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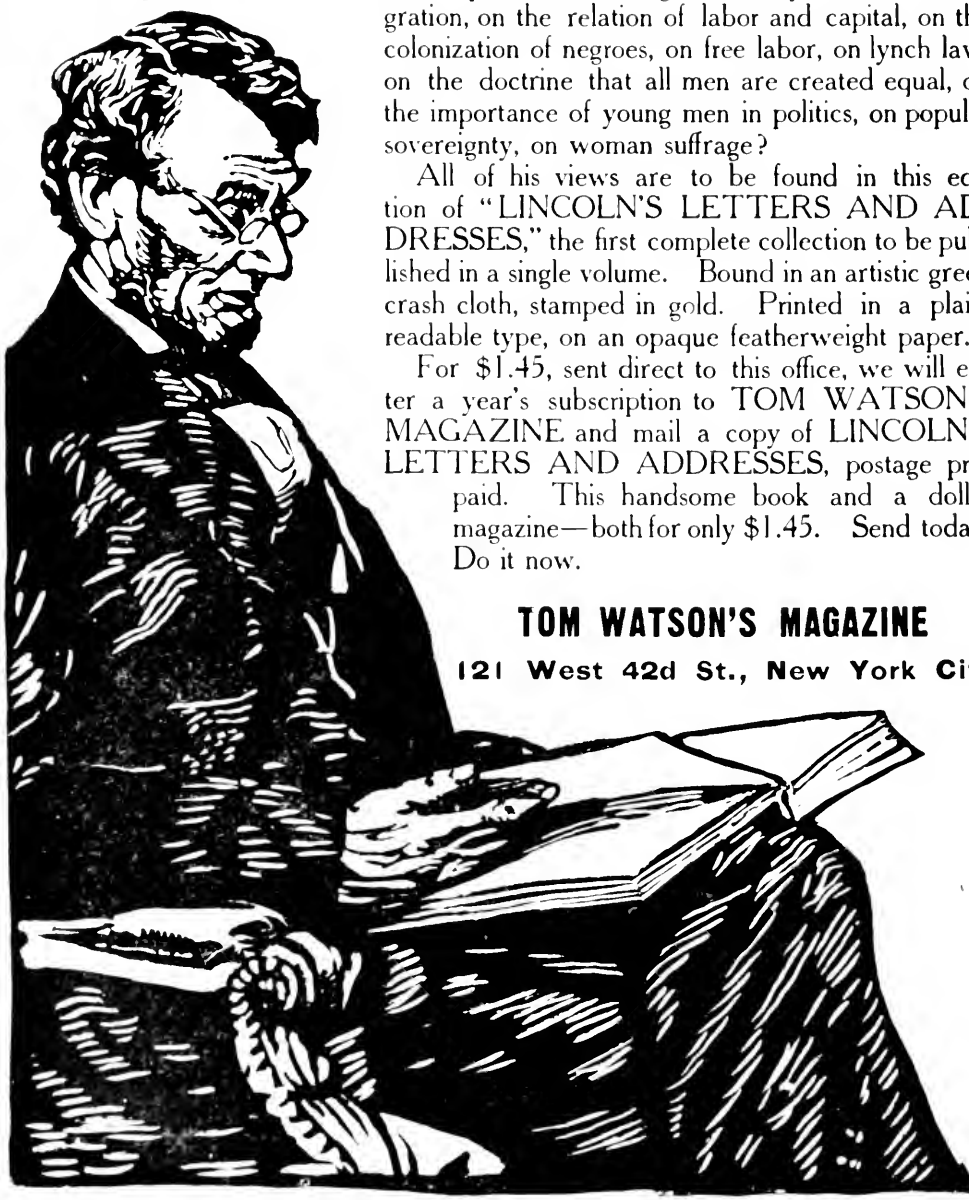

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TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

121 West 42d St., New York City

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THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

November, 1905

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TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

121 W. 42d Street, New York

POLITICS IN NEW ZEALAND

Some time ago Dr. Charles F. Taylor, editor of the *Medical World* and publisher of the "Equity Series," secured the services of Prof. Frank Parsons to gather material for "The Story of New Zealand." The result was a large volume, carefully edited by Dr. Taylor, giving more accurate information regarding this progressive country than can be had in any half-dozen other books. But the price, $3.00, made "The Story of New Zealand" difficult to circulate among the masses, and Dr. Taylor later selected the political facts and published them in paper covers, 108 pages, at 25 cents. "My purpose," he says in the preface, "has been to place the enlightening and inspiring facts of New Zealand's government and institutions before the people of our country."

One little item will be of more than ordinary interest at this time. A Government Life Insurance Department was established in 1870. Among the objects sought was the elimination of expenses and profits of insurance as far as possible, and to put the Government guarantee behind it, so that it may reach as many people and afford as much security as may be. The last official report noted in "Politics in New Zealand" was that of 1901. At that time the Government Insurance Department had in force 42,570 policies, covering $51,000,000 of insurance, or practically half of the total business of the Colony. Our own Equitable Life, so much talked of today, had been at that time doing business fifteen years in New Zealand. It had 717 policies in force! Think of it. The largest insurance company in the world in competition with the insurance department of a little colony like New Zealand, in fifteen years secured less than two per cent. as much business as came to the Government Department.

The following are some of the chapters which will prove of especial interest to American reformers: The Torrens System of Title Registration; Public Telegraphs and Telephones; Postal Savings Banks; Direct Nominations; Questioning Candidates and Voting by Mail; A New Land Policy; Government Loans at Low Interest to Farmers, Traders and Workingmen; The Labor Department; The State Farm; The Factory Laws; The Eight Hour Day; Industrial Arbitration; Co-operation, etc., etc.

We wish every reader of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE had a copy of "Politics in New Zealand." We would like to place ten thousand copies in the hands of new subscribers. The Magazine a year and "Politics in New Zealand" sent postpaid for only $1.15. To subscribers only, book alone, 15 cents; all others, 25 cents. Address,

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE,
121 West 42d Street, New York.

MONEY MADNESS

Drawn by W. Gordon Nye

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. III NOVEMBER, 1905 No. 1

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

Creed and Duty

I SIT here amid my books, surrounded by the comforts of home—a citizen secure in many inestimable rights.

How did I get these inestimable rights? Dreamers conceived them, poets caught them up in song, orators spoke for them, warriors fought for them, martyrs died for them—and at length, the statesman wrote them into laws.

I can worship God as I choose—not as some other man chooses—and there is no wheel to break me on, as there used to be, if my conscience varies from the king's.

I can vote as I please, and claim a voice in the making of laws, in the choosing of rulers, and there is no block to behead me on—as there used to be for those who could see no "divine right" in the one-man power.

I can put forth the strength of my hand in any field of industry, and whatsoever I earn is mine, *mine*—and is not to be carted up to the embattled castle to feed that lazy lout of a robber who calls himself my feudal lord.

I can think anything that comes into my head, and having thought it, can speak it—nay, speak it vociferously to any assemblage of human brethren who choose to listen—and I can attack the government and everybody connected with it for sins of omission and commission, without the slightest fear of being hanged for treason, or of having the dragoons disperse the meeting, or of being shut up in prison as a riotous and seditious person—all of which happenings would have occurred to me a few generations ago, unless perchance I had tuned my tongue to the chant of the priest and the flatteries of the king. It has not been long since it was a crime to talk of the rights of the common people, a crime to assemble and discuss grievances, a crime to say that the governed should have a voice in the government, a crime to claim liberty of speech and conscience.

When I think of the awful punishments wreaked upon those who dared to denounce wrongs in the olden days, when nearly everything *was* wrong, I seek in vain for words to express my profound admiration for the courage of those who gave their lives for the Cause of the Right. No such heroism has ever been shown on the field of battle as has been shown by the martyrs of civil liberty.

The frown of kings could not silence them, nor the curses of popes turn them. Prisons could not quench their fires, nor could the rack break aught but their bones. As they marched to the block they stepped lightly—as pioneers leading the free to a great New World. As they mounted the scaffold, they rose, step by step, proudly, like conquerors leading men upward and onward.

Their names are lost—nearly all of them—but here in my quiet home I sit, the legatee of their heroic work.

"Let us speak as we believe, vote as we speak, and hold aloft, always, the higher ideals . . ."

I lay my hand on the Code of my country, and every great, good law in it cost some brave man his life. I am guarded round about with guarantees and safeguards—all consecrated with the blood of human sacrifice.

And do I owe nothing to anybody for all this?

Am I to nurse the slippered feet, by my own fireside, in selfish ease, and never stir forth to inquire how fares it with my brother? Am I to be deaf to the cry of human suffering, blind to the havoc wrought by bad laws, cold-hearted to the plea of the weak against the tyranny of the strong?

Am I to bask in the blessings brought to me by the heroes of the past, and care naught for the miseries that may come upon the children who follow us? God forbid!

No man holds his life for himself alone, but holds its splendid gifts as trustee—a trustee who must come to an account some day, with the Most High.

Shall I be cast down because our efforts seem to result in so little? Shall I mope and fret because the world decides against us at the ballot-box?

Not unless history shows me that majorities are always right, and ballot-boxes infallible.

The man who strives merely to run with the biggest crowd is, at best, a sorry creature. The man who strives to be right, and to do right is, after all, the only citizen who can rest under the

infinite comfort of an approving conscience.

As legatees of the patriots of the past and trustees of the present and the future, let us stand firm in the defense of the right.

Let us preach its gospel to whosoever will hear. And, as a mere matter of honesty and patriotic duty, let us speak as we believe, vote as we speak, and hold aloft, always, the higher and better ideals to which the human race must ever strive if it would move onward and upward.

The Bankers Came to Town

HERE is the manner in which five hundred of the privileged financiers rode across the continent to their annual convention at Washington, D. C.

BANKERS COMING IN STYLE

PALATIAL TRAIN WILL BRING WESTERN DELEGATES TO MEETING HERE

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—What will probably be the most palatial train ever to leave Chicago will be the "bankers' special," which will go over the Big Four Railway October 7. It will carry 500 prominent financial men of the West, delegates to the convention of the American Bankers' Association at Washington, D. C., October 9.

The train will consist of ten of the finest Pulman cars, four open sixteen-section sleepers, two compartment sleepers, a buffet, library, and observation car, and two of the Big Four new dining cars. In addition to the regular porters, there will be negro maids and barbers, also salt water baths, a ticker service for receiving market reports, and probably a wireless telegraph apparatus.

The train will go from Cincinnati to Old Point Comfort, and thence the bankers will go to Washington via the Potomac on a special steamer.

The above was clipped from the Washington *Post*, a most reliably orthodox newspaper.

Just think of it a moment.

Five hundred of the elect, who enjoy the glorious privilege of getting from the Government *five hundred million dollars* at one-half of 1 per cent. and the use of another fifty-five millions *for nothing*, which cool sums they turn round and lend at 6, 7 and 8 per cent., periodically compounded, come riding across the country to meet the other four thousand five hundred elect for the purpose of congratulating themselves on the past, jubilating over the present and laying plans for the future.

See the style in which they come! Not only Pullman sleepers of the very finest, not only dining cars and a buffet (which holds things to drink), not only the observation car and the ordinary porters are furnished, but these kings of special privilege are supplied with a library and salt water baths, with negro barbers *and with negro maids.*

These five hundred elect had to have a ticker service, in order that they might keep posted on market quotations, "and probably a wireless telegraphic apparatus." Very well; I can understand it all, except the clause which states:

"*There will be negro maids.*"

This is Greek to me, and I call upon the financial editor of the *Post* for help. I don't mean the funny man of the *Post;* I mean the financial man who writes about Alaskan gold and "rag money."

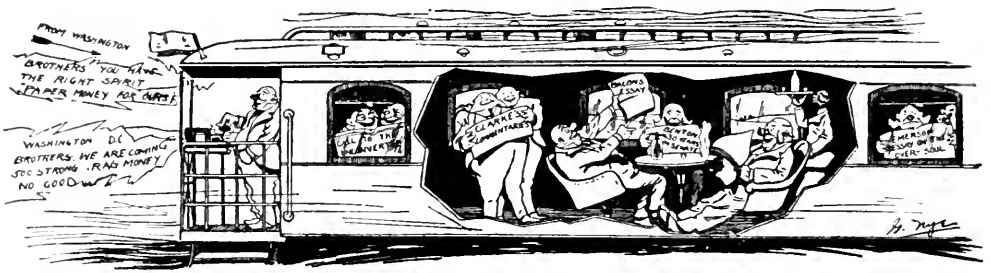
For mark you, my son, these five hundred bankers who traveled in the luxurious manner described in the *Post* are the men who demand the single gold standard, denounce "rag money," ridicule the vagaries of Populism and have the pleasure of hearing their gibes repeated by the financial man of the Washington *Post.*

What is rag money?

By that contemptuous term, my son, the bankers and their newspaper poll-parrots mean paper money when *issued by the Government.*

What sort of money do the bankers get rich on?

My son, they get rich on paper money *issued by themselves.*



"The bankers came to town."

Is that kind of paper currency "rag money"?

No, my son, no.

Paper money, *when issued by the National Banks*, is sound money. It must be referred to in terms of respect.

Why do the bankers and their editors denounce Government paper money as "rag money" and yet call their own paper sound money?

My son, the bankers love their own paper because they get rich on the usury which it exacts from the people; they hate Government paper because it would put an end to the *privilege* upon which they grow rich.

* * * * *

Hence, I naturally select the financial man of the *Post*—the man who calls Alaskan gold "real money" and Government greenbacks "rag money" —and I ask him to explain what *his* rag-money crowd wanted with negro maids. There were no female passengers aboard this marvelous "Bankers' Special."

There were no children.

Why, then, the negro maids? There were the usual male negro porters to make the beds, and so forth and so on. There were male servants to cook and to serve the victuals. Likewise, there were male servants to draw corks, open cigar boxes and to bring books from the library—Clarke's Commentaries, Cruden's Concordance, Butler's Analogy, Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Benton's Thirty Years in the Senate, Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, Emerson's Essay on the Over-Soul, and other light reading for joyous journeys. Yes, I comprehend all that—but those negro maids!

They puzzle me sadly.

That was a wonderful "Bankers' Special."

It was a passenger car, a Pullman sleeper, a restaurant, a barroom, a barber shop, a broker's office, a public library, a seaside bathing-house, a telegraph office and a—but I must await the explanation of the financial man of the *Post*.

I don't mean the funny man who puts pessimism in paragraphs: I mean the financial man who writes about Alaskan gold and rag money.

Letter of Thomas M. Keely

The Editor Tom Watson's Magazine:

In view of the privilege granted by the distinguished editor-in-chief, I take this opportunity to say I regret the use of any language offensive or otherwise personal in my original letter.

I find I am converted into a regular basis for pun by a humor which seems highly developed and in no way clouded with a morbid sensibility.

While there may be some few points in your remarks on which I share a slight equilibrium of opinion, I dissent from the great majority of them. The true Democrat is the one possessed of that spontaneous individu-

ality of thought and opinion which in itself is the very life of a real Democratic party. As a Democrat I hope never to lose or compromise that individuality of opinion. We find so little of it nowadays when one individual can do the thinking for thousands.

I am far removed from any association or connection with party council, and as such I speak for and represent myself.

The Democratic party has made some mistakes in the past. In the now famous compaign of '96, when as a matter of commiseration it permitted the Populists to join in its councils for the sake of a few scattering votes, it (the Democratic party) committed a blunder which, no doubt, served in part the loss of the Presidency. It never occurred to me that the Populist Party was in the least to be taken seriously, possessed as it is of a group of political soreheads and a few disappointed politicians whose ideas have become more eccentric and obsolete than otherwise.

It is quite well known just what part you had taken in the 1904 campaign. The assertion that you did not work for the success of the Republican candidate is superfluous. The idea was to draw away enough simpletons from the ranks of the Democratic Party to insure the election of the Republican. It was a great advertisement for you—the empty honor of "an also ran"—a Southerner running against the nominee of the Democratic Party. People did not necessarily require to be told your motive in the campaign. The party of straddlers that you led, finding there was no room for them in the Democratic Party, and finding the nominee of that party at St. Louis was too stubborn and honest for their uses, no doubt found a way to relieve the "stress" that enveloped their feelings.

There was no speech of yours, to my recollection, which openly advocated the election of the Republican candidate. No! But the ignominious manner in which your criticism (as a Southerner) of Judge Parker was carried, and your mild and quiet allusion to his competition, was in itself sufficient proof you desired the wind to blow in a certain direction.

You charge the Democratic Party with stealing your campaign thunder! That I emphatically deny—there can be no foundation for such assertion. The leadership of the party, from the inception of Mr. Cleveland down to the present time, has been one of brilliancy, satisfaction and safety. This country never had a President, in modern times, whose conduct in office and whose courage in the discharge of his official duty could favorably compare with Grover Cleveland. True, he has been subjected to a great deal of criticism—unnecessarily, but the man has grown greater and bigger in the esteem of the people, in comparison to the smallness of the mind of the critic and the bitterness of the criticism.

Cleveland did not please the Republicans, he did not please the Populists, consequently their hatred of him was all the greater. He exterminated the political grafter and he relegated to the seat the political ringster. His appointees to office were men of prestige and great ability—men whose ideas of party faith were as stubborn as Mr. Cleveland's own. He did not enter office pledged to bring about great reforms, as many of the great so-called reformers and office-seeking demagogues nowadays do. He went there to serve the people, and in serving the people he served his party.

The Democratic Party has long since taken its proper stand on such questions as civil service reform, trust laws, home rule, imperialism, tariff, and the other great questions that confront the American people. But why all this vituperation, why all this criticism of a party not in power at this time and not responsible in any way for the wrongdoing and rascality now unveiled in public office?

The present leadership of the party (as a minority party) is that of sanity

and not madness, as such men as Mr. Watson would like to have it. It is well the Democratic Party has dropped all "isms" and "ites," and such political remnants which have heretofore borne it down to defeat.

The mission of the party is that of conservatism, honesty in public office and an impartial execution of the present laws as they exist.

At the present time the Republican Party is reeking with graft and grafters, from the high-up in public office down to the lowest in the gift of the people; and, Mr. Watson, why not use some of your energies toward eradicating the bad elements that compose this party, which claims to be in allegiance with God, and which has condemned everything outside its ranks as anti-American and fit subjects for Erebus?

The Republican Party holds office, Mr. Watson, and many grave questions confront the American people, but the grafter, the ringster and the looter control the Republican Party. It is the only party just now in great need of a reformer who would reform, and I again ask, Why not reform the party that really needs reforming?

THOMAS M. KEELY.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.,
September 14, 1905.

The Wiggle-Tail Wriggles

IT is Keely again.

Keely is the man who felt himself bruised in the groin because we sent him a sample copy of the Magazine.

That is all that we did to him. We meant no harm by it. He could easily have thrown the Magazine into the fire if he didn't want it; or he could have buried it in the corner of the garden, without fuss or excitement; or he could have fed it, by piecemeal, to the family goat.

I say "fed it by piecemeal," because I am now inclined to think that if the goat had been given the whole Magazine at one bait, it might have been as bad for Keely's goat as it proves to have been for Keely himself. Of course it would have depended largely on the kind of goat it was, but my present inclination is to believe that any goat owned by Keely would rather eat empty sardine boxes, oyster cans, scrap iron, guano sacks and decayed shoe leather than to browse upon the richest green grass if the fence around the pasture had the word "Populist" marked on it.

Yes, Keely got so angry about the sample copy that nothing would do him until he sat right down and dashed off an insulting letter to me—abusing me like a pickpocket because of my refusal to support Parker in the campaign of last year.

In our September issue Mr. Keely was given a course of treatment under the title of "*A Wiggle-Tail.*"

That the medicine did all that could have been expected in the case of such a patient is shown by the remarkable composition which Mr. Keely has written, and which is published in this number of the Magazine.

Mr. Keely's letter opens up many interesting questions.

It is doubtful if there has ever been a happier definition of "Democrat" than that given by him.

"The true Democrat is the one possessed of *that spontaneous individuality of thought and opinion* which is in itself the very life of a real Democratic party."

And Keely, by the plainest intimation, claims to be *that* kind of Democrat; a true Democrat possessed of "spontaneous individuality of thought."

Did Mr. Keely support the Democratic ticket during the eight years preceding the St. Louis Convention of 1904? Did he go with his party from 1890 to 1896? Did he remain with his party in 1904, and does he remain with it now?

If these questions are answered in the affirmative, Mr. Keely has gone all round the circle, hanging to the coat-tails of his leader, and has no right to claim to possess "spontaneous individuality of thought and opinion." If he veered every time his party veered, he has faced every point of the compass, and is an amusing weathercock, as most Democrats and Republicans are.

The Democratic Party, within the period mentioned, has been in favor of silver, and against it; in favor of the income tax, and against it; in favor of abolishing national banks, and against it; in favor of putting a stop to child slavery, and against it; in favor of sweeping tariff reform, and against it.

And in 1904 it amazed mankind by leaping the whole distance from free silver to the single gold standard.

If Mr. Keely has been following his blessed party all around the circus-ring during the last fifteen years it is no wonder that a sample copy of this Magazine made him complain of feeling bad.

* * * * *

Brother Keely states that in 1896 the Democratic Party "as a matter of commiseration permitted the Populists to join in its councils for the sake of a few scattering votes."

Yes, we only had a few scattering votes in 1896—something over a million and a quarter—and we had only been able to draw off enough strength from the Republicans in the West to elect Grover Cleveland President. We had not been able to elect General Weaver, who had the support of W. J. Bryan, but we *had* been able to carry victory to the Democratic Party. Out of pity for us, as Mr. Keely well says, the Democratic bosses took some of our bosses into their councils, our million and a quarter votes being highly acceptable to the Democratic Party which Cleveland's second administration had ruined. Mr. Keely should have gone further and said that it was out of "commiseration" for us that the Democratic Party stole the greater

"Any goat owned by Keely . . . would rather eat oyster cans . . ."

part of our platform, for this statement would have been as true as the other.

Mr. Keely is also correct in saying that the Populist Party did not deserve to be "taken seriously"; consequently there never was any excuse for the manner in which we were cheated out of elections which we had won, and lied about in the newspapers until our principles as well as ourselves were caricatured into monstrosities.

He is quite right, of course, when he says that we were a mere lot of "political soreheads and disappointed politicians whose ideas have become more eccentric and obsolete." For instance, I had just been elected to Congress by overwhelming majorities and could have held the place indefinitely as a Democrat. I CAN GO BACK TO CONGRESS NOW IF I WILL CONSENT TO GO AS A DEMOCRAT; but inasmuch as I was a sorehead and a disappointed office-seeker, I threw away the certainty of the office for the uncertainties of Populism. And I was but a sample of the million and a quarter others whose magnificent platform was engulfed in the fusion pit which the Democrats "out of commiseration" dug for us in 1896.

"Whose ideas have become more eccentric and obsolete?"

When W. J. Bryan declared in Chicago at the Jefferson Day banquet that the time had come for the Democratic Party to proclaim itself in favor of

public ownership of public utilities, he expressed the intention to appropriate the remnant of our platform.

They took everything but that in 1896, and he now proposes to take that.

Eccentric and obsolete!

Not long ago the Populist principle of public ownership captured Chicago; it is now preparing to capture New York; it will march victoriously from city to city; its drum-beat is going to be heard throughout this broad land, and nothing is more certain than that the rascally gangs of Democrats and Republicans who have stolen from the public that which belongs to the public are going to be driven from power. Democrats like Belmont and Ryan will not forever hoodwink the rank and file of the Democratic Party. Republicans like Morgan and Rockefeller will not eternally deceive the rank and file of the Republican Party.

Independent journals, such as this Magazine is, will sooner or later expose the diabolical intrigues by which the bosses of the two great parties keep the people divided, while corporations and trusts, composed of both Democrats and Republicans, plan and carry out their robberies.

"The leadership of the party, from the inception of Mr. Cleveland down to the present time, has been one of brilliancy, satisfaction and safety."

Quite so, Mr. Keely, quite so. Cleveland led it a while; Bryan led it a while, and these two eminent leaders seemed to be leading in opposite directions; but it is quite within the limits of the possibilities of partisan faith to believe that Clevelandism and Bryanism were *both* "brilliant, satisfactory and safe."

It is true that Cleveland and Parker virtually classed Bryanism with recklessness and insanity; it is true that Bryan denounced Cleveland-Parkerism as a surrender to Wall Street; but when Mr. Keely states positively that the leadership of both Cleveland and Bryan was brilliant, satisfactory and safe, I cease to struggle. I give it up.

"This country never had a President in modern times whose conduct in office . . . could favorably compare with Grover Cleveland."

Of course not.

Cleveland replaced as much of the public debt as Harrison had paid off; Cleveland printed some nice new bonds on the plates which Harrison had forbidden *his* secretary to use; Cleveland gave the Wall Street king, Morgan—a Republican—just what Wall Street wanted from Harrison and did not get. Cleveland violated both the letter and the spirit of the statute when he paid out *gold* for the silver-purchase notes; Cleveland gave Wall Street both ends of the rope when he surrendered to them the option of payment in either silver or gold, which option belonged to the Government; Cleveland insured the continuance of the National banking system by his illegal issue of more bonds; Cleveland sold the bonds to the Rothschild-Belmont-Morgan syndicate in a midnight deal and at a lower price than the Jamaica niggers were getting for *their* bonds; and when Gorman sold out the Democratic Party to Rockefeller and Havemeyer and framed a tariff bill just as they wrote it, Cleveland shirked the duty of his office, neither signed nor vetoed, and allowed the "perfidy" and the "dishonor" to escape with a mere fusillade of verbal fireworks.

"Cleveland did not please the Republicans."

If he did not they must be hard to please. Ungrateful dogs they are, if they do not lick his hands whenever they can. He carried out their policy of throttling silver coinage. He put into practice the single gold standard. Carnegie was a great Republican, and Cleveland was mighty light on him when he was caught defrauding the Government in contracts concerning battleships. J. P. Morgan was a great Republican, but he got as many bonds as he wanted from Cleveland when he had failed to get them from Harrison. Rockefeller is a great Republican, but his Oil Trust and Havemeyer's Sugar Trust got all they demanded in that Gorman Tariff Act which Cleveland failed to veto.

Did not please the Republicans!

That's something new to me.

The Republicans to this day love Cleveland as they have loved no other Democrat whomsoever—love him better than they loved Harrison, and *that is one reason why Cleveland was elected the second time.*

"His appointees to office were men of prestige and great ability, men whose ideas of party faith were as stubborn as Mr. Cleveland's own."

That is so.

For example, there was Walter Q. Gresham, who was made a Cabinet officer by Mr. Cleveland. Walter had been a lifelong Republican and had voted for Harrison.

He had also *taken into consideration the Populist nomination for the Presidency*, and there were many who suspected that his refusal of our nomination was influenced in a way which brought him into the Democratic Cabinet afterward.

Then there was Van Alen, the Newport society man. Van Alen had given $50,000 to the Democratic slush fund upon the understanding that he was to have the appointment of Minister to Italy. Cleveland appointed this man of "prestige and great ability," and nothing but an outburst of public indignation prevented the bargain from being carried out to the letter.

Then, again, there was C. H. J. Taylor, a negro, who was appointed by Mr. Cleveland as Minister to Bolivia, a *white republic*. Taylor's prestige was prodigious. There was, also, the negro, Matthews, who was imported from Albany, N. Y., into Washington, D. C., to hold one of the fattest positions there when a white man was applying for the place and was backed by the white people of the district.

* * * * *

"He exterminated the political grafter." Didn't he though?

"He relegated to the rear the political ringster." To be sure!

The Pat McCarrens, Bill Sheehans, Tom Taggarts, Belmonts, Murphys, Ryans, Gormans, are myths; Cleveland not only exterminated them, but relegated them to the rear. These grafters and ringsters are not alive. They are dead, and don't know it. Keely says Cleveland exterminated them, and it must be so—for Keely "is an honorable man."

"He did not enter office pledged to bring about great reforms, as many office-seeking demagogues nowadays do." Certainly not.

It was some other man who proclaimed himself the undying foe of the robber tariff, was welcomed with enthusiastic shouts as a reformer, and was floated into office on a tidal wave of tariff reform. It was not Cleveland, for Keely says it wasn't—and Keely "is an honorable man."

"The Democratic party has long since taken its proper stand on such questions as civil service reform, trust laws, home rule, imperialism, tariff and other questions."

Keely, your way of putting the case cheers me up. There's life in the old nag yet.

The Democratic party has long since taken its proper stand!

What could be truer? It has long since taken all sorts of stands—every possible stand—and it's as plain as the nose on a man's face that some one of these various stands must have been "the proper stand."

Which one of the many stands taken by this precious old party during the last fifteen years *is* the proper stand Mr. Keely does not specify; but what of that?

Each one of those "stands" was the "proper stand" at the time his party stood there; and when it flops again to Populism in 1908 Keely will be on hand, as usual, with a faith and a loyalty which asks for nothing more than that the name of the thing shall be *Democratic*, no matter what the thing itself is. Why bother about the contents of the bottle, if the *label* is correct? Men of the Keely stripe want *the name;* without this, roses smell worse *to them* than mashed bedbugs.

"The present leadership of the party is that of sanity."

Where *is* the party, brother Keely, and who is the leader, and what does the sanity consist of?

If Bryan is the leader your party is no longer safe and sane, from the Cleveland-Parker point of view. If the Cleveland-Parker element is in the lead, then, according to Bryan and the facts, your party is the pliant tool of Wall Street.

Where is your blessed party, brother Keely, and *who* is its leader? If Bryan is your leader, you are almost a nice little one-gallus Populist, whether you know it or not, for Bryanism is almost Populism.

If Cleveland is your leader, it will take more talent than the average man possesses to tell just *what* you are. You are not a Populist, for you haven't any clean-cut principles to which you cling, no creed by which you will live and die. You are not a Republican, for you haven't the full courage of conviction which leads to open confession and manly risk of consequences. And you are not a Democrat, for you indorse everything which Jefferson and Jackson condemned, and you condemn everything which they indorsed.

No wonder Mr. Bryan is going abroad for two years. The Democratic Party is so bankrupt in policy, principle and reputation; the ship is so rudderless, mastless and weed-clogged; the lack of coherence, purpose and plan is so obvious to everybody, except the Wiggle-Tail, that Bryan can think nothing better than a two years' rest and a vague hope that within that time Providence will do something.

"The grafter, the ringster and the looter control the Republican Party."

Why, of course they do; *nobody* 'sputes that, Keely.

The thing which creates confusion in our minds is this: the saints and angels who control the Democratic Party do the very same thing that the Republicans do, when they get a chance!

This puzzles us sorely, for we are simple enough to think that Democratic saints and angels ought to behave better.

Democratic saints and angels compose Tammany Hall; and Tammany Hall isn't managed for anything else than the interests of the grafter, the ringster, the lover of loot. Tammany Hall Democrats, like Pat McCarren, are the salaried lobbyists, corruptionists and obedient henchmen of the Standard Oil Trust; yet McCarren was one of the plotters and bribers who brought about the nomination of your friend Parker.

The Florida Legislature when it sold out to Flagler on that divorce matter (you dodge that, Keely!) was composed of Democratic saints and angels whom the Standard Oil Republican found no difficulty in buying.

A Wall Street Republican, J. P. Morgan, finds no serious trouble in controlling Southern legislators in the interest of his illegal and oppressive railroad combines; yet these Southern legislators are Democratic saints and angels, mainly.

The insurance president who put $50,000 of other people's money into the Republican campaign fund *was a Democrat*, and is still a power in the secret councils of the Democratic Party, which, as Keely well says, needs no reforming.

Reforming indeed!

Why should Rothschild's Wall Street agent, Mr. August Belmont, want the Democratic Party reformed?

Doesn't it go all the gaits which he could expect? Doesn't he ride it successfully for the Rothschild purposes, even as his father rode it, years ago, when he, the Democrat, and John Sherman, the Republican, bribed venal Congressmen of both parties to give a deathblow to greenback currency, and to establish one money for the soldier who fought and another for the financier who skulked, and paved the way of the bondholder with gold wrung from the people by the most villainous class legislation that ever disgraced and pillaged the many for the few?

Why should Tom Ryan want the Democratic Party reformed? Through Tammany he controls New York, and

through New York he compels the nomination of Parker. By the help of Tammany, this street-railway boss holds New York City down while he goes through its pockets. And when Tom Ryan scoops the Equitable, what does the saintly Democrat do?

He makes a Republican its President, and calls in Cleveland, the Democrat, as *the other card* which makes the full hand.

Republicans will put confidence in Morton; Democrats will put confidence in Cleveland. Having hitched *both* horses to the Equitable carriage, Tom Ryan can step in and *ride!*

And that's the way the whole country has been humbugged, looted, misgoverned ever since the Civil War. Between leading Democrats and leading Republicans, North and East, there has been no material difference in substantial purpose.

Wall Street Democrats and Wall Street Republicans are in perfect accord on the vital questions of *finance*, taxation, transportation, special privilege, centralization.

The Democratic Party is one horse; the Republican Party another; but both the horses belong to Wall Street, and a better matched pair never wore harness.

To secure the nomination of Parker, the Standard Oil crowd, August Belmont and Tom Ryan spent bushels of money. To elect him they spent little or nothing. Why? His *nomination* answered every purpose. It kept the nomination from going to Bryan, who at that time was a tribune of the people. It kept the people divided into hostile camps, paralyzed by the spell of party names.

There was no *heart* in the Parker campaign *after* his nomination. Everybody will remember that. And *nobody* can explain it in any other way than that which I put forth during the campaign.

Wall Street had nothing to fear *after Parker* became the standard-bearer of the saintly Democratic Party. If Roosevelt should be elected, Wall Street was safe; if Parker should be elected, Wall Street was safe.

The only danger to Wall Street interests lay in a campaign such as I was making, and had not W. J. Bryan suddenly cured that lung of his and come rushing out of the Yellowstone Park to the relief of the Parker whom he had previously denounced, I would have been followed to the polls by the millions of reform voters who had followed Bryan in two campaigns.

* * * * *

Yes, brother Keely, my attitude in the campaign of 1904 is well known. I took up the burden where Bryan had laid it down. I fought the same forces he had fought. I said nothing against Parker which was harsher than things which Bryan had said. Republicanism was not denounced by him more savagely than I denounced it. The best thing I said about Roosevelt was that he was *the genuine* Republican whom I would like to stamp the political life out of; the worst thing I said about Parker was that he couldn't tell, to save his life, wherein he differed from Roosevelt in a substantial matter of legislation or national policy.

And the man does not live who can tell *now* what the difference was.

* * * * *

Why have I given so much time and space to Keely, whose own letters reveal the smallness of his calibre and the shortness of his range?

Because I wanted our readers to see for themselves how very ignorant of actual conditions such men can be. I wanted a Simon-pure wiggle-tail to come to the surface and let everybody have a look at him. I wanted a moss-back Democrat who doesn't know anything, and *who won't learn*, to put himself on exhibition.

And Keely filled the bill. Here is a man who prides himself upon the ability to discuss national issues, national leaders and party politics; yet he is such a genuine babe-in-the-woods that he honestly believes all the Republicans to be knaves and all the Democrats to be men of honor.

All the virtue is in the one party; all the vice is in the other. The one

party can do no wrong; the other can do nothing that isn't wrong. Partisan bigotry and stupidity of this kind is interesting as a study of human nature.

Democratic bosses tell Keely that all the Republicans are rascals, and Keely believes it. Republican bosses tell *their* dupes that all the Democrats are rascals, and they believe it.

Having divided the people in this manner, the bosses of the two parties come to an understanding between themselves, and manage national affairs so that the favored few get what they want at the expense of the rank and file of both the great political parties. The bosses keep the people divided; but the bosses do not divide. The bosses hunt in couples. Each marauding corporation is made up from *both* the old parties. Each syndicate of robbers has its Democrats and its Republicans. Each trust which erects its despotism over the markets draws its capitalists from both the two great parties.

Excepting the wiggle-tails, all intelligent people now understand this, and hereafter the game of the bosses is going to be harder to play.

What was my great object in the campaign of 1904?

To keep alive the spark of independent thought, to expose the manner in which the bosses of both the great parties were playing into each others' hands, and to establish a rallying-point for those who were willing to combat both the old parties.

It is yet too early to say how far I succeeded. Time will tell. In the meantime I wait as the sower waits after the sowing of the seed.

Mr. Graves's Appeal to the Populists

Mr. John Temple Graves, the most polished of lecturers and one of the most forceful of writers, is at present the editor of the Atlanta *News*.

That paper is independent in its politics, to the limit to which a Democratic paper can go; and it has been courageously fair in its treatment of the Populists.

To me, personally and politically, the Atlanta *News* has been most friendly and generous—has allowed me a hearing when a hearing elsewhere was denied me; has defended me from scurrilous attacks when the other Atlanta dailies were pursuing me with cartoons and vilification.

Hence I feel toward John Temple Graves and his paper a good-will which no amount of antagonism in conviction or policy could ever change.

* * * * *

Mr. Graves, in recent editorials, has been urging the Populists to return to the Democratic party. The burden of his song is "*Come home.*"

It would be folly for me to deny that there is much in Mr. Graves's appeal which is plausible. To the Populist who does not want office, his reasoning brings reflection. To the Populist who *does* want office, it carries conviction.

The Populists of Georgia have a majority of the white vote. They know it, and the Democrats know it.

Wherever we have been defeated at the polls, we have been beaten by the negro who sold his vote.

We elected James K. Hines when he ran for Governor in 1894; and the election returns were held back, in violation of law, until they could be doctored.

At a white man's primary, *honestly conducted*, Judge Hines can beat any Democrat in Georgia in a fair race for Governor.

At a white man's primary, *honestly held*, I can beat A. O. Bacon for the United States Senate any day in the year.

And he knows it.

In my old Congressional District *I can beat any Democrat* in a fair race for Congress, at a white primary *which is honest;* can beat him two to one.

The able, honest and fearless young Democrat who now represents my old District would be the first to admit the correctness of my statement.

Consequently it is well known to such Populists as Judge Hines, Colonel Peek and myself that we can get office by returning to the Democratic Party. We not only know it now, but we have known it all the time.

* * * * *

The question raised by Mr. Graves is no new question. It was threshed out years and years ago. "*Get your reforms inside the Democratic Party*" was the persuasive cry which we heard at the beginning, and the argument is the same that it used to be.

When that cry was first raised, the Farmers' Alliance of South Carolina and of Georgia were marching shoulder to shoulder, both pledged to the same platform, both fired by the same faith and purpose.

When the forks of the road were reached, Georgia took one and South Carolina the other.

Ben Tillman said, "*Let us capture the machinery of the Democratic Party; we have the majority; we can get everything we want inside the party; let us stay inside.*"

Well, it worked out beautifully.

The Tillmanites put themselves in office, sent brave Benjamin from the farm to the United States Senate, carried the Palmetto State into the barroom business, and then sat down and waited for the millennium.

What fairer sample could you want, if you wish to see what "*Reform inside the party*" looks like?

In South Carolina the tribe of Benjamin was Populist in principle when it carried the State. *It was on those reform principles that Tillmanism won.* General Wade Hampton and General Matt Butler went down in disastrous defeat before the onset of those irresistible principles.

Isn't it so?

Why, I myself took a hand in that fight, as General Butler may remember from a little tournament which we held at Batesburg in the good year 1890.

* * * * *

Yes, my son, the principles which are now derided as Populistic swept over South Carolina and put Ben Tillman in the Governor's chair, on the way to the Senate.

The reformers remained "inside the party." They got the majority, they got the machinery, they got the offices —*but who got the reforms?*

Nobody got any reforms, my son.

The Tillman-Irby machine took the place of the Hampton-Butler machine, and that was the last of the reforms.

* * * * *

How can you get reform inside a political party which compels you to vote against sacred convictions? Senator Tillman doubled his fist, stamped his foot, flashed his eye, shook his lion's mane, and roared out the defiance that if the Democratic Party nominated Cleveland and declared against free silver he, Benjamin, would quit the Democratic Party.

The Democratic Party *did*—and Benjamin *didn't.*

* * * * *

Then there was our friend from Nebraska who also was going to get reform "inside the party." Turning to page 121 of "Statesmen Three," a book published *in January*, 1896, our friend from Nebraska saw a thrilling line on "the crown of thorns," and the cross upon which victimized humanity was being crucified by relentless plutocracy; he saw the harrowing cartoon by which Frank Richey, of St. Louis, expressed the same thought in his magazine, *Vox Populi.* Electrified by the lines in the book and the picture in the magazine, our friend Bryan electrified the Democratic Convention which had *not* read the book nor seen the picture.

In that speech and in others which followed, the Nebraska leader was as strongly pledged as man could be to quit the Democratic Party if it nominated a gold bug on a gold platform.

Well, the party *did*—and what became of Bryan?

Fell into line with August Belmont, Tom Ryan, Pat McCarren, Charles Murphy, Tom Taggart, and whooped louder for Parker than any of them.

Nebraska, like South Carolina, was carried on a platform of Populist principles.

The Democrats never could have won Nebraska. *They* couldn't have drawn Republicans out of their party. It was the People's Party which drew out the Republicans who, as Populists, swept the State.

And after our voters had captured the State, Mr. Bryan enticed them into a copartnership with the Democratic Rump, which without the Populists would have been powerless.

What has been the offspring of this unnatural union?

A monstrosity, of course. Nothing else could have been expected.

If the Populists of Nebraska enter national politics, they have to fight in other States what they embrace in their own. If they do not do this, they are not Populists but Democrats, and might as well join the Democrats for good and all.

On the other hand, Mr. Bryan has to fight, in national politics, the Populists whom he embraces at home, and therefore his political play is *always* double —friendship and alliance with the Populists in Nebraska where he needs them; antagonism to them in the South where he does not need them.

* * * * *

But I come back to the question:

What has been accomplished by the policy of "*Reform inside the party*"?

Tillman has tried it in the South, and reform has failed. Bryan has tried it in the West, and reform has not come.

Could the Populists of Georgia, or any other State, expect to succeed by adopting a policy which Tillman and Bryan could not save from failure?

* * * * *

How was the Greenback Party destroyed? By the specious policy of "getting reform inside the party."

Time and again, for the last thirteen years, I have held up the fate of the Greenbackers as a warning to the Populists. I will do so once more.

As soon as the Greenback movement became formidable the astute leaders of both the old parties resorted to the wiles of seduction. The Greenbackers were right; they could not be met in debate; they could not be put down by force; they had to be Delilahed.

The Republicans of the West began to adopt Greenback platforms and to beseech the Greenbackers to "Come home." "*Get your reforms inside your old party.*"

The Democrats of the South adopted the same strategy. They wrote Greenback platforms, and then said to the seceding Greenbackers, "*Don't leave your old party; get your reforms inside the party; we white people of the South cannot afford to divide; give the Democratic Party a chance; it hasn't had any chance since the war.*"

As an example of how deeply the game was played I remind Mr. Graves that his own *city of Atlanta sent a man to Congress on a Greenback platform*, and that this man was N. J. Hammond —as cold-blooded an aristocrat as ever propped his dignity with a gold-headed cane.

* * * * *

Republicans of the West yielded to the seductive coo of "*come home.*" Democrats of the South wilted at the threat "*the whites can't afford to divide.*"

The Greenback Party shrank to the heroic remnant which chooses to die rather than surrender. The reform movement ceased to be formidable.

What happened *then?*

Both the old parties kicked the Greenback platforms aside, and *both* the old parties continued to serve the corporations which plunder the people, as they had done before.

* * * * *

Has Mr. Graves forgotten the Farmers' Alliance?

With gigantic proportions it sprang up in the South and West. It was a reincarnation of the Greenback movement. It sprang from the same causes,

had the same purposes represented, the same people.

For a while it swept all before it. In the West and in the South it promised to become supreme.

The arrogant John J. Ingalls bowed his haughty head and tamed his bitter tongue to a Populist speech in the Senate of the United States, but he was too late. Pfeffer and his whiskers came John Browning on.

"Rebel Brigadiers" in the South went tumbling out of their saddles in a manner most shockingly abrupt and informal. The number of eminently respectable politicians who were not prepared to die and who, nevertheless, had to give up the ghost before the doctor could get there, was painfully great.

Such a getting upstairs I never *did* see as was precipitated in the South by the Farmers' Alliance.

Clark Howell's paper smoked a cob pipe with the old man and rubbed snuff with the old lady just like one of the family. Hoke Smith's paper swapped knives with the boys and went to the water pail with the gals, the same as I used to do. And it really looked as if we were all going to get together, stay together, love one another, chew each other's tobacco, and have a high, happy old time.

General John B. Gordon — rest his gallant soul!—made Sub-Treasury and free silver speeches; General Joe Wheeler caused the mail-carrier to kill his horse in hauling speeches made in Congress for agricultural consumption; and every blessed candidate for State office struck a trot to the house of the President of the Farmers' Alliance.

* * * * *

Gone, gone is that vast upheaval of the masses.

What went with it?

Delilah conquered again.

The strategy which had seduced the Greenbackers caused the fall of their successors.

Mr. Graves can recall the time when the Republicans of the West adopted Farmers' Alliance platforms. He knows the purpose which Republican leaders had in assuming that mask.

Mr. Graves can recall the time when the Democrats of the South adopted Farmers' Alliance platforms. He knows the purpose for which this was done.

Republican leaders wanted their former followers to "come home." Democratic leaders wanted their former followers to "come home."

* * * * *

The Western members of the Farmers' Alliance were originally Republicans; the Southern members were Democrats. To unite them for political action, a new party was necessary, for the reason that the Western Republican could not be led into the Democratic Party, nor could the Southern Democrat be led into the Republican Party.

"*Let the Western man leave his old party; let the Southern man leave his; let them meet in the middle of the road, form a new party which belongs as much to the one as to the other, then the bloody shirt will cease to wave, the chasm will close, angry animosities of the past will die, sectional prejudices will be swallowed up in a common purpose, a brotherly union of hand and heart and soul.*"

THAT was the motto, the gospel of THE PEOPLE'S PARTY!

* * * * *

Ah, me! What a moving spectacle it used to be, at our National Conventions, when the South and the West threw their arms about each other! What rebel yells shook the roof; what Yankee shouts replied! What intertwining there was of Northern and Southern flags! What a generous enthusiasm of reconciliation! What grips of hands that had once borne hostile guns! What brimming of manly tears in the eyes of veterans who had fought each other under Sheridan and Sherman and Grant, or under Forrest and Hood and Longstreet and Jackson and Lee!

Last year, as I was riding through Indiana, a splendid old warrior of the Union Army was telling me about one

of these heart-moving conventions, and the tears filled his eyes as he talked, and on his watch-chain he wore a polished stone which he had picked up at Arlington, in the favorite walk of General Robert E. Lee!

Captain Thomas Wadsworth, as I remember the name, was shot down in battle-line as Sherman was invading our own State, Mr. Graves.

Yet the great fraternal movement which the Farmers' Alliance inaugurated had so completely wiped out all sectional bitterness from his noble heart that he was wearing in honor of Lee a pebble he had picked up at Arlington!

* * * * *

In spite of temptations, the Populists maintained their own formation until 1896.

Then Bryan, Jones, Stewart, Butler, Simpson, Pfeffer and company jumped head-foremost into fusion.

Many leading Populists were swayed by sordid selfishness, many by honest error, and we Mid-Roaders, who prophesied the ruin which was sure to overtake us, were accused of being sideshowmen to the Republican Party, Hannacrats, and so on.

Oil and water wouldn't mix; the attempted coalition failed; the People's Party came out of the storm a wreck; and the Democratic strategists consoled themselves for the national Waterloo by boasting loudly of how they had scooped and destroyed the People's Party of the South.

* * * * *

Mr. Graves will remember how the National Democratic platform broadened in 1896 in order that there should be room for Populists to stand on. He will remember how that platform shrunk up again when the Populist peril was supposed to have been past.

Does he demand any better proof of the folly of trusting either one of the two old Wall Street parties, chained as they are by bossism and corporation rule?

They used Bryan to check Populism, and they kicked Bryan aside when Populism seemed dead.

Is *evidence* never going to convince? Is proof *never* to outweigh supposition? Is experience always to speak to ears that will not hear?

* * * * *

When a Populist returns to the Democratic Party he must do so with full knowledge that he can never get control of the national machinery, and that therefore *he will be compelled to vote against his own principles in national elections.*

That very thing happened last year.

Certain Populists who had returned to the Democratic ranks had to vote for a candidate and a platform which made even Democrats sick at the stomach.

Such Populists were forced to vote against their own convictions, their own preference, their own sense of right.

If a Populist puts himself where he has to vote for a man like Parker and a platform like Parker's, where can he stop? What is the limit?

To see a Populist marching under a Belmont-McCarren-Ryan-Tom Taggart banner is a mighty poor sight; and any Populist who gives up his own party and returns to the Democratic fold may come to that stage which other Democrats reach; he may have to vote for anybody and everybody, anything and everything.

We used to say that the Democrats of the South would vote for a yellow dog on the Democratic ticket—not because they want to, but because they *have to do it.*

Each Populist is at liberty to decide for himself whether he wants to surrender his independence, his principles, his self-respect. If you join the Democrats you must do it with your eyes open. If you join, you are bound by their National Conventions: their National Conventions are under the control of Wall Street, and *you will never break that control.*

* * * * *

Besides, Mr. Graves, there is another difficulty. If we Pops wanted to "come home" we couldn't, for the reason that the "home" keeps moving

about so fast that we would catch blind staggers trying to keep up.

Who can come back to a "home" that won't stand still? Put the home back on the hallowed ground it used to occupy!

Put it where Jefferson cleared off the site and laid the foundations. Put it where it stood when Andrew Jackson lived in it and defended it.

* * * * *

The *place* as well as the *house* makes the home; the Democrats have run off with the house, have rolled it across the line into Republican, Hamiltonian territory.

Bring the house back, Mr. Graves! We Pops are camping on the old camp-ground; we hold the place where the house used to be; we love the spot too well to forsake it; we would rejoice to have the house stand where Jefferson and Jackson built it.

Put the house back where it belongs, Mr. Graves.

* * * * *

See how the house has traveled around since the Civil War. The Democratic Party once declared that it adored the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; its attitude is different now. It once declared in favor of greenback currency; then it retired to the middle-ground of free silver; then it flew by telegraph to the single gold standard.

Before the War it stood for free trade; after the War for tariff reform; then for "tariff for revenue only"; then for tariff for revenue with incidental protection; then for sugar bounties; then for an act whose schedules were dictated by the Trusts.

It once declared for a national tax on wealth, an income tax, with progressive increase as the wealth increased; and then it dropped down to the Republican doctrine of leaving wealth untaxed while the necessaries of life bear the burden.

It once declared against the national banking system, as Jefferson and Jackson always did; it has since chosen national bankers as its chiefs, has rechartered the system, and given it, at the request of a Republican money-king, a new feed of bonds.

The Democratic Party once declared against the modern commercialism which grinds the seed-corn by sacrificing little children for dividends; it now says nothing of child labor; and in South Carolina, where the reformers who get "reform inside the party" prevail mightily, child slavery is seen in all of its glory.

It once cried out against imperialism, the owning a colonial empire in the Far East where slavery and polygamy and Sultan establishments cuddle down under the Stars and Stripes—imperialism which stretches *and weakens* our frontier, which necessitates larger navies, which *will* necessitate larger armies, and which will drag us into the same fatal course which has been the ruin of every other republic!

The Democratic Party once declared against all this, but when Mr. Bryan grew tired of camp-life and the Colonel's uniform, becoming weary of a war in which he was winning no credit, he rushed to Washington, made a personal appeal to Democratic Senators, and *thus* secured for the Spanish Treaty the necessary votes which gave us imperialism!

Verily, the house *does* move around.

* * * * *

Yes, I know what you're going to say—you deft debater! You are going to say to me, "Come and *help* us put the house back where it belongs."

And my reply to *that* is:

"If we leave this ground and run after the house, we'll lose the ground while we're chasing the house."

Your crowd lost control of the house as well as the ground. *We* recovered and fortified the ground. Had it not been for the fight *we* made, the Hamiltonians would have captured both house and grounds. If we abandon the ground and join you in a fight for the control of the house, we'll lose both house and ground.

For, mark you, Mr. Graves, you Democrats outnumber us *in the na-*

tion; if we go in with you the majority will rule; and the result will be that Democrats will rule Populists.

Now if the Democrats refuse to bring the house back *of their own accord,* how could the Populist minority compel them to do it?

The house would remain where it is, and we Pops would find ourselves shut up within it, *as in a jail.*

And as we peered through the bars of the party-prison into which we had walked like a lot of silly birds going into a trap, we would groan heavily in spirit and curse our folly as we thought of the sacred *homestead* we had deserted in a vain chase after an old shell of a house.

Bring the house back to where it belongs, Mr. Graves! Then we'll talk.

How the System Works in Turkey

PERHAPS the finest site in the world for a great city is that whereon the Emperor Constantine built Constantinople.

Founded by the first of the rulers of earth who embraced the religion of

"The Turkish bonds are owned . . . mostly by Christian England."

Christ, it has long been the capital of the successors of Mohammed.

The situation is almost ideal in its loveliness of landscape, its salubrity of climate, its natural advantages for the command of commerce. The world has no such harbor anywhere. The greatest of ships can ride up to the very steps of the warehouse to load and unload. Placed between Europe and Asia, in part control of both the waterway and the landway, Constantinople under good government would be the queen city of the earth.

The Turk is nominally her master. Changing Christian churches into Mohammedan mosques, the marauder from the deserts has made himself at home in the seat of the imperial Cæsars, and has there remained these hundreds of years.

But while the Turk is on the throne, England really holds him there. He is little more than a puppet in her all-grasping hands.

It is England that kept Russia out of Constantinople, and that sustains against all assaults the tottering empire of Mohammed.

A few centuries ago English kings and English knights and English taxes were all devoted to the Crusades—the war of Europe and Christ against Asia and Mohammed.

Asia and Mohammed prevailed at that time, so far as material and visible results were concerned, and now we have the singular spectacle of English kings and English knights and English taxes devoted to the service of Asia and Mohammed.

English politics and English finance govern Turkey, and hence Great Britain throws her protection around "the infidels" whom her hardy heroes of the past tried to destroy with steel, but couldn't. The Saracen was safe against the invasion of the mail-clad

Cœur de Lion and all the chivalry he led; but against the English bankers and politicians, what chance did the modern Mohammedan have?

The untutored barbarian, with his rough and untrimmed methods of plundering the weak, was the softest kind of subject for the velvety smoothness of London finance and intrigue.

Therefore we are not surprised to know that the Sultan of Turkey is little more than a tax-gatherer for the English who own the Turkish bonds.

Bonds? Yes, bonds. Just like those which the English money-kings and their Wall Street confederates induced Cleveland and Carlisle to issue in 1893.

The Turkish bonds are owned in Christian Europe, mostly by Christian England.

The interest on these bonds must be paid or Turkey will be seized and held by Great Britain for the benefit of her bondholders, just as Egypt was seized and held.

To pay interest on the bonds taxes must be collected. The people of Turkey are wretchedly poor, as a result of many, many generations of misgovernment.

Therefore the cry was raised, "We can pay no more—we are exhausted."

What did the rulers of Turkey reply?

"Call out the troops and butcher a few taxpayers to stimulate the rest."

And it was done, just as it will be done in the United States some day.

What the bondholders have done for Egypt and Turkey they would do for the United States.

A few years ago readers of newspapers were reading horribly circumstantial accounts of massacres of Armenians by the Turks, as a result of a refusal to pay taxes. The refusal to pay was based upon the ground that the Armenians had been recently overrun by the warlike Kurds, who had destroyed as they marched and had left the Armenians in absolute poverty. *Over 6,000 men, women and children were killed by the Turks because of this refusal to pay taxes.*

In this connection it should be stated that the Armenians are Christians. Hence the double motive which the followers of Mohammed had for butchering them.

Think of it! Christian England sustained Turkey, a Mohammedan country, where Christians are killed because they do not pay taxes which go to pay interest to the English bondholders.

Who ruled England at that time?

"Lord" Rosebery, son-in-law to "Lord" Rothschild, who was one of the Turkish bondholders.

The Sultan of Turkey is the most extravagant housekeeper in the world. According to a recent estimate his domestic budget runs thus: Repairs, new furniture, mats, beds, etc., $3,000,000; toilet requisites, including rouge and enamel for the ladies of the harem and jewelry, $10,000,000; extra extravagances, $12,000,000; clothes and furniture for the Sultan personally, $2,000,000; gifts and wages, $4,000,000; gold and silver plate, $2,500,000; maintenance of carriages and horses, $500,000; a total of $34,000,000.

The dinner of the Sultan costs $5,000 per day.

In this manner is spent a portion of the blood-money which armed taxgatherers bring into the royal coffers.

And Christian Europe upholds the Turk and his ruthless butcheries because of the fact, mainly, that English financiers have put their money in Turkish bonds.

The Laborer and the Tariff

THE United States pass tariff laws to "protect" our laborers from the "pauper labor" of Europe. Each nation of continental Europe passes tariff laws to "protect" its laborers from the "pauper labor" of some other state.

"Whom protection protects."

Where *is* this "pauper labor," anyhow?

Europe says it's here, and America says it's there.

The truth is, the laborer is a pauper in both places, and it is the tariff which chains him to the very mud-sill.

The heart and soul of the tariff system is the monopoly of the home market, which a tariff gives to the protected capitalists of each country.

* * * * *

Colbert was the French statesman who fathered the modern tariff system.

He imposed duties upon foreign goods for the purpose of giving the home manufacturer the monopoly of the home market.

To claim that duties upon foreign goods are laid for any other purpose than to shut off competition with the home manufacturer is the merest bosh.

* * * * *

In England a laborer gets a larger share of what he produces in the mills than is paid to the laborer here.

Yet England is a free trade country, while ours glories in the highest tariff duties ever known in the history of mankind.

All over continental Europe labor receives less than in England; yet each nation of continental Europe has its tariff duties to "protect" its laborers, while England has none.

* * * * *

If the tariff is such a good plan to protect the American laborer from the onslaught of the Canadian, Mexican or European laborers, why would not it be a good thing for each State to adopt a tariff so as to "protect" the laborers of each from the competition of the others?

And if it would be well to protect our laborers by States, why not protect them by counties?

Why shouldn't each county shut out the competition of every other county?

This reasoning is of course absurd, but the argument for the entire system is built upon that sort of logic and no other.

It must be a source of infinite amusement to the millionaire manufacturers of each nation when they meet at

Carlsbad, or Paris, or Monaco, or on the Riviera (during their summer vacations) to recall the artful methods by which they humbug the toilers of each nation into voting for a system which gives all the taffy to the workman and all the wealth to the capitalist.

* * * * *

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Suppose you judge the tariff systems of the world by that rule.

The American laborers have been paternally protected for one hundred years by our precious tariff laws.

Where are your private palace cars, Mr. Laborer?

In what sea rides your imperial yacht?

What "deer park" have you leased in Scotland; what summer home have you on the Riviera?

What is your number on Fifth Avenue, and which is your cottage at Newport?

Was it *your* daughter that bought the Italian prince in the matrimonial market, or did she purchase a little English duke?

Was it your wife who bedecked her ballroom with $10,000 in flowers, and crowned herself with Marie Antoinette diamonds?

And pray you, Mr. Laborer, was it *you* who hired the Pinkertons to shoot down the poor Carnegies and Fricks at Homestead?

Was it *you* who let 1,400 Havemeyers and Brices and Rockefellers and Allisons beg for bread in the Hocking Valley—the very cradle of the "protective" system?

Was it you who answered the piteous appeal of poor downtrodden corporations with the stern command:

"*Give 'em lead*"?

Was it *you* who sized up what you owed the public, in return for what the public had done in protecting you, by saying,

"*The public be damned*"?

Was it you who hired nigger toughs from along the Missouri and the Mississippi and brought them into Chicago, armed them with revolvers and rifles, and shouted your encouragement as these half-savage brutes shot down unarmed white people in the street? Was it *you* who treated American capital in that way, or was it American capital treating *you* that way?

Answer these questions, Mr. Protected Laborer, and you will then begin to realize whom it is that protection protects.

Editorial Comment

CHAUNCEY DEPEW, Senator from the Vanderbilt railroads, is slowly recovering his voice.

Seven years ago Chauncey and some friends of his stole a quarter million dollars which I and you (and other fools) had paid into the cash-box of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

The unexpected happened, as it sometimes will do in the best regulated families, and old Chauncey got caught with the goods. After the most anxious reflection the Vanderbilt Senator decided to return the stolen property. To save his life he could not see any other way out of it. So he finally disgorged—with many a grunt and many a pang of stomach-ache, no doubt.

It *is* hard on a lot of high-rolling rascals to have to return a quarter million dollars of stolen money after they have had it seven years.

Seven years is a long time, and after a thief has spent the money in high-rolling—champagne banquets, fancy balls, trips to Europe, gay women, and so forth—it's *awful* hard to have to pay it back.

* * * * *

How did the Senator from Vanderbilt steal the money?

(1) By taking from us, the members

of the Equitable Society, a salary of $20,000 per year, which he did not earn.

(2) By borrowing from us, without our knowledge and consent, a quarter of a million dollars on property which turned out to be worth fifty thousand.

There are more ways to kill a dog than need be enumerated at this time, and there are several different methods

"It *is* hard . . . to have to return a quarter million dollars of stolen money . . ."

of stealing money. As higher education spreads, the fine arts are cultivated; and one of the fine arts is that of taking what belongs to another man without having to go to jail about it.

This subject will be continued in our next.

* * * * *

The Senator from Vanderbilt returned the bogus loan, but he has *not* returned that bogus salary of $20,000 per year.

Isn't Chauncey a gay old thing?

In a short while now the Senator from Vanderbilt will be in his usual voice. It is a mellow, insinuating, Oily Gammon voice. It is rendered the more captivating by an unctuous, let-me-love-you, Oily Gammon smile. And these seductive powers are directed by the fertile brain of as servile a prostitute to wealth and power as ever sold his manhood at the highest market price.

* * * * *

Yes, in a short while that mellow voice will be itself again. The Senator from Vanderbilt will order his private palatial car and will ride luxuriously to the nation's Capital, where he will meet his eminent colleagues, the Senator from Standard Oil, the Senator from Sugar Trust, the Senators from Steel Trust, the Senators from Pennsylvania Railroad, the Senators from the Express Companies, the Senators from Beef Trust and Coal Combine.

From the Sunny South will come to meet the Senator from Vanderbilt certain Southern Democrats, elected as Democrats by Democrats, who will wear the livery of Republican masters in the United States Senate. I mean those Democratic Senators from the South who vote as they are told to vote by J. P. Morgan and other Republican kings of Southern railways.

Yes, Chauncey will be especially glad to meet these Southern Senators. He loves a joke—or used to love one before he had to return that money—and it will strike him as awfully funny to have the Democratic party in the South electing political servants for Northern Republicans.

And it *is* funny, Chauncey—much funnier than having to return stolen money after you have been using it so long that you had come to regard it as your own money.

* * * * *

Once upon a time there was a man named Parker, Alton B. Parker, and he—but I've forgotten the rest.

When Bryan gets back from Yourup, Arup and Irup I'm going to ask him to tell me some more about that man Parker.

Going to do it, *sure!*

Yes, the Pot and the Kettle are having a high old time in the city of New York. It would not be putting the case much too forcibly to tell you, in confidence, that "hell has broken loose" in Gotham.

Democrats are telling tales out of school on the Republicans and Republicans are telling on Democrats. The things they tell on one another almost make me blush.

I had intended to write some editorial stuff on the Insurance Revelations and to mark the sentences with exclamation points. Exclamation points, you know, are used to denote surprise, amazement, horror, disgust, indignation and other unusual feelings, emotions, impulses, sentiments and what not.

As the insurance exposures went forward, and the things they told on one another came out, day after day, getting worse and worse all the time, my exclamation points went back on me. Every dad-blamed exclamation point that I had on hand got as limber as a rag. They just couldn't do the subject justice, and they wilted.

* * * * *

And when that great New York Democrat, President John McCall, of the New York Life Insurance Company, told how Parker's friends chased him for boodle funds during the last campaign, and how Parker, himself, when chairman of the Democratic State machine in New York, took every dollar of insurance money he could lay his hands on—when all this came out as the sworn testimony of a great New York Democrat, I felt that it was almost bedtime for *me*.

Which Parker?

Alton B., the Esopus man. Bryan will tell you the rest when he gets back from Yourup.

As for me, I ain't a-going to say another word.

* * * * *

A few years ago J. P. Morgan and other experts at *High Feenawnce* engineered an expedition in search of Golden Fleece, and came back to port with about five hundred million dollars which had previously belonged to other folks. This celebrated expedition is known in Wall Street chronicles as the Steel Trust.

"The Senator from Vanderbilt."

J. P. Morgan was commander-in-chief of this marauding expedition, and among his trusty lieutenants was an able young seafaring man named Bacon.

Yes, Robert Bacon was his name, and this North American Republic was his nation.

Just hold to that fact, my son, until I can state another.

* * * * *

Not long ago the Wall Street railway kings who own our public highways for private purposes came to an understanding among themselves, and made a plot to operate practically all the great public roads for the joint profit of the Wall Street kings. Such a thing as competition was not to be allowed. There was to be a Railroad Trust.

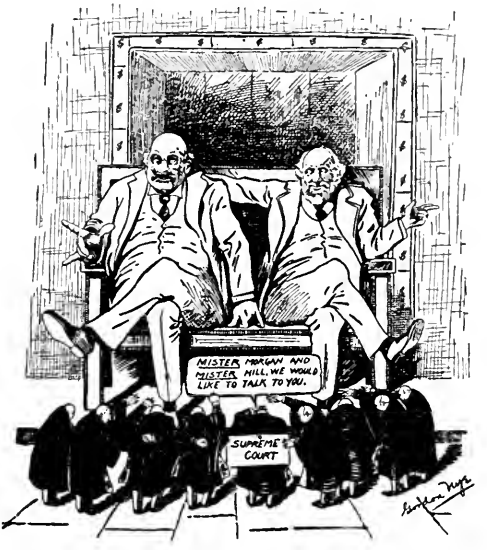
It was called the Northern Securities Company.

J. P. Morgan and J. J. Hill were the leading conspirators of this mighty deal.

The attempted violation of Federal law was too defiantly plain to be toler-

ated by an honest and fearless President, and Roosevelt, who *is* honest and fearless (and who makes thundering blunders, now and then), bounced the conspiracy and stamped its life out.

Yes, sir, he put such pressure at the right place that our four-to-five Supreme Court actually decided in favor of the law and against the lawbreakers.



"The Court was so much awed by the two leading lawbreakers . . ."

By the bye, in pronouncing its decision the Court was so much awed by the magnitude of the two leading lawbreakers that it called Morgan *Mister* Morgan, and Hill *Mister* Hill!

If ever before one of our courts has alluded to an American litigant in that punctilious manner, I do not recall the fact.

But that's neither here nor there; the point I wished to make is that one of Morgan's confederates in *that* unlawful conspiracy was an able young landsman named Bacon.

The same Bacon who sailed with Morgan on the Golden Fleece expedition which cost the victimized small investor of this country five hundred million dollars.

Clinch these *two* facts, my son, while I run back to get you another!

* * * * *

There was a man who called himself Loomis, Acting, and who smirched himself in some Venezuelan transactions. Became the ally of the Asphalt Trust while holding a position under Uncle Sam at Castro's troubled court.

Farmed on shares with certain predatory corporations, and was to get a part of the crop if Venezuela could be properly bulldozed and victimized. Received a ten thousand dollar check from the Asphalt Trust; was accused of it by one Bowen; denied the existence of this check; one Bowen, an aggravating cuss, created annoyance in the State Department by the production of the check; then the Asphalt Trust hurried an explainer to Washington and the check matter was explained.

One Bowen was ousted from *his* office with a severe Presidential castigation.

Loomis remained in his office, with a gentle Presidential admonition. But this aggravating creature, Bowen, evidently went to rooting up the ground from beneath, for, in a little while, the New York *Herald* was publishing some damaging letters which Loomis, Acting, had written just as he was about to begin to act, and which showed clearly why it was that certain corporations wanted him put where he *could* officially act. Therefore, a Presidential cloud suddenly appeared upon the horizon of Loomis, Acting, and he ceased to act.

What position did he hold?

That of First Assistant Secretary of State.

You would naturally suppose that the vacancy would be filled by the Second Assistant Secretary of State who stands in the regular line of promotion.

But that wasn't done. Roosevelt gave the place to an outsider, altogether.

Guess who this outsider was! Why, it was that man Bacon—Bacon of the Golden Fleece expedition, Bacon of the

Northern Securities Combine, Bacon, who is a Wall Street representative by connection, by self-interest, by training, by financial ties, habits and convictions which must have become a part of his very life.

As I have already said, Roosevelt can make thundering blunders sometimes.

* * * * *

Why *shouldn't* the spirit of mortal be proud, if that mortal happens to be J. Pierpont Morgan?

When he robs the smaller investor of five hundred million dollars nobody dares swear out a warrant. Stupendous rascality like that becomes its own guarantee of safety. It overawes authority.

If a lot of boys are fishing on the wharf and a shark appears, the boys never think of fishing for the shark. Lest the shark should fish for *them*, they remember the way home and make tracks therein. So, the constituted authorities go fishing for small offenders and when a colossal scoundrel like Morgan shows up, the authorities drop their poles and go home.

* * * * *

When Morgan travels by land he rides in a palatial car which is his private property, and this car monopolizes the public road which is likewise Morgan's private property.

How did the public road become the property of Morgan?

By violations of law in which he had the support of two great political parties. By having the support of both the great political parties he could rob the people with safety, and he did it.

For instance, the plain people of the State of Georgia, including railroad widows and railroad orphans, were swindled out of several millions of dollars which they had invested in the Central of Georgia Railroad. Who was the leading thief in this wholesale pillage of the people of Georgia?

It was J. Pierpont Morgan. In politics, Morgan is Republican. In politics, Georgia is Democratic.

How on earth could a Republican, like Morgan, pillage the people of a Democratic State like Georgia?

By corrupting the Democratic bosses, my son.

These are "the *men who control*," you know, and when a Republican like Morgan can buy up a controlling interest in "the men who control," he controls the State.

Morgan's railroad combinations in the Democratic State of Georgia are in open, defiant, rapacious violation of the Constitution which Robert Toombs framed and which the people ratified.

But no Democratic Legislature rebels against this alien Republican bossism. No State administration goes gunning for outlaws who plunder its constituents.

The present Governor of Georgia was elected by the aid of Morgan's money.

The present Governor offered a place on the bench of our Supreme Court to Morgan's lobbyist and professional corruptionist, Hamp McWhorter.

Morgan's Southern Railroad exploits Southern States, and Southern Railroad Democrats are as much the hirelings of Morgan, the Republican, as are the coachmen who drive his horses, the deckhands who swab the deck of his yacht.

* * * * *

Why *shouldn't* the spirit of mortal be proud, if the mortal is a Republican, like Morgan, who can have his pupil and virtual partner, Robert Bacon, represent him in the Cabinet Council of a Republican President and have his obedient henchmen represent him as Governors and Legislators in the Democratic State of Georgia?

Yet when the rank and file of the Democratic Party in Georgia grow hot with indignation at seeing themselves so basely betrayed, and demand a leader who will fight the infernal infamy of the thing, the Morgan Democrats move heaven and earth to keep the great Democratic State in Republican bondage.

"The men who control" sow dissensions among the people, inflame personal rivalries, play upon the am-

"J. P. Morgan was commander-in-chief of this marauding expedition."

bition of certain aspirants for office, rake up the animosities of the past, exhaust human ingenuity to becloud the issue, call upon prejudice to mislead reason, and thus divide the masses in order that Morgan's Democrats may continue to be "*the men who control.*"

* * * * *

My son, have you never heard a Georgia Democrat talk about the days of Reconstruction?

If you want to see the pot boil, you stir up a gray-haired, ex-Confederate Georgia Democrat on *that* subject.

Whew!

Tom Dixon's books are nowhere in comparison with what you'll get if you go for it in the way I suggest, for it is a rule of Dixon's not to have more than *one* cuss-word in any one of his books.

How do I know that? Why, he told me so himself, my son.

I had more than one cuss-word in *my* book, and Dixon thought that the amount of cussing which I put in the book had a good deal to do with killing the book.

Consequently, if ever I write another book I will pattern after Dixon, and there shall be only one man who cusses, and *he* shall not be allowed to cuss but one time, no matter how many cuss-times there may happen to this man.

* * * * *

Yes, my son, if ever you want to know what is meant by "lurid language," "verbal fireworks," "oral pyrotechnics" and other mysterious phrases of similar sort, why, you just stir up an old Vet in Georgia, soon after he has attended a union of the Blue and the Gray where he has had to listen to about as much slobber-gosh as *his* jug will hold.

Pretend that you are "glad the Yankees whipped us," make out like you think the "Afro-American" is climbing up the golden stairs even faster than Judson Lyons and Booker Washington say he is; talk as though the carpet-bag brethren who came down here in the later sixties came for their health and for the good of the country—do all this, and then watch the fireworks!

They'll do the rest, all right enough.

* * * * *

Now *why* is it that the old Vet becomes so piping hot when he recalls the days of Reconstruction? Because the South was then ruled from the North.

Because the people of the South were helpless in their bondage. Because the people of the South were pillaged by Northern Republicans.

Because high places in the South were filled by greedy plunderers who used their offices as opportunities to loot the State.

Because public treasures were wasted, public debts piled up, taxes increased, the public service debauched.

* * * * *

And the old Vet will not be able to say a single word against the Reconstruction era that it does not richly deserve.

It *did* create a hell on earth in which devils in human form rioted in the unfettered lust of greed, hate, revenge and every other black passion which turn men into beasts of prey.

But how about conditions *now?* Methods have changed, but are results so very different?

The Southern States are still ruled from the North.

The corporations rule our States—where are the men who rule the corporations?

In New York City.

The Democratic Party controls our States; where are the men who control the Democratic Party?

In New York City.

The great corporations are plundering the Southern people as the carpet-baggers never did. Where the robbers of the sixties took their thousands, the Wall Street corporations of today take their millions.

Elections were bought *then* with Northern money; they are bought now with Northern money.

The machinery of Government was manipulated *then* in the interest of greedy money-chasers; it is used *now* in the interest of greedy money-chasers.

Taxes were made heavy *then* in the interest of the office-holders; they are *heavier* now in the interest of the office-holders.

In some respects the situation was worse *then* than it is now; in one respect it is worse *now* than it was then.

During the sixties the Southern man who betrayed the Southern people to his Northern masters was burned with the hot iron of public scorn, wore the brand of "SCALAWAG," was hated, shunned, jeered at by men, women and children thoughout the South.

[The term scalawag was not applied to Southerners who were Republicans in principle, but to those white men formerly Democrats who helped the negroes and carpet-baggers loot the South.]

At that time the Democratic Party of the South was frankly Democratic; the Republican Party was Republican. Democratic leaders could not use Democratic voters as water-carriers and wood-hewers for Northern Republican thieves and plunderers.

Now it is different.

The Southern man who wears the livery of Morgan or Rockefeller is *not* branded as a scalawag. He is not scorned, shunned and jeered at by the Democratic masses. He uses the Democratic machinery to give his Republican masters an advantage which the Republican Party is not able to give them, and thus the Wall Street kings rule and rob Democratic States through the Democratic Party, just as they rule and rob Republican States through the Republican Party.

Where is the honest, intelligent citizen who does not *know* that "the men who control" in Georgia are the tools of Morgan's corporations?

Where is the honest citizen who does not resent the rule of these modern scalawags?

Where is the man in the State of Georgia who does not want his State ruled *at home* and by *home folks*, rather than from New York by a Wall Street robber like Morgan?

* * * * *

Hoke Smith is making in Georgia the same fight which Folk made and won in Missouri, the same that LaFollette made and won in Wisconsin.

In *such* a fight, my son, you ought to have known on which side *this* battle-axe would swing.

Principle above everything!

No matter what Hoke has done or said in the past, he is fighting *our fight* now, and we must hold up his hands. Infinitely more important than Smith or Howell are the issues involved.

Let us put aside every other consideration but that of *Principle*, and let us do our level best to free our State from the clutch of the Republican robber who has her by the throat!

* * * * *

Young man, if you have a policy in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the New York Life or the Mutual of New York, *drop it.* Quit paying premiums to a lot of New York thieves. Spend your money on your family *now.* Or invest it in something which *you* can *see and control.* These life insurance companies are rotten, rotten, rot-

ten! Your money, paid in premiums, goes to lobbyists, corporation lawyers, dummy directors, outrageously high salaries, campaign boodle, bogus loans, bogus investments, speculative deals, lawless expeditions of unscrupulous financiers, palaces which you cannot enter, yachts in which *you* will never sail, banquets which you will not taste.

Quit it, *quit it!*

Use your money yourself for *your* benefit.

They tell you that the thieves have been caught, the stolen goods recovered and watchmen set to prevent stealing in the future.

Do not believe a word of it!

The men who robbed you are still on the inside of the insurance corporations, and when all this storm blows over they will rob you again.

* * * * *

Richard Olney, Attorney-General under President Cleveland, has come out for the railroads again. Being one of their high-priced lawyers, it was supposed that he would show up on that side, sooner or later.

Richard declares that if the National Government regulates railroad rates, the rights of the States will be usurped.

Bully for you, Richard!

Glad to welcome you to the States' Rights side.

The last time we heard from you, old boy, you were on the railroad side, just as you are now, but the State of Illinois didn't seem to have any rights which a railroad Cabinet Officer in a Democratic Cabinet was bound to respect.

You pushed Cleveland into sending the United States Army into Chicago to put down the Pullman strike when Chicago had *not* called on the State of Illinois, and the State of Illinois had *not* called on the Federal Government.

Pullman had caused the strike by cutting wages down, and the Democratic Governor of Illinois protested against Federal interference.

Where were your States' Rights principles *then*, Richard?

* * * * *

If our little one-horse State Commissions try to regulate railroad rates, the corporation lawyers invoke Hamiltonian principles, deny that the State can interfere, and inflate the magnitude of Federal jurisdiction. "Inter-State Commerce" becomes the battle-cry with which State Commissions are put to rout.

If we happen to elect a President whom the corporations have not branded as one of their cattle, and the President declares for Federal regulation of railroad rates, the Corporation lawyers invoke Jeffersonian principles, assert the independence of the States, and say to Uncle Sam, "Keep off the grass."

You have to get up early in the morning if you want to get ahead of the railroad lawyers.

* * * * *

Here, then, is the situation:

The States cannot regulate rates, because of the Nation; the Nation cannot, because of the States; therefore, the men who hire the railroad lawyers must be allowed to continue to hold the public roads, and to plunder those whose persons and goods have to pass along said roads.

Democratic railroad lawyers and Republican railroad lawyers harmonize beautifully on this.

* * * * *

If young Jimmie Garfield will attach to his Report on the Beef Trust, as an Exhibit, the recent Pleas of Guilty, entered by the rascals who were exonerated in his Report, he will add considerable historic value to the Report.

The Real Danger in American Politics

BY J. SAMUEL FOWLER

THERE are two classes among the many that make up the sum total of American citizenship, primarily and directly responsible for the conditions which produce the betrayal of republican government and make possible a government of corporate lust through bribed public officials. The two classes may be briefly described in plain English as the *sellers* and the *purists*. First, is the class of political harlots continuously in the market, either for money or place, who usually go to the highest bidder. This class, contrary to the general claim, embraces a considerable portion of our citizenship; of course, of various degrees of self-estimated value, varying from the dollar man to the fellow who would spurn to be classed with his cheaper compatriot, but who is out for big game in the line of an appointment.

Today this class controls the politics of the average American community. Today the dollars that sway this class of voters in our primary elections go farther toward shaping our public policies through the making of our party nominations than does any other force in our political life. Through this class of citizen bribe-takers the legislative, executive and judicial bribe-taker obtains his power, which he transfers to the big bribe-giver for that whereby he repeats the process, and thus the chain of government through bribery is complete.

The other class, the "purists," is the class that might nullify the evil of the sellers, but do not. The purist holds himself aloof because he is "disgusted with politics." He admits all the abuses of government as controlled by the seller. He will enlarge on them and cite instances, but he will not soil his clean hands by taking hold to change conditions. He will exercise himself out of breath denouncing an offensive legislator, and on primary election day he will remain at home and permit someone else to exercise the elective franchise which determines whether or no the one denounced shall continue in office. He is a good man, but an enemy to the republic; and a more intolerable one than the seller, who acts.

True, the purist will probably go to the polls on the day of the general election in presidential and other important years and vote the straight ticket of the party into which he was born, and then go home filled with a patriotic glow, believing he has performed his whole duty as a citizen and guardian of public interests.

Imagine in a so-called important year a community of one hundred of these best citizens solemnly performing the patriotic duty of going to the polls and voting the tickets of the various parties that have been fixed for them at the primaries by the sellers. Fifty of these good patriots vote the ticket containing the list of names, of which they then for the first time learn, and which the delegates chosen by the sellers have nominated in the various Republican conventions. The other fifty with equal solemnity and equal patriotism swallow the dose which has been prescribed for them by the aid of the same class, but in this case under the direction of the local Democratic boss. Fifty good men voting against fifty other good men; and the special interests which have conspired with the local Republican boss and the local Democratic boss to nominate through their control over the sellers such tickets as are satisfactory in both cases, and

who, to preserve good feeling, have doubtless contributed to both campaign accounts and don't care especially which fifty polls nearest its full vote at the general election.

It is true that the independent voter at the general election has his mission. In fact, all should be independent voters. But even independent voters can be of little service if the party primaries and caucuses are permitted to be run by the sellers. It matters little whether or no the voter at the general election votes part of one ticket and part of another, if the same class and the same interests nominate both tickets.

Figs do not grow from thistles, nor grapes from thorns. If the American people desire better government they must reform it; not simply by voting for the party of their fathers on election day, not necessarily or primarily by forming new parties, not in the main by being independent of party, but *by becoming better members of each and every party with which they are or may be affiliated*, by taking hold and *running the party machine* for righteous living and good government, *instead of permitting the party machine to run them* for graft and vicious government.

This is the plain question now at issue and upon which the republic is on trial: Are we to continue to be governed by the great trusts, by special interests, by Standard Oil, the Beef Trust, the various railroad crowds in the various states; by certain financial interests in every state, who filch from the people the best they have in franchises, in rights common to all, who are permitted to enjoy special privileges, and whose control is supreme through the ownership of the dominant political organizations in the various states and municipalities? Are we to continue this rule of greed through graft by permitting these political organizations to perpetuate themselves and their system through the control over the sellers in our party primaries? Or will we, can we, arouse ourselves to the duty of the hour, to the necessity of looking after the essentials of our political life, instead of confining our efforts to mere incidentals; to seeing to it not merely that we do not vote for the very bad men our party nominates, but in personally taking hold of affairs within our own party, and that *we*, *ourselves*, *nominate* men to whom the custody of public affairs may be safely confided?

Independent voting at the general election, as a method of reforming government, is like attempting to change the direction of a railroad train by putting on the brakes. If going the wrong way, you may succeed by this action, in temporarily slowing down, but the only means through which to control the direction is through the operation of the engine. If the American voter desires to return toward the goal contemplated by the Declaration of Independence and provided for by the Constitution, of a government of, for and by the people, he cannot effect this result by merely putting on the brakes of his party train when he conceives that it is going too fast in the wrong direction. He must get hold of the lever that guides the party machine or he can never do more than regulate the speed, he can never alter the course.

"But," says the mild purist, "that is impossible. The politicians control the party machinery, the most that I can do is to exercise a proper discretion at the general election."

Why impossible to control party nominations? If it requires the people other than the politicians to carry general elections, why cannot the same people, too, carry primary elections? At primary as well as at general elections *votes count*, and the people have the votes.

There is, however, some basis of fact for the citizen's lack of confidence in his ability to become a factor in the control of party machinery, and it might almost be said, some excuse, not reason, why good men hold themselves aloof from primary elections. From time to time the people have demanded the adoption of safeguards to the exercise of the elective franchise. And from the good old days when you

could take your man by the coat collar and lead him to the polls and, by means of your own eyes, absolutely know that he voted the ticket he was paid to vote, we have advanced by stages to the secret ballot, rendering impossible the knowledge of whether orders have been obeyed or goods delivered. Some system of secret ballot is in vogue in nearly all the states, but in most cases for *general elections only*. Thus the politicians, while apparently giving to the people an important reform which they demanded, really withheld to themselves all the real power for evil of the old stand and deliver system, by leaving it in full sway over the party primaries. And through this system, which permits the ballot-box to become an auction block for the purchase and sale of votes, the sellers, with the additional strength of those voted through coercion, become a force almost invincible. At the same time the condition is so revolting that the very stench of it has offered to the purists an excuse for failure to perform the duties of citizenship.

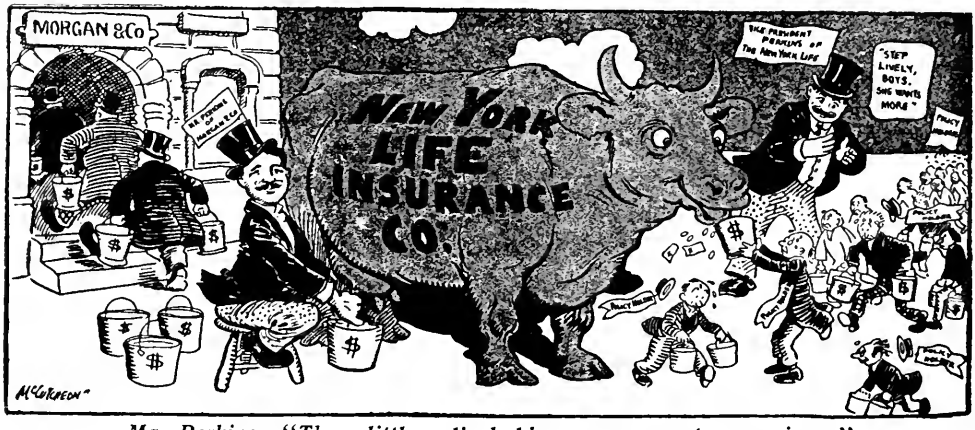
There is another adjunct to party machinery that has contributed to the corrupt politician's control of the party machine and the passing of government from the people to business interests. This is the system constructed by the boss himself and prescribed in the party regulations for the nomination of candidates by delegate conventions. Through this system the power of nomination of the party candidates is taken arbitrarily from the people and transferred to a set of delegates. The authority of ten thousand votes is concentrated in from ten to one hundred men, in whom lies absolute power in the premises, and with whom only the party boss is called upon to deal. With this usurpation of power from the people, with the wide-open system of holding primary elections where the polling place often resembles a riotous day on stock exchange, with prices rising or falling as the day advances, dependent upon whether the dealer is "long" or "short" in votes, fear that the political boss is impregnably intrenched readily obtains a place in the popular mind.

Governor LaFollette, after rousing the people of Wisconsin to action toward the overthrow of the government of corporate greed, struck at the root of the system by his Direct Nominations Law, which did away with delegate conventions and provided that the candidates of all parties should be nominated by direct vote of the people entitled to vote at the primaries through the agency of a *secret ballot*. Such a system is the *legal* essential to the restoration of popular government, and self-government cannot be assured to the people of the United States until we shall have secured both nomination by direct vote and a secret ballot to minimize the power of intimidation and the possibility of corruption. This direct-nomination secret-ballot system places the opportunity for direct and absolute control of government within easy grasp of the people. After the reformation of the system bad government can be ascribed only to depraved public morals. Continued vicious government in a republic may be so ascribed, to a large degree, in any event; but, with an enlightened people, it becomes the first duty of those interested in the establishment of good government to labor for the removal of all hurdles from the courseway of popular sovereignty.

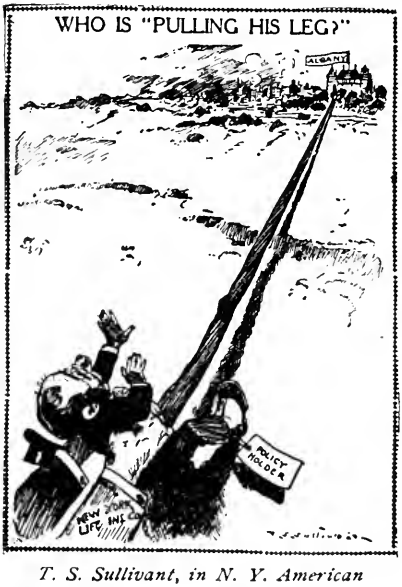
The adoption of a system of nomination by the people thus protected from interference will not in itself produce all the reforms desirable in our political life, any more than has the adoption of such a system for general elections entirely eliminated corrupt practices. But coercion at the ballot-box will be at an end and the traffic in votes must necessarily be immeasurably handicapped where the fact of delivery of the purchase can rest only within the knowledge and upon the "honor" of the purchased. It leaves the future of the republic with the people, in which case only unexcusable criminal indifference or unquestionable immorality can count for a failure to attain better conditions.

F. Opper, in N. Y. American

F. Opper, in N. Y. American



Mr. Perkins—"These little policyholders are a great convenience"
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



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

Taking the Widow's Mite
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle

PENSIVE—PIGS

THE STORY OF AMALGAMATED PORK

BY Ellis Parker Butler

IN writing "Pensive Pigs" I find I shall have to let light in upon some reputations that have always been considered the most spotless on the Island of Cocobolo. I shall be obliged to explain to the people of the Island of Cocobolo many things they have misunderstood, or have not understood at all. I may even be obliged to tell the truth. If it is necessary I shall do this without a qualm. It will not be the first time I have told the truth.

To make the story of Pensive Pigs clear to the most benighted mind on Cocobolo Island I must begin at the beginning. When the story is completed I look for bloodshed. Pigs, now leading a gentle, pensive life, will be ruthlessly slaughtered. Pork will be cheap.

In the beginning God created the earth, the heavens and the waters upon the earth, and some thousands of years later there sailed from Boston the good ship *Susan Jane*, bound for Patagonia. Aboard were ninety-six men, women and children. Just previous to the sailing of the ship I had tried to convince a certain State Legislature, which shall be nameless, that to grant me a franchise to run trolley cars up the side of Bunker Hill Monument would be a public-spirited act. Unfortunately a number of citizens to whom I had confided my views misunderstood my object in placing money in their hands and attempted to bribe the Legislature. At the last moment, just as the bribery was discovered, I nobly exposed the entire affair and my forty-two benighted fellow-citizens were forced to flee, taking their families. There is no extradition treaty with Patagonia. The *Susan Jane* lay in the harbor. With tears in my eyes I went to the ship to bid adieu to my erring brothers. It was an affecting scene. We opened a few hampers of champagne. When I awoke I found myself many hundred miles from shore.

The voyage of the *Susan Jane* was tempestuous. We had crossed the equator and were bearing south by east under close-reefed sails in a wild sea, when it was discovered that the rudder of the ship had been stolen. Someone had sneaked it away, and we were at the mercy of the elements. The next night someone stole the mainmast. I had had my suspicions from the first. When, the next night, the entire forward deck was missed I walked boldly into the cabin of C. Peter Griggs. I shut the cabin door behind me.

"Griggs," I said, "you are a thief."

As he looked at me he turned pale. He saw the blaze of just anger in my eyes, but he sought to temporize.

"Now, Simpson," he said cravenly, for he had no manhood, "we must not quarrel. We must stand man to man."

"Pish!" I exclaimed. "Tell me, where are the mainmast and the rudder and the forward deck?"

Griggs walked and up down the narrow cabin, wringing his hands. He wore his fur-lined overcoat and his famous silk pajamas. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Where are the capstan, and the donkey engine, and the starboard anchor?" he cried. "Where are the top-gallant mast and the jib boom and the mainsail?"

I folded my arms and gazed coldly into his eyes. I knew I had a trickster

to deal with. I knew I must outwit him and outbrave him. I laughed scornfully.

"They are in my cabin," I said; "I put them there. Ask me why!"

He fawned at my knees, but I was relentless.

"Ask me why!" I thundered.

"Why?" he asked meekly.

"Why what?" I demanded.

"Why did you steal the capstan, and the donkey engine, and the jib boom, et cetera?"

"Because, C. Peter Griggs," I shouted, snapping my fingers under his cold, blue nose, "because I know you! I knew if I did not take them, you would. I took them to protect these helpless passengers against your base treachery! That's why!"

I think this will give you some idea of the baseness of C. Peter Griggs. If not I can easily make his character clear. As I turned from him in scorn he sniffled to me.

"Simpson," he lied, "I only took them because I meant to divide with you."

I paused. Would it be better to draw him on and take half his spoils and thus save what I could for those helpless passengers? Even as I considered the question the ship rose on her beam ends, turned a complete somersault and fell with a dull thud that jarred me to my inmost nerve. We were wrecked!

In fifteen minutes the *Susan Jane* sank in seven fathoms of water, but every life was saved. With the morning's sun we found ourselves on a sandy beach. Behind us was the wooded side of a small hill. I ran to the top of the hill and climbed the tallest tree. We were on an island. You who read this know that the island is that on which we still remain and from which there seems no possible chance of escape. We of the Island of Cocobolo are shut off from the world. We are our own world.

You know how we set to work to render the island inhabitable; how we builded and planted and graded; how a few of us got together and established the great Pig System. But you do not know that the Pig System, which was created for your good, has been torn from its rightful purpose and has become a tool in the hands of a few men to rob and defraud you. The story of the Pensive Pigs and of Amalgamated Pork is one story. Pigs are pork, and pork is pigs. Before going further I must explain the System.

The smallest boy among you recalls how desolate and depressed we all felt the first morning before the sun appeared, and how gladly, when the sun did appear, we welcomed the sight of the pigs.

Peeping coyly out of the underbrush here and there we saw the graceful snouts of those thrice-blessed swine, gentle, curious, but timid, seeking to be friendly, but not daring to venture out to make our closer acquaintance. You remember our joyful shout:

"We shall not starve! Behold the pigs!"

So numerous and so well fed were the pigs that it seemed then that all of us would have plenty; that ham and pork chops would grace every table at every meal. Now some of you go hungry. Why? The System!

You know also that when fate threw us upon the Island you all had money. Some had ten cents; some had more. One, I remember, had two dollars and forty cents. He was the rich man of Cocobolo Island. The total was sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents. That was all the money. There was no more. Today, with no more actual money on the Island, Samuel Willenheimer is worth eight hundred million dollars; Peter Willenheimer is worth seven hundred million dollars. The five men who compose the System may be roughly said to control two thousand million dollars! This is shocking! How did it happen? The crime of Pensive Pigs is the crime of Amalgamated Pork.

Just how shocking this state of things is will be seen when I state that the day after the shipwreck not one of the five men composing the System had a

cent of real money! They were the paupers of Cocobolo Island. I had a ten-cent piece and a cent with a hole in it.

It was not likely that five such greedy rascals as those composing the System would be satisfied with the state of affairs. They immediately set about building up the present System, by means of which they drain the Island dry and put the drainage into their own pockets. They began catching pigs. So did we all, and they were no better pig catchers than we were. Each of us had his one pig, tied by the left hind leg and fastened to a stake. There was just a pig apiece on the Island. But it was the men of the System who, insidiously and with guile, spread the theory that a pig was worth ten dollars.

Then, while others cut and hewed and builded homes, these five men hastily and eagerly builded the Pen.

A pen is a rational, legal and praiseworthy institution. It preserves the pig. Under honest management the citizen can put his pig in a pen and feel sure the pig is safely kept and fed. When he wants his pig he can withdraw it. So conducted, the pen is a benevolent and necessary public institution, but in the hands of the System it became an instrument of extortion and greed.

When we landed on the Island, fruit was plentiful and the general opinion was that the pigs should be kept for the season when the fruit was gone. Each person who deposited a pig in the Pen was given credit for one pig withdrawable on demand. There were forty-three pigs deposited.

But when the fruit season ended, pork became a necessity. We found we must eat pork or die of starvation. We began to withdraw pigs from the Pen. During the season thirty-seven pigs were withdrawn, and then the guile of the Pen-building System became apparent. The pigs had, during incarceration, increased, as pigs will, and after every pig but the five belonging to the members of the System itself had been withdrawn there remained eighty-two fat little roasters still in the Pen. To whom did they belong? To the Islanders? "No," said the System. "You each put in one pig and you each drew one pig out again. We owe you nothing. These piglets belong to us." Such is the logic of the System! With the other pigs eaten and only sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents real money on the Island, the Syndicate's pigs were worth, at the market price of ten dollars a pig, eight hundred and twenty dollars! You would think greed could go no further? Wait!

Who composes this mysterious but all-powerful System, known in the financial circles of Cocobolo Island as the Pig System? Five men. Samuel Willenheimer, before the shipwreck, was boss of the Standard Codliver Oil Company, the most grasping corporation the world has ever known. His history is well known. All know that not a codfish in the sea dares have its liver refined into oil in any but the Standard Codliver refineries. Peter Willenheimer is only less notorious than Samuel. It was Peter who, in the old days before the automatic extractor was invented, used to hold cods while Samuel squeezed their palpitating livers. C. Peter Griggs, buyer of states and all 'round general grave-robber and confidence man, needs no introduction. Of Galway Whiskers it need only be said that whenever Samuel Willenheimer sneezes, Galway Whiskers wipes his nose; that whenever Peter Willenheimer drinks, Galway Whiskers's Adam's apple flaps up and down in sympathy. But the real backbone and brains of the System is K. K. Podgers. It was the intellect of Podgers that conceived the Pen; it is Podgers who is the System.

I will say this for Podgers—for a man who is daily robbing the people of Cocobolo he is a most honest man. He has beautiful and expressive blue eyes, now lighting with a cheerful twinkle as he asks the clever conundrum, "When is a door not a door?" and then blazing with fiery wrath as he shouts, "Simpson, you are an infernal rascal!"

I remember just after we had landed on Cocobolo Island that C. Peter Griggs induced me to go into a deal to sell rotten cocoanuts to our fellow-Islanders. The System at that time claimed the sole right to sell cocoanuts on the Island. C. Peter Griggs hired me to peddle his rotten cocoanuts. By carefully hiding the decayed portions I was able to sell a great many and the monopoly of the System was threatened. Knowing that C. Peter Griggs was a rascal I was afraid every moment that he would throw me over. I went to Podgers. He received me at his home. He opened a bottle of sulphur water in my honor. "Podgers," I said boldly, "I have come to talk plainly, as man to man."

"Simpson," said Podgers, "Griggs will do you a dirty trick yet. Cut loose from him. Come into the System."

"Podgers," I said, "no! Never! Griggs trusts me. I will not sell him out to you. I am a man of honor. I think I can still make something out of him. What will you give me?"

"Simpson," said Podgers, taking my hand and weeping, "we need loyal, tough-hided, foxy young men like you in our System. We will give you ten dollars."

For reply I threw his hand on the floor and stepped on it.

"Villain!" I cried. "You get me to come here, by my own request, and then tempt me to sell out my employer! Oh, lowness! Oh, baseness! Ten dollars! Why, the least I expected was twenty!"

Podgers's rage was something thrilling. Raising his foot he kicked the roof off—it was only made of palm leaves. Then his marvelous blue eyes turned green and shot out purple sparks that burst into *rose-du-Barry* stars as they fell. Leaving the room with dignity, I glanced back and saw his eyes revolving like pinwheels aglow with red, white and blue. It stirred my patriotism, and as I walked home I sang softly "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The next day I went back and sold out Griggs for ten dollars and fifty cents. As I left Podgers's office I met Griggs coming to sell me out. Griggs was an unmitigated rascal.

Having thus established close relations with the Pig System, my next thought was to fix up a deal with it by means of which I could make some money. As I am, by profession, a millionaire, it is necessary that I should have at least a little money.

For the information of the uninitiated I must explain that there are two kinds of money—real money and imitation money. Real money is the kind that rings when it is tossed on the counter; imitation money includes stocks, bonds, certificates of deposit, laundry tickets, pawn tickets, postage stamps and wampum. Pigs are neither one nor the other; they are property. The crime of Amalgamated Pork, which, when I tell it, will make the earth tremble and the sea convulse, could have been committed only on an island where imitation money existed.

When the ship *Susan Jane* was wrecked on Cocobolo Island there were saved from the wreck only sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents in real money, as I have said. There is no more real money in Cocobolo Island today. Let us see how the System proceeded to create imitation money and to enrich itself.

When the Pen was built and the Islanders deposited their pigs in it, the System issued a certificate of deposit for each pig, value ten dollars. As long as the pig remained in the Pen the certificate had a real value. It stood for a ten-dollar pig. Forty-three pigs were deposited and forty-three certificates issued, with a real value of four hundred and thirty dollars.

But see the insidious villainy of the System! When the pigs were withdrawn the Islanders were obliged to give back their certificates of deposit to the keeper of the Pen. The pigs were honestly eaten, but what did the System do with the certificates? Did they destroy them? No! They kept

them! They became richer immediately by the face value of the certificates. Although the pigs on which the certificates were issued were eaten and digested, the certificates remained to represent imitation money. This is what I call an awful defrauding of widows and orphans.

The next step of the System was to form a stock company—the Cocobolo Pig Pen Company, capital $200,000,000, and divide this among its members. More unjust imitation money! It then formed the Cocobolo Mutual Insurance Company with $400,000,000 assets and sold to it the $200,000,000 stock of the Pen Company. Then it created the Cocobolo Trust Company with $800,000,000 capital stock to buy the stock of the Cocobolo Mutual Insurance Company.

I wish you to have all this very clear in your minds, so that when I come to the guilty secret of Amalgamated Pork you will understand everything. Notice now the methods by which the System juggled its securities.

The Trust Company, with $800,000,000 capital, having bought the $400,000,000 stock of the Insurance Company, there remained no company to buy the stock of the Trust Company. The Pen Company therefore issued $900,000,000 bonds and bought the Trust Company stock. Continuing this process, by the end of the year there were on Cocobolo Island $7,600,000,000 in stocks and bonds, and the merest tyro could understand that the Pen Company owned the Insurance Company and the Trust Company, that the Trust Company owned the Pen Company and the Insurance Company, that the Insurance Company owned the Pen Company and the Trust Company. High finance could go no further. It was a noble triumph. There was only one unsatisfactory feature. The System had all the money and the Islanders had none.

As it is a principle of high finance to sell your stocks and bonds to the public high and buy them back low, the System was in a bad way. The public couldn't buy—it had no money. The System had built up a noble financial structure, but it would not work. The public had no pennies to drop in the slot to make the wheels go round. It was evident that by some means the public must be supplied with money of which it could be systematically robbed. The gigantic brain of K. K. Podgers conceived a way.

He looked over the companies of which he was director. Their stocks and bonds amounted to $7,600,000,000. These must be sold to the public, and, to be worth filching, the public's purse must contain at least $37,000,000,000. The public of Cocobolo consisted of thirty-seven persons. Podgers considered the Pen Company. The public had nothing to deposit in the Pen. He considered the Trust Company. The public had nothing to intrust. Then he considered the Insurance Company. The public certainly had thirty-seven lives to insure, and in this Podgers saw a means of supplying the public with money that should be its own, morally and legally.

There was no doubt that in time the Islanders would die, if only of old age. Therefore, for protection, it was right that they should be insured. The Insurance Company therefore issued to each man, woman and child an insurance policy for $1,000,000,000, agreeing to take notes for the premiums as they came due. As notes were to be accepted for the premiums there could be no doubt that every Islander would keep his policy in force until he died. Therefore each Islander was sure to receive, sooner or later, $1,000,000,000. As he was sure to receive it some time, the Insurance Company advanced that amount at once, taking the policy as security. The Islanders collectively, therefore, found themselves worth $37,000,000,000, in imitation money, and the speculative craze began in Cocobolo. If this was not a diabolical plot for robbing the people I do not know a diabolical plot when I see one.

When I received my billion dollars the System at once tried to induce me to buy Trust Company preferred, but

I hesitated. I have always longed to own a live stock farm, and I went to the Pen and asked if I could borrow a pig. I said that I was willing to deposit $20 of my insurance money as security. The pen-keeper agreed. Thus I proceeded from day to day until I had borrowed all the pigs—there were 104 by that time—and I had deposited $2,080 as security. I had all the pigs of Cocobolo! Nominally they were worth $1,040; actually I knew they were worth what I chose to demand for them.

I went to Podgers. I explained that all the pigs were in my hands and that I had a real monopoly. I suggested that he organize the Amalgamated Pork Company with $21,000,000,000 capital. He said that I had paid only $2,080 for the pigs and that the $7,000,000,000 I demanded was too much, but finally he agreed, and the Amalgamated Pork Company was formed. The stock was sold to the Islanders at par, but as soon as they found themselves in possession of it I issued my famous Pensive Pig circular.

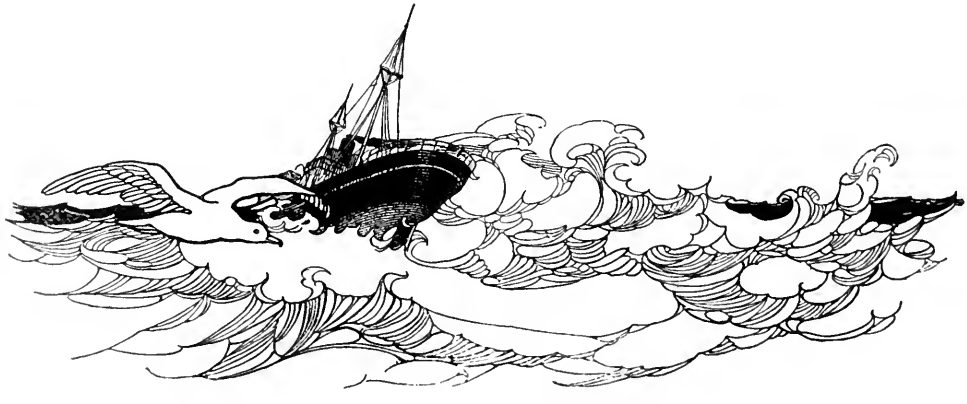
"The pigs," I wrote, "have become pensive. Blitheness is the native state of the pig. Pensiveness denotes the coming of cholera. *Sell Pork!*"

The price dropped like lead. From 100 it fell to 6 in less than an hour, and we bought back the Amalgamated Pork Stock at 6 that we had sold at 100. Once we did this; twice we did it, and the imitation money of the Islanders was all back in the hands of the System. The Islanders had nothing; even their lives were mortgaged to the System.

Islanders, I address you! Will you stand this knavery any longer? You and I, by uniting in one grand effort, can overthrow the System. Will you help me? I have the remedy; you have the power to apply it.

But first let me tell the crime of the Amalgamated Pork. It is this: I was promised $7,000,000,000 for my share of the loot; I only received $6,300,000,000. Ten per cent. was deducted for commissions and my feelings were hurt in addition, for as K. K. Podgers led me to the door after paying me he firmly but strenuously kicked me. I allow no man to kick me and cheat me, too.

Islanders, your remedy is ready! I have organized the Cocobolo International Cocoanut Company. It is a good thing Take my advice. If you have any Amalgamated Pork SELL it! Buy International Cocoanut! Down with Pensive Pigs!



Attempted Insight

JONES—What's the difference between stinginess and economy?

BROWN—Stinginess is habitual economy; economy is spasmodic stinginess.

The Montana Copper War

HEINZE *vs.* AMALGAMATED

BY THOMAS ALOYSIUS HICKEY

(*Conclusion*)

IN 1900 Heinze's anti-trust party swept all before it in Silver Bow County. Among the successful candidates on the Heinze ticket were two district judges, Clancy and Harney. The Amalgamated people whispered that they would not get justice in the District Court. Whenever possible, they tried to have their cases come up in the United States Circuit Court, before Judge Knowles, who was famous for his remarkable decisions against Heinze. In the Michael Davitt case, for instance, he threw out the verdicts of two juries who had decided in favor of Heinze. Later, when Senator Clark was found in possession of fifteen thousand acres of timber-land in Western Montana, upon which it was proved that fraudulent entry had been made, Judge Knowles decided that Clark could keep this land on the ground that he was an innocent purchaser. An appeal of this case is pending now.

The case which attracted the greatest amount of interest in the Butte District Courts was the famous Minnie Healy Mine case, in which Miles Finlen, a *protégé* of Marcus Daly, sought to obtain possession of this property from Heinze. Finlen had leased the Minnie Healy from an old-time miner named Devlin. He sank sixty-five thousand dollars in the mine and obtained no results. He turned in despair to Heinze, as many another man in like straits has done, and asked him to help him out. As C. P. Conley, a Butte attorney, well said, "Finlen was like a man who had hold of a bear and could not let go. Heinze agreed to tackle the bear and pay Finlen for his wounds and scratches, but the bear, hoof, hide and all, was to be Heinze's, when he killed him." On this understanding Heinze's lawyer, Judge McHatton, drew up the papers. Heinze agreed to pay seventy-five thousand dollars, which was due to Devlin, and two payments of twenty-seven thousand dollars each to Finlen. Finlen had to leave town before the papers were ready for his signature. Heinze paid twenty-five thousand dollars on account to Devlin, and proceeded to develop the mine. To Finlen's amazement, when he returned one month later, he found he had lost a bonanza. One hundred and twenty tons of the finest copper ore in Butte were being hoisted every twenty-four hours through the shaft of the once despised Minnie Healy. Heinze, on taking possession, went down into the mine, and gave orders to make a right-angle detour. In forty-eight hours he ran into the greatest body of copper in Butte. Finlen then tried to go back on his deal. He first tried physical force, but when his retainers reached the mine Heinze's warriors were behind a barricade, armed with shotguns. The courts were then approached. The case was argued before Judge Harney, who decided, and rightly, in favor of Heinze.

A street fair was on in Butte at the time. The day after the Minnie Healy decision Judge Harney attended the fair in company with a Mrs. Brackett, a public stenographer. The "System's" agents claimed that the Judge

was drunk and raised a disturbance on the Midway, in which frivolity he was ably and loudly assisted by his lady companion. Charles Clark, a son of the Senator, who is known all over Montana by the sobriquet of "Cigarette Charley," told the legal lights of the Amalgamated Copper Company who were backing Miles Finlen that he, Clark, could get an affidavit from Judge Harney to the effect that Mrs. Brackett had used undue influence over him, and that the estimable lady was in the employ of Heinze for that purpose. Clark arranged a meeting in the Thornton Hotel, at which the Judge, the lady, Charley Clark and two of the legal lights of the Amalgamated were to be present, and the affidavit was to be secured. Judge Harney, totally ignorant of Clark's plan, accepted an invitation to go to a room on the second floor of the Thornton Hotel. After some talk, Clark broached the subject of the affidavit, and offered Judge Harney one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the document. Harney declined the offer with scorn. Mrs. Brackett was rushed down to the hotel in a hack, and was offered twenty-five thousand dollars for her affidavit. She refused. After an hour's heated talk, Clark yelled, "Oh, damn it all, Harney, I'll make it two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." Visions of palaces on the Rhine and castles in Ireland, in which he could lead a life of ease with this immense sum, were placed before the Judge's eyes. Harney was obdurate and left the room. Heinze, on learning of the attempted bribe, went after Clark like an angry tiger. To escape the legal consequences of his rash act and Heinze's wrath, young Clark fled the state and was a fugitive in California for eighteen months. But the Supreme Court ordered a new trial on the ground of the unbecoming conduct of Judge Harney while on the Midway.

The Minnie Healy case came up for its second trial before Judge Clancy, of the District Court of Silver Bow County, in the fall of 1903. At the same time a receivership was asked for the Boston & Montana property, at the request of one of the stockholders, John Maguiness, who held one hundred shares of stock in the company. Maguiness is vice-president of Heinze's Montana Ore Purchasing Company, and is Heinze's chief lieutenant. The decision in this receivership case was expected to be handed down October 21, 1903.

Judge William B. Clancy sat for eight years on the bench in Department One, of the District Court of Silver Bow. He was elected in 1896 on the Populist ticket. The "System" said that his party hated corporations, and that the Judge lived up to his party's views. The Judge is possessed of an iron will and undoubted courage. The same courage which he displayed at Bull Run when a cavalry officer in a Missouri regiment he showed during the strenuous days of the "shut-down," when he faced angry crowds of the "System's" agents without flinching. They say in a joking way in Butte that at the close of a case Clancy would look down at the lawyers and say, "This case will be taken under advisement and a decision will be handed down next Thursday in favor of Heinze." During the hearing of one of the Heinze-Amalgamated cases, Judge McHatton, Heinze's chief attorney, was arguing before Judge Clancy, when John M. Forbis, chief of the Amalgamated's legal staff, interrupted McHatton by asking him for permission to look over a document called Exhibit B. McHatton paused in his argument, dived into a mass of papers in front of him, and handed over a typewritten document. Forbis began to read it and very shortly began to smile, then to laugh, and then guffawed so loudly as to wake up the sleeping Judge on the bench. The paper which McHatton handed him was nothing less than the decision in the case, which Judge Clancy was to hand down a week later when the formality of judicial consideration was ended.

On another occasion Clancy granted an application for a receivership for the Boston & Montana properties,

The receivership lasted but five days, when the Supreme Court ordered it dissolved. Thomas R. Hinds, a jovial mixer, hotel proprietor, slick politician and all-around good fellow, had been appointed receiver by Clancy. Tom submitted a bill for his five days' work. The "System" gasped. The bill called for four hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Clancy also thought it was too high. He shook his head, looked wisely over his specs at the ingenuous Tom and said, "No, no, it is too much, Tom. I will make it two hundred thousand." To make up for this loss he allowed Hinds sixty-one thousand dollars for clerk hire.

Visitors to Montana and men whom I have met in the East have asked me many times, "Have these Montanians no respect for the moral code? Why do people support Heinze when they know that he breaks without scruple every law in the decalogue?" I do not know how to answer the question better than to quote what is said underground in Butte. On each level the miners congregate at lunch-hour both day and night. After the meal is despatched and the corncobs are fired, a general discussion ensues. The absorbing topic always is the varying phases of the Copper fight. As there are on an average eight levels to each mine, and thirty big mines in operation, and two shifts of men to each mine, there are therefore between three and four hundred public meetings in Butte in every twenty-four hours. Whenever the question is raised by a miner who belongs to the church and tries to practice the moral teachings of Moses, a Heinzeite will say: "Moral law? What have mere abstract morals to do with this fight? Suppose Heinze were to practice the ten commandments, how long do you suppose he would last? About as long as a plate of ice cream before a summer girl on the Fourth of July! Does the Amalgamated observe the moral law? Would they do so if Heinze did? Of course not. Heinze is the David who is fighting the industrial Goliath and we Montanians will, if necessary, steal a nugget of gold to fit the sling that Heinze needs to kill the Goliath. When the Amalgamated is crushed and our freedom is assured then we will cheerfully obey the moral code. We cannot do it any sooner."

Another Heinze man will rise from the boulder on which he has been sitting, drinking in this statement, and say:

"What do you think Heinze is, anyhow? Do you think all the breaking of law is on one side? Suppose he did get an injunction from Clancy that sounds peculiar; suppose he does have decisions handed down to him that are written ahead of time in his lawyer's office. Doesn't the other side do the same? Have not they had his Nipper mine closed for five years, although he holds a title for 31-36ths of it? Today he can't even go into the shaft of that mine. Has not Judge Knowles handed down decisions that are as bad as Clancy's, as far as we who are ignorant of the law can tell? If Heinze has gun men, has not the other side thugs? If Heinze buys two legislators, does not the other side buy five? Is it not a fact that Heinze has no company houses or company store? Is it not a fact that all his business is on legitimate lines, outside of the courts? Is it not a fact that Heinze is one of us, a miner like ourselves? Don't we drink beer along with him in the California? Ain't these fellows who run the Amalgamated Stock Exchange gamblers in New York? Why shouldn't he fight them with their own weapons? If he does not he will get crushed, and if in fighting them with their own weapons he breaks moral laws, what about it? If you wrestle with the chimney-sweep you will get your clothes full of soot. Heinze is all right, and we will stay with him if he marches us to the gates of hell."

From this it can be seen that the red war will go on without any observance of churchly teachings. If from the ten thousand mountains and foothills of Montana, as many Moseses were to appear in the cities with the graven tablets of the moral law, they would

not be listened to by the soldiers who are fighting in the Copper war.

On October 10, eleven days before the date on which Judge Clancy's decision in the Boston & Montana receivership was expected, notice was posted on the hoist of the different Amalgamated mines, to the effect that on the 13th an immense barbecue would be given by the Amalgamated Copper Company to their employees, at Columbia Gardens. That day would be a holiday in all the mines and smelters of the company, and the day's wages would be paid. At eight on the morning of the 13th the miners and smeltermen, to the number of eight thousand, assembled off Main Street, dressed in their holiday attire, awaiting the order to march down to Park Street, where the street-car system of the city was turned over to them to transport them to the Gardens, where they could look at three square feet of grass, kept under a glass case, for the sulphur smoke destroys vegetation in the greatest mining camp on earth. Promptly at nine o'clock this industrial army with bands and banners marched down Main Street, singing the songs of twenty nations, and drinking a dozen brews. I never saw a finer body of men than these hardy miners who go down the mine in the ore skips as fearlessly as the mariners of old went down to the sea in ships. They face death in a dozen forms each day, and laugh when they set off the blast that sometimes imbeds their mustaches in the granite footwall. On reaching the Gardens they found oxen and sheep roasting, while around them was a pile of beer kegs as high as a foothill. A distillery was on tap, and a cigar factory could be had for the asking. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we must work, and maybe die," was the cry. The inquiring and critical among the throng asked themselves why this sudden love and affection for them from a man whose associates were erecting bull pens for their brother miners and smeltermen in Colorado. From a gallows-like platform on the side of the grounds the speaking exercises of the day took place. To that vantage point the critical ones went. The only key to the mystery was an utterance by Mr. Con Kelly, an Amalgamated lawyer, who said in his speech, "It will be a dark day for Butte and Montana when the Amalgamated Copper Company is outlawed in the courts." But little attention was paid to this threat and the festivities went on until the sun sank behind Big Butte. No one knew that this feast was for but a day, to be succeeded by a month of hunger. No one guessed that it was but the prelude to the last great attempt of the Amalgamated to extinguish Heinze's ever-ascending star.

The next day all hands returned to work, and Butte resumed its normal smoky aspect. Seven days later Judge Clancy handed down a decision, giving to Heinze the Minnie Healy mine. He postponed a decision on the Boston & Montana receivership for a few days. But the "System" had expected a decision in the Boston & Montana case, and had their guns ready to fire. The next morning, October 22, a telegram from No. 26 Broadway, New York, reached Butte. It read:

WILLIAM SCALLON,
General Manager, Amalgamated Copper Company, Butte, Mont.

Close down our properties.
H. H. ROGERS.

Immediately on receipt of this message Scallon directed John Gillie, superintendent of the Amalgamated mines in Butte, to close down every mine and smelter in the city. The miners who had gone down in the mine on the morning shifts were told in the stopes by the shift bosses to go on top, as their services were no longer needed. The same order was given in the Amalgamated smelters in Butte, where the fires were promptly drawn. At Anaconda matters were worse. As I explained before, almost everything in the city is owned by the Amalgamated. There is no Heinze operating there; the city was shut down absolutely. Belt, Bonner, Hamilton, Cokedale and Storrs met the

same fate. Fifty per cent. of Great Falls, a city of sixteen thousand inhabitants, and 25 per cent. of Missoula was closed down. Then the ore trains that carried ore from Butte to Anaconda and from Butte to Great Falls were laid off. The people who had money fled from the state as from a plague. The drummers and theatrical companies canceled dates; the great machine shops of the Northern Pacific at Livingston laid off machinists; building operations in all the big cities ceased entirely; weekly newspapers could get no subscriptions; small business men went into bankruptcy by the score; in Anaconda on the main street the business men sold their stock, closed their doors, cut out their plate-glass fronts and sold them in Butte. When the shut-down had been on for some time the farmers took their produce into the cities, found no market and dumped their stuff in the streets because the miners and smeltermen and lumbermen were economizing on food. They were wont to eat four meals a day, very soon they ate but three, later on but two, and finally ate one, and some none at all. They were like the Chinaman who was hard up and lived on a rat, then he got still poorer and lived on the tail of the rat and finally he lived on the smell of the tail of the rat. It was so with the Montanian during the shut-down. Misery and desolation spread over the State of Montana as swiftly as a flying cloud.

The miners and smeltermen who had feasted at the barbecue a few days earlier and cheered Rogers's telegram at Columbia Gardens when he addressed them as his "associates at the other end of the line," looked in blank amazement at one another when they heard the contents of the second telegram. They could offer no reason to their anxious wives and little ones for the shut-down. All they knew was that they were thrown out of work at the beginning of a Northern winter. Already the first snowflakes were falling and all save the most warmly clad felt the piercing winds that whistled round the Butte foothills, a message of the ice king on the way.

In response to a hundred messages United States Senators Clark and Paris Gibson rushed to Butte on a special train from Washington. James J. Hill, in another special, burned up the tracks from St. Paul. The business men in all the cities of the state met and questioned what had best be done. The Butte Miners' Union met promptly and received a communication from Mr. Scallon in which that gentleman said that he was empowered by Mr. Rogers to open up the Amalgamated properties provided that the Butte Miners' Union would act as agents for the Amalgamated Copper Company and purchase the one hundred shares of stock held by Maguiness, the Amalgamated Company to furnish the money. The Union accepted the offer and appointed a committee to wait on Maguiness and make the deal. Accompanied by ten thousand men, the committee walked from the Butte miners' hall to meet the vice-president of the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. It seemed as if the entire city was marching. A sympathizer telephoned Maguiness information of the crowd that was coming to meet him. That spry young man dashed out of his office in his office coat, rushed down a back alley, leaped into a hack and drove seven miles to Silver Bow Junction, where he caught the East-bound flyer for Salt Lake City. The next day he was speeding toward Denver, and, in fact, he never stopped going East until he stood within the shadow of the sacred codfish in Boston town.

Heinze now stood alone to face the perilous situation. He promptly opened an employment office on Main Street and proceeded to put eight hundred miners and smeltermen to work. He saw to it that every man thus employed was a man of force and the father of a family. While this helped some, it was only a drop in the industrial bucket. All the daily newspapers in the state now started up a

cry for a special session of the Legislature.

At the risk of diverging from the straight line of my story, I must point out again that every daily paper in the state was owned at that time by the Amalgamated Copper Company or their ally, W. A. Clark. Not owned in the sense that a private owner is subsidized, as the "System" works elsewhere, but owned in the sense that every daily paper was an asset, or rather, a liability, on the books of the "System" and of Clark. They have actual ownership of the presses, machines, buildings, and so on. These papers are the Butte *Miner* (Clark), Butte *Inter-Mountain* (Amalgamated), Anaconda *Standard* (Amalgamated), Helena *Independent* (Clark), Helena *Record* (Amalgamated), Great Falls *Leader* (Clark), Great Falls *Tribune* (Amalgamated) and Missoula *Missoulian* (Amalgamated).

In support of their cry for a special session of the Legislature each paper pointed out that Mr. Rogers would rescind his "shut-down" order if Governor Joseph K. Toole would call a special session of the Legislature and would embody in his call a request for certain special legislation that the Amalgamated Copper Company wanted, to wit, two bills, one to be known as the Fair Trial Bill which would provide for a change of venue in all civic suits upon the filing of a disqualifying affidavit alleging prejudice of the trial judge. The other bill empowered the Supreme Court to review all civil cases in the lower court and wherever in the judgment of the Court they saw fit, they could reverse the findings and render a verdict according to their own judgment.

The first bill, the Fair Trial Bill, is called in Montana the "No Trial Bill." It is unquestionably the most vicious piece of legislation that could be devised. It destroys the chances of poor litigants, because the law provides for five distinct changes of venue. If a miner is injured in Butte and sues the big mining company a change of venue can be taken to Fergus County, over three hundred miles away. When the miner reaches there with his lawyer he may find himself ordered across the state to Dawson County, and so on. The result is that the case is ultimately dropped because of lack of money to fight it. When this request for a special session for special legislation reached Governor Toole, he indignantly refused to call the session. Governor Toole is a positive, Robert La-Follette sort of man. He asserted that his state would never be held up by the "System," nor himself nor the Legislature. He pointed out that never in the history of the republic has a special session of the Legislature been called for the purpose of passing special legislation for a corporation, and that if such a precedent were established and carried out to its logical conclusion it would, in time, destroy the republic.

With the flight of Maguiness and his stock and the refusal of Governor Toole to call a special session of the Legislature, Senators Clark and Gibson and James J. Hill found everything deadlocked when they reached Butte. After many conferences which these three gentlemen had with Governor Toole, Mr. Scallon and Mr. Heinze, they sorrowfully admitted that they were unable to do anything. Heinze lay back in his easy-chair during the chief discussion, and, while gazing abstractedly at the ceiling and blowing cigarette rings all around him, confessed his inability to do anything in the circumstances. "Mr. Rogers," said he, "has decided to browbeat through starvation the people of Montana. All I can say is, I will fight to the death if necessary against the Standard Oil crowd and their tyrannical methods." Then the conference broke up, and the conferees went away despairing of a solution of their troubles. During this time, from October 22 to November 1, 1903, the sidewalks of Butte were lined with idle men. The gambling-rooms and saloons were doing a rushing trade. Rumors of all sorts, running from the report of the assassination of Heinze down to the duration of the "shut-

down," were the principal topics of discussion. Men spoke in whispers, and uncertainty covered the city like a cloud.

In the offices of Heinze's Montana Ore Purchasing Company a conference was held in the first week of November. The situation demanded it. The tide of resentment was running strongly against Heinze. Men change opinions quickly when the wolf yelps at the door with a wild, boreal accompaniment. The flight of Maguiness, the failure of the big conference, the thunderous denunciation of Heinze in the daily papers and fear of a year's "shut-down" set a flood of resentment surging against their erstwhile idol.

An anxious group of Heinze lieutenants sat round him at his call. Judge McHatton, his famous lawyer; T. R. Hinds, vice-president of his bank; Senator Kennedy, his brilliant legislative leader; J. H. Trerise, his mining superintendent, and several others took part in the conference. Heinze asked them to state their views. He sat on a lounge playing with a black kitten, seemingly the most uninterested man in Montana. One after another his lieutenants spoke. They all agreed that compromise was necessary. Even they did not understand that compromise meant retreat and utter rout. Unconsciously they chanted the swan song of surrender. When each had spoken Heinze said, "Gentlemen, I don't agree with you. There is but one thing to do. We must call a public meeting in the open air at the court-house. Strike off fifty thousand handbills for a meeting at 2 P.M. tomorrow. I'll meet the committee from the Miners' Union in public and give my answer to the people." He was a Rocky Mountain Danton shouting, "Audacity, and still more audacity," when others counseled compromise.

Three hours later handbills fell, like the dropping of snowflakes, over Butte; an extra edition of the *Reveille*, Heinze's weekly paper, announced the meeting in scare headlines; the Miners' Union committee was notified to be present—also the Mayor of Butte. That night Butte was sleeplessly expectant, awaiting anxiously the coming of the morrow, when they would hear from the lips of Heinze what the future held in store. At 10 A.M. the next day the first of the crowd came and gathered on the court-house steps; knots of men clustered at street corners, and as one o'clock approached they moved up to get a favorable position. By one-thirty the people poured into the vicinity of the court-house from every direction. Every man and woman in Butte who could walk and leave home was present. At 2 P.M. twenty-five thousand people were within a range of six blocks of the court-house. It was a Trafalgar Square crowd in the Rocky Mountains.

On the stroke of two Heinze stepped out of his office into the midst of the crowd. At the first glimpse of his tall, commanding figure a terrific roar of welcome went up from his miners and smeltermen. He had ordered his mines closed down for the day, and two thousand of his workers—among whom were some of the best gun men in the West—stood ready to yell or fight, as the occasion called for. On reaching the court-house steps he shook hands with the Mayor and nodded to Edward Long, the President of the Butte Miners' Union, who was waiting to hear his answer to the Amalgamated offer to buy the Maguiness stock. Long was introduced by Mayor Mullins, who caused a roar of laughter by saying, "I introduce to you the representative of the Amalgamated Copper Company." The miners' leader denied that he represented the Amalgamated, but said that he represented the Miners' Union in the matter of the Amalgamated's offer to buy Maguiness's stock. He then stepped back and Heinze walked forward to speak.

A deathly silence settled on the crowd when Heinze stood on the top step of the court-house and faced the sea of upturned faces. At his first words it was noticed that he was in splendid voice; it rang out like a clarion down the broad street and up again. He commenced by attacking the Amal-

gamated Copper Company and showing the connecting links between it and the Standard Oil Company, proving that the methods of the two corporations were alike. Then he made a condensed statement of his fight, legal and otherwise, with H. H. Rogers and his agents in Butte. By this time his eloquence had caught the crowd. He had to stop several times while the crowd yelled, "Good boy, Heinze! You've got the guts, Heinze! Throw it into them!" and other encouraging cries. Finally he came to the principal part of his talk, when he stated on what terms he would cause Maguiness to surrender his Boston & Montana stock.

He made two propositions:

One of them was an offer to arbitrate all disputes concerning the ownership of all controverted ore bodies, the decision of the arbiters to be binding. According to Montana law the arbitration of civil cases is permitted, but questions of title to properties are specifically exempt from the section of the codes recognizing this mode of settlement. The second proposition was to sell the Maguiness stock at the price of purchase with interest from that date, provided that the cost of the various actions with reference to the stock be paid by the Boston & Montana Company. This included a receivership fee of two hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars which Tom Hinds, who, a year earlier, had been receiver for five days, requested for his services. He further provided that the Amalgamated sell him five thirty-sixths of the Nipper Lode claim for the price paid therefor by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company at the time they purchased the same, and 8 per cent. interest thereon from the date whereof the same was purchased; they were also to give a deed of conveyance assuring the title to all the veins and ore bodies contained within the same Nipper Lode claim. Now, Heinze's contention in regard to the Nipper is that the ore veins dip under adjacent properties to the south and include rich ore within the lines of the Anaconda—the Never-sweat, the Oden, the Kanuck, the Adventure, the Parrot, the Bellona and other claims belonging to the Amalgamated. If his offer had been accepted he would have expected to make his deed of conveyance and assurance of title a basis upon which to continue litigation against the claims named. *If Heinze secures the other five-thirty-sixths of the Nipper, he could tie up for a generation every mining property owned by the Amalgamated in Butte. If Heinze secures the political power in Montana he will be able to do this, and then Amalgamated stock will drop to zero.*

Having made this impossible demand on the Amalgamated Copper Company, he closed with a fervid appeal to the people to stand by him in his fight against Standard Oil. He pointed out that Montana would be a one-company state if he were driven out, that the company stores in the different towns would wipe out all the small merchants, and Montana would suffer from an economic despotism unequaled anywhere in the world. This statement was believed by every man and woman present, and they cheered him to the echo. After speaking one hour and forty minutes he closed as strong as he started, amidst a hurricane of cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the women shouting, "God bless you, Heinze, in your fight." Heinze, bathed in perspiration in spite of the cold November day, was surrounded by his admirers, who shook him by the hand for an hour. The crowd melted away to discuss the speech, and thus ended one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in the United States.

That Heinze had turned the tide in his favor and saved the day for himself was admitted on all sides. The next day it was the unanimous opinion that it was up to two men, H. H. Rogers and Governor Toole, to settle the question. Each man stood firm for his position. The Amalgamated president would keep the state shut down until he got his special legislation. The Governor said that to submit would cover the state with shame.

To make matters worse the weather turned, and snow and ice made the situation gloomier than ever. Thanksgiving Day loomed up a mockery. The papers continued to cry out for the special session. A low moan of hunger arose from all parts of the state; petitions poured in on Governor Toole, asking him to submit. Finally the people's distress became so acute that with bowed head the Governor submitted and issued a call for a special session of the Legislature to meet in Helena on December 7, 1903, just forty-seven days from the arrival of the shut-down telegram.

Immediately on receipt of the news in Butte of Governor Toole's surrender the Parrot mine whistle, the loudest in the city, blew its mightiest blast. The other mining whistles joined in the chorus. As fast as a flame sweeps over a prairie the word went around that Rogers had won and that the Governor was beaten. A sigh of relief went up on all sides. The telegraph offices were besieged with women telegraphing their husbands, who had gone to other states to look for employment, to return, for Montana had been opened up once more.

When the legislators arrived at the Capitol on the morning of December 7 they knew that the session would be a short one. They had nothing to do save automatically pass bills that Mr. Rogers's lawyers had carefully prepared at No. 26 Broadway, New York City. They looked at one another disgustedly. Strong men hate to play the part of puppets. They asked themselves whether they were the representatives of a sovereign people or merely the clerks of the "System." Senator Kennedy, from Silver Bow County, said, "The Standard Oil Company has raised its mailed hand and torn a star from the flag." The other senators agreed with him; then they passed the Standard Oil bills. There was scarcely any debate. Only four votes out of ninety-eight were cast against this special legislation. The State of Montana was in sackcloth and ashes. Her sons felt discouraged. The "System" had triumphed. In the big mining cities and in the small towns, in the cow counties men walked out that night under the stars and asked themselves reverently,

Watchman, what of the night?

His Niggardliness

"I SHO'LY hates, bruddren and sistahs, to publicly stigmatize any membuh ob dis congregation by name," grimly remarked good old Parson Woollimon, during a recent sermon, fixing a basiliskic glare on a certain miserly and unproductive person before him. "Time atter time, when de contribution box hab circumambulated around, de brudder under specification ain't flung in nary cent, but dess sot and sot and soaked up de sermint, and neber said 'boo!' about payin' his predestined pro-ratty. Dar comes a time, muh friends, when procrastination done ceases to be virtuous, and I is now gwine to ax dat disliberal and reluctant pusson whyn't he reorganize his 'sponsibilities and retaliate wid a 'casional nickel or a little so'thin' dat-a-way. Don't yo' know, Brudder Slewfoot—I's gwine to predicate to him—don't yo' know dat yo' am due and elected to lend to de Lawd? Don't yo'——?"

"I knows all dat, and mo', too," doggedly replied the economical Mr. Slewfoot. "I knows dat, all right enough, and I stands ready and willin' to lend to de Lawd. When de Lawd comes atter de money I's er-gwine to fork it ober; but I sho' proclaims in a high, cl'ar voice dat I ain't gwine to hand it out to nobody else!"

The Distribution of Wealth

BY CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE

TO "destroy wage slavery, abolish the institution of private property in the means of production and distribution, and to establish the Co-operative Commonwealth," was a Socialist declaration in 1900.

When does "distribution" occur? What are the "means of distribution"? It is essential that we have some idea of what is meant by these expressions.

Is it "distribution" when the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad hauls a carload of corn from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Chicago, Illinois? No; for production consists in (*a*) changing the *form* of natural objects to make them serviceable for man's uses —as in grinding wheat into flour, or baking flour into bread; or (*b*) changing the *location* of such objects and bringing them from where they are not needed to where they are. Plainly, transportation of wealth, by rail or otherwise, is a part of "production," not of "distribution."

Is it "distribution" when the baker sells a loaf of bread for a nickel to the man who afterward eats the bread? No; for this exchange of bread for the nickel coin is simply a change of *location*, taking the bread from where it is not needed and placing it in the hands of him who does need it.

Evidently all the steps from the first application of human energy to Mother Earth up to the point where "consumption" begins are steps in "production." Where, then, does "distribution" come in, and what are the "means"?

It seems clear that "distribution" occurs at the point where man sets up the claim of ownership, and is sustained in that claim by society.

If this be true, the "means of distribution" are to be found in the laws recognizing property rights and protecting the individual in his enjoyment of those rights. And the Socialist declaration is hazy, to say the least.

Now, no absolute individual property right in anything is recognized by organized society. It is qualified by the greater rights of Eminent Domain, of taxation, of conscription. No man has absolute ownership in land—it may be taken for public use, or for default in payment of taxes. No man has absolute ownership of chattels—they are subject to taxation. No man has even absolute ownership of *himself*—he may be conscripted for the Army, impressed into the Navy, subpœnaed as a witness or drawn on a jury.

Our investigation leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that *Taxation* is one of the greatest means of wealth distribution, and that equitable distribution cannot be had without equitable taxation. It is not the province of this inquiry to ascertain just what particular method of levying taxes is equitable or best. But one thing cannot be ignored: In all modern societies taxes "in kind" are practically unknown, and Government designates a particular thing which alone has power to cancel a tax levy. That particular thing is called "money," or "coined money."

Taxation being simply the expression of Society's claim of part ownership in the individual's property, it would seem just that the thing taxed should have power to *pay* the tax. But Society claiming a portion only, and many objects of wealth being indivisible without great loss, the designation

of a particular thing to cancel tax levies was a logical outgrowth. Hence, money.

But if Society arbitrarily designates a particular thing to pay taxes, equity demands that Society alone, through its agency—Government—manufacture and supply that thing. To allow any individual the right to supply it would be to confer upon him a power practically unlimited, and one sure to be used to the detriment of those not so favored. And this would be true regardless of whether the tax were levied upon incomes, personal property, land or land values—the individual supplying the tax-canceling commodity would have all taxpayers at his mercy.

An unprejudiced view of the situation seems to show no crying evil in production today, outside of those agencies engaged in transportation and transmission of intelligence, or those having special favor from the railroads and national banks. The real evil is an unjust distribution of wealth, growing not directly out of private ownership in the means of production, except in the agencies mentioned, but out of individual exercise of the taxing power. Every national bank-note which gets into circulation levies a tax upon industry, not for public use, but for the bankers' benefit.

I am not contending against the payment of interest as a recompense for the use of either property or money, but against the usury string which is attached to every national bank-note before it can get into circulation at all.

No dollar is justly issued except by Government in exchange for its equivalent in services or necessary commodities to carry on Government operations. The first recipient should not be required to pay 100 cents of service for it, and 5 to 10 cents more as usury. Nor should he be paid for his services in something that will ripen into 102 or 105 cents later on. Once in circulation, the question of interest is a private matter. I can see no material difference between an individual charging for $50 loaned another, and charging for a horse and buggy hired at a livery stable.

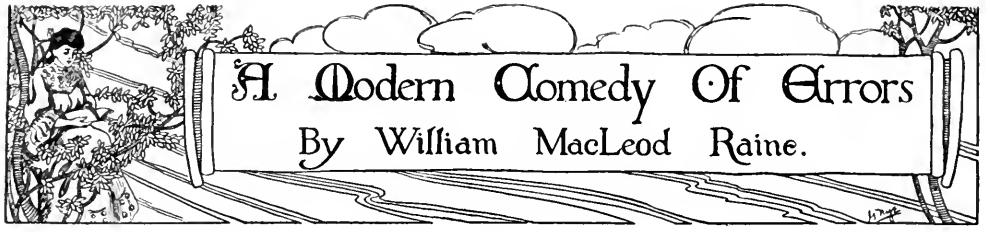
And no dollar is ever finally redeemed until it has been accepted by Government in payment of taxes. So-called "redemption" of greenbacks is simply swapping dollars—a piece of rascality now which profits a few at the expense of the many, but the absurdity of which would be manifest under a proper financial system where no dollar ever got into circulation except where paid for in 100 cents' worth of service, and where no dollar ever went out of circulation except when paid in cancelation of 100 cents' worth of tax levy.

"The means of distribution"—taxation and money. Big as is the question of public ownership of railroads, the money question is bigger, for it is the prime factor in the distribution of wealth. If the money system is unjust, wealth distribution must necessarily be so.

Advantage

JONES—Carnegie considers poverty the best heritage you can have.
TRIDEM—Well, it's the only one a lawyer will help you collect.

WHAT the Standard Oil Company needs most is to refine its morals.



A Modern Comedy Of Errors

By William MacLeod Raine.

DOWN the green path by the river bank a man went his careless way, the lightness of youth in his springy tread. His blithe air and jocund eye proclaimed him the Irishman, no less than the snatch of sentimental song he hummed:

"For the look of her,
The look of her
Comes back to me today,
Wi' the eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way."

A debonair confidence had this gay maker of music. To a fence he came, and vaulted it like the born athlete he was. The "No Trespassing" sign nailed to a tree just within the fence claimed apparently no respect from him, since he briskly continued on his tuneful way, swinging his cane at the hazel bushes that disputed the path with him. Spring was in the air. The little river, set free from its winter prison of ice, sang its jubilant way down to the sea. The nesting thrushes poured out full-throated carols to their mates. Barry Desmond, mateless, also sang, for no reason except that he was a gay Irishman in a young world full of possibilities.

A gleam of white in the green to his left caught and held his eye, resolving itself into the white splash of a woman's shirt waist. His pace and his song faltered, then the latter stopped as abruptly as his heart. For there, half hidden in the grass and bushes, watching him alertly with chin resting on her hands, lay the lost dream of his memories, the one woman in the world he would choose for mate when he went to build the home nest. Small wonder Barry Desmond's Irish heart acted queerly, stopped altogether for a beat, then played a triphammer tattoo against his ribs. Small wonder his song chorus echoed triumphantly in his brain as he looked at his wood nymph in this primeval forest atmosphere.

"The eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way."

He had seen them only once. On a wet polo field his pony had come to grief and flung him head first among the spectators. When he came to himself her eyes looked at him with a wonderful soft light of pity. He had dreamed about his unknown goddess ever since, and not only dreamed but hunted high and low for her in bootless quest. And now—oh, golden luck!—he had found her.

And even as the joy of his find surged through his veins he slipped on a peeled hazel twig and came heavily down to the ground. He was a large man, and his fall jarred him. He lay motionless for a few moments, and swift feet were already scudding toward him before he attempted to rise.

"Oh, have you hurt yourself?" a low, sweet voice wanted to know.

He had risen, but was still a little dazed, and the girl had to repeat her question. "You are hurt?"

"No, no! Not at all."

"But you are!"

"Really I'm not."

"You can't walk."

"Nonsense!" He tried to show her, but would have fallen if she had not run to his aid.

"You see, you are lame."

"It's my ankle. It will be all right in a minute."

"Let me help you to that tree."

He laughed oddly. "It's awfully good of you, but I'm really not an invalid."

He set his teeth and limped three uncertain steps. She noticed his sibilant breath, and went resolutely up to him. "Lean on me."

He looked at her apologetically, whimsically, with a queer expression she did not understand, but he obeyed.

"If it will not trouble you too much." He put his hand on her shoulder and trod the primrose path till he reached the roots of the nearest oak. Here she withdrew from his side. He waited, smiling at her.

"Why don't you sit down?" she asked.

"While a lady stands? 'Twould disgrace my nationality forever."

"Nonsense!"

"'Tis not nonsense at all."

"You forget that we don't know each other."

"Don't say that," he implored. "For two years I have known you as I never knew anybody else. There's never a day I have not thought of you and dreamed of this hour when I would meet you."

His glowing eyes were so eloquent that embarrassment crept in a warm flush to her cheeks. Her glance fell, then fluttered up to meet his again. The warmth of his possessive eyes gave her something the shock of a kiss. They danced with merriment, yet the shine of ardent longing was in them.

"You have only seen me once," she stammered.

"Once or a thousand times—what matters it?"

"You're an Irishman—that's plain."

"Well, and doesn't that prove me a good lover? The Irish were born to love."

His gay confidence stimulated her blood. She felt the wine of life dancing in her.

"Rather to fancy and to forget."

"No, no! Did I forget you?" he cried triumphantly.

"I dare say you are confusing me with some other girl."

"There never was another for me. I could not have forgotten you, but the glory of it is that you remembered me. I owe Bobs one for the good turn he did me when he went down on the wet grass."

"At the time I thought you owed him a broken neck. I never was more relieved than when you opened your eyes. You got off cheap with a fractured collar-bone."

"There were other injuries—item, a broken heart," he murmured.

She did not quite catch what he said, and told him so.

"I'll tell you some other time—tomorrow or the next day, if I can keep it that long."

She laughed tantalizingly. "You're very confident. You forget that we don't know each other formally. And that reminds me I have no business talking to you. Good-bye!"

"Don't go."

"I must—to get help for you."

"You surely wouldn't leave me here alone," he cried, and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Your ankle *is* hurting you! Why don't you sit down and rest it?"

He shook his head. "Contrary to Hoyle. Got to play by the rules."

"Then I'll remove the disturbing sex and leave you alone with your ridiculous code." And the young woman stooped for the open book which lay at his feet.

He was before her by a fraction of a second. But instead of handing it to her he stood with the novel in his hands gazing blankly at the name written on the title-page. Acute disappointment mapped itself on his face.

"If you are quite through with my book," the girl suggested, an edge of reproof in her voice.

"Are you Miss Winslow?" he gasped.

She bowed, and something very like a groan fell from his lips. His dream was shattered. He had found her too

late. She was going to marry his cousin, Bob Desmond, next day.

"Does your ankle hurt so badly as that?"

"I'm not a baby," he answered a little harshly.

"Well, I didn't know," she said, surprised at the change in him. "And now my book, sir."

He handed it to her. She noticed that all the warmth was frozen out of his voice and manner. "I expect I'll have the pleasure of meeting you at the wedding, Miss Winslow. I, too, am one of the performers at the function."

"Not really! Which one?" she demanded eagerly.

"Mr. Desmond, very much at your service. I reached Taunton on the down express. I couldn't find a cab, so I walked over."

She looked at him in a dawning horror. So this was Mr. Desmond, the affianced husband of her cousin, who had been expecting him on this very train. She thought she understood the situation now, and the reason for the change in his manner. He had stopped to flirt with a strange girl the day before his wedding, while he was on the way to meet his sweetheart, and he had suddenly discovered that she was the cousin of Ellie Winslow, his future wife. She despised him from the bottom of her heart. She despised herself, too, for having let herself be taken in by his prepossessing gaiety and youthful charm of manner. But for her cousin's sake she hid her detestation of him.

"You're a fortunate man, Mr. Desmond; I congratulate you. She is the dearest girl in the world," she said, with her most distant manner.

"Who?"

But she would not let his puzzled face deceive her. "Ellie Winslow, of course. She's been very impatient to see you. She looked for you yesterday."

He wanted to laugh. "That's awfully good of her. I hope she won't be disappointed in me."

"I hope she won't!" agreed the girl with meaning emphasis. "You must be good to her."

"Must I?" He began to think there must be something odd or peculiar about the other Miss Winslow, the unknown bridesmaid with whom he was to be Mendelssohned down the aisle to assist at his cousin's wedding to the Miss Winslow he had loved for two years in vain. "I'll do my best. And I hope you will find my cousin all he ought to be and be happy with him," he finished, with an expressionless face.

She laughed. "Oh, I don't take it so seriously as all that, Mr. Desmond. I hope I'm going to get along with your cousin, *my* Mr. Desmond, though I doubt it from what I hear about him. It really doesn't much matter, anyway. I don't expect to see very much of him."

"Don't expect to see much of him!" echoed Desmond in amaze.

"No, I expect him to go his way and me mine. I doubt if I shall like him. He's an opinionated Irishman, I suspect," said Miss Winslow, nodding her head sagely.

Desmond had no words for this incredible situation. She was going to marry his cousin, Bob Desmond, and yet she admitted without any pretense of decent disguise that she did not care at all for him. He wondered why she was marrying him. For motives mercenary, no doubt. And yet, as he looked at her, though her own words condemned her, he could hardly believe. The thing beggared belief. Her fine, clean-cut, girlish face, her piquant and taking personality, flung back the lie to her careless words. Standing there, looking straight into her wonderful eyes, he tried to reconcile the facts with the conception her frank, sweet presence forced on him.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she asked presently, with an embarrassed frown.

His eyes released her abruptly. "I was thinking what queer jests Nature loves to play, and that after all I had rather be in my position than my cousin's."

She stared. "Goodness me! I don't understand you. What odd things you say. Of course, you had rather be in your position. Ellie is worth a dozen of me, but you need not gloat over it that way. It is not polite, to say the least."

"Confound Ellie! I've never seen her before, and I don't care a rap for her. She need not keep flinging her at my head just because I am going to walk down the aisle with her to oblige my cousin Bob," thought Desmond, even while he was dutifully inquiring how her cousin was.

"She looks beautiful, but, of course, she's awfully anxious for fear it won't go off well. It's a very important occasion to her—to you, too, I suppose," added Miss Winslow, with a humorous little side glance at him.

"Oh, certainly," he agreed, as a matter of course. "But I am not worrying about it. This is not the first time it has happened to me, and it probably won't be the last," said the Irishman.

"Not the first time!" gasped Miss Winslow. "Why, Ellie never said—I didn't know that—that you ever had before."

"Perhaps she doesn't know."

"Doesn't know?" exploded the girl.

"I don't see that it is necessary for her to know. If it is, I'll tell her at the proper time. I wouldn't let it trouble me if I were you. You can afford to let trifles trouble you today."

"Trifles! Not let it trouble me! Why, I'm her cousin. Oh, I didn't know you were *that* kind of man! It will break Ellie's heart."

"I haven't the ghost of an idea what you are driving at, Miss Winslow, but I expect your cousin will stand it all right," returned Desmond warmly. "I don't see how it can make the slightest difference to her what I have or haven't done in the past. If I don't tread on her train she can't complain, can she?"

Miss Winslow eyed him scornfully from head to foot. Her fine eyes blazed with indignation. "And this is your conception of your obligation, is it? Oh, poor Ellie!"

Desmond was completely at sea, also a bit nettled. "I wouldn't make a tragedy out of it, if I were you, Miss Winslow. I expect I'll do what's proper. If it comes to that it doesn't seem to me that you're quite the person to lecture one on obligations. From what you say I'm inclined to think poor Bob is going to have rather a hard time of it."

"Oh, that's different. I should think any sane person could see the difference," she told him sharply.

"Yes, it is rather different," he agreed drily. "Suppose we change the subject. Pleasant weather we're having. Don't you think so?"

She glared at him, her dislike of him showing in every line of her face, in every starched curve of her lissom figure. Then she turned on her heel and left him. Over her shoulder she flung a parting remark at him.

"I'll tell Ellie you're here and she can send a trap for you if she wants to."

"Thanks, you needn't mind. My ankle isn't ricked at all." And he strode away whistling.

She stared at him in growing scorn. "So it was all a lie."

He paused. "If you like to call it that. I wanted to meet you, so I fell on purpose."

Her rage and scorn slipped the leash. "What right had you to want to see any woman today except Ellie—today of all days?"

"Every right in the world. Of course, I didn't know who you were or I wouldn't have stopped."

"No, of course you wouldn't," she blazed. "Your very excuse is a confession. I don't think I ever met a man so lost to all right feeling, so heartless, as you are."

He lifted his hat and bowed ironically. "Thank you, I am as God made me."

Her eyes saw Ellie's hopeless future and the mist of tears was already filling them as she turned away.

But just then something happened.

A girl and a young man sauntered along the path round the curve of the river. They were very much absorbed in each other and their interest in the scenery became detached as soon as they discovered that nobody else, apparently, was in sight. Under the shadow of a cluster of hazels they stopped. The man took the girl's hands in his, drew her to him and kissed her lips. All of this Desmond and Miss Winslow saw through the bushes while she stood poised for flight. And instantly Miss Winslow recognized in the girl her cousin Ellie, just as the young Irishman discovered the man to be Bob Desmond.

The first impulse of Barry Desmond's gusty anger was to shield the girl beside him from the sight of her recreant lover's falsity. But it was already too late. The deep pain in her beautiful eyes was easy to be read.

"Oh, Ellie," she groaned. Her idols were falling thick and fast.

"The cad!" muttered Desmond, with clenched fists.

At this moment Ellie caught sight of them over the broad shoulder where her pretty head had found a temporary pillow. She gave a little cry. The two unwilling eavesdroppers came forward prepared to face a terrible scene, but though they showed some embarrassment neither of the guilty ones appeared to realize the enormity of their offense.

"Caught us that time, Barry, didn't you?" laughed the man. "Ellie, let me introduce to you my cousin Barry, who is to be my best man at our wedding."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Desmond," said Ellie, with a pretty blush. "I see you know already my cousin Nora. I hope you have been practicing together. You know, she is to be chief bridesmaid, Mr. Desmond. And oh, Nora! I forgot you have never met Bob—this is him—Bob Desmond," she went on, regardless of grammar. "He just reached here. There was a wreck on his train, so he had to drive over from the junction."

Nora Winslow flushed crimson. "Do you mean that this is the Mr. Desmond you are going to marry?"

Her cousin nodded her head three times very decisively.

"And aren't you going to marry *this* Mr. Desmond?" she went on desperately, indicating Barry with a sweep of her hand.

"Goodness me, no! I never met him before. Besides, it would be against the law to marry them both."

Nora Winslow was between laughter and tears. "Then all I've got to say is that this is the last time I'll ever be your bridesmaid unless you introduce me months ahead to the groom. I thought this"—with another convulsive wave at Barry—"was *your* Mr. Desmond. He *ought* to be. He came on the down express, and you *said* he was coming on it. My Mr. Desmond"—Barry nodded a smiling agreement, but she did not see him—"I mean the other one, wasn't to arrive until tomorrow. How was I to know he would come before he was wanted? Oh, it's a horrible comedy of errors." And Miss Nora broke into a hysterical giggle of overwrought nerves.

"Well, it doesn't matter now," soothed Ellie, the betrothed, philosophically. "They're both here now and everything is all right."

"Oh, it is, is it? I'm glad you think so. As it happens, Mr. Desmond and I have had time to become enemies for life. We hate each other already," explained Miss Nora vindictively.

But it was May with Barry Desmond from head to foot. He had just learned something that made the sun shine again for him. If Nora Winslow was not engaged to Bob all was well with the world.

"Oh, speak for yourself, Miss Winslow," contributed Barry gaily. "It takes two to make a feud, and I'm not in on this one."

"Whatever do you mean, Nora?" asked Ellie.

"Mean? I met him in the woods, and we got to talking—and we quarreled dreadfully—at least I did—be-

cause I thought he didn't appreciate you properly—and I told him he didn't have any business looking at any other girl but you—and he said he'd look at whom he pleased—and he'd thank me to mind my own business—and it's all your fault—at least it's yours and theirs, because they mixed up their trains so stupidly."

All of which Miss Nora Winslow contributed in one incoherent breath. Then for the first time she looked at Barry Desmond and found him striving futilely to keep calm. Their eyes met, and his merry Irish laugh rang out. She bit her lip so as not to join him, but it was no use. The four of them made the woods echo with their appreciation of the absurd situation.

Nora was the first to recover her gravity. The memory of the things she had been telling Mr. Barry Desmond five minutes before still stung her. "It's no laughing matter. I scolded Mr. Desmond dreadfully. I never talked so to anybody before in my life. I don't know what he thinks of me," said the girl.

"I should like to have the privilege of telling you soon, Miss Desmond," said Barry the irrepressible.

"I don't see how you could have said anything so very bad," persisted Ellie. "What did he say to offend you?"

Nora blushed. She was not prepared to explain that he had been making love to her at a moment's notice, any more than she cared to tell of the memories of the polo field.

"I understood him to say that he had been married before and that he hadn't told you of it," laughed Nora. "What he really said was that he had been best man at a wedding before."

"Miss Nora was good enough to give me her opinion of what she expected me to be like. She said I would prove to be an opinionated Irishman and that the less she saw of me the better she would like it," said Barry gravely, though his eyes twinkled. "Bob, you rascal, you've been giving me a black eye. I'm no more Irish than you are, bedad."

They drifted back in pairs toward the house where Ellie Winslow lived with her widowed father, and because Nora was not a lover she and Barry outstripped the others. They waited at a stile for them, the young man seated on the lower step at her feet.

"And have you forgiven me yet for not spraining my ankle, Miss Nora?" he asked.

She laughed at his Irish way of putting it. "I don't think so. I'll have to think it over. It really wasn't necessary at all. You would have met me honestly in an hour or two anyway."

"But I didn't know it," he protested. "And I had looked for you two years. Was I to lose you again without meeting you, just for want of a little bit of acting? Sure, that would have been foolish, Nora."

"Miss Winslow," she corrected, with a suggestion of reproof in her voice. "I'm Nora only to the people I know well."

"You know me well enough to give me the rough edge of your tongue," he chuckled.

She flushed. "I hadn't finished. I was going to say, and to those I like very much."

"Well, you're going to like me very much. It isn't fair that I should do all the liking. And for a weary time I've done more than like you, my dear."

The last two words slipped out unnoticed by him. She was sure of that. He had not the least intention of being impudent. But she shot a swift look aslant at him, eager to divine what manner of man her mad Irishman might be.

"You mustn't talk that way."

"But if I can talk no other way would you padlock me?"

"No, I would leave you."

"Oh, don't do that! I'll just think it and let my eyes tell it. But you should be kind. I've only two days before I leave. You're not to forget that, and that I've been loving you and living on a look for two years, Nora."

Her blood tingled. The color in her brown, vivid face was warmer than usual. But she did not mean to let this romance-radiating Irishman with the winning manner guess that she carried a hammering pulse.

"You said it again. I'm going to be angry if you don't behave," she told him.

"Sure you wouldn't when it just slipped out. I've been fitting names to you for two years, and I never thought of Nora. There's music in the very name Nora Desmond, now isn't there? But I'll not do it again out loud if I can help it. I'll promise not to till tomorrow if you'll promise not to forget that I have only two days of sunshine, perhaps only two or three hours alone with you, in which to make you love me. Will you promise?"

"I'll promise not to speak to you again at all unless you behave," she told him in a low voice as she rose to meet her cousin.

But the Irishman was content. The sparkle of her eye and the warm glow on her cheek whispered hope to him.

So Barry Desmond made love throughout the day with the unreserved abandon of a more primitive age. Before night fell everybody in the Winslow household was aware of a new current in the atmosphere. Barry Desmond put himself into accord with the family at once. He was the gayest of the gay, but through all his good spirits Nora felt the love note run. She felt, too, the subtle influence of the approaching wedding. And she recognized with something of delight and something of alarm that Barry Desmond was making the most of his chance. She liked to see him winning his way with her relatives, but she was not so sure that she wanted him to win his way so fast with her.

They rehearsed the wedding that night with much laughter and gaiety. Barry and Nora were thrown together of necessity. He saw her home from the church through the warm spring night, maneuvering unblushingly to get her away from the rest. And as soon as he had succeeded he forgot his promise, and made love boldly and alluringly. In the end she ran away and left him as she had threatened, but she knew and he suspected triumphantly that she fled as much in self-defense as to punish him.

He was up with the sun next morning, singing softly under her window to bring her down into the garden without awaking the others.

"For the love of her,
The love of her
That would not be my wife.
Oh, the loss of her,
The loss of her,
Has left me lone for life."

Quite well the girl heard her lover's song, and felt the tug of it at her heart, but though she dressed quietly and swiftly she did not show her face at the window. Presently a handful of gravel rattled against the pane. After the bombardment had continued for a minute she tiptoed to the window and raised it.

"What do you want?"

"The top o' the morning to you," he cried softly. "Come down. It's a day for gods—and angels."

She shook her head.

"No, I'm not coming."

"It's such a beautiful morning. Never was such another even in Arcadia. Don't you hear the birds twitter and the buds grow?"

"I'll enjoy it from here."

"Oh, but that's not fair. Please come down and show me the garden."

"I can't," she said.

"And how shall I know a marigold from a morning-glory? Sure you must."

She shook her head. "I mustn't."

And then she came tiptoeing downstairs so as not to wake those still sleeping.

They had a long hour together, first in the sunny garden and then over the wind-swept hills. She walked like a goddess, Desmond thought; and he noted how lissom, strong and free she went.

"I'm going to ask you to be my

wife before we get home," he told her blithely, after they were well on their way.

"That seems a waste of time," she answered sunnily.

"Then I'll ask you now."

"Oh, I meant to ask at all."

"Not if you say yes."

"But then you know I won't say yes."

"Then you'll be out of tune with the universe. The whole world's agog with love today, my dear. Listen! Do you hear that meadow-lark?"

"Isn't it sweet?"

"It's the call of love—like to like, mate to mate. You can't escape it. How is it the old song goes?

"The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old!

Better heed the call, dear."

There was a warm light in his brown eyes. The sunshine of it passed into her blood and thrilled through her veins like wine. She tried to laugh, but the lightness of her tone was forced. "I don't think the message is for me. You're an interesting man, but I'd rather watch than marry you."

"You can watch me better after you have married me."

"But I have only known you two days. I can't forget that so easily as you."

"Two days or two years, what does it matter? 'Twould be ridiculous to measure love by a clock, now, would it not?" he said, laughing merrily.

"Or by the blarney of a harum-scarum Irishman who does not know his own mind," she smiled.

"Indeed, and that's not fair! Have I not loved you two years?"

"But 'twould be ridiculous to measure love by a clock," she quoted, with a pretty exaggeration of his touch of rich brogue.

He admitted the hit in the fencing term "Touché."

"Breakfast must be ready. Shall we go home?" the girl asked presently.

"I'd like nothing better," he said, his ardent eyes claiming her.

"I meant to my uncle's," she explained, flushing.

"I didn't. 'Twas our own nest I was thinking of. I'll begin building it this week."

"You talk a great deal of nonsense, sir."

"I talk what I think. Can you say as much, Nora?"

"Oh, I like you," she admitted, with an air of frankness.

"Don't you do more than like me, dear, if you had the courage to say so?"

"Courage?" she murmured.

"What else, Nora? You're afraid of convention—afraid of being won too easily, afraid of what I will think and of what you yourself will think."

She hesitated a moment.

"And what *would* you think of a girl so easily won?" she asked quietly, carefully keeping her voice even.

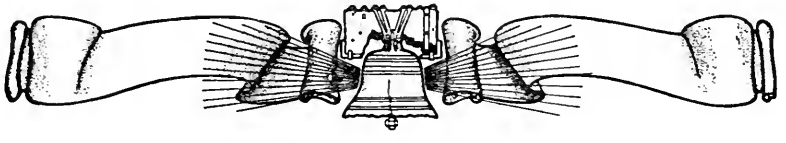
His eyes held hers steadily. "I should think her one out of ten thousand—too honest to cover her love with a pretense, too brave to care what the world thinks, too loyal to fear that her lover would misunderstand."

"Would you understand, Barry?"

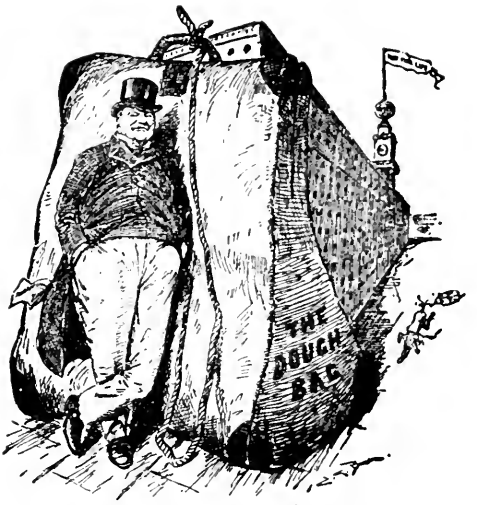
"I would, Nora. The gods give a generous love like that rarely. A man were a fool to hold it cheap."

There was a long moment's silence, surcharged with emotion. Then, "Have they given it to me, Nora?" he asked.

She gave him both her hands with a happy, exultant little laugh.



Fusion
C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World



"The Home Office Annex"
C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World

"It is a silly goose that comes to a fox's sermon."—Old Proverb
Art Young, in N. Y. Evening Journal

Does It Pay?
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Debt That Can Never Be Repaid
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Status of the Negro

BY JOSEPH H. PARSONS

AMONG the declarations of principles in the platform adopted by the Republican Party at the National Convention at Chicago in 1904 was the following:

> We favor such Congressional action as shall determine whether by special discriminations the Elective Franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited, and if such is the case, we demand that representation in Congress and in the Electoral College shall be proportionally reduced, as directed by the Constitution of the United States.

Though so general in its terms, the political status of the negro is undoubtedly the real question involved. This declaration is one of profound significance, and is, in effect, equivalent to a confession by the party which secured the adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments that they have failed in their intended purpose of placing the negro upon a plane of political equality with the other citizens of the Republic.

Over thirty years have elapsed since the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States were adopted, and now the fate of those amendments, with all that attends, is become a subject of deep concern to every thoughtful mind.

The country had been so long convulsed by the issue of slavery that, when at last it was abolished, it was hoped the gravest feature of the problem had been solved. The belief was that it only remained to fix the civil status of the negro by the adoption of the necessary amendments and appropriate legislation to give them effect. This having been done, the enfranchised negro was bidden to take his place and work out his destiny as an American citizen among white fellow-citizens.

No task more difficult or dangerous was ever set before any race of men. Defeated but not subdued, the South submitted and accepted the new conditions as a result of the war in which it had lost. The theory that "All men are created free and equal," so long asserted as a truism of the Declaration of Independence, was for the first time put to the test of a practical application between the white man and the negro, his former slave. A match had been applied to a powder magazine! The results were instantaneous and terrible and made the so-called Reconstruction period a reign of bitterness and persecution. It is not intended to dwell upon the horrors of this struggle, which has practically eliminated the negro as a voter, but out of it has arisen a new peril, greater than that of slavery—the race question. The sword could settle the slavery issue because it was a concrete fact, which might thus be abolished; but neither the sword nor any act of legislature can drive race prejudice from the heart and mind of the white man.

The power of Africa has ever been in its vastness, its mere inertia; no conqueror has ever subdued it and held it. As in his native continent, so in America, the power of the negro is his blood, his inertia and his numbers, now so great as to almost forbid the idea of colonization. At no distant day there will be 20,000,000 negroes in the United States; and yet, if he remains, he becomes a peril greater year by year, as his numbers increase. How shall the problem be dealt with? The first step is in the proposed reduction of South-

ern representation in Congress to what can only mean ultimately the basis of the white population.

One difficulty, as between the whites, lies in the growing irritation of the conviction in the mind of the Northern white man that not only is suffrage a failure so far as the negro is concerned, but that he himself no longer stands upon an equal footing with the Southern white man, who has appropriated to himself a representation that would not be his without the suppressed negro vote, thus giving to *two* Southern whites the same voice in Congress and in the Electoral College that *three* Northern whites possess. It is not in human nature to submit to this, and the leaders of the South must be stricken with judicial blindness if they so believe. It is this, far more than any resentment of wrong to the negro, that has been, and is as yet, the chief reason why the Southern position on the race question has not been more sympathetically regarded and treated in the North.

II

In this view what should be done with the two amendments? Shall they be enforced or else repealed as useless and dangerous farces? Whatever may be done with them, the fate of the negro will none the less remain in the hands of the white man, of the Anglo-Saxon race at that, for despite other foreign immigration the all-absorbing Anglo-Saxon race—amalgamating and molding all the other Caucasians to its own views and prejudices—remains the predominant race here, and that is still true even in the North and West, where the admixture of other whites has been greatest. In the Southern States, which now contain about 30,000,000 people, scarcely 3 per cent. of the whites are foreign born; and they constitute, in fact, the one great, unmixed body of the original type of the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States.

The Northern Anglo-Saxon and his Southern brother possess, in common with the parent stock in England, the splendid, overmastering traits that have made the race so great—as also the selfish, relentless qualities that have made it feared and hated of all men.

Within certain limitations the Anglo-Saxon is undoubtedly among the most just, humane and generous of men. But woe to the race or nation that once arouses his antagonism and jealous fears, or that possesses aught that he covets!

The history of the race—its conquests over weaker peoples—will furnish the true guide and key to the condition to which it will ultimately consign the negro, and that, too, despite all its declarations of "equality" between man and man, and all future attempts, either by force or legislation, to put in practice a theory of equality, either personal or political, whose foundations are so frail and artificial that it has failed to stand, even when supported by all the might of the republic, and instantly falls without it. No other race is so haughty in its attitude to others, and none that more offensively exhibits its feelings of superiority over what, by way of contrast with itself, it contemptuously terms the "weaker"—the "dying races" of even the Caucasian family. Beginning with the parent stock and country, let us recall some part of its record, and then ask ourselves wherein we differ.

Obeying its profound instinct of holding on to power at any cost, the aristocratic class of the race in Great Britain did not scruple to cause Europe to be drenched in blood for twenty-five years rather than suffer the principles of popular rights contended for in the French Revolution to trench upon their own possession of place and power.

Two of the most savage wars the race ever fought were against its own descendants in America. It hesitated not from the infamy of the thing to employ the services of Indian savages, whose method of warfare, with its murders, burnings and nameless horrors upon the families of isolated settlers, was fully understood and deliberately employed—simply as a means to

an end—to inspire terror and submission.

Its "Opium War" with China, waged in cold indifference to the mental, moral and physical degradation the enforced entry of that deadly drug into China would inevitably bring upon that helpless nation, was a pure "business stroke," to secure a greater return from the poppy fields of India. For centuries its man-hunters scoured the coasts of Africa, collecting slaves for its West Indian and American possessions. This was another form of its "speculative enterprise."

Comment upon the greed that led to the Boer War is unnecessary. *Wherever the Anglo-Saxon governs among the brown, red, yellow or black races it has ever allowed and still allows to them only a humble, subordinate place, and there is no real equality in any relation.*

These brief references to the history of the race in the motherland are made only to show by its deeds, its traits and character as a conquering, governing race—of ourselves, for we are of it.

III

It will, perhaps, suffice briefly to recall the record of New England, more particularly, with the inferior races to show how unchanged and unchangeable are the basic qualities of the race. The Pilgrim Fathers (equally with those who landed at Jamestown) no sooner set out to take possession of the hinterland about Plymouth than they encountered the aboriginal owners. A race war began then and there—"the beginning of the end" for every tribe of Indians in New England. But the Indian refused either to work or become a slave—the negro would do both—the former "faded away like the mists of the morning" before the cool courage and covetousness of the sturdy Puritan, who also failed not to possess himself speedily of the latter as his slave. Indeed, such was the activity of the Puritan skippers and "slavers" that they nearly monopolized the very profitable traffic in human flesh for the entire country as long as it lasted.

The energy of this great race of men, however, was not confined to the slave-owning and slave-trading business, the extermination of hated Indians, subduing the wilderness and such worldly affairs, but was also much directed to spiritual and religious matters. It soon appeared that "the freedom of conscience and of worship" for which they had come to the new land *was only for themselves—not for others.*

The presence of Roger Williams and the inoffensive Quakers instantly aroused the intolerant feelings of those sombre, masterful men, who, with cruel mutilations, cutting off of ears, brutal beatings and insults, drove them out of their territories.

The cruelties and horrors of the witch-burning period need not be dwelt upon.

Eventually it was found that slaveholding was not a "paying investment" with the cold climate and poor soil of New England, and so a large proportion of the slaves soon found their way into the possession (for value received) of Southern planters.

How far this circumstance may have disembarrassed New England in its subsequent crusade against slavery would be quite as fruitless to discuss as the interested motives that made the South seek to justify and maintain it as a divinely ordained institution.

IV

But the true spirit of the New England Anglo-Saxon—and, for that matter, of the entire race—toward the negro cannot be more truly shown than by the following references from the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison." In 1833 Miss Prudence Crandall, a Quakeress, was the head of a school for girls at Canterbury, Connecticut. She admitted to her school one Sarah Harris, a negro girl, with the result that the white pupils left it, and Miss Crandall there-

upon decided to convert it into a school for negro girls only. On page 319, Vol. I, it is related, "Already, however, the town of Canterbury had been thrown into an uproar by the news not only that Miss Crandall would not dismiss Sarah Harris, but would practically dismiss her white pupils instead and make Canterbury the seat of the higher education of 'niggers.'" "The good people of Canterbury," writes Arnold Buffom, from Providence, on March 4, "I learn, have had three town meetings last week to devise ways and means to suppress P. Crandall's school, and I am informed that the excitement is so great that it would not be safe for me to appear there. George Benson, however, has ventured and gone there on Saturday afternoon last, to see what can be done in the case.

"Mr. Benson found that Miss Crandall has already been visited by a committee of gentlemen, who represented 'that by putting her design into execution she would bring disgrace and ruin upon them all.' They 'professed to feel a real regard for the colored people, and were perfectly willing they should be educated, *provided it could be effected in some other place!*'"

The result of the town meeting was that it refused to hear counsel on Miss Crandall's behalf, "on the ground of their being *foreigners* and *interlopers*, voted unanimously their disapprobation of the school and pledged the town to oppose it at all hazards."

On page 321, *ibid.*: "It will be enough to say that the struggle between the modest and heroic young Quaker woman and the town lasted for nearly two years; that the school was opened in April; that attempts were immediately made under the law to frighten the pupils away and to fine Miss Crandall for harboring them; that in May an act prohibiting private schools for non-resident colored persons and providing for the expulsion of the latter was procured from the Legislature amid the greatest rejoicing in Canterbury (even to the ringing of the church bells); that under this act Miss Crandall was, in June, arrested and temporarily imprisoned in the county jail, twice tried (August and October), and convicted; that her case was carried to the Supreme Court of Errors and her persecutors defeated on a technicality (July, 1834), and that, pending this litigation, the most vindictive and inhuman measures were taken to isolate the school from the countenance and even the physical support of the townspeople.

"The shops and the meeting-house were closed against teacher and pupils; carriage in the public conveyances denied them; physicians would not wait upon them; Miss Crandall's own family and friends were forbidden, under penalty of heavy fines, to visit her; the well was filled with manure and water from other sources refused; the house itself was smeared with filth, assailed with rotten eggs and stones and finally set on fire. . . . Not a shop in the village will sell her a morsel of food" (MS., August 30, 1833).

When it is remembered that this cruel persecution of that good woman and her defenseless pupils, lasting nearly two years (as we are told), *was the united, deliberate action of an entire community of educated, Christian Anglo-Saxons* (*under about as mild and inoffensive a form of provocation as can well be imagined to arouse race prejudice*), *and that it was also aided and abetted by the State of Connecticut itself*, then, it would seem, every candid mind would admit that any "holier-than-thou" attitude of *such* people toward others because of *their* brutal persecutions and ostracisms would be mere canting hypocrisy, of a piece with that spirit of cold assumption and calm superiority which the Anglo-Saxon can always assume. However, even in the very presence of his greatest derelictions, which has made New England calmly ignore its own course toward both the Indian and the negro, while demanding of the South a recognition of the latter that has never been accorded to him there or elsewhere North; which made Great Britain, during the occupation of Paris in 1815 by the Allies, pose over all others in that capital

of civilization as the champion of enlightened, humane warfare by placing an English guard on the beautiful bridge of Jena to prevent old Marshal Blücher from blowing into the air that memorial of Prussian defeat, coupled with a threat of war even if done, *while, at that very time, British troops were burning Washington, the capital of their kindred across the Atlantic, and Britain's equally savage Indian allies, aided by British gold and troops, were burning and murdering along the thinly settled frontiers of America!*

When the race employs such methods against its own kindred, what will it not do, when aroused, against the negro?

And who can doubt that Massachusetts would re-enact the horrors of Mississippi if placed in a like situation?

We further read in Garrison's Life of " a ferocious *anti-negro riot* in Philadelphia, July 13 and 14, 1835, growing out of a colored servant's having struck his employer with an axe."

The Boston mobs, the attempt there to hang Mr. Garrison, the Pennsylvania Hall riot and burning at Philadelphia, and a storm of persecution, intimidation and murder are described.

Even in religion this inborn repugnance for the negro showed itself. At Lyme, Connecticut, for example, negroes were, indeed, permitted to attend the "white churches," but *were obliged to sit behind a high board partition!* And, thus, the humble black Christian, *by means of a number of small cracks between the boards*, was enabled to hear and see something of what was "going on" in the body of the church among the humble (?) white Christians! Let no man dismiss this as a ridiculous trifle. Ridiculous it may be, but it nevertheless has a profound bearing today upon the race question. The sons of the men of Lyme who did that, as also the men of Canterbury, of Boston and Philadelphia, though naturally broader now in their views, are still "the sons of their fathers," even though New England has outgrown the Prudence Crandall educational era, and the Lyme theories upon "mixed" church attendance.

V

THE North should not argue itself into the belief, because it has for so long been practically free from contact with the negro, that it would, if put to the same test, concede to him any more than the South has done.

And it is pertinent to ask what recognition it has accorded the negro—not at the expense of someone else, but its own.

It is well understood *why* every citizen of the District of Columbia, black and white, was *disfranchised almost as soon as the negro had begun to vote, and by whose desire it was done!*

Over thirty years have elapsed, and though the negroes number about a third of its population, are fairly well schooled and possess large property interests there, none of that race has ever been made one of the commissioners to govern it. There are thirty-eight negro lawyers in Washington (several of ability, it is said), but none of that race has ever been allowed a seat among the local judiciary—not even a police magistracy, though the records show a great majority of the criminals to be judged are negroes.

The best educated negroes in the United States are in New England and the other Northern States, numbering over 300,000 voters, in several of which they actually hold the balance of power, *but not the offices*, if we except the humble, occasional place of constable, policeman or letter-carrier.

The election of a negro lawyer of Boston, some years ago, to the office of counsel (or some similar title) to the governor of Massachusetts, as the result of an *accidental and wholly unintended nomination in the State convention, has not since been repeated, and, well-informed men from those parts say, "is not likely to be!"* Being a man of character, he refused the almost frantic appeals not to run, as well as offers to "buy him off," and served his term with credit.

No administration has ever ventured to offend Anglo-Saxon susceptibilities by appointing negroes to be postmasters, for example, in Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago or Indianapolis, despite the undeniable fact that in several of these states their voting power would give them the right to demand it. No negro has ever been either elected or appointed to any important office in a Northern state. And in the North where, if anywhere, it would seem it should be opened, the "door of hope" has remained as firmly closed to him, and as useless for any purposes of "entrance," as were the cracks in the board partition through which the negro was permitted to peer into the white churches of the excellent little town of Lyme, Connecticut!

In the South, which is the only section of the country where negroes have been appointed to office, the important effect has been in each instance to arouse anew the Anglo-Saxon spirit of persecution, which wreaks itself upon the unfortunate race, and thus works a hardship rather than a benefit to it. But when it comes to the negroes holding office among themselves, do the Northerners differ much from the worthy Committee of Gentlemen of Canterbury who visited Prudence Crandall? They profess to feel a real regard for the colored people, and are perfectly willing they should *hold office, provided it can be effected in some other place!*

As the negro has appeared in larger numbers in the North his presence has not failed to arouse manifestations of race prejudice there. The frequent brutal race riots in New York City and Philadelphia, the savage cruelties of the lynchings and burnings of negroes in Northern states, now rival similar ferocious outbreaks in the South.

And the spirit of oppression and exclusion extends into the fields of labor also, where the negro is practically limited to the cheapest and roughest work. Or, if he be a skilled mechanic or mason, where can his guild secure work against the whites? There is little for the negro to hope for in the North, where he is helpless against its skilled white labor, organized into unions in every branch of industry, from which he is excluded because of his race. Referring to industrial opportunity for the negro in St. Louis and Philadelphia, Dr. Dubois says: "In general the black mechanic who seeks work from a mill owner, or a contractor, or a capitalist is told, 'My men won't work with you.'" Negroes are not, it is reliably stated, admitted to membership in either of the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Locomotive Firemen, the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brakemen's Unions, the Union of Telegraph Operators, or, in general, in any of the Labor Unions. In the Northern states today they are not permitted even to serve as locomotive firemen or brakemen, although they are still allowed to do so on several roads in the Southern states. The Ohio River is the deadline for negro train crews, as the writer heard one of them express it. The Chinese Exclusion Act is only another illustration of the suppression of the weaker races as competitors. In its operation, that law not only excludes unskilled Chinese labor, but also shuts out the skilled artisans of that nation. In the face of such facts, of such a record, is it not idle for the Anglo-Saxon race to profess that it will allow the negro, or any other inferior race, an equal chance with itself anywhere?

VI

If it will not (and it cannot be pretended that it does), what is to be done with the negro? In addition to the political measures mentioned, it is proposed to help solve the race issue by educating him. Great efforts and large donations have been made to effect this end; the Southern states have already appropriated over $130,000,000 for that purpose, besides several millions which have been donated by philanthropic persons in the North.

Much has been accomplished and doubtless much more will be, for it is now not only permitted but aided and encouraged by the whites themselves everywhere, upon the theory that education is of precisely the same value to the negro as to the white man.

For the sake of the argument, let us suppose him to be raised to the same level of education as the white man—what then?

He would, first of all, still be a negro! Amalgamation of the two races is not possible, even if the white would consent to endure the process. Neither would his education, whatever its extent might be, wipe out race prejudice; on the contrary, it would only intensify and embitter the conflict between the two races.

The difference, therefore, between then and now would be that an *educated* instead of an *uneducated negro* would be face to face with the Anglo-Saxon. But conscious of his intelligence, his attainments, he would not improbably demand for himself more than his ignorant prototype had ever secured, including some of the Anglo-Saxon's women. The educated negro, Frederick Douglass, one of the most eminent of his race, betrayed this trait of the negro by marrying a white woman. Nor would he tamely submit to what his race submits to now. Witness the growing exasperation and ill-feeling on both sides arising from the increasing disposition of educated negroes to mingle with the whites in public conveyances, restaurants, hotels and other places, despite efforts to exclude them.

But he would also find, then as now, that the Anglo-Saxon still possessed whatever there was of riches, of place and power, and—the same grim purpose to keep them. The inborn traits of that race forbid the idea that any part of these would be voluntarily surrendered to the *educated negro* any more than to the *uneducated.*

The uneducated negro, incapable of intelligent, organized effort, *has never really aroused the jealous fear of the Anglo-Saxon,* and, despite individual persecution, is not unkindly regarded in the main.

What will happen when the educated negro, capable of intelligent action and dangerous combination, arouses the fears, the vengeance of that relentless race, which will never efface nor humble itself in any way before even the other white races, much less the negro?

In the race war that would follow there could be but one result, and that in deeds that could not be depicted.

To educate the negro, therefore, would seem only another way of inviting him to racial suicide and destruction, unless, indeed, "higher education" is to be regarded as an aid to a more humble submission to his lot! In theory it sounds well to show the advantages of converting a seventy-cent negro laborer into a skilled, educated workingman at four dollars per day.

But when that has been done this high-priced negro artisan must compete with the same class of white artisans, and, to secure work, must displace a like number of the latter, since there are not enough four-dollar places to go around even among these last. It needs no argument to show which class of artisans would have to give way in such a contest. And thus, at the last, the skilled negro artisan would find only the same field open to him as when he was but an ignorant laborer and field-hand.

In a recent lecture at Birmingham Professor Bruce, of the Booker Washington School at Tuskegee, after describing the awful moral degradation and misery of the negro urban population in the North, said, "Negro contractors of large experience find themselves gradually shunted to trifling jobs and young men of unquestionable capacity for the higher grades of industry betake themselves to domestic and personal service and to casual labor. All this hints darkly of what may come in the near future—of what has actually come in the North. At the most I hope to arouse you all to the vital importance of doing something to make impossible here in the South the really

terrible conditions that assail our brethren in the North."

Would it, therefore, be a kindness to educate such a man, only to thrust him back into a condition which would be for him despair—which his very intelligence would only render the harder to bear?

On the other hand, not to educate him—to leave him to grope in darkness—might seem cruel and ungenerous, and at last to consign him to a species of bondage in which, at least, he could live as he has always lived. But the Anglo-Saxon race has done too many cruel and ungenerous things to hesitate to do more whenever its interests, its fears or its own preservation calls for them.

Education with destruction or ignorance with bondage seem hard alternatives; but colonization remains as a possible recourse for the irreconcilables of the negro race. Perhaps San Domingo, Cuba and the vast, fertile plains of the Orinoco may yet do much to realize the hopes of these great men, Lincoln, Grant and Blaine, who foresaw the coming peril of the race question and vainly sought these outlets to lessen it.

VII

It is no reproach to the negro that he is but an inferior exponent of Caucasian civilization and ideals, for they are foreign to him. Even when freed from white domination and left to develop his own ideals, it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion but that in the qualities requisite to create and perpetuate civilization the African is decidedly inferior to the white race; and if any doubt could still exist in America on this subject after our own experiences, it would be removed by the history and present state of the two grotesque African despotisms which, under the shield of the Monroe Doctrine, are still permitted to masquerade under the names of the Republics of Haiti and San Domingo.

The negro has not been able, with all the help he has had, to maintain the position of assumed equality with the white race, into which well-meaning idealists thrust him, and the unsought boon has brought upon him only hatred and persecution. Today he is practically "down and out" as a political factor, a fact which only pride of opinion, unwillingness to admit defeat or error, prevents the American people, thus far, from recognizing by frankly abandoning a theory of "equality" which all history proves to be false and untenable, as well as disastrous to both sides wherever it has been sought to be enforced.

Even when admitted, the negro will still remain, growing in numbers year by year with increasing peril to all. The Anglo-Saxon having once put it upon himself the race question will cling to him henceforth, like the garment of Nessus to Hercules, who could tear it away only with his own flesh!

For the sake of all the future holds for the white race—no less than for some measure of justice and pity for the negro—some lasting *modus vivendi* must be found to take the place of present discord and danger. It is evident that the great bulk of the negroes must of necessity always remain in the South, and, therefore, that the South must, by the action of the several states, find this solution, so far as concerns his rights of suffrage, by first fixing there his future political status, leaving the other civil, industrial and social relations to be afterward finally fixed, along such lines as will cause least friction, and the negro free to remove to other states where he may still be a voter.

It is nearly certain the two amendments will not be repealed, but will remain in our Constitution, along with the theory of "equality"—monuments to our consistency and firmness of purpose! In most of the Northern states the negro forms so small a fraction of the population that the difficulties and dangers of the race question are too remote to be sensibly felt or clearly understood. But the North, too, is weary of the issue, and like the old

down-East farmer, who said of his wife, bedridden for many years, that he wished she'd get well, *or suthin'!* it also would be glad to see *some* solution.

Conceding the failure of the two amendments, these alternatives would remain: first, restricted suffrage, based on educational or other qualifications, designed to disfranchise the negro, as is the case in the several new constitutions lately adopted by Southern States; or, second, absolute disfranchisement upon the sole ground of race, regardless of qualifications.

The former plan would serve only until the negro, having become qualified to vote under such conditions in great strength, should attempt to assert himself once more as a voter and office-seeker, and thus cause to be revived against the educated negro the same spirit of jealousy that disfranchises the uneducated today, and which would then, it cannot be doubted, suppress him as a political factor at any cost.

Conceivably, that cost might be far greater than the present loss of representation that would follow an immediate total disfranchisement.

The second alternative would absolutely eliminate the negro as a voter, cut down the representation of the Southern states to a basis of the white population simply, and finally remove the danger of Northern exasperation over the existing bone of contention of unfair representation.

The negro was not an active factor in the settlement of the slavery question, which was fought out between the whites. Neither will he be, in the final settlement of the race question, which must also be settled by the whites, *upon the basis of whatever Anglo-Saxon selfishness will concede and prejudice permit.* And this final settlement he will have to accept as he did his emancipation from slavery. To bring him, the innocent cause of it all, into controversy could only have frightful results for him.

Four years of war settled the secession issue; but after nearly forty years of active aggressiveness by the North against the defensive resistance of the South it is apparent to all that the race question is still far from a settlement. Perhaps there may be many years more of strife and bitterness before the fundamental truth is finally recognized by all *that nothing short of extermination will ever cause the Anglo-Saxon to admit the negro to a plane of equality in any relationship!*

And even could one section of the white race exterminate the other in another fratricidal contest over such an issue, the fate of the negro would be in nowise changed at the hands of the surviving faction, whose pride and prejudices would still cast him out as they do today.

Embalmed

FLIPPER—I presume his money is tainted.
FLAPPER—I wouldn't be surprised. He made it in the canned goods business.

An Insinuation

MRS. HOON—Deacon Grimm is *such* a good man!
MR. HOON—Yes, but I wonder if he doesn't sometimes suffer from conscience fag.

A WOMAN YOU KNOW

BY

Eleanor H. Porter.

WHEN the Kelseys were first married they lived on a farm two miles from their nearest neighbors. The haircloth chairs and rag carpet in the front room looked very grand to Sarah Kelsey then. It was not until two years later—when Jared was given a chance in his uncle's Boston wholesale house—that she realized there are such things in the world as red-plush upholstery and Nottingham lace curtains. Simultaneously with the knowledge came an overwhelming desire for possession.

Jared's salary was not large. It barely covered the rent of the cheap little flat in Roxbury and the necessary food and clothing for himself, wife and baby girl. Yet that Sarah should wish for something—and wish in vain—was torture to him.

"But how can we get them, sweetheart?" he demanded anxiously. "We haven't got the money!"

"Pooh! We don't need to have the money," she retorted. "Mrs. Morton didn't have it, either, an' she's got 'em. Instalment, you know—just a little bit a week."

"But isn't that—debt?" His voice was woeful, and his eyes were fixed with vague antagonism on a fluttering bit of white at the Morton windows across the street.

"Debt!" she scorned. "Now, Jared, *don't* be silly! Of course it isn't debt—exactly. It's all the store asks—so much a week. You wouldn't give them any more than they ask, would you?"

Before the month was out the red-plush furniture and the Nottingham lace curtains were installed in the little parlor of the Roxbury flat. Jared's noon luncheons grew more scanty and his cheeks less ruddy after that; moreover, his old suit was still worn to the store instead of the new one he had promised himself.

For a year Sarah reveled in her new possessions; but they were scarcely paid for before she realized that red plush and Nottingham did not, after all, represent the acme of one's desires—there were yet chairs of satin and gold-leaf and curtains of Irish point beyond. Incidentally she also discovered that the street four blocks nearer the park was much pleasanter to live in.

"But, Sarah, the rent is higher—lots higher," remonstrated Jared feebly; "and you say we've got to get new furnishings, too, if we go."

"Now, *dearie*," coaxed his wife, "don't you see? Aren't they giving you more pay at the store? Don't you earn more than you did?"

"Why, yes—a little; but——"

"There isn't any 'but' to it, my love. You earn more—you can live better; that follows without saying. The extra you get will more than cover the increase of rent; 'twill leave enough to get a few new things besides. 'Tisn't much that I want; only a chair or two and some new curtains—these old things are only fit for the bedrooms. Really, I don't ask so *very* much—I should think you'd be willing to do a *little* for me!"

The Kelseys moved the first of May. It was a very pretty apartment into which they went. Jared thought so—what little he saw of it. His hours at

home were shorter now, as he had fallen into the way of taking upon himself extra work for the evenings and for early mornings. The additional money which this brought was very convenient, inasmuch as the expenses of the new home had increased most unexpectedly. One considerable item was a maid to assist his wife in the housework. All Mrs. Kelsey's new neighbors employed maids, so really this was quite necessary—Sarah said.

Mrs. Kelsey enjoyed her present surroundings very much. There was a handsome church on the corner which she promptly began to attend. To be sure, she went alone—her husband pleading weariness as an excuse to stay at home; and, after all, Sarah deemed it quite as well that he should take charge of two-year-old Dorothy; the maid did not like children very well.

Sometimes Jared hinted that a long day in the country would rest him as nothing else, but Sarah always frowned at this. She was distinctly shocked and said she could not countenance such laxity in any member of her household—the Sabbath day must be kept holy. She was grieved that he did not find it in his heart to attend church; but as for gadding about the country——!

Sarah's religion increased and developed very rapidly after this, that is, if her church life was any indication. There was a wonderfully delightful circle of ladies in the church, and as Sarah joined the Home Missionary Society, the Foreign Missionary Society, the Ladies' Aid and the Helping Hand Association, she soon made many acquaintances; and as she graciously accepted all opportunities for service in the way of committees, suppers, sociables and fairs, her new friends received her with particularly wide-open arms.

The minister, the deacons, their wives and their daughters called and called again. For a time Sarah was no little annoyed that her husband was never present on these occasions; but as the months passed, and as she began to scrutinize him more closely, she came to dread, rather than to wish for, his coming when she had callers.

Not that she need to have feared—there was little chance of Jared Kelsey's meeting his wife's friends. His breakfasts—save on Sunday—were served by the maid in a chill, lonely dining-room long before his wife was awake. His luncheons were eaten downtown, as were his dinners, since he had taken up evening work. He was usually late home, and if by chance he heard voices in the parlor he fled like a hunted creature to his room—or rather to Dorothy's. He always kissed Dorothy before he slept.

Sunday only was the danger point, and Sunday his wife was gone nearly all day—to church twice, to Sunday-school, and often to vespers or to mission meeting. There was little chance, indeed, of Jared's meeting his wife's friends. Yet Sarah was not quite pleased with what she saw.

"My dear," she began at breakfast one Sunday morning, "do you know you are actually looking shabby?"

Her husband started and flushed a little.

"Am I?" he asked. "Well—you don't see much of me," he finished nervously.

Mrs. Kelsey frowned.

"But I ought to—I'm your wife. Surely your wife is entitled to *some* of your society!"

"But I'm—busy."

"'Busy'! Jared, what kind of reasoning is that? That's no excuse for frayed linen and a shiny coat. I—I'm actually ashamed of you when folks see you, Jared—I am!"

The man across the table winced.

"But, Sarah, I—we—" He paused helplessly. "Folks don't see me," he finished, with sudden bitterness.

"But they might," she insisted, "and just think how I'd feel! Now *won't* you get a new suit?"

A sharp retort rose to his tongue. His lips parted, then closed with a snap. Very gradually a softer light came into his eyes.

"Sarah, dear," he began huskily, "perhaps you don't think what you're

asking. You know I—we—I have to be economical. This suit is all right for the present. I—I have other uses for my money."

Mrs. Kelsey's chin quivered, and her eyes overflowed.

"You—you're always preaching economy," she wailed, "just as if I was extravagant, when I don't have anything—not anything! And I do want such a lot of things that I've never hinted at—not a word! And now I get blamed, *blamed*, just because you will wear old clothes. And here's Dorothy growing up and she'll be seeing things and noticing things right away, and she'll be ashamed of us—ashamed of her father and ashamed of her mother. Oh, Jared, Jared, I never, never thought you'd be so cruel—so awful cruel!"

The man sprang to his feet and paced up and down the room. Sarah crying—and because of him? That was the one thing he could not endure. From the time away back in their school-days, when she had cried for his sponge and his slate-pencil, Sarah's tears had been all-potent. What a brute he was, to be sure!

"Sarah, Sarah, don't!" he begged. "I didn't mean—I didn't say—there, there, child, nobody blames you. Don't cry—there, there!" Her head was in his arms and he was patting and smoothing the yellow hair.

"And—and I'm not extravagant?" she faltered.

"No, no!"

"And—you don't blame me?"

"No, no, dear; of course not."

"I—I shouldn't think I ought to be scolded just because I—I wanted you to—to look good," she sobbed.

"Why, certainly not," soothed the man, and cursed himself again for a brute.

"I—I've got to have some new clothes, and—and Dorothy has, too. We're just in rags—both of us! But I'm not going to ask for them; you'll say I'm extravagant—you—you will!"

Jared's face paled and his lips twitched. Had it come to this? Was he indeed so cross and unreasonable that his wife dreaded to ask him for needful clothing?

"Of course you sha'n't ask me, dear," he began huskily. "You shall have them without asking. I—I'll have some money Saturday. Could you wait somehow till then, dear?"

His wife smiled through her tears and wiped her eyes on a bit of lace-edged muslin.

"There, now it's all fixed and we won't cry any more," said Jared, with an attempt at playfulness. "And I'll tell you something, too, dear—something good! I think I'm going to have a raise before long—it looks like it. Won't it be fine, if I do?"

"Oh, Jared, really?" cried Sarah, springing to her feet. "Then maybe we can go down to the beach this summer for just a teeny bit of a time. Dorothy does so need it, dear; she's actually looking thin and pale. I shall be so glad to get her out of the city this summer!"

In May the raise came, and in June they left for Winthrop Beach—that is, Sarah and her young daughter did. At first it had been planned that Jared should go, too, coming into town each morning for his work; but when Sarah began to look for boarding-places she could find nothing to suit her for the sum they had decided to pay, so she was obliged to take more expensive rooms. It was then that Jared concluded it would be too hard for him to run back and forth each day; besides, if he went, his evening work would have to be given up. Then, too, his breakfast and dinner would cost so much more than those he could pick up at a cheap little restaurant in town that it really was not worth while.

They were most fortunate in being able to let their Roxbury apartment, all furnished, for three months; consequently Sarah stayed at the beach all summer. Jared rented a hall-bedroom on Bulfinch Street, which was within easy walking distance of his wholesale house; so even his carfare did not have to be reckoned now. It was only ten cents a day, to be sure, but it helped just so much on a luncheon—

frequently even buying the whole of it. Jared was ashamed, sometimes, because he valued a nickel or a dime so highly. He felt cheap and mean, but —there were so many ways for his money!

His room on Bulfinch Street was small and rather stuffy, but after all it did not matter much—he was in it so little. There were the Common and the Public Garden for Sunday—when it did not rain.

It was during this summer that there were some important changes in the firm for which he worked. One of the partners died, and in the general shifting around which resulted therefrom Jared was given a very responsible position with a correspondingly large increase in salary.

Jared's uncle was a stern but eminently just man. He had kept a sharp eye on his nephew and had been more than pleased at his industry, faithfulness and trustworthiness. He was glad of the opportunity to give this special mark of commendation to one so deserving, and he congratulated Jared on the fact that it had come so early in his career.

Jared was dazed at his good fortune. It seemed almost unreal to him. For some reason—not quite clear to himself—he did not tell his wife at once. He would wait until she came home; it was already the middle of July, and he would see her in less than two months.

It was also during this summer that Jared first met Mr. Hollingsworth. John Hollingsworth had a little money and a great deal of unscrupulousness—there were those who hinted that the latter possession was speedily augmenting the former. Jared knew him as an agreeable, wonderfully friendly man who had a particularly wide knowledge of financial affairs. Indeed, the most of his conversation seemed to be on stocks, bonds and "the market." On Sundays Jared walked quite frequently with him in the Public Garden, and Hollingsworth always had a new story to tell of some friend who had made a "good thing" under his guidance.

Jared was fascinated. It seemed so easy a way to make money. He asked questions, all of which Hollingsworth obligingly answered, even going to some length to explain the mysterious process of "trading in stocks."

"I'll tell you what," Hollingsworth finally said one day in a burst of good-nature, "I'll let you in on my next deal. You shall see for yourself how it is—just a little matter of a hundred dollars, you know. You'll double your money in no time!"

Jared was overwhelmed at the man's generosity. It was indeed kind of him, and yet— He had the money—oh, yes; his increase of salary had given him an unusual surplus in the bank, and it was pay-day again soon. Yet, if he should lose—but he would not lose; and it was so good a chance—it were a pity, indeed, to let it slip!

Jared went in on the next deal, and in a wonderfully short time afterward received a check that represented a fabulously big interest on his investment. Jared was intoxicated with excitement and delight, and Hollingsworth very kindly consented to take an additional hundred of the young man's money for investment. Then Jared went down to Winthrop—it was the last Sunday in August—and gave his wife his budget of good news.

"Now we won't have to pinch so, dearie," he finished. "We'll take a little breathing spell, and I'll get acquainted with my family all over again."

"Oh, Jared—you old darling!" cried Sarah. "How perfectly lovely! Now we can take a house—and I've so wanted to!"

"A—house?"—Jared was plainly puzzled.

"Yes, yes, dear—all by ourselves—a nice big one with grounds, I mean. Apartments are so—common, you know. Why, Jared, you've no idea how I've suffered. Seems as though almost every one of my friends in the church lives in a house, while I'm in a horrid flat!"

Jared's knees seemed to give out under him as he walked along the beach. He suddenly felt faint and sick. Suffered? His wife had suffered? And he—he had brought this about? He had made her live where she was unhappy? He, who had promised to cherish her so tenderly?

"But, Sarah," he moaned, "I can't buy a house—I can't, dear! Don't you understand? I'm not rich. It's only a salary—only a little bit more every month coming in."

His wife laughed merrily.

"You dear old stupid, of course we can't buy one—yet! But we can lease one, can't we?"

Lease one?—hire one?—of course! How dull he had been! His face cleared at once—after all, it was very easy to bring the sunshine into Jared's eyes if there were but Sarah's eyes from which to reflect it.

The Kelseys found a charmingly pretty house facing Franklin Park and not too far from Mrs. Kelsey's church. The rent was high, to be sure, but Sarah had quite set her heart upon this particular house, and, really, there was no other place that satisfied at all. Jared managed to meet the additional outlay without great difficulty, however, for there were some few expenditures for himself that he found he could postpone just as well.

The house was large and demanded the services of at least two maids—Sarah said. Outside there were shrubs, flowers and a beautiful lawn; this necessitated—again according to Sarah—the hiring of a man for two or three days a week through the summer. Jared tried to persuade her that he could attend to the matter himself, but she seemed so shocked and distressed at the idea of his doing "such day-laborer work," as she termed it, that he gave it up.

There was a neat little stable back of the house, and before September came Sarah proposed that they keep a horse and carriage. The man could stay all the time then, she said, and he would be so handy to have round for lots of little things. At first Jared demurred; but Sarah pleaded so piteously and argued that really it was a matter of economy to put the stable to some use instead of allowing it to rest idle on their hands, that he finally yielded—though he was a bit puzzled afterward to understand just wherein lay the force of her argument.

Jared saw a good deal of Hollingsworth these days. Much of Jared's spare cash was given at once into the man's keeping, Hollingsworth still kindly undertaking to "invest" it for him. From time to time Jared received a good-sized check with the announcement that it represented "profits." At such times he listened carefully to Hollingsworth's elaborate explanations, and scrutinized various papers and combinations of figures which, Hollingsworth said, gave an account of the "transactions." It was all a bit puzzling, however, and Jared grew more and more content to leave all tiresome details to this very good friend, who—Jared was assured—deducted a trifling commission, and was thus paid for his trouble.

The Kelseys lived in the pretty house facing Franklin Park until Dorothy was eighteen; then two of Mrs. Kelsey's friends left Roxbury and moved to Brookline. Coincident with this came to Sarah the realization that she had a young lady daughter on her hands for whom it was most desirable to arrange a wealthy marriage; also that as a setting for ambitious and aspiring young womanhood, Roxbury was far inferior to some other suburb of Boston—Brookline, for instance. For some days she pondered the matter; then she spoke.

"Jared, how long ago was it that you became a member of the firm?"

"Almost a year, Sarah. Why?"

"Nothing, only—I was thinking. Seems to me it is about time you were taking a place in the world worthy of your position."

"A place?—my position? My dear, what *do* you mean?"

"Why, Jared, don't you see? You're a business man—you've some standing—you're going to be rich! A cheap

little rented house in Roxbury is no place for you!"

Jared laughed long and heartily.

"My dear girl, I'm perfectly satisfied. Don't let it worry you a bit. This is plenty good enough for any dignity I have yet!"

Mrs. Kelsey stirred uneasily.

"But, Jared, I should think you might have some pity on me! And there's Dorothy—what kind of a start are we giving her? She'd stand ever so much better chance in Brookline, dear; don't you see?"

Jared looked puzzled.

"But, Sarah," he demurred, "it is pretty, here—neat, respectable, good neighborhood, fine air——"

"My *dear!*" scorned Sarah, "what's respectability and air when the whole future welfare of our daughter is at stake? If *you* have no conception of what is fitting, thank goodness, *I* have! I tell you, my dear, we've just got to go and live in a more aristocratic neighborhood—and at once, too!"

"Why, of course, Sarah, you know best; but——"

"There, there, I knew your good judgment would conquer in the end," exulted Sarah. "Of course you want to do what is best for Dorothy. We'll go to Brookline right away."

And to Brookline they prepared at once to move.

As a member of the firm Jared's monthly income had increased. By degrees he had accumulated some property in the shape of stocks and bonds over and above the "investments" in Hollingsworth's hands. He was very glad of all this when Sarah told him one day that she had decided that they ought to buy their house in Brookline—it gave one more character and dignity to be the owner of one's residence, she said. Still, the price of the only house that Sarah liked was so high that even to pay a quarter of it took all the stocks and bonds, besides calling on Hollingsworth for a part of the money in his possession.

Hollingsworth, too, showed no little annoyance, which disturbed Jared a great deal. Jared felt that his friend had been far too kind to be troubled now with having to withdraw investments and change plans at an inopportune time, just to accommodate him; and yet, Jared could see no other way, and it had to be done. The Brookline house was bought—part of its price being paid in cash and a mortgage being given for the balance—and the family moved in rejoicing—Sarah and Dorothy rejoicing because of the house, and Jared because of them.

Months passed. Jared went earlier to business and stayed later. He fell into his old habits of remaining in town now and then for an evening, too. His hair grew whiter around the temples, and his lips settled into unsmiling lines. There was a troubled look in the depths of his eyes and a loss of elasticity in his step. Day by day he found himself thinking longingly of the old farm back in New Hampshire, and of the restful quiet there when the sun dropped behind the hills in the west.

The buying of the Brookline house sorely crippled Jared financially. His income was hardly sufficient to cover the monthly expenses—increased to maintain the dignity of the new home. Sarah did not cry for things now—she was long past that. If a wish of hers met with a faint resistance she always had at her command a few cold words of sarcasm and a cutting reference to what was "due" his daughter and his wife.

Into his dealings with Hollingsworth there had come a new note. The man talked now of "unexpected declines," and "unprecedented depreciations of values." He constantly called for "more margin" under threat of entire loss of the principal if this same margin were not forthcoming.

Jared was nearly crazed with the thought of it. Should he lose what Hollingsworth held, and forfeit the chance of once more receiving those wondrous checks of "profits," where, indeed, could he turn?

Then came the beginning of the end.

Large sums of the firm's money passed through Jared's hands. It was

a simple matter—as Hollingsworth put it—so to "fix" the accounts that a small portion of that money could be used privately without detection. It would be only a loan, and would do so much; and it could so easily be repaid.

The first—borrowing—was hard. Jared did not sleep for two nights, and even his wife noticed his altered looks. The second borrowing was easier—the first had been repaid within an encouragingly short time. The third borrowing was easier still—and larger. This last was not so fortunate in its results. There came an unforeseen "slump," Hollingsworth said. He prophesied sure ruin if a large sum of money were not in his hands at once. It would mean the loss of all Jared's holdings, and disgrace—as the "borrowing" must then become known.

For the last time Jared borrowed—then came the crash.

Hours afterward the world read this in the newspapers:

Great sympathy is felt for the beautiful wife of Kelsey, the embezzler. She is known to be a deeply religious, cultured gentlewoman, prominent in society, church and philanthropic work of all kinds. The conduct of her husband is a great blow to her. It is indeed a pity that the innocent are so often made to suffer for the deeds of the guilty.

Her Pernicious Activity

"WELL—er—no," confessed the loquacious landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "there hasn't been anything of interest going on here for quite a spell. It is pretty slow, just at present, and— But, ho, though! Come to think about it, you prob'ly haven't heard that the Linen Pants and Solid Comfort Club are kind o' figgerin' among themselves on getting out an injunction against Miss Annabelle Tammers, called, at times, and sort o' on the side, as it were, 'Slanting Annie.' You know who——"

"Yes, I've seen the lady," returned the washing-machine agent, who visited the hamlet sufficiently often to be mildly interested in its affairs. "They call her so on account of her marked inclination toward matrimony, I believe?"

"Just so! Well, five real steady, well-to-do bachelors and widowers have left town within the last few weeks, four others are drinking lots more than is good for 'em b'cuz they have found out that the lips that touch wine shall never touch her'n, a couple more are working hard to make unenviable reputations for themselves, one is smoking cigarettes to excess, another is rioting away as much as forty dollars a month trying to get the name of being hopelessly dissipated, the feller that she's been paying the most marked attention to lately has begun to have just about the worst fits—either real or imaginary—that you 'most ever had the pleasure of witnessing, and the L. P. and S. C. Club have almost decided that about the only thing to be done is to get out an injunction restraining her from exercising her prerogative, as I s'pose you'd call proposing, or acting suspiciously like she was going to, any more."

Get the Axe

BY W. H. T. WAKEFIELD

GIVEN the task of felling a large tree of tough hardwood, with the alternative of cutting it down with a light hatchet of battered edge, or by walking a mile or two to get a new, sharp and well-handled four-pound steel axe, with which he could fell it in one-twentieth the time required with the hatchet, would not any sensible man go for the axe?

Yet, alas! how many sincere reformers are hacking away with the old tomahawk and never getting through the bark of the deadly upas tree of monopoly, unmindful of the keen axe of the "Effective Ballot" which alone can render their labor effective and give it permanence.

The utterly baseless superstition that this is a government by a majority of the voters is responsible for most of our political and economic woes. We do not—legally—even profess to elect our representatives, our legislative and executive officials, by majority vote, but by a plurality vote, and this plurality always may be, and usually is, a minority of the total vote polled. That noble reformer, the late Alfred Cridge, of San Francisco, tabulated every state and congressional election in all the states for a century, showing that on the average the elected candidates received a trifle over one-third of the ballots cast, the other two-thirds of the voters being as effectually without representation in the Government as are idiots, lunatics, convicted felons.

A ballot cast for a defeated candidate, or one wasted in piling up any majority in excess of 51 per cent. of the total vote, gives no representation in government and is of no value to the voter. It is not even a little hatchet.

Even "the effete monarchies of Europe" are more truly democratic in this respect than is "Free America," for they require a second ballot between the two highest candidates if a majority is not given at the first ballot, and the same is true of the Republic of France.

Mr. Cridge gives numerous instances where congressmen and legislators have been elected by one-fifth or one-fourth of the total vote polled, and others where a change of a dozen or two of votes would have reversed the political complexion of a city, a state or a congressional district. Even in the rare instances where the successful candidate gets a majority it is usually because voters are compelled to choose the lesser evil or knowingly waste their ballots on a hopeless candidate. These facts explain why so many fail to vote or are so indifferent or venal as to how they vote.

While it is true that the majority should govern, or prevail against a minority on a final vote in Congress or Legislature, it is not true that the minority — and all minorities — have any less right to be represented in proportion to their numbers than have the majority. All reforms and all progress have their beginning in a minority of only one, and it is ever true that the best intelligence and the most refined conscience are found in minorities. Were it otherwise progress would be impossible. Can the state or nation afford to be deprived of the counsel of its ablest and best men because they are ahead of their time, hence in the minority?

While I have always been an advocate of direct legislation so far as it is practicable and a believer in the initiative, the referendum and the right of recall, I have never thought them a complete substitute for representation. Experience in several Swiss cantons and in Tasmania, as well as sound thought, proves that a proper system of representation by an effective form of ballot gives the people's will such effective expression through their representatives that the more costly and cumbersome methods of direct legislation are rarely necessary and seldom resorted to. On the other hand, a congress or legislature not truly representative of the people can and will so frame and submit measures as to "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." Corporation satraps and monopoly leeches can frame laws, apparently in the interest of the masses, so as to be inoperative in practice or not sustained by the courts. Also, there is required much legislation of a technical nature of purely legal details, such as codes of civil and criminal procedure, upon which it is quite impossible for the average voter to act intelligently and upon which few would vote at all, yet it is important that they be honestly and intelligently framed in public and not special interests, and that they represent the spirit of the people and the time.

Of the several forms of proportional representation advocated, that known as the Effective Ballot, the Preferential Ballot or the Hare-Cridge System of voting has so many points of superiority that to adopt any other would seem the height of folly. Not only does it give the most complete and perfect proportional representation of any system, but it also gives the individual voter a freedom, a power and a representation known to no other system. Also, more than any other system it puts the political machine and its party bosses more completely out of power and relegates partisan prejudice to the limbo of forgotten barbarisms.

Experience in Tasmania and elsewhere has proved it simple and rapid in the casting and counting, and that under it intimidation, coercion, bribery or fraud is impossible. It is the keen axe in the hands of the people. With it they can and will cut down the tree of class privilege, as with it they did do so in Tasmania and in the Swiss cantons and Danish municipalities where it is in use.

THE EFFECTIVE BALLOT

In 1846 John Hare, an English reformer, outlined some of the features of the effective ballot. A little later the eminent scientist, Sir John Lubbock, suggested improvements of value, and within the past twenty years it has been fully perfected by Alfred Cridge and the talented Australian sisters, the Misses Harriet and Helen Spence, of Adelaide.

It is properly called "the effective ballot" *because it is effective* in giving the voter representation in the government. It enables the voter to act affirmatively and results in the smallest possible waste of votes. It represents voters, not territory, hence has no single districts to pen up voters and prevent them from acting in unison with voters of similar mind just across an imaginary line.

The very idea of proportional representation is incompatible with single districts, since it is impossible to apportion one representative between several parties of different principles. It is equally evident that there should be as many representatives in a district as there are parties or schools of political thought to be represented, and that the larger the district the more easily and completely can the smaller minorities and the more progressive element be represented. Congressmen should be chosen from the entire state as a single district, though the more populous states with ten or more representatives might be divided into two or three districts. State senators and state representatives should be chosen from districts

of a size to vote for six to ten each; county commissioners from one district comprising the whole county, and members of city councils, judges, and so on from six to ten in a district. The application of the effective ballot where but one is to be elected, as in case of president, vice-president, state officers and others, will be explained later.

The effective ballot is especially adapted to nominations by direct primary elections, and nominations are so made where it is in use in Tasmania, in some Swiss cantons, in Denmark municipalities, and for choosing directors in many corporations. The names of all candidates for the district are printed in single column, arranged alphabetically, with no party names or emblems. Of course, this may disfranchise a few very illiterate voters, which will be the greatest possible stimulus to education, but the total number of such will be but a tithe of that disfranchised by the present system and nothing but prospective disfranchisement will cause some persons to educate their children. Voters unable to read intelligently are a menace to good government, and this automatic method is the best for eliminating the danger.

Instead of making an X in the square opposite the names, the voter prefixes the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on to the names, No. 1 representing his first choice, or the one he most wishes to elect; No. 2 being his second choice, 3 his third, and so forth, in case his first fails of election.

When the polls are closed for counting, the total number of ballots shown on the poll books is divided by the number of candidates to be elected, rejecting any remainder, the quotient being the electoral quota, or number of ballots required to elect one candidate. A spindle or other form of file having been provided and labeled for each candidate, the name of the voter's No. 1, or first choice, is called as the ballot is drawn from the box and the ballot placed in that candidate's file. As soon as any candidate is found to have an electoral quota of first choice ballots he is declared elected and his quota of ballots sealed up and removed from the count. Any ballots cast for this candidate in excess of an electoral quota are placed to their second choice, or if he is already elected or it is found he cannot be, to the third choice until they become effective in helping elect a candidate—that is, become *effective* ballots. This is continued until it is found there can be no more elections by first choice ballots, when the candidate having fewest first choices is eliminated by transferring his ballot to their second choices. Then the next lowest is so eliminated until only the number to be elected remains, who are declared elected in the order of their number of highest choices. In case of vacancy by death or other chance, the vacancy is filled by the defeated candidate having the largest vote—as it should always be.

Where but one candidate is to be elected, as the President, and none has a majority, the process of transferring to second choice and of elimination of lowest candidates, is the same until the largest possible number of ballots become affirmatively effective. In actual experience it is found that few are elected by first choices and that a majority are chosen by second choice ballots, some succeeding by aid of third or fourth choices, but not many. The important thing is that over 90 per cent. of the ballots are affirmatively *effective* —cast for elected candidates—whereas only 40 or less per cent. are effective under present system. Also that any minority or new school of thought able to muster near an electoral quota get enough second choice ballots to secure them one representative and thus be heard in councils of state so as to get their views before the people.

The thoughtful person will see at once how completely this system will eliminate political machines and bosses with all their attendant corruption and render partisan virus and superstition a thing of the past. It does

away with brutal and irresponsible partisan majorities, giving to all political minorities their just share of power in proportion to their numbers, enabling all varieties of opinion to obtain a hearing.

When this method was introduced in Tasmania a small political machine controlled by absentee landlords held all political power. At the first election they were defeated and a very bad government changed to a very good one. The Canton of Ticino, Switzerland, has had the same experience, as have several New Zealand municipalities, and in no case has it failed under trial to justify every claim made for it. It is the axe; go after it!

The Black Hole of Calcutta

A VISION

BY W. D. WATTLES

I FELL asleep and dreamed; and in my dream I saw a repetition of that horror that happened a hundred and fifty years ago. I saw the brazen sun withdraw his rays of flame and the night fall with air so deadly close that the very birds fell on the burning sand, gasping with open beaks for breath. I saw the unhappy prisoners, one hundred and forty-six in number, gathered together by their savage guards. Among them I saw white-haired men and beardless boys, and women young and fair; all were aweary from that awful day of toil and fear, and many moaned with pain from bleeding wounds. And I saw a little cell, eighteen feet square, with only two small windows, and into this with blows and kicks and bayonet stabs the sufferers were driven; and there they stood, a writhing, groaning, struggling mass, steaming with heat, reeking with sweat and blood, gasping for breath, mad with thirst and pain.

The strength of the weaker ones soon failed, and they sank to the floor and were trodden to death; their faint moaning was unheard in the increasing chorus of groans and cries, prayers for water, supplications for air, frightful curses from men and pitiful screams from women. The movement of the suffocating crowd was ever toward the windows, where the guards, with lanterns, curiously watched the struggle. To reach the opening was life; and the dying wretches climbed and fought and trampled and tore each other, and screamed for air and cried for water, and begged the jeering guard to fire through the windows and kill them quickly, for God's sake! And when, in mockery, a single cup of water was handed through the bars, they snatched at it so greedily that all was spilled, and the scattering drops upon their burning flesh only increased their misery.

And in my dream, while the ghastly battle for breath was at its fiercest point, I saw two men approach the window and peer in upon the scene; one was, methought, a Practical, Orthodox Reformer, and the other a Revolutionary Crank.

And as they gazed upon the sickening sight of writhing, naked bodies and clutching, tearing hands and glaring eyes and blood-stained faces, the Orthodox Reformer sighed and said:

"Ah, sinful human nature! Behold their selfishness! See their greed

for air! Mark how they hate each other!"

But the Revolutionist cried out, with tears:

"My God, they need air! For the dear Christ's sake, break down the walls and give them air before they perish!"

And the Reformer looked at him with pity. "I perceive," he said, "that you are not a practical man. Do you not see that this competitive struggle for breath is the only sane and natural method of acquiring air? That it develops character, results in the survival of the fittest and makes life worth living? Cannot you understand that if the walls were down these people would have no incentive to lead beautiful and useful lives? We want no extreme or radical measures. We must refine and elevate the character of the struggle and insist that each shall give to the other a Square Deal."

Here one of the guards passed a cup of water through the bars, and it was instantly spilled by the frenzied men, who fought for a chance to lick the cup.

"See," continued the Orthodox One, "the proof of what I was saying. What use to talk of giving them more water until they learn how to use what they are already getting? If they fight like that for a single cup of water, what a fury they would be in if they had an unlimited supply to quarrel over! Can you not understand now that the sole trouble is their selfishness?"

And he knelt and prayed that their hearts might be changed; and while he prayed the horror went on, and in the morning only twenty-three were left alive, one of them a woman. All this I saw in my dream.

The Boy With the Sore Toe

OF course, you've seen him. Mayhap you've been the lad himself—the boy with the sore toe.

How proudly he exhibits that toe to his chums, often turning it to good account commercially, coining his suffering into marbles and tops and chalk and keel and what not. "I'll show you my sore toe for a bite of your apple." Done. "Gimme that glassie for a look at my sore toe." Done. That wounded member is a full legal tender, irredeemable "fiat" currency until Mother Nature tires of the farce and heals the sore toe.

Seriously, now, aren't we Americans in the political sore-toe stage? Isn't all this cry of graft, the shame of our cities, the infamy of our states, in great measure a boyish showing of sore toes? True, maybe, the nail has been knocked off, and the wound festering and ugly to the sight. But don't we show it rather exultantly, rather proudly? And don't we turn it into coin of the realm, too, this showing of political sore toes?

The boy outgrows his joy over festering sores. So shall we, by and bye, tire of talking about and exposing "graft"—and try to *cure* it.

L. H. B.

Reason for Reverence

LITTLE WILLIE—You are awful proud of your gran'pop, ain't you?

LITTLE BOB—You betcha! Why, he used to lick pop reg'lar!

THE SUICIDING OF BRUTUS LESS

BY

JAMES HOWARD GRAVES

DELIGHT LESS, pausing in her pie making, leaned as far out of the pantry window as her breadth and the cramped dimensions of the window would permit, and laid a violent hand on the tender top shoots of an evergreen which threatened eventually to darken the pantry. She gave a guilty backward look into the empty kitchen, and then twisted the puny branchlets sharply. It was a performance whose frequency accounted for the stunted growth of the tree.

As she began again to mix her pie-crust, she broke into a whisper, "'N' I says, 'Sile Bates, git your axe 'n' a good saw 'n' come up 'n' cut down them cypresses for me. Can't ye git nothin' through yer head? The place belongs to me, not *him*. *He* planted 'em just to spite me, 'n' I won't be spited no longer. I want that you should begin on the sittin'-room window ones first, and then take 'em in order right around the house, 'n' be sure you cut down all them along the front walk, for I've set and et and slept in a graveyard as long as I'm goin' to!'"

Mrs. Less finished her monologue and confined her attention to pie-crust, gazing at it out of the extreme upper edge of one spectacle and the extreme lower edge of the other as the glasses see-sawed across her short, fat nose. Her heavy black hair was drawn back tightly and twisted just behind her right ear, giving her head a one-sided appearance. In the days when there had been appreciative eyes to notice, the hair had loosely and softly framed a full round face which was made for smiles. The face was still round, but the smiles had disappeared, and in their place lingered a half-sad, half-wistful expression strangely at variance with the tenor of the monologues in which she gave vent to the overflow of a strong nature warped and twisted by the "spiting" process. When her hands were busy and her whisper still, she grated her teeth together, their activity being inversely proportioned to the activity of her hands.

Presently, over the bare kitchen floor came a step-clump-tap, step-clump-tap, accompanied by a hoarse, bass sound which rumbled and rattled violently around a roomy throat, until, brought nearer the surface, it resolved itself into a "Here-r-r-r-r!"

Delight turned, her hands scattering flour and lard, and looked into the kitchen, her face unconsciously hardening. "Now I want to know," she began raising her voice, "what it is you want? Ye can see for yourself how I'm right in the middle of this pie 'n' can't stop till I finish. D'ye hear?" Her voice rapidly ascended the scale, although she was not speaking to deaf ears.

All the response she received was another "Here-r-r-r!" and a dirty hoe was slammed down on her polished floor.

Then the step-clump-tap crossed the kitchen, and the sitting-room door was shut with a violence that rattled the cups on the shelves.

Delight stared fixedly at the hoe. "'N' I says," she whispered, "'Pick up that hoe 'n' use it yourself. I've done my share in pervidin' a garden for you to work. It ain't safe for a woman of my heft to work in the hot sun, 'n' I've quit it!'"

After which defiant address she washed her hands, obediently picked

up the hoe and betook her two hundred pounds of solid "heft" out into the garden, where with much puffing and grating of teeth she finished hoeing the first row of potatoes early deserted by her husband.

When she returned to the kitchen she found the fire out and the oven cold. She was just bending over a handful of shavings with a match when she was interrupted by a "Here-r-r-r!" She jerked herself straight and looked down, a long way down, on her lord and master, who stood in the doorway fixing his gimlet eyes on her in an unwinking stare.

Nature, aided by sciatic rheumatism and abetted by the Less disposition, had turned out a remarkable piece of work in Brutus Less. Nature originally made him a short man, but walked him perpendicularly on both feet. The rheumatism shortened one leg, causing his back to assume a horizontal position when he walked. A careful cultivation of inherited tendencies did the rest.

He refused to shave, and the only oasis of hairlessness above the collar of his flannel shirt was a low forehead with an adjacent large nose and high cheek-bones, supporting small, prominent gray eyes. A ragged beard added breadth, and gave ferocity to his face. This expression he further enhanced by drawing in his lips, causing his grizzly whiskers to stick out like porcupine quills. His gray hair bobbed about in numerous curls, the length and size of Delight's forefinger.

Taking him as he stood, on his cane and his one straight leg, the other drawn out from the hip and swinging at the knee, his whiskers protruding and his curls waving, one realized the peculiar fitness of the shortened name by which he was known at the Bend, a nickname which was the only legacy left by the elder "Brute" on the occasion of his hurried departure from this world.

"What d'ye want?" Delight asked, fitting a hand over either hip.

Naturally social, she could not refrain from numerous remarks to which she expected no response, Brutus having ceased to waste oral language on her since the day her father's will revealed the displeasing fact that the snug sum of her inheritance had been so secured that her husband could not lay hands on the principal.

"What d'ye want now?" she demanded again, whereat Brutus silently dropped to the horizontal, and step-clump-tapped on his leather sole, his cork sole and his cane through the sitting-room, darkened by the dense cypresses, and up the front stairs. In the hall a black cat, crouching in the shadows, sprang to his shoulders, lashing a long tail.

"Good Divil! Good Divil," croaked Brutus, stroking the big black head. He vouchsafed speech to Devil, his pet.

"My sakes!" sighed Delight in dismay. "Have I got to climb them stairs?"

She rubbed her back with her knuckles. Bending over a hoe had not lessened the ache which too much housework had caused. Her feet were full of pains, each a stinging remonstrance against bearing her weight another step, while her head throbbed from exposure to the hot sun.

"*Have* I got to climb them stairs?" she asked again, replying immediately to her useless question by following Brutus.

"'N' I says," she whispered, stumbling through the sitting-room, "'Amandy Bates, you put on your sunbunnit 'n' apron 'n' come over 'n' help me red up today. I've clumb stairs all I've a call to with my heft. *He* moved up just to spite me and I won't be spited no more.'"

In the gloom of the hall her plump chin quivered a trifle, but she snapped her teeth together resolutely. So accustomed had she become to traveling through the vale of tears that she seldom contributed her quota to the mist of the valley. Therefore it was with dry eyes that she arrived in "his" room, speechless.

Brutus sat in front of a small table, absorbed in a cheerful contemplation

of a collection of vials arranged in a row along the only ray of sunlight which escaped through the tall top of a cedar. Devil was still perched on his shoulder watching the operation out of gleaming green eyes.

When Delight appeared, breathing heavily, Brutus closed one hand lovingly around a bottle labeled "Arsenic," while he jerked the other thumb toward the old-fashioned bureau. He communicated with Delight by means of signs.

Casting fearful yet fascinated glances over her shoulder at the death-dealing display in the sunlight, she carefully cleared away the fragments of the broken glass from the top of the bureau, and, receiving no further commands, departed. Her feet fell heavily from stair to stair, her thoughts intent on the scene above. The sight was by no means new, but never failed to terrify her, for she was given to understand that so lightly did Brutus value life that he was willing to leave it at any moment, especially any moment when his way did not prevail in all matters!

In the kitchen she shivered nervously over the cold range, whispering in weak indignation, "'N' I says, 'If you're bound to die, don't you go and use that rope.'" She glanced fearfully around in the direction of the woodshed door as she spoke. "'Take pizen. That's awful enough, but it's more quiet and respectable. It does seem as if I couldn't stand it to cut down another corpse like I had to cut down yer pa, 'n' it ain't right to expect me to, neither. If ye use the rope it'll be just to spite me.'"

She could never bring herself to look again at this slender instrument of death, which hung coiled and ready for further service behind the woodshed door. Twenty years had passed since the elder Brutus, in a rare moment of consideration for his family, had consecrated it to the use of those who wish to escape life.

After dinner Delight wearily dragged a little rocker out into the sunshine of the narrow back walk and sat down. Her hands were idle. A big sunbonnet shaded her face. The wistful expression deepened in her eyes as she gazed down on the village of the Bend, which lay beneath at the foot of the hill. She was marking the homes of her girlhood friends, now strangers by the silent order of Brutus.

Presently, she turned her eyes toward the little barn at the foot of the walk and began to whisper, "'N' I says, 'This income is none of it yours 'n' I ain't a-goin' to indorse another check over to you. I'm goin' to use my own money on my own place. I hain't had a cent of the interest to use since pa died, and I'm goin' to have it now no matter what you up and do,'" with a look of weak defiance at the barn which was always associated in her mind with the rope. "'I'm goin' to use the next check to fix up that barn into a henhouse and you can't stop me. You've never let me have a hen around, and I've always wanted to have fresh aigs.'"

Delight invariably gave eggs as the reason for her desire to raise hens. But, almost unconsciously, she longed for the presence of living things which would respond to her care even with noisy cacklings.

Suddenly, step-clump-tap sounded behind her and Brutus appeared with Devil on his shoulder. Arriving at her chair he gave it a poke with his cane and waited, eying her with much the same expression as shone from the cat's watchful green eyes.

"What do ye always make me move for?" Delight demanded, but even as she spoke she began to raise herself as rapidly as her avoirdupois would allow. Dragging her chair off the walk she watched Brutus cripple past. Originally his height had been five feet six, but in her eyes he had the appearance, even now, of being six feet five!

She stood grating her teeth until he disappeared into the garden. Then reseating herself she broke into an outraged whisper. "'N' I says, 'There's fifteen good clear rods of grass each side of this walk, 'n' if you want to git past me ye can pick out any one of the fif-

teen 'n' walk by on it, so there! Ye sha'n't spite me this way no longer!'"

Later in the day she paused in front of the pantry window, telling herself she was "clean beat out and all trembly." The "trembly" feeling was accounted for by a long-drawn, throaty, hoarse sound from the woodshed, and the creaking of the door behind which she never dared to look. Brutus was gloating over the rope, but, as usual, he seemed to be meeting with some difficulty in determining on his mode of exit from life.

To lure him from the contemplation of that awful rope, Delight drew from the oven some muffins, whose delicious odor penetrated to the woodshed. Then she hastily called, "Supper!"

Brutus came scowling and reluctant, Devil on his shoulder. In the same amiable mood he sat back in his chair and stared at the numerous dishes. Then he turned his plate bottom side up with a bang, and fixed his eyes on a vacant spot in the middle of the table. This signified that he desired something not in sight.

Delight arose, and put her aching arms akimbo. "What d'ye want now?" she asked weakly.

No response.

She went into the pantry and came out loaded with bread, cheese and doughnuts, which she tendered the man of silence.

His eyes remained fixed.

The next trip larderward produced cold boiled eggs, hermit cookies and rice pudding. "Now can't you go to work and eat these?" she inquired in a faint-hearted tone.

Motionless silence.

Again she surveyed the table. She had exhausted the resources of the pantry, but there was the cellar.

"'N' I says," she whispered, lumbering down the cellar stairs, "'You've acted like all possessed ever since I didn't get your curls to suit ye this mornin'. All ye wear them curls for, anyway, is to spite me because I'm ashamed to have 'em seen on your head!'"

Canned cherries, quince jelly and pineapple sauce were presently before Brutus, who, at the sight of the jelly, was pleased to appear slightly mollified, and, for one perpetually tired of life, he partook largely of its good things with smacks savoring of satisfaction.

Delight was too tired to eat.

The spiting process was continued up to the time when Delight, having made four trips upstairs to fetch articles which Brutus had forgotten, made ready for bed herself.

"'N' I says," she whispered sleepily, tying on her nightcap, "'I won't stand another such day as this. It ain't right to tucker me to death this way. If you don't want to live, *I* do, so there!'"

At midnight she was awakened by a rumbling of r's, and the pounding of the cane on the floor above. Slowly she raised her white-capped head and listened.

"What did I forget now?" she asked of the ceiling, but the angry thump, thump did not enlighten her. She found and lighted her tallow-dip. Her feet protested against her weight, while her spine seemed to creak with every motion.

"Oh, yes; it's his blood powders!" she exclaimed in a sudden illumination of memory. "Now, why couldn't he tell me before I went to bed!"

Holding the tin candlestick above her head, she sleepily shuffled her slippers into the pantry, and reached for a large, square-labeled bottle. Pouring a glass half full of water she dropped a spoon into it, and, thus burdened, labored up the stairs, the flickering dip casting a huge, grotesque shadow behind her.

Brutus received her sitting up in bed, the quilts piled over his knees, above which an awe-inspiring head appeared. A close cap of red flannel pushed the tops of his large ears straight out, and projected over his forehead a mass of tangled hair, which was matched beneath his cheek-bones by a projecting, tangled beard. His eyes, set and unwinking, seemed to bore into Delight's face.

Setting the candle on a stand at the head of the bed, she poured out a liberal supply of powder and stirred it, while Brutus growled impatiently, and Devil, from the other pillow, meowed in sympathy.

She handed the mixture to her husband, who raised it, still growling. Suddenly he arrested his hand, his gaze fixed on the bottle. The rumbling died in his throat. He moved the glass back slowly until it rested on his knee.

"It's just what you want," announced Delight sleepily. "'N' now that you've got it, swaller it!"

That he did not obey did not amaze her, but the remarkable change which his face underwent did. His lower jaw relaxed, pointing all his whiskers downward at an abject angle. The ugly gleam died out of his eyes, leaving them old and faded. He began to wink, and, once started, was unable to stop. The muscles over his cheekbones jerked and crawled spasmodically. The hand, resting on his knee, shook until the glass slipped to the floor and lay in a hundred pieces, while Brutus slid down on his pillow, quaking, blinking and gasping.

Delight stood and stared one long horrified moment at this complete collapse. Then she reached speechlessly for the candle. As its light fell on the label of the bottle her eyes widened in terror, and her tongue was paralyzed. Not realizing that her movements were surprisingly deliberate, she descended the stairs and reached her room. With the candle in one hand and the bottle in the other, she sat on the edge of the bed, her faculties in a state of suspended animation, awaiting developments in the room above, while before her eyes the letters on the label enlarged until all space seemed filled by the words *Paris green!*

The clock struck one, and the candle burned low, but the expected summons had not come. Brutus was surprisingly quiet. The half-hour struck, and the candle spluttered in its socket.

Then Delight arose, stiff in every joint, set the candle and bottle on the bureau, and began whispering mechanically, "'N' I says, 'I was that sleepy that I just went into the pantry and yanked a bottle down from the shelf where your bottle always set and got this. I'd no idea of gettin' the Paris green that I was goin' to use on the potato bugs bright and early tomorrow mornin'.'"

She paused, grating her teeth, and this habit restored her mental circulation. New, surprising ideas assailed her. The thought of her own almost fatal blunder paled before the recollection of the abject terror with which the apostle of self-destruction had regarded the death-dealing potion and its innocent giver. Then it was that the welcome truth dawned upon her that, like more ordinary mortals, Brutus still loved to contemplate death a long way off.

The following morning she arose with her ideas in a jumble. She got breakfast ready and waited. It was her custom to go upstairs before straining the coffee and comb her husband's hair, shaping each of the thirty little curls over her finger, but today such was her perturbation that she forgot her task, and there was no sound from the upper region to remind her. She moved restlessly about, picking things up and setting them down aimlessly. Her face wore a dazed expression. The rooms from which the cypresses excluded the light oppressed her, and she took her rocker out on the back walk and sat down. For a while she rocked heavily and drank in the cool air, the songs of the birds and the scents of the June day, trying to steady her thoughts. Then on the walk behind her sounded the old familiar, step-clump-tap, step-clump-tap and, raven-like, "R-r-r-r, good Divil, good Divil."

Surreptitiously, she regarded Brutus out of the corner of her eye, and was amazed to find that, after the events of the night, he measured only five feet six! A dim realization of the meaning of the change assailed her. She worked her apron between her hands, whispering, "Darst I?" and waited breathless.

Poke came the cane in her side. It was the moving signal, but she did not budge. Instead, she heard herself saying glibly, "'N' I says, 'There's fifteen rods of good clean grass each side of this walk, 'n' if you want to get past me ye can pick any one of the fifteen 'n' walk by on it. So there! Ye sha'n't spite me this way no longer.'"

She had "darst," but her heart paused in its motion, although her rocker did not. There was a brief but awful silence, and then Brutus, picking out that rod of grass lying just behind her chair, walked past on it, and step-clump-tapped hastily into the garden, his whiskers drooping, and Devil's tail sulkily lashing his shoulders.

It was the first time in twenty years that Delight had had her own way. She arose as in a dream and went into the kitchen. The table showed that Brutus and Devil had breakfasted. "'N' on cold stuff, on cold stuff!" she muttered, resting her hands on her lips.

She glanced around vacantly on the familiar objects in the room until her eyes rested on the sunbonnet hung against the beam. Mechanically she tied it on, and found herself going through the house and along the gloomy, shaded front walk exactly as she had planned to do a thousand times. She turned to her left at the gate and raised a trail of yet heavy damp dust in the direction of Silas Bates's house. She met that individual at his door.

"How'dy, Mis' Less!" he yelled, although Delight stood within two feet of him. A loud voice was Silas's idea of cordiality.

Delight made no answering greeting. She scarcely saw Silas Bates. She was looking out of her pantry window and thinking, only she thought aloud now, "'N' I says, 'Sile Bates, git your axe 'n' a good saw 'n' come up 'n' cut down them cypresses for me.'" Sile's mouth and eyes opened so wide that her next remark proved uncomfortably appropriate. "'Can't ye get nothin' through your head? The place belongs to *me*, not to *him*. *He* planted 'em just to spite me, 'n' I won't be spited no longer.'" Sile, leaning weakly against the door-jamb, pulled his hat off and scratched his head. "'I want that you should begin on the sittin'-room window ones first, and then take 'em in order right around the house, 'n' be sure ye cut all them along the front walk down, for I've set 'n' et 'n' slept in a graveyard as long as I'm goin' to!'"

Sile, slipping off the door-jamb, just saved himself from falling, as he said hurriedly, "Yes, Mis' Less, I ain't got no great sight of work to do today. I'll be up inside an hour."

His reply partially restored Delight to herself and to the knowledge of what she had done. Her temerity suddenly chilled her, for there was the rope! It was possible that Brutus, while objecting strongly to shuffling off this mortal coil through gastronomic disturbances, might still be favorably inclined to the dislocating process.

She returned hastily to the house and boldly entered the woodshed. The memory of Brutus, walking without a protest around her chair, went far toward bolstering up the courage which enabled her to pull at the door behind which hung the dreaded rope. With inward quakings she looked at it for the first time since the day she had cut it just above the head of the swinging elder Brutus. She gave one look and then ejaculated, "Sakes alive!" There it hung, old and rotting, beneath a leak in the roof. With an expression of disgust she laid violent hands on it, and the strands parted in her fingers. Indignantly she pushed the door back and returned to the kitchen.

"'N' I says," she began, piling the dishes into the sink, "'That rope ain't stout enough to hang a flea with, and you've known it all along. Ye thought I'd never darst to look at it, and ye've kept it there to just scare me with!'"

She had lifted the pancake turner when a sound smote her ear and caused the turner to slip through her fingers into the dishpan. It was Sile's axe in motion in front of the sitting-

room windows. She listened intently. There were sounds of a hasty descent of the front stairs, succeeded by an angry, rumbling voice. Then Sile's high-pitched tones in words every syllable of which was spiced with satisfaction:

"Can't help it, Brute. Yer wife set me at the job. Said it's her place, not yours, and she's goin' to have these 'ere signs of a graveyard cut down! Don't wonder at it, neither!"

The sitting-room door banged open and Brutus appeared in the kitchen with Devil's tail angrily active. The cat regarded Delight out of malevolent eyes, but Brutus made for the woodshed, looking neither to the right nor the left. His whiskers were at a belligerent angle, but there was a curiously weak motion in his eyelids.

He jerked the woodshed door open violently, ran his arms through the coils of the rope, and step-clump-tapped furiously down the walk. At the barn door he stopped, hesitated, and involuntarily glanced over his shoulder, but Delight, for the first time, was not following.

She was watching from the kitchen window, tremblingly grasping the edge of the sink.

Her fear, the result of a twenty-year-old habit, was rescued by her reason, supported by the events of the last twelve hours.

"'N' I says, 'Ye know you're afraid to die. All these years you've pretended to want to just to spite me 'n' git your own way—'n' the money—'n' now—it's—my—turn——'"

Her reason was slowly yielding to her fear, and her lips shook out the last words. Then speech failed her entirely, but she did not move from the window, held there by the knowledge that the rope was old, broken, rotten—still, she held her breath. Three minutes passed—five—an eternity!

Then the barn door opened softly. A small, dejected man squeezed himself through the opening, glancing furtively toward the kitchen. The rope was not in evidence. The cane had been replaced by a hoe, and, with Devil purring meekly at his heels, Brutus Less sought the second row of unhoed potatoes.

All About A

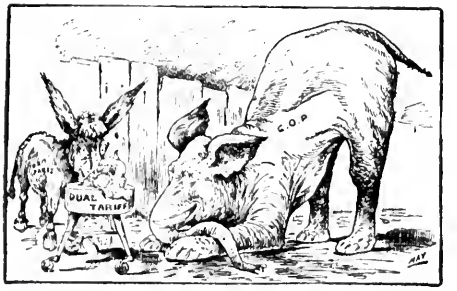
AN ALPHABET FOR THE CHILDREN OF FASHION

A IS for Aristocrat.
B bothered him.
C cringed to him.
D dined him.
E envied him.
F fought for him.
G gushed over him.
H hated him.
I insulted him.
J jollied him.
K kissed him.
L liked him.
M missed him.
N nodded to him.
O ogled him.
P pampered him.
Q quarreled with him.
R ran after him.
S studied him.
T toadied to him.
U used him.
V valued him.
W wanted him.
X xpostulated with him.
Y yearned for him.
Z didn't want to have anything at all to do with him—which was very unusual indeed—in an American.

THE trusts are not as white as they are whitewashed.

Since Mr. Rockefeller Has Been Elected a Humorist

McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



Sizing Up the New Issue

May, in Detroit Journal

Czar—"You may come out, but I must not remove the ball"

Westerman, in Ohio State Journal

"Worse Than Boll Weevil"

Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Export Losses

BY FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS

NOTHING is more absurd than the belief that, when our foreign trade reports show an excess of exports, the wealth of the country is, for that reason, being increased. During the last twenty or thirty years there has been a persistent effort to foster the belief that trade with foreign countries is such a certain method of increasing national wealth that nothing should be left undone to encourage it, or expense spared to increase it.

Special despatches to the daily press have regularly preceded the periodical reports of the Treasury Department, and the public mind has been misdirected by giving in advance an erroneous interpretation, based upon the assumption that the continuously increasing excess of exports is *favorable* to us, and indicates prosperous conditions and increasing wealth. No consideration is given to the impossibility of increasing our aggregate wealth by exporting the products of our shops and fields when there is a continually increasing balance of exports for which no equivalent of imports is received.

If we receive anything of value that adds to the material wealth of the nation, it will be, and must be, shown in the imports. It is impossible to add anything to our aggregate wealth by foreign trade, except by importation. Exports alone can add nothing. The exports must be paid for by imports. There is no other possible way.

It indicates want of information when the period of our commercial history before 1873, during which there was an excess of over one billion dollars of imports, notwithstanding the fact that we sent out of the country $1,041,743,368 more gold and silver than we received, is not distinguished from the period since that date, during which, without a single dollar of increase of our gold and with the loss of more than a half-billion of silver, there has been an excess of exports of over seven and a quarter billion dollars. More than one-third of this excess has occurred since June 30, 1900. What has been added to our aggregate wealth by this enormous export balance, to which additions are being made with ever-increasing rapidity? No man can point out a single dollar. When the Treasury Department balances the foreign trade account and the balance is on the side of exports, that balance shows the amount of our products, gold and silver sent out of the country for which no equivalent has been returned.

Three tables of the Department reports cover absolutely the whole field of foreign trade. In a letter from the Department in answer to a question it is said:

> The tables of gold and silver and merchandise cover the entire field of exports and imports. There is no legal way in which anything can be exported or imported not shown in these tables.

There is nothing of commercial value that can possibly enter into the foreign trade account except merchandise, gold and silver.

From the tables of the Department I have compiled the accompanying table covering the entire period of our commercial history. It shows the balance for each year from 1835 to 1905. It shows the excess of exports since June 30, 1873, to be $7,227,509,354 on June 30, 1905. The excess of gold import at the end of the fiscal year (June 30) 1904 is wiped out by the exports of 1905, and a balance left the other way of $550,156.

Summary of Reports from September 30, 1789 to June 30, 1905.

Year Ending	MERCHANDISE Excess of: Exports over Imports.	MERCHANDISE Excess of: Imports over Exports.	GOLD, Excess of: Exports over Imports.	GOLD, Excess of: Imports over Exports.	SILVER, Excess of: Exports over Imports.	SILVER, Excess of: Imports over Exports.	TOTAL ANNUAL Excess of: Exports over Imports.	TOTAL ANNUAL Excess of: Imports over Exports.	
							25.265.167	661.417.493	789 to 1831
Sept. 30, 1789 to Sept. 30, 1834.								636.152.326	Gain.
Net Excess..									
1835	$	$ 21,548,493	$	$ 989,916	$	$ 6,683,756	$	$ 28,202,165	1835
1836		62,240,450		6,584,407		2,492,138		61,316,995	1836
1837		19,029,676	781,921			5,322,086		23,569,841	1837
1838	9,008,282			10,461,679		3,777,391		5,230,788	1838
1839		44,245,283	3,636,688			454,521		41,063,716	1839
1840	25,410,226		618,216			1,084,015	24,944,427		1840
1841		11,110,073	2,320,420		2,725,279			6,094,374	1841
1842	3,802,924		1,547,462			820,939	4,529,447		1842
June 30, 1843 (9 mo's)	40,392,225			16,658,750		4,140,794	19,592,681		Jne 30 1843
1844	3,141,226			246,783		129,432	2,765,011		1844
1845		7,144,211	2,236,575		2,299,678			2,607,958	1845
1846		8,330,817	1,142,786			1,015,250		8,203,281	1846
1847	34,317,249			20,537,010		1,677,250	12,102,984		1847
1848		10,448,129	7,662,442		1,818,890			966,797	1848
1849		855,027		2,096,414	849,822			2,101,619	1849
1850		29,133,800	2,783,921		110,281			26,239,598	1850
1851		21,853,170	19,260,823		4,751,426		2,156,079		1851
1852		40,456,167	36,415,920		753,171			3,287,076	1852
1853		60,287,983	23,015,502		269,991			37,002,490	1853
1854		60,760,030	37,438,296			2,060,583		26,321,317	1854
1855		38,899,205	54,016,413			1,428,882	13,688,326		1855
1856		29,212,887	44,010,672			2,472,819	12,324,966		1856
1857		64,604,582	58,678,017			1,902,894	2,070,541		1857
1858	8,672,620		38,436,736			6,078,085	42,031,271		1858
1859		38,431,290	58,982,656			2,530,034	18,021,332		1859
1860		20,040,062	55,937,253		2,058,851		37,956,042		1860
Sept. 30, 1834 to June 30, 1860.	124,744,752	568,664,335	448,822,119	57,554,959	15,637,389	43,009,874	192,183,107	272,208,015	1834 to 1860.
Net Excess..		443,919,583	391,267,160			27,372,485		80,024,908	Gain
1861		69,756,709		14,867,957		1,680,574		86,305,240	1861
1862	1,313,824		21,532,892			1,060,304	21,786,872		1862
1863		39,371,368	56,632,300		2,796,064	2,059,784	15,201,133		1863
1864		157,609,295	89,481,865		6,950,349			65,328,366	1864
1865		72,716,277	61,882,805		12,342,931			14,883,123	1865
1866		85,952,544	63,001,048		16,796,136			10 608,565	1866
1867		101,254,955	22,001,761		15,936,833		4,112,193	62.457.058	1867
1868		75,483,541	63,658,901		15,459,574			94 058,178	1868
1869		131,388,682	21,870,830		10,157,475			11.450.153	1869
1870		43,186,640	21,579,012		17,369,317			231.542	1870
1871		77,403,506	59,802,647		25,302,543			116.283 646	1871
1872		182,417,491	40,831,302		26,953,369			56.528.651	1872
1873		119,656,288	36,174,268						1873
June 30, 1860 to June 30, 1873.	1,313,824	1,158,197,296	648,452,731	14,867,957	149,064,591	4,800,672	41.099.743	618.134.522	1860 to 1873.
Net Excess..		1,154,883,472	633,584,774		144,263,919			477.034.779	Gain
1874	18,876,698		14,539,283		23,636,216		57,052,197		1874
1875		19,562,725	53,284,184		17,947,241		51.668.700		1875
1876	79,643,481		23,184,341		17,385,290		120.213.102		1876
1877	151,152,094		344,140		15,043,683		166.539.917		1877
1878	257,814,234			4,125,760	8,044,571		261.733.045		1878
1879	264,661,666			1,037,334	6,738,775		269.363.107		1879
1880	167,683,912			77,119,371	1,227,980		91.792.521		1880
1881	256,712,718			97,466,127	6,297,477		168.544 068		1881
1882	25,902,683			1,789,174	8,734,263		32.847.772		1882
1883	100,658,489			6,133,261	9,464,203		103.989.430		1883
1884	72,815,916		18,250,640		11.456.481		102.523.037		1884
1885	164,662,426			18,213,804	17,203.000		163.651.628		1885
1886	44,088,694		22,208,842		11.660.912		77.958.448		1886
1887	23,863,443			33,309,414	9.036.313			309.658	1887
1888		28,002,607		25,568,083	12,634,280			40.926.410	1888
1889		2,730,277	49,667,427		18,011,033		64.948.183		1889
1890	68,518,275		4,331,149		13.840,945		86.690.369		1890
1891	39,564,614		68,130,067		4,564,108		112.258.809		1891
1892	202,875,686		495,873		12,855,473		216.227.032		1892
1893		18,735,728	87,506,463		17,544,067		86.314.802		1893
1894	237,145,950		4,528,942		37,164,713		278.839.605		1894
1895	75,568,200		80,083,721		27,084,107		132.736.028		1895
1896	102.882.964		78,884,882		31,764,484		213.531.630		1896
1897	286,363,144			44,653,900	31,413,411		273.023.355		1897
1898	615,432,676			104,985,283	24,177,458		534.624.851		1898
1899	529,874,813			51,432,517	25.643.999		504.086.295		1899
1900	644,541,906		3,693,575		21,455,973		569.691.446		1900
1901	664,507,826			12,866,010	27,898,659		679,625,475		1901
1902	478,398,453			3,452,304	21,500,138		496,446,285		1902
1903	394,422,442		3,108,568		20,086,768		416,617,778		1903
1904	449,739,900			17,595,382	21,703,888		473,848,406		1904
1905	401,049,091		38,945,063		21,363,947		461,358,101		1905
June 30 1873 to June 30, 1905	6,742,406,685	69,031,337	500,187,180	499,637,024	553,583,850		7,268,745,422	41,236,068	1873 to 1905
Net Excess	6,673,375,348		550,156		553,583,850		7,227,509,354		Loss

PLATT'S PRINTING HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS

It is difficult to understand how any man, with ordinary business intelligence, can, with these figures before him, conclude that the excess of exports since 1873 indicates that foreign trade has during that time contributed to any increase of our aggregate wealth.

While in one sense foreign trade is a question of national concern, primarily it is a matter of individual interest and personal enterprise. With exporters and importers national gain or loss is overshadowed by the desire for personal profit. The immediate parties to foreign trade exchange are individual, not national. In trade between countries, as in every exchange, if the consideration is limited to two parties and one secures by the exchange a material tangible profit, the other must suffer a material tangible loss. Two men shut up in a room cannot exchange commodities and both make a profit. The only possibility for a profit to both is access to third parties. If both have a profit, then the gain must be at the expense of some third party. In the import and export trade the third parties are the people of one or both countries. It is important that individual gain or loss be not confounded with increase or decrease of the aggregate national wealth, to which the national interest is really limited. When so limited there is no third party. The transaction must be an exchange of equivalents, or one country must increase its wealth by the loss of the other. If the importer and the exporter both make a profit, it ought to be clear, even if the method by which the result is attained is not so clear, that neither of them furnishes the profit to the other. The profit on both sides must come from some other source. That source is the industrial masses, who produce the exports and consume the imports.

In 1824 Daniel Webster, in a speech in Congress, called attention to the absurdity of the claim that excess of imports was an unfavorable balance of trade, and said, "The excess of imports over exports, in truth, usually shows the gains, not the losses of trade."

The confusion about what is a favorable balance has been caused by failure to distinguish between a balance that represents something sold on credit, paid out for expenses, or lost, and a balance that represents something received and in possession. A merchant who sells on credit will have a debt due him, but, as a balance in his accounts, it indicates what he must receive to make good what *will* be a loss if the debt is *not* paid. Excess of exports is called a "favorable," and excess of imports an "unfavorable" balance, because of the idea that one represents an amount due us, and the other what we owe; that one is a debt to be paid *to* us, and the other a debt to be paid *by* us. Such a view is misleading. To assert that the aggregate of national wealth is increased by exportation and decreased by importation is just as absurd as to assert that it is increased by consumption and decreased by production. It is self-evident that in foreign trade a country gains in material wealth by what comes into it, and not by what goes out of it; that it loses by what goes out of it, and not by what comes into it. The method of reasoning that can convert the excess of exports during the last thirty-two years into a national blessing will be a curiosity in logic.

It has been assumed, without the slightest foundation, that foreign people owe our people for this excess of exports. On the contrary, it is certain that we owe them a large amount in excess of all that is due us. It will be generally conceded, I think, that at the end of the fiscal year 1860 there was a comparatively small debt held against us in foreign countries. Since that date the amount of debts, public and private, bonds, stocks and other securities held abroad has been constantly increasing, until it now amounts to not less than five billion dollars, possibly twice that amount, in excess of all debts due us.

When a man contracts a debt he ought to have something to show for it. Otherwise the debt will be as barren of benefit as a debt contracted at a

gambling-table. If our nation and our people have contracted a large foreign debt, there ought to be something to show for it. Something ought to have passed from our creditors to us as debtors, if the debts are any better than gambling debts.

What could there be except imports of merchandise, gold or silver? There could be nothing else received, *because merchandise, gold and silver cover the ultimate result of every possible business transaction* between the people of this and other nations.

If in 1860 we had few foreign debts, and if since that date we have contracted many debts, there ought to be shown imports equal to the amount of the debt we owe, less the debts due us. If we owe an *excess* of debts, there is nothing due us on *excess* of exports. If there is no excess of imports, then it is mathematically certain that we have not received an equivalent, either for our outstanding debts or the large excess of exports, and the enormous sum, instead of being a favorable balance, represents a loss of national wealth.

When the table is examined, and it is fully understood that there has been no excess of imports since the time when we owed nothing or owed only a small amount to foreign countries, the conclusion cannot be evaded that every dollar paid on such debts is as completely thrown away as if paid on gambling debts.

Some thoughtless people think that they have solved the whole question when they assert that the exports have been applied on our debts. They ought to point out what was received for the debts when they were contracted. If we received anything, that equivalent would appear in the imports. If there were any proceeds from the debts and securities, they ought to have been, and have been, shown in the Treasury Department reports.

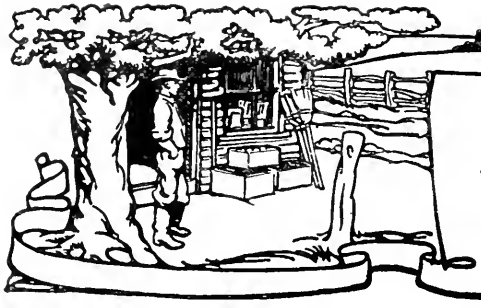
The excess of debts now outstanding and the excess of exports represent amounts that have never brought the country anything. The amounts represent, among other things, gambling speculations and public franchises capitalized. The amount is appalling, but gives only a hint of the despoliation of the American people.

Possibly not all the debts that now exist or that have been paid were made, as between individuals, without consideration; but the conclusion is irresistible that, as a people, we have been buncoed out of an amount equal to the excess of exports, and buncoed into contracting at some time since 1860 debts for which we received no commercial equivalent.

The exports are gone, and it is no use to wail over the loss. We have been foolish enough to contract the debts, and we must pay them. But we have a right to demand that the fraud shall not be continued; that the schemes to increase debts and exports shall come to an end, without hearing lectures on national honor and individual integrity from those who have stolen our products and the speculators who have by deceptions procured our obligations. The burden is heavy enough without another straw. With the draft upon our productions each year to pay interest and dividends in foreign countries, and the rents to alien landlords included in our exports, there is not much left to pay on the principal of the debts we owe.

It is time for us to awake to the fact that restriction of importation by duties on imports—duties that have ceased to be in any sense protective, if they ever were—and the encouragement of exportation by subsidies, direct or indirect, are not beneficial to the masses.

The nation, as such, has no interest in the accumulation of wealth by individuals, or in the acquisition of markets, the exploitation of which serve little purpose except to misdirect the energies of our people and increase the burden upon home consumption. The individual accumulation of wealth and the acquisition of foreign markets can safely be left to individual enterprise. The national office is to equalize the burdens and to secure the highest possible standard of comfort for its own producing and consuming masses.



Pole Baker
By
Will N Harben

CHAPTER XXVII

ONE evening a week later Cynthia hastened across the fields through the gathering dusk in the direction of Pole Baker's voice. He would tell her, she was sure, if anything of importance had turned up concerning Floyd, and she could not bear the thought of another night of suspense.

Presently she saw Pole at his hog-pen in the edge of a little thicket behind his cottage.

"Pig-oop-pig-oo!" she heard him calling. "Dern yore lazy hides, ef you don't come on I'll empty this bucket o' slop on the ground an' you kin root fer it. I've mighty nigh ripped the linin' out o' my throat on yore account." Then he descried Cynthia coming toward him over the dew-damp grass, and he paused, leaning on the rail-fence, his eyes resting expectantly on her.

"Oh, it's you, little sister!" he exclaimed pleasantly. "That's sorter foolish o' you gittin' them little feet o' yore'n wet in this dew. It may settle on yore lungs an' keep you from j'inin' in the singin' Sunday."

"I want to see you," Cynthia said in a voice that shook. "I heard you calling your hogs, and thought I'd catch you here."

"Well, little sister, I hain't very nice-lookin' in this old shirt an' pants of many colors, like Joseph's coat, but every patch was sewed on by the fingers o' the sweetest, most patient little woman God ever made, an' I hain't ashamed of 'em; but she is—God bless 'er!—an' she'd have a spasm ef she knowed I talked to you in 'em."

"My father says you went down to Atlanta," Cynthia said falteringly, "and I thought——"

"Yes, I went down." Pole avoided her fixed stare.

"You went to see if you could learn anything of Mr. Floyd's whereabouts, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, little sister. I hain't a-talkin' much. Mayhew says it's best to sorter lie low until some'n' accurate is found out, an' while I did my level best down thar, I've got to acknowledge I'm as much in the dark as anybody else. In fact, I'm mighty nigh bothered to death over it. Nelson, poor boy, seems to have disappeared clean off'n the face o' the earth. The only thing I have to build on is the fact that—an' I hate to say it, little sister—the fact that he evidently *did* start to drinkin' again. He told me once that he wasn't plumb sure o' hisse'f, an' that any big trouble or despair might overthrow his resolutions. Now, he's been drinkin', I reckon—an' what could 'a' been his trouble? I went three times to his uncle's, but the doctors wouldn't let me see 'im. The old man's broke down with nervous prostration from business troubles, an' they are afeard he's goin' to kick the bucket."

"We don't know—you don't—I don't know whether he is alive or—" Her words failed her, a sob, dry and deep, shook her from head to foot. "Whatever people say I know what he was—I saw his real and higher nature,

and, as it struggled for growth in good and bad soil, it was the most beautiful flower God ever made. He can't be dead—he *must* not be dead. I—I could not bear that."

Pole gulped down his tense emotion. "I'll tell you what I'll do, little sister," he proposed. "I'll work these here hands"—he held them up in the starlight—"to the naked bone; I'll use this here brain"—he struck his broad brow with a resounding slap—"till it withers in the endeavor to fetch 'im back safe an' sound to you."

"I've always looked on you as a brother, Pole. You made me love you a long time ago by your gentleness and respect for women."

"Oh, little sister," Pole cried, "I don't deserve that!"

"Yes, you do; but find him—find him, and bring him back."

"All right, little sister, I'll do my best."

He stood still and watched her hurry away through the darkness.

* * * * *

The following evening was balmy and moonlit. Hillhouse was at Porter's just after supper, seated on the porch in conversation with Mrs. Porter.

"Yes, I believe I'd not ask her to see you tonight," she was advising him. "The poor girl seems completely fagged out. She tries to do as much about the house as usual, but it seems to tire her more. Then she doesn't eat heartily, and I hear her constantly sighing."

"Ah, I see," Hillhouse said despondently.

"Yes," the old woman pursued, "I suppose if you finally get her to marry you, you'll have to put up with the memory that she *did* have a young girl's fancy for that man, Brother Hillhouse. But she wasn't the only one. The girls all liked him, and he did show a preference for her."

"Has she—has she heard the latest news—the very latest?" Hillhouse asked anxiously. "Has she heard the report that Henry A. Floyd told Mr. Mayhew he had met Nelson and revealed that awful news about his parentage?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Snodgrass came in with that report this morning. She knew as well as anything that Cynthia was excited, and yet she sat in the parlor and went over and over the worst parts of it, watching the girl like a hawk. Cynthia got up and left the room. She was white as death and looked like she would faint. Mrs. Snodgrass hinted at deliberate suicide. She declared a young man as proud and high-strung as Nelson Floyd would resort to that the first thing. She said she wouldn't blame him one bit after all he's suffered. Well, just think of it, Brother Hillhouse! Did you ever hear of anybody being treated worse? He's been tossed and kicked about all his life, constantly afraid that he wasn't quite as respectable as other folks. And then all at once he was taken up and congratulated by the wealth and blood around him on his high stand—and then finally had to have this last discovery rammed in his face. Why, that's enough to drive any proud spirit to desperation! I don't blame him for getting drunk. I don't blame him, either, for not wanting to come back to be snubbed by those folks. But what I *do* want is fer him not to drag me and mine into his trouble. When my girl marries, I want her to marry some man that will be good to her, and I want him to have decent social standing. Even if Floyd's alive, if I can help it, Cynthia shall never marry him—never!"

"Does Miss Cynthia believe," ventured the preacher, "that Floyd has killed himself?"

"I don't think she believes that, *quite*," was Mrs. Porter's reply; "but she doesn't seem to think he'll ever come back to Springtown. Don't you worry, Brother Hillhouse. She'll get over this shock after a while, and then she'll appreciate your worth and constancy. If I were you, I'd not press my claim right now."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of such a thing!" Hillhouse stroked a sort of glowing resignation into his chin, upon which a two days' beard had made a ragged appearance. "I've been aw-

fully miserable, Sister Porter, but this talk with you has raised my hopes."

Mrs. Porter got up with a faint smile. "Now, you go home and write another good sermon like that last one. I watched Cynthia out of the corner of my eye all through it. That idea of its being our duty to bear our burdens cheerfully—no matter how heavy they are—seemed to do her a lot of good."

The color came into Hillhouse's thin face, and his eyes shone. "The sermon I have in mind for next Sunday is on the same general line," he said. "I'm glad she listened. I was talking straight at her, Sister Porter. I'm not ashamed to admit it. I've been unable to think of anything but her since—since Floyd disappeared."

"You are a good man, Brother Hillhouse"—Mrs. Porter was giving him her hand—"and somehow I feel like you will get all you want, in due time, remember—in due time."

"God bless you, sister," Hillhouse said earnestly, and, pressing the old woman's hand, he turned away.

CHAPTER XXVIII

In her own room that night Cynthia closed the door and lighted the lamp and then took her Bible from the top drawer of her bureau and sat down at the table to read it. She read chapter after chapter mechanically, her despondent eyes doing work which never reached her throbbing brain. Presently she realized this and closed the book. Rising, she went to her window and looked across the grass-grown triangle to her mother's window. It was dark. All the other windows were so, too. The house was wrapped in slumber. She heard the clock strike nine. Really she must go to bed, and yet she knew she would not sleep, and the thought of the long, conscious hours till daybreak caused her to shudder.

Perhaps twenty minutes had passed since the clock struck, when a sound suddenly fell upon her ears that thrilled every muscle in her body. It was the far-off call of a whippoorwill! Was it the cry of the real bird or an imitation—*his* imitation? She stood like a thing of stone, straining her ears for its repetition. There! There it was again, and nearer, clearer, more appealing. Ah, no creature of mere feathers and flesh could have uttered that tentative, soulful note! It was Nelson Floyd alive!—alive and wanting her—her first of all! Standing before her mirror, she tried to tie up her hair, which had fallen loose upon her shoulders, but her hands refused to do their office. Without a second's deliberation she sprang to the door, opened it and ran on to the outer one. Passing through this she glided across the porch and softly sped over the grass in the direction of the sound. She heard it again, in startling shrillness, and then, in the clear moonlight, she saw Floyd standing in front of the grape arbor. As she drew near her heart stood still at sight of the change which had come on him. It lay like the tracing of Death's pencil on his brow, in his emaciated features and loosely fitting, soiled and unpressed clothing. For the first time in her life she yielded herself without resistance to his outstretched arms. With no effort to prevent it she allowed him to press his lips to hers. Childlike, and as if in fear of losing him again, she slid her arm round his neck and drew him tightly to her. Neither uttered a word. Thus they remained for a moment, and then he led her into the arbor and they sat down together, his arm still about her body, her head on his breast. He was first to speak.

"I was so afraid you'd not come," he panted, as if he had been walking fast. "Have you heard of my trouble?" he went on, his voice sounding strange and altered.

She nodded on his breast, not wanting to see the pain she knew was mirrored in his face.

"Oh, no, surely you haven't—that is, not—not what I learned in Atlanta about my—my mother and father?"

Again she nodded, pressing her brow upward against his chin in a mute action of consolation and sympathy.

He sighed. "I didn't think anybody knew that," he said. "That is, anybody up here."

"Mr. Mayhew went down and saw your uncle," Cynthia found voice to say finally.

"Don't call him my uncle—he's not that, except as hell gives men relatives. But I don't want to speak of him. The memory of his ashy face, glittering eyes and triumphant tone as he hurled those facts at me is like a horrible nightmare. I'm not here to deny a thing, little girl. I came to let you see me just as I am. I fell very low. No one knows I'm here. I passed through Darley without meeting a soul I knew and walked all the way here, dodging off the road when I heard the sound of hoofs or wheels. I've come to you, Cynthia—only you. You are the only one out of this part of my life that I ever want to see again. I am not going to hide anything. After that revelation in Atlanta I sank as low as a brute. I drank and lost my head. I spent several days in New Orleans more like a demon than a human being—among gamblers, thieves and cutthroats. Two of my companions confessed to me that they were escaped convicts put in for murder. I went on to Havana and came back again to New Orleans. Yesterday I reached Atlanta. I learned that the police had been trying to find me and hid out. Last night, Cynthia, I was drunk again; but this morning I woke up with a longing to throw it all off, to be a man once more, and while I was thinking about it a thought came to me like a flash of light from heaven thrown clear across the black waste of hell. The thought came to me that, although I am a nobody (that name has never passed my lips since I learned it was not my own)—the thought came to me, I say, that there was one single and only chance for me to return to manhood and obtain earthly happiness. Do you follow me, dearest?"

She raised her head and looked into his great, staring eyes.

"Not quite, Nelson," she said softly. "Not quite."

"You see, I recalled that you, too, are not happy here at home, and, as in my case, through no fault of your own—no fault, except being born different from others around you. I remembered all you'd told me about your mother's suspicious, exacting nature, and how hard you worked at home, and how little real joy you got out of life, and then it came to me that we both had as much right to happiness as anyone else—you for your hard life and I for all that I'd suffered. So I stopped drinking. I have not touched a drop today, although a doctor down there said I really needed a stimulant. You can see how nervous I am. I shake all over. But I am stimulated by hope—that's it, Cynthia—hope! I've come to tell you that you can make a man of me—that you have it in your power to blot out all my trouble."

"I don't see how, Nelson." Cynthia raised her head and looked into his shadowy face wonderingly.

"I've come here to ask you to leave this spot with me forever. I've got unlimited means. Even since I've been away my iron lands in Alabama and coal lands in Tennessee have sprung up marvelously in value. This business here at the store is a mere trifle compared to other investments of mine. We could go far away where no one knows of my misfortune, and, hand in hand, make us a new home and new friends. Oh, Cynthia, that holds out such dazzling promise to me that, honestly, all the other fades away in contrast to it. Just to think, you'll be all mine, all mine—alone with me in the wide, wide world! What do you say, little girl? It all rests with you now. You are to decide whether I rise or sink back again, for God knows I don't see how I could possibly give you up. I have not acted right with you all along in not declaring my love sooner, but I hardly knew my mind. It was not till that night at the mill that I began to realize how dear you were to me, but it was such a wonderful awakening that I did not speak of it as I should. But why don't you say something,

Cynthia? Surely you don't love anyone else——"

She drew herself quite from his embrace, but, still clasping one of his hands like an eager child, she said:

"Nelson, I don't believe I'm foolish and impetuous like some girls I know. You are asking me to take the most important step in a woman's life, and I cannot decide hastily. You have been drinking, Nelson, you acknowledge that frankly. In fact, I would have known it anyway, for you are not like you used to be—even your voice has altered. Nelson, a man who will give way to whisky even in great trouble is not absolutely a safe man. I'm unhappy, I'll admit it. I've suffered since you disappeared as I never dreamed a woman could suffer, and yet—and yet what you propose seems a very imprudent thing to do. When did you want me to leave?"

"A week from tonight," he said. "I can have everything ready by then and will bring a horse and buggy. I'll leave them down below the orchard and meet you right here. I'll whistle in the old way, and you must come to me. For God's sake don't refuse. I promise to grant any request you make. Not a single earthly wish of yours shall ever go unsatisfied. I *know* I can make you happy."

Cynthia was silent for a moment. She drew her hand from his clasp. "I'll promise this much," she said, in a low, firm voice. "I'll promise to bring my decision here next Friday night. If I decide to go, I suppose I'd better pack——"

"Only a very few things," he interposed. "We shall stop in New Orleans and you can get all you want. Oh, little girl, think of my sheer delight over seeing you fairly loaded down with the beautiful things you ought always to have had, and noting the wonder of everybody over your rare beauty of face and form, and to know that you are all mine, that you gave up everything for a nameless man! You will not go back on me, dearest? You won't do it, after all I've been through?"

Cynthia was silent after this burst of feeling, and he put his arm around her and drew her, slightly resisting, into his embrace.

"What is troubling you, darling?" he asked tenderly.

"I'm worried about your drinking," she faltered. "I've seen more misery come from that habit than anything else in the world."

"But I swear to you that not another drop shall ever pass my lips," he said. "Why, darling, even with no promise to you to hold me back, I voluntarily did without it today, when right now my whole system is crying out for it and almost driving me mad. If I could do that of my own accord, don't you see I could let it alone forever for your sake?"

"But"—Cynthia raised her eyes to his—"between now and—and next Friday night, will you——?"

"I shall be as sober as a judge when I come," he laughed, absorbing hope from her question. "I shall come to you with the clearest head I ever had—the clearest head and the lightest heart, little girl, for we are going out together into a great, mysterious, dazzling world. You will not refuse me? You are sent to me to repay me for all I've been through. That's the way Providence acts. It brings us through misery and shadows out into joy and light. My shadows have been dark, but my light—great God, did mortal ever enter light such as ours will be!"

"Well, I'll decide by next Friday night," Cynthia said; "that's all I can promise now. It is a most important matter and I shall give it a great deal of thought. I see the way you look at it."

"But, Cynthia," he cautioned her, "don't tell a soul that I've been here. They think I'm dead; let them continue to do so. Friday night just leave a note saying that you have gone off with me and that you will write the particulars later. But we won't write till we have put a good many miles behind us. Your mother will raise a lot of fuss, but we can't help that."

"I shall not mention it to anyone," the girl agreed, and she rose and stood before him, half turned to go.

"Then kiss me, dearest," he pleaded, seizing her hands and holding them tight—"kiss me of your own accord; you know you never have done that, not even once, since I've known you."

"No; don't ask me to do that," she said firmly, "for that would be absolute consent, and I tell you, Nelson, frankly, I have not yet fully decided. You must not build on it too much."

"Oh, don't talk that way, darling. Don't let me carry a horrible doubt for a whole week. Do say something that will keep up my hopes."

"All I can say is that I'll decide by Friday night," she repeated. "And, if I go, I shall be ready. Good night, Nelson; I can't stay out longer."

He walked with her as far as he could safely do so in the direction of the farmhouse, and then they parted without further words.

"She'll go—the dear little thing," he said to himself enthusiastically, as he walked through the orchard. When he had climbed over the fence he paused, looked back, and shrugged his shoulders. An unpleasant thrill passed over him. It was the very spot on which he had met Pole Baker that night and had been so soundly reprimanded for his indiscretion in quitting Nathan Porter's premises in such a stealthy manner.

Suddenly Floyd pressed his hand to his waistcoat pocket and drew out a tiny object that glittered in the moonlight. "The engagement ring!" he exclaimed in a tone of deep disappointment, "and I forgot to give it to her. What a fool I was, when she's never had a diamond in her life! Well"—he looked hesitatingly toward the farmhouse—"it wouldn't do to call her back now. I'll keep it till Friday night. Like an idiot, I forgot, too, in my excitement, to tell her where we are to be married—that is, if she will go; but she won't desert me—I can trust her. She will be my wife—*my wife!*"

November, 1905—7

CHAPTER XXIX

MRS. PORTER drove down the village street between the rows of scattered houses till she arrived at a modest cottage with a white paling fence in front and a few stunted flowers. Here she alighted. There was a hitching-post, with an old horseshoe nailed near the top for a hook, and, throwing the reins over it, she went into the yard. Someone came to a window and parted the curtains. It was Hillhouse. He turned and stepped quickly to the door, a startled expression of inquiry on his face.

"Come in, come in," he said. "Really, I wasn't looking for anybody to drop in so early in the day; and this is the first time you've ever called, Sister Porter."

With a cold nod she walked past him into the little white-walled, carpetless hall.

"You've got a parlor, haven't you?" she asked, cautiously looking around.

"Oh, yes; excuse me," he stammered, and he awkwardly opened a door on the right. "Walk in, walk in. I'm awfully rattled this morning. Seeing you so sudden made me——"

"I hope the Marshall family across the street weren't watching as I got out," she broke in, as she preceded him into the parlor. "People talk so much here, and I wanted to see you privately. Let a woman with a grown daughter go to an unmarried preacher's house and you never hear the last of it."

She sat down in a rocking-chair and looked about her, he thought, with an expression of subdued excitement. The room was most simply furnished. On the floor lay a rag carpet, with rugs of the same material. A cottage organ stood in one corner, and a round, marble-topped table in the centre of the room held a lamp and a plush-covered album. On the white walls hung family portraits, black-and-white enlarged photographs. The window looking toward the street had a green shade and white, stiffly starched lace curtains.

"You wanted to see me alone,

then?" Hillhouse put out his stiff, tentative hand and drew a chair to him and sat down in it.

"Yes, I'm in trouble—great, great trouble," the old woman said, her steely glance on his face; "and to tell you the truth, I don't see how I'm going to get around it. I couldn't mention it to anyone else but you, not even Nathan nor mother. In fact, you ought to know, for it's bound to worry you, too."

"Oh, Sister Porter what is it? Don't keep me waiting. I knew you were in some trouble when I saw your face as you came in at the gate. Is it about——?"

"Of course, it's about Cynthia," sighed the woman; "about her and Nelson Floyd."

"He's dead, and she—" Hillhouse began, but Mrs. Porter stopped him.

"No, that isn't it," she went on. "He's alive. He's back here."

"Oh, is that so?" Hillhouse leaned forward, his face white, his thin lips quivering.

"Yes, I'll tell you about it," went on Mrs. Porter. "Of late I've been unable to sleep for thinking of Cynthia and her actions, she's seemed so reckless and despondent, and last night I left my bed and started to creep in and see if she was asleep. I had on soft slippers and made no noise, and had just got to the end of the hall when her door opened and she went out at the front."

"Gone? Oh, don't—don't tell me that, Mrs. Porter!"

"No, not that, quite; but wait till I am through," Mrs. Porter said, her tone hard and crisp. "When I got to the porch I saw her just disappearing in the orchard. And then I heard somebody whistling like a whippoorwill. It was Nelson Floyd. He was standing at the grape arbor, and the two met there. They went inside and sat down, and then, as there is a thick row of rosebushes between the house and the arbor, I slipped up behind it. I crouched down low till I was almost flat on the ground. I heard every word that passed between them."

Hillhouse said nothing. The veins in his forehead stood out full and dark. Drops of perspiration, the dew of mental agony, appeared on his cheeks.

"Don't form hasty judgment," Mrs. Porter said. "If I ever doubted, or feared my child's weakness on that man's account, I don't now. She's as good and pure as the day she was born. In fact, I don't believe she would have gone out to meet him that way if she hadn't been nearly crazy over the uncertainty as to what had happened to him. I don't blame her; I'd have done it myself if I'd cared as much for a man as she does about him—or thinks she does."

"You say you heard what passed?" Hillhouse panted.

"Yes, and never since I was born have I heard such stuff as he poured into that poor child's ears. As I listened to his talk, one instant my heart would bleed with sympathy and the next I'd want to grab him by the throat and strangle him. He was all hell and all heaven's angels bound up in one human shape to entrap one frail human being. He went over all his suffering from babyhood up, saying he had had as much put on him as he could stand. He had come back by stealth and didn't want a soul but her to know he was here; he didn't intend ever to face the sneers of these folks and let them throw up his mother's sin to him. He'd been on a long and terrible debauch, but had sobered up and promised to stay that way if she would run away with him to some far-off place where no soul would ever know his history. He had no end of funds, he said; he'd made money on investments outside of Springtown, and he promised to gratify every wish of hers. She was to have the finest and best in the land, and get away from a miserable existence under my roof. Oh, I hate him—poisoning her mind against the mother who nursed her!"

"He wanted her to elope!" gasped Hillhouse. "To elope with a man just off of a long drunk and with a record like that behind him—*her*, that beautiful, patient child! But what did she say?"

"At first she refused to go, as well as I could make out, and then she told him she would have to think over it. He is to meet her at the same place next Friday night, and if she decides to go between now and then she will be ready."

"Thank God, we've discovered it in time!" Hillhouse said fervently, and he got up, and, with his head hanging low and his bony hands clutched behind him over the tails of his long, black coat, he walked back and forth from the window to the door. "I tell you, Sister Porter," he almost sobbed, "I can't give her up to him. I can't, I tell you! It isn't in me. I'd die rather than have her go off with him!"

"So would I—so would I, fearin' what I *now* do," Mrs. Porter said, without looking at him.

"*Fearing what you now do?*" Hillhouse paused in front of her.

"That's what I said." The old woman raised her eyes to his. Hillhouse sank down into his chair, nursing a new-born alarm in his lap.

"What do you mean, Sister Porter?" he asked in a low tone.

"Why, I mean that I never heard any thoroughly rational man on earth talk just as Floyd did last night. I may be away off. I may be wronging him badly, but not once in all his tirade did he say *right in so many words* that he meant actually to marry her."

"Great God, the damnable wretch!" Hillhouse sprang again to his feet. Mrs. Porter put out her hand and caught his arm and drew him down to his chair again.

"Don't decide hastily," she urged him. "I laid awake all night trying to get it clear in my head. He had lots to say about the awful way the world had treated him, and that he felt, having no name, that he was unworthy of anybody as sweet and good as she was, but that if she would go off with him he'd feel that she had sacrificed everything for him and that that would recompense him for all he had lost. He even said that Providence sometimes worked that way, giving people a lot to bear at first, and then lifting them out of it all of a sudden."

Hillhouse leaned forward till his elbows rested on his knees, and he covered his ghastly face with his hands. For a moment he was silent. Mrs. Porter could hear him breathing heavily. Suddenly he looked at her from eyes that were almost bloodshot.

"*I* understand him," he declared. "He fell into a drunkard's hell, feeling that he was justified in such a course by his ill-luck, and now he has deliberately persuaded himself that both he and she would be justified in defying social customs—being a law unto themselves, as it were. It is just the sort of thing a man of his erratic character would think of, and the damnable temptation is so dazzling that he is trying to make himself believe they have a right to it."

"Really, that was what I was afraid of," said Mrs. Porter, with a soft groan. "I heard him tell her that he would never be called by the name of Floyd again. Surely, a man has to have a name of some sort to get legally married, doesn't he?"

"Of course he has," said Hillhouse. "But, my God, Sister Porter, what are you going to do?"

"That's the trouble," answered the old woman. "I understand Cynthia well enough to know that she will not be coerced in the matter. She is going to think it all over, and if she decides to go with him no power on earth will stop her. She looks already better satisfied. The only thing I can see is for me to try to stir up her sympathies in some way. She's tenderhearted; she'd hate to be the cause of my suffering. We must work together, and in secret, Brother Hillhouse."

"Work together, but how?" the preacher groaned. "I can't think of a thing to do. If I appealed to her on the score of my love for her she would only balance that off by his, and all she imagines the scoundrel suffers."

"Oh, his trouble is *real* enough," Mrs. Porter declared. "I tell you that in spite of my hatred for him, and even in spite of his cowardly insinuations against me ringing in my ears last night, I felt sorry for him. It would pierce a heart of stone to hear him talk as he did to her. If she resists, she will be a stronger woman than I would have been at her age and under the same circumstances. Pshaw! what would I have cared if I'd loved a man with all my heart and fate had deprived him of a name to give me—what would I have cared for the opinions of a little handful of people pent up here in the mountains when he was asking me to go with him out into the wide world and take my chances along with him? I don't know, Brother Hillhouse, but that I'd have gloried in the opportunity to say I was no better than he was. That's the way most women would look at it; that's the way, I'm afraid, *she* will look at it."

The preacher turned upon her, cold fury snapping in his eyes and voice. "You talk that way—*you!*" he snarled —"and you her mother! You are almost arguing that because *his* father and mother branded him as they did that he and Cynthia have a right to—to brand their—their own helpless offspring the same way. Sin can't be compromised with."

"Ah, you are right. I wasn't looking far enough ahead," Mrs. Porter acknowledged. "No, we must save her. Heaven could not possibly bless such a step as that. I want her to hear somebody talk on that line. Say, Brother Hillhouse, if I can get her to come to church tomorrow, could you not, in a roundabout way, touch on that idea?"

"God knows I am willing to try anything—anything!" the minister said despondently. "Yes, bring her, if she will come. She seems to listen to me. I'll do my best."

"Well, I'll bring her," Mrs. Porter promised. "Good morning. I'd better get back. They will wonder what's keeping me."

CHAPTER XXX

For midsummer, the next morning was clear and cool. Nathan Porter rolled the family spring-wagon down to the creek and washed off the wheels and greased the axles.

"Your pa's getting ready to drive us to church, Cynthia," Mrs. Porter adroitly said to the girl as she was removing the dishes from the table in the dining-room. "I wish you'd go with me. I hate to sit there with just your pa."

There was an instant's hesitation visible in Cynthia's sudden pause in her work and the startled lift of her eyebrows. Then she said:

"All right, mother, if you want me to, I'll go."

"Well, then, go get out your white muslin and flowered hat. They become you more than anything you wear."

Without further words Cynthia left the room, and Mrs. Porter walked out into the hall and stood in the front doorway.

"Somehow, I imagine," she mused, "that she was thinking it would be her last time at our church. I don't know what makes me think so, but she had exactly that look in her face. I do wish I could go in and tell mother all about it, but she's too old and childish to act with caution. I can't go to Nathan, either, for he'd laugh at me; he'd not only do that, but he'd tell it all over the country and drive Cynthia to meet Floyd ahead of time. No, no; I must do the best I can with Mr. Hillhouse's help. He loves her; he'd make her a good, safe husband, too, while that daredevil would most likely tire of her in a short time and take to drinking and leave her high and dry in some far-off place. No, Floyd won't do to risk."

The service was not well attended that morning, owing to a revival in progress at Darley. Reports of the good music and high religious excitement had drawn away a goodly number of Hillhouse's parishioners. But, considering the odd nature of the dis-

course he had planned, this was perhaps in the young preacher's favor. Had his wily old ally doubted that he intended to fulfil his promise to touch publicly on the matter so near to them both, she could do so no longer after he had risen and stood unconsciously swaying from side to side, as he made some formal announcements in harsh, rigid tones. Indeed, he had the appearance of a man who could have talked of only one thing, thought of only one thing, that to which his whole being was nailed. His subject was that of the sins of the fathers being visited upon their children, even to the third and fourth generations. And Mrs. Porter shrank guiltily as his almost desperate voice rang out in the still room. How was it possible for those around not to suspect—to know—that she had instigated the sermon and brought her unsuspecting child there to be swerved by it from the dangerous course she was pursuing? In former sermons Hillhouse had unfailingly allowed his glance to rest on Cynthia's face, but on this occasion he looked everywhere but at her. As he proceeded he seemed to take on confidence in his theme; his tone rose high, clear and firm, and quivered in the sheer audacity of his aim. He showed, from that lesson, the serious responsibility resting on each individual—each prospective mother and father. Then, all at once, it dawned on the congregation that Floyd's misfortune had inspired the discourse, and each man and woman bent breathlessly forward that they might not lose a word. The picture was now most clear to their intelligences. And, seeing that they understood and were sympathetically following him, Hillhouse swept on, the bit of restraint between his clenched teeth, to direct, personal reference.

"We can take it home to ourselves, brothers and sisters," he went on passionately. "Even in our own humble, uneventful lives here in the mountains, out of the great current of worldliness that flows through the densely populated portions of our land, we have seen a terrible result of this failure of man to do his duty to his posterity. Right here in our midst the hand of God has fallen so heavily that the bright hopes of sterling youth are crushed out completely. There was here among us a fine specimen of mental and physical manhood, a young soul full of hope and ambition. There was not a ripple on the calm surface of that life, not a cloud in the clear sky of its future when, without warning, the shadow of God's hand spread over it. The awful past was unrolled—one man and woman, for selfish, personal desires, were at the root of it all. Some shallow thinkers claim that there is no hell, neither spiritual nor material. To convince such individuals I would point the scornful finger of proof to the agony of that young man. Are they—that selfish couple—enjoying the bliss of the redeemed, and he, the helpless product of their sin, suffering as you know he must be suffering? In this case the tangible and visible must establish the verity of the vague and invisible. They are paying the debt—somewhere, somehow—you may count on that."

Mrs. Porter, with bated breath, eyed Cynthia askance. To her astonishment a flush had risen into the girl's cheeks, and there was in her steady eye something like the thin-spread tear of deep and glorified emotion, as she sat with tightly clasped hands, her breast tumultuously heaving. The house was very still, so still that the rustling of the leaves in the trees near the open windows now and then swept like the soft sighing of grief-stricken nature through the room. Hillhouse, a baffled, almost hunted look on his gaunt face, paused to take a sip of water, and for one instant his eyes met Cynthia's as he wiped his mouth on his handkerchief and with trembling hands returned it to his pocket. Mrs. Porter was conscious of the impression that he had not quite carried the subject to its logical climax, and was wondering how it had happened, when Hillhouse almost abruptly closed his discourse. He sat down, as if crushed by the weight of defeat, and looked steadily and despondently at the floor,

while the congregation stood and sang the Doxology. Then he rose and, with hands outstretched as stiffly as those of a wired skeleton, he pronounced the benediction.

As they were turning to leave Cynthia and her mother faced old Nathan, who stood waiting for them.

"Hillhouse don't look one bit well today," he observed, as they were going out. "I'll bet he's been eatin' some o' the fool stuff women an' gals has been concoctin' to bewitch 'im with. They say the shortest road to a man's heart is through his stomach—it's the quickest route to a man's grave, too, I'm here to state to you."

"Oh, do hush!" Mrs. Porter exclaimed, her mind on something foreign to Nathan's comment. "You two walk on; I'm going to shake hands with Brother Hillhouse and ask about his mother."

She fell back behind the crowd surging through the door, and waited for the preacher to come down the aisle to her.

"I couldn't see exactly what you were driving at," she said, extending her hand. "I never heard finer argument or argument put in better language than what you said, but it seemed to me you left off something."

"I *did*," he said desperately. "I was going to end up with the evil tendencies he had inherited from his parents, and the pitfalls such a man would lead others into, but I couldn't drive my tongue to it. I had gone too far in dilating on his wrongs for that, and then I caught sight of Cynthia's face. I read it. I read through it down into the depths of her soul. What I was saying was only making her glory in the prospect of self-sacrifice in his behalf. When I saw that—when I realized that it will take a miracle of God to snatch her from him, I felt everything swimming about me. Her flushed face, her sparkling, piercing eyes, drove me wild. I started in to attack him behind his back and was foiled in the effort. But I won't give up. I can't lose her—I *can't*, I tell you! She was made for me. I was made for her, and she would realize it if this devil's dream would pass."

Mrs. Porter sighed. "I don't know what to do," she declared. "If I could trust him, I'd give in, but I can't. I can't let my only child go off with any man of his stamp, on those conditions. But I must run on—they are waiting for me. She must never suspect that this was done for her benefit."

It was the afternoon of the day set for the meeting between Cynthia and Floyd. Mrs. Porter, still carrying her weighty secret, went into town actuated by nothing but the hope that she might accidentally meet Hillhouse. He seemed to be on the lookout for her, for he came down the street from the village square and waited for her to join him near the hitching-rack and public trough for the watering of horses.

"I was on the way to see you," she said, looking about her cautiously, as if averse to being seen in his company.

"In answer to my prayer," he replied. "I'm suffering great agony, Sister Porter."

"Well, you are not any worse off than I am," she made answer. "She's my only child."

He leaned toward her till his face was close to her own. "Something must be done," he said. "I'm ready for anything. I can't bear it any longer. Last night the devil rose in me and conquered me. I was ready to kill him."

"And after all those beautiful things"—Mrs. Porter smiled calmly—"that you said about him in your sermon."

"The feeling didn't last long," Hillhouse said gloomily. "It swept through me like a storm and left me on my knees praying God to spare her. Did she make any comment on my sermon?"

"No, but I saw it failed to affect her as we wanted it to. I have kept a close watch on her. At times she's had the appearance of a woman giving up all hope, and then again a rebellious look would come in her face, and

she'd move about with a quick step, her head up and a defiant expression, as if she was telling herself that she had a right to her happiness, and would have it at any cost."

"Ah, I guess she loves him," Hillhouse sighed; "and she is fascinated by his hellish proposal and the thought that she is sacrificing something for his sake. I wish I could abuse him, but I can't. I can't blame him for trying to get her; it is no more than any man would do, any man who knows what she is."

"I want to ask you one thing, Brother Hillhouse"—Mrs. Porter was looking at a row of cottages across the square—"and I ask it as a member of your church and a woman that don't want to commit unpardonable sin. So far, I've tried to obey the commandments to the letter. I want to know if I'd ever be forgiven if I was to descend to downright deception—lying with my tongue and lying in my actions—that is, I mean, if, by so doing, I could save my child from this thing?"

Hillhouse avoided her piercing eyes; his own shifted under lowering brows.

"If you could actually save her?" he said.

"Yes, if I could make her give him up—send him off?"

"I'll answer you this way," Hillhouse replied. "If she were in a room and a madman came searching for her with a pistol and a long knife bent upon killing her, and if he were to ask you, as you stood at the door, if she were inside, would you say yes?"

"Of course I wouldn't."

"Well, there's your answer," said the preacher. "He's a madman—mad in soul, brain and body. He is seeking her eternal damnation, and the damnation of unborn souls. Lie?" He laughed sardonically. "Sister Porter, I could stand before God and lie that way, and wink at the angels hovering over the throne."

"I reckon you are right," said the woman; "but I wanted to make sure. And let me tell you something. If I *do* resort to lying I'll put up a good one, and I'll back it up by acting that she nor no one else could see through. Let me alone. Leave it to me. It's my last card, but I feel like it's going to win. I'm going home now. I can hardly walk, I feel so weak at the knees. I haven't slept regular since this thing came up. I'm going crazy—I know I am."

"Would you mind telling me what you intend to do?" Hillhouse asked almost hopefully.

"No, I'm not ready to do that yet, but it will have a powerful effect on her. The only thing that bothered me was the sin of it, but since you think I'd have the right I'll throw my whole soul into it. She's so pure-minded that she won't suspect me."

"God grant that you succeed," Hillhouse said fervently, and he stood as if rooted to the spot, and watched her till she had disappeared down the road leading to her home.

CHAPTER XXXI

DURING supper that evening Mrs. Porter eyed her daughter furtively. Cynthia ate very little and seemed abstracted, paying no heed to her father's rambling, inconsequential remarks to her grandmother, who, in her white lace cap, sat across the table from him. Supper over, the family went out, leaving Cynthia to put the dishes away. Mrs. Radcliffe shambled quietly to her own room, and Porter took his pipe to his favorite chair on the porch. Being thus at liberty to carry out her own plans, Mrs. Porter stole unnoticed into Cynthia's room, and in the half-darkness looked about her. The room was in thorough order. The white bedspread was as smooth as a drift of snow, and the pillows had not a wrinkle or a crease. The old woman noiselessly opened the top drawer of the bureau; here everything was in its place. She looked in the next and the next with the same result. Then she stood erect in the centre of the room, an expression of perplexity on her face. Suddenly she seemed to have an inspiration, and she went to the girl's closet and opened

the door. And there, under a soiled dress belonging to Cynthia, she found a traveling-bag closely packed.

With a soundless groan Mrs. Porter dropped the dress, closed the closet door, and moved back to the centre of the room.

"My God! my God!" she cried. "I can't stand it! She's fully made up her mind."

Mrs. Porter left the room, and, passing her husband, whose placid face appeared intermittently in a red disk of light on the end of the porch, she went down the steps into the yard and thence around the house toward the orchard and grape arbor. She paused among the trees, looking thoughtfully at the ground.

"If I'm going to do it," she reflected, "I'd better throw out some hint in advance, to sort of lead up to it. I wonder if my mind is actually giving way? I am sure I've been through enough to —but somebody is coming."

It was Cynthia, and she came daintily over the dewy grass.

"Mother, is that you?" she called out.

Mrs. Porter made no reply.

"Mother, is that—? But why didn't you answer me?" Cynthia came up, a searching look of inquiry in her eyes.

Still Mrs. Porter showed not the slightest indication of being aware of her presence. Cynthia, in increasing surprise, laid her hand on her mother's arm, but Mrs. Porter shook it off impatiently.

"Look here, Nathan, if you don't quit following me up, dogging my steps and bothering me with your—" Mrs. Porter broke off, looking blankly into Cynthia's face.

"Why, mother, what is the matter?" the girl exclaimed.

"Oh, you look like—you look like—" Mrs. Porter moved to a nearby apple tree and leaned against its trunk, and with her head down she began to laugh softly, almost sillily. Cynthia drew near her again, and, catching the old woman by the shoulders, she turned her forcibly to her.

"Mother, what's the matter?" she demanded, her tone now quite full of alarm.

"Oh, Cynthia, nothing is the matter with me! I'm all right, but—but—but —good gracious! just this minute you were—we were all at the table. Your pa was in his place, mother was in hers, and, how in the world"—Mrs. Porter was looking around in seeming astonishment—"how in the world did I get out here? I don't remember leaving the house. The last thing I recall was——"

"Mother, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Porter stared in a bewildered way at her daughter for a moment, then she put her hand to her brow with a weary gesture. "Something *must* be wrong with me," she declared. "I didn't want to mention it, but this evening as I was coming back from town I got rather warm, and all at once I heard a little sound and felt something give way in my head. Oh, Cynthia, I'm afraid—I'm afraid I'm going like your aunt Martha did. They say hers was a drop of blood on the brain. Do you suppose it could be that, daughter?"

"Oh, mother, come on in the house and lie down. Go to bed, and you will feel better in the morning." Cynthia caught her arm, and, greatly perturbed, slowly led the old woman toward the house.

"It's worry, daughter," Mrs. Porter said confidingly—"worry about you. You seem to be bothered on account of Nelson Floyd's being away, and I've allowed that to prey on my thoughts."

"Never mind him, mother," Cynthia said. "Come on in and lie down. You don't feel any pain, do you?"

"No, daughter, not a bit—not a bit; but your aunt didn't, either. She didn't suffer."

"Don't you think we ought to send for the doctor, mother?"

"Doctor? No—how ridiculous! Even if it is a drop on the brain, he couldn't do me a bit of good. The brain is inside the—the—what do you call it? See there, my mind isn't what it was. I can't think of as com-

mon a thing as a—you know what I mean, Cynthia."

"You mean skull, mother," the girl said anxiously.

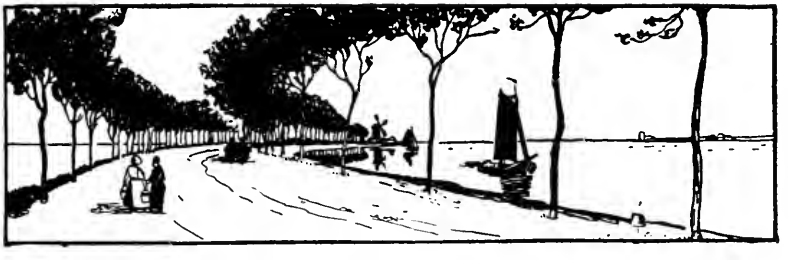
"Yes, I mean that. Your aunt's memory was bad, too. She suddenly forgot her own name, and came in from the strawberry patch one day scared out of her senses. The next thing was her hand getting numb. My thumb feels queer; I believe you could stick a needle through it and I wouldn't feel it. But don't you tell your pa, Cynthia. Wait, anyway, till tomorrow, and see how I feel then. It may pass away, and then—then, again, it may be the first stroke. They say people about my age usually have three, and the last one ends it. I hope I'll go naturally—the way Martha went was horrible; and yet when I think of all my trouble I——"

"Hush, mother, don't!" Cynthia cried. They had now reached the porch. Porter had retired, and so they passed on unnoticed to Mrs. Porter's room. Cynthia helped her mother undress and get into the bed, and then she went to her own room and sat down, irresolutely, at her table. She leaned her head on her crossed arms and remained quite still. She was very tired in brain and body, and presently dropped to sleep. She slept for about two hours. Suddenly she waked with a start. The clock in the sitting-room was striking ten. Nelson would be at the grape arbor soon, she told herself with a shudder. Perhaps he was already there, and too cautious to whistle as on former meetings. She stood up, tiptoed to the closet, and opened the door. She uncovered the hidden valise and lifted it out into the light. Then a recollection of her mother's strange condition struck her like a blow in the face, and, standing in the centre of the room, she sighed.

Just then she heard the tread of bare feet in the hall, and a low mumbled monologue. Her heart stood still, for she recognized her mother's voice. Going softly to the door, she peered out, and there, in a thin white wrapper, stood Mrs. Porter, Nathan's double-barreled shotgun clutched in her hand, her long hair hanging loose on her back. The old woman's face was averted, and she seemed unaware of her daughter's presence.

"Lord, my God, pardon me for this last act," she was praying. "It may be a sin in Thy sight for a tortured person to seek escape from trouble by this course, but I can't stand it any longer."

(*To be continued.*)



Reversed

CITY EDITOR—Was there anything unusual about this auto accident?
REPORTER—Yes. The fellow in the auto got hurt.

George W. Perkins (the $250,000 a year partner of J. Pierpont Morgan) is practically the financial arbiter of the New York Life, and has an office in the Hanover National Bank Building, from which he directs, almost at his will, the investments in which the savings of 812,000 policyholders shall be invested.—Testimony of Secretary John G. McCall at insurance investigation

F. Opper, in N. Y. American.

The Phoenix Rising From the Ashes

Warren, in Boston Herald

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

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

Mutual Anxiety Over Life Insurance Disclosures

Wm. H. Walker, in N. Y. Herald

DIXIE, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: Is it a fact that if a man has, say, $200,000 worth of gold bullion that he can go to the United States Treasurer and by depositing his gold bullion get $200,000 worth of United States bonds (say, twenty year 5 per cent. bonds) issued to himself? And can he then go into the banking business and by depositing his bonds get the $200,000 issued in bank-notes? And does he still collect the interest on his bonds? And how much premium do they pay on bonds now, when they are canceled? And is it a fact that after that banker has put out his $200,000 of bank-notes on interest of 8 to 12 per cent. per annum for twenty years, he can then call them in, cancel his bonds and redeem his gold? If so, how is the United States ever going to OWN any gold by issuing gold bonds? At an average of 10 per cent. we see that the banker would, if compounded annually, collect in twenty years as interest on his bank-notes, over $1,143,241, or without a cent of compound he would have collected $400,000. Thus, we see that, after he had taken from the Government every cent's worth of bullion he had ever deposited with it, the Nation—the people—would still owe him over one million dollars, and if all the gold holders were to do that what would we pay them with? How much United States gold bonds are outstanding now, and how much gold has the United States to pay them off with, and how can she get anything to pay them off with except by another operation like the above—issuing gold bonds?

Then does above Mr. Banker get his 5 per cent. interest on his 5 per cent. bonds for the time they were his but just "deposited"? If so, he scoops up another $200,000, even if he does not compound or re-lend one cent of it; and is that the way the National banks can get out so much more National Bank-notes than they have of real money? Mr. Watson, please tell me if these are the wildest sort of delusions, or is there any color of truth in them? Trusting to get much desired information, I remain, as ever,

Very respectfully yours,

———— ————.

ANSWER

It is not true that the gold *bullion* can be deposited and bonds taken in the place of it.

What *is* true is this:

The gold bullion can be deposited, and gold *certificates* taken in exchange.

These gold certificates can then be converted into bonds by a purchase of the bonds in the open market, at the market price.

Then the bonds can be deposited with the Government, after the bondholders have incorporated themselves into a National Bank, and the Government will,

First: Furnish a safe place in which to keep the bonds;

Second: Pay salaries to officeholders who keep the bonds, and who keep books with the bankers;

Third: Pay the interest on the bonds, and pay it in advance;

Fourth: Issue notes to be used as money to the full face value of the bonds, so that the owner of the bond can use the same both as an untaxed, interest-bearing *investment* and as *a basis of supply for a Banking Currency*, which yields him compound interest and puts into his hands the tremendous power of expansion and contraction;

Fifth: Use the bank as a depositary of public money. At present the National Banks are using, free of interest, *fifty-five million dollars* of our Government money.

Under a recent Act of Congress, National Banks can now be organized with $25,000.

The lowