to the desperate act of throwing one of his children to the wolves, thus appeasing their hunger and saving himself and the rest of his family. The reformers will have no rest until one of these national utilities is thrown out to them from monopolies' sleigh. Greed will compromise when hard pressed.—*Ohio Liberty Bell, Cincinnati*.

THAT some delectable specimens of "the man of wealth" get their wealth in defiance or evasion of the law is a fact which becomes more and more palpable as disclosures like that of the Equitable proceed. Only a few months ago persons who ventured to expose these "mackerel men" were duly warned not to attack the rich, "as such"; but now we are learning the character of differentiated "industrial capacities," and discovering the grafting methods of "successful" men like the Alexanders and the Hydes and the Depews. They are really types of the modern "man of wealth" whom we are gently urged not to attack, "merely as such." The fact that only the Equitable crew has as yet been found out makes it none the less important to hold the others under surveillance. Most of them

are in national and state legislatures, and on the Bench, and in high executive offices; but a larger and more dangerous host are in the inner councils of great corporations, at the heads of manufacturing enterprises, in huge mercantile establishments, in spacious lawyers' offices, and in employers' associations; while their apologists flourish most in our universities, our educational associations and our pulpits.—*The Public (Chicago)*.

No newspaper reader can have failed to notice how general is the investigation of grafting. The careers and methods of public officers are being inquired into with a thoroughness before unknown. Governor Folk, of Missouri, who has been one of the most notable of the leaders of the movement against corruption, believes that "we are now entering into the age of high ideals." He thinks that "the rule of the dollar is not so potent as it was, and the reign of law is becoming more accepted." It is his opinion that "the hunt for boodlers and grafters now going on from one end of the land to the other is an evidence not of moral degeneration, but of a moral awakening." If Governor Folk's theory is to be accepted the country may have cause to congratulate itself. His opinion is perfectly reasonable. There is no doubt that bribery and wholesale corruption of various types has existed for years in every municipality and every state, and that little effort has been made to ferret out the culprits and visit them with punishment. It is much more reasonable to believe this than to suppose that the country has suddenly become vicious and that crimes that did not exist before have sprung into being. The trouble has been that grafters have been shielded. Misdeeds of public officers are not more common now than they were ten, twenty or fifty years ago. The difference is that the public is now less tolerant. With fearless men to lead the assault on the strongholds of corruption victories have become more numerous.—*Springfield (Ill.) News*.

It is inevitable that the continued revelations of grafting by eminent and wealthy gentlemen who control life insurance companies should direct attention to the governmental life insurance system of more progressive nations than the United States.

The United States Supreme Court, in an eccentric decision, decided that life insurance was not commerce, therefore not interstate commerce, and therefore not susceptible to Federal regulation. That left control of the insurance business to the states. In some states the control is fairly efficient. In this New York state of ours it has been proved to be scandalously inefficient, if not corrupt. And as a matter

of fact the time is not now, and we doubt whether it ever will be, when purely political appointees—persons like Lou Payn or the present Hendricks—will control a business which has something more than a billion dollars at the disposal of its managers.

Far off at the Antipodes, in a new and a comparatively small country, New Zealand, they are grappling with this problem. There the state does something for its people beyond merely taxing them to support taxpayers. And New Zealand, young as it is, ranks next to the United States in the volume of its life insurance. In one respect it leads. For its citizens, at the time of the last published reports, the average life insurance per capita was \$125, as against \$50 in the United States. But the average policy in New Zealand was then \$288, as against \$565 in this country. In other words, the New Zealand insurance companies tap a lower financial stratum than the United States companies. Yet an insurance paper of New York—the *Monitor*—says that "the inhabitants of New Zealand carry more life insurance in proportion to their numbers than the people of any other nation on the globe."

Now, some years ago the authorities in New Zealand concluded that there was no intelligent reason why their people, who are thrifty and saving, should be paying, year after year, premiums on their life insurance to private companies that took the money out of the colony. So they established an Insurance Department of the state. This Department is run as if it were a business enterprise. It has its solicitors and it advertises and struggles to get business. The state does not use its power to prevent the private companies from competing with it as, for instance, we do with our Post-Office Department. But for several years the private companies did drop out of business. The funds paid by the policyholders into the State Insurance Department are invested in the securities of the colony or municipality, or loaned on real estate. That is to say, the money paid is used to benefit the country and to promote general prosperity. It is not used to bolster the stock of railroad companies or to underwrite the bonds of swindling trusts.—*New York American*.

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THERE has been a regular saturnalia of crime during President Roosevelt's administration, and while he is personally an honest man, yet he stood by men who ought to have been unceremoniously fired from public position. Indeed, in some instances, notably in Loomis's case, he has sought to disgrace a man whose honesty cannot be impeached, and showered additional honors upon the one who discredited his country while representing it abroad. His Postmaster-General Payne denounced the

charges against officials in that Department as "hot air," and sought in every way possible to discredit investigation. That official never received Presidential disfavor. When Secretary Wilson went out of his way to break down the upward tendency in price of cotton he received no suggestion that it was none of his business whether the price of cotton went up or down, particularly when he had never raised his voice against movements which put up the prices of wheat, corn and meat. In the latest cotton leakage exposure there is apparently no loss of Presidential consideration for Secretary Wilson, who has persistently denied any such probability of such disclosures in advance of reports as have been brought home to his most trusted associates. Mr. Wilson is too blind to properly administer affairs of his office if he can allow men like Holmes to thus throw dust in his eyes. In the Land Offices, in the Public Printing Department, in fact, in almost every Government office, there has been a system of graft in the last few years calculated to bring discredit upon the Government.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*.

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AN electric train ran into an empty train in a station at Liverpool, killing twenty-three persons and injuring many more. Only six persons in the foremost car escaped.

The accident is unprecedented in the electric train records of England. Such a disaster in this country would not be considered exceptional. "The cause of the collision is unknown," say the cable despatches. It nearly always is, yet it is safe to say that before English justice has finished with the case the responsibility will be known and somebody will be punished.

Under English procedure it is not cheaper for a railroad to kill people than to take the utmost precautions to protect human life.—*New York World*.

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TRUTH, nevertheless, will out, and it seems now that nothing Mr. Depew can say or do will quite overcome the rather uncompromising ugliness of his association with the \$250,000 loan on property "worth" about \$150,000, but selling for only \$50,000 under the hammer, he having been a member of the borrowing concern and at the same time a voting member of the Equitable Board which made the loan.—*St. Louis Republic*.

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THE Government still pays the railroad eight cents a pound for hauling the mails while the express companies get the same service for one cent a pound. Yet Mr. Roosevelt is serving his fourth year.—*Dalton (Ga.) Herald*.



FROM JULY 7 TO AUGUST 7, 1905

*Government and Politics*

- July 7.—The State Supreme Court declares the law passed by the Kansas Legislature authorizing the state to build an oil refinery unconstitutional.  
 President Roosevelt officially names Mr. Root Secretary of State.  
 The case of Caleb Powers, who has been four times tried for the murder of the late Governor Goebel, has been transferred from the state to the Federal court.
- July 8.—The investigation of the leakage in the Government crop reports shows that Associate Statistician Edwin S. Holmes has been selling advance information to New York brokers.
- July 11.—President Roosevelt, being dissatisfied with the investigation of the frauds committed in connection with the crop reports, has ordered a more thorough investigation by Secretary Wilson. He also orders the Department of Justice to prosecute the offenders.
- W. J. Calhoun, of Chicago, is appointed a special commissioner to Venezuela to investigate all matters in dispute with that country.
- July 12.—President Roosevelt declares that all adverse reports about work on the Panama Canal are untrue and that the Canal will be a complete success.  
 President Roosevelt orders the arrest of the Government clerks connected with the leak in the crop reports.  
 Charles G. Magoon assumes his duties as United States Minister to Panama.
- July 13.—Former Associate Statistician Holmes has disappeared from Washington since the discovery of the leakage in the Government crop reports.  
 President Roosevelt formally receives the new Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen.
- July 14.—John W. Hill, former chief of the Philadelphia Filtration Bureau, is indicted for forgery. Hill was recently put out of office by Mayor Weaver.  
 The Equitable Life Assurance Society again claims to be reorganized, and elects twelve more directors.

- Secretary Taft and party reach Honolulu and sail for Manila.  
 President Roosevelt and Minister Takahira discuss plans for the peace convention.
- July 15.—President Roosevelt orders a thorough investigation of leaks in crop reports.  
 Secretary Bonaparte rescinds an order of Mr. Morton's which removed two engineers from the Charleston Navy Yard because they made contractors do work as specified in the contracts.
- July 17.—Mr. Root advises Mayor Weaver to prosecute the boodlers in Philadelphia.  
 Lieutenant-Governor Bruce, of New York, in session of the legislature for the trial of Justice Hooker, declines to receive a resolution for the investigation of insurance companies.  
 The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the first three months of the year shows that 909 persons were killed by railroad wrecks during that time.
- July 19.—Mr. Root, the new Secretary of State, takes the oath of office.  
 Secretary Wilson places Assistant Secretary Hayes in charge of the Bureau of Statistics.
- July 20.—Governor Higgins accedes to the public demand for an investigation of life insurance companies.  
 The New York Legislature fails to impeach Justice Hooker.  
 Chairman Shonts and Engineer Stevens sail for Panama to push work on the Canal.
- July 24.—Secretary Wilson breaks down under the strain of investigating the crop report. The Grand Jury begins its investigation of the case.  
 President Roosevelt persuades Governor Carter, of Hawaii, not to resign.  
 H. B. Warren, State Dairy and Food Commissioner of Pennsylvania, starts criminal proceedings against the Beef Trust for putting poisons in meats.
- July 25.—United States Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, is sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of \$1,000. The case will be

- carried to the United States Supreme Court.
- Porto Rican Government asks for reforms from the United States in the governing of the Island.
- July 27.—Brokers Haas and Peckham defy the Grand Jury in the investigation of the cotton leak, and refuse to tell their relation with E. S. Holmes.
- The President receives Baron Komura at his home, and arranges for the meeting of the peace envoys.
- July 29.—President Roosevelt again insists that all persons connected with the leaks in the crop reports be prosecuted. So far the investigation has resulted as follows: E. S. Holmes dismissed and John Hyde, F. T. Moore and Mrs. Burch resigned.
- August 1.—The Legislative Committee reaches New York and begins an investigation of insurance companies.
- William Travers Jerome, District Attorney for the City of New York, declares himself independent candidate for renomination.
- August 2.—The Legislative Committee decides to employ counsel to aid in the insurance investigation.
- M. Witte, Russia's principal peace envoy, reaches New York.
- August 5.—President Roosevelt brings the peace envoys of Japan and Russia together on board the yacht *Mayflower*.
- August 7.—The renomination of W. T. Jerome as an independent non-partisan candidate for District Attorney of New York City receives enthusiastic support from the citizens.
- Secretary Taft and party receive an ovation in Manila.
- M. Witte, Russian peace ambassador, arrives in Portsmouth. The Japanese envoys on the *Dolphin* are on their way. It seems probable that Russia will refuse to pay any indemnity and that the war will go on.
- General Home News*
- July 15.—Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, has an abscess removed from his brain, and is critically ill.
- Hon. Harvie Jordan, President of the Cotton Growers' Association, and Secretary Cheatham reach Washington to press the investigation of Government crop report.
- July 16.—General W. W. Blackmar, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., dies at Bois e City, Idaho.
- Lieutenant Peary sails from New York in search of the North Pole.
- Central Federated Union passes a resolution demanding the resignation of Senator Depew because of his connection with the Equitable frauds.
- July 19.—Seventy-seven persons are killed and 400 prostrated by the heat in New York City.
- T. D. Jordan, Controller of the Equitable, is dismissed, and William A. Day appointed as his successor.
- July 20.—Several teamsters' unions vote to return to work and the Chicago strike ends.
- July 21.—The boilers of the United States gunboat *Bennington* blow up, killing forty and wounding eighty. The *Bennington* was one of Admiral Dewey's ships at the battle of Manila.
- July 22.—Forty-five tons of dynamite were successfully set off at Portsmouth, N. H., to enlarge the channel to the Navy Yard.
- Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, asks aid for the flood sufferers.
- Fleet bearing the body of John Paul Jones reaches Annapolis, the place of interment.
- Yellow fever breaks out at New Orleans and an epidemic is feared.
- July 23.—Hon. D. S. Lamont, Secretary of War under President Cleveland, dies suddenly at his home in Millbrook, N. Y.
- Lightning sets fire to oil tanks at Humber, Tex., burning 2,000,000 barrels of oil; twelve people perish in the flames.
- Forty-seven of the *Bennington's* dead buried at San Diego, Cal.
- July 25.—Number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans reaches thirty-four. One hundred and fifty-four cases reported.
- Baron Komura, one of the Japanese peace envoys, reaches New York.
- July 26.—Ten more deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans.
- Cardinal Gibbons declares that combinations of wealth breed corruption and graft.
- Paul Morton is elected President of the Equitable.
- July 27.—Mosquitoes are said to be spreading yellow fever in New Orleans. Efforts are being made to exterminate mosquitoes, as well as stop the spread of fever.
- July 28.—Yellow fever situation at New Orleans remains unchanged. Farmers in nearby parishes keep refugees out with shotguns.
- July 29.—New Orleans asks Federal aid in stamping out yellow fever. Two hundred and fifty-six cases and fifty-five deaths reported to date.
- Senator Depew returns from Europe.
- August 1.—Telegraph operators strike on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads.
- August 2.—Serious trouble feared on Lake Borgne, Louisiana, between Louisiana and Mississippi State Naval Militia. Mississippi Militia guarding the border line to keep out yellow fever suspects,

seizes Louisiana boats on Louisiana waters, and the Governor of Louisiana orders out the Militia of that state to protect such boats and fire on anyone interfering.

August 4.—Surgeon-General Wyman, of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, takes control of the yellow fever situation in New Orleans.

W. H. Belcher, Mayor of Paterson, N. J., who has been missing for several days, has embezzled more than \$100,000.

### Foreign News

July 8.—The Russian rebel ship *Potemkin* has been surrendered to Roumanian authorities at Kustenji by her crew. The Roumanian Government has guaranteed the mutineers against extradition to Russia.

July 9.—Roumanian authorities formally transfer the *Potemkin* to the Russian Admiral, Kruger.

July 10.—Japanese drive the Russians from Saghalien and take possession of the Island.

Japanese and Russian peace envoys select the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard as the place to discuss peace terms.

July 11.—Major-General Count Shuvaloff, Prefect of Police at Moscow, is assassinated.

One hundred miners are killed by an explosion at Wattstown, Wales.

The throne of Norway is offered to Prince Charles of Denmark, King Edward's son-in-law.

July 13.—M. Witte has been chosen one of the Russian peace envoys to succeed M. Muravieff, resigned.

Admiral Kruger, Russian, is to be court-martialed for incapacity in the recent mutiny in the Black Sea fleet.

Japanese loan for \$150,000,000 is largely oversubscribed

China asks permission to be represented in the negotiations for peace.

July 16.—Sixty-six persons are killed by the falling of a hospital roof at Fermo, Italy.

The diary of John Paul Jones is found in Paris.

July 19.—Zemstvo Congress assembles at Moscow and demands reforms.

Japan expresses doubts of Russia's sincerity in the peace negotiations.

July 20.—China notifies the powers that she will demand the control of Manchuria when peace is declared.

Premier Balfour is defeated on his motion to reduce the membership of the Irish Land Commission. The credit for the victory is due Hon. John Redmond, the Irish leader.

Zemstvo Congress frames a Constitution for Russia.

July 22.—A bomb thrown at the Sultan of Turkey kills twenty-four and wounds fifty-seven persons. The Sultan escapes injury.

The Japanese now report 550,000 men in the field, with 2,100 guns.

July 24.—The Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia hold a conference at Bjoerke, an island off the coast of Sweden.

July 25.—Sweden accedes to the request of Norway for a dissolution of the union, provided the Norway Storthing rejects it.

July 26.—Secretary Taft and Miss Roosevelt are received by the Mikado of Japan.

Chairman Shonts and Engineer Stevens reach Panama.

July 27.—Twenty-three persons are killed in a railroad wreck in England. This is said to be the most disastrous wreck that has ever occurred on an English railroad.

Japanese royalty lavishly entertains Secretary Taft and party.

The Japanese occupy several towns in Siberia. They also occupy Saghalien. The Japanese plan seems to be to press on to Vladivostok and Harbin and cut off the Russian line of communication.

July 28.—Great Britain opposes the efforts of the Emperor of Germany to select a king for Norway.

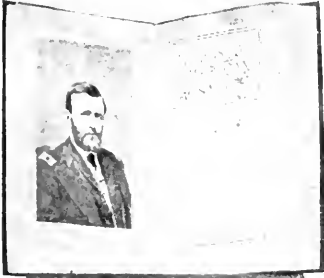
The Mikado of Japan is notified of President Roosevelt's request for a cessation of hostilities.

Secretary Taft is entertained by the Japanese Secretary of War, M. Takahashi, at Tokio.



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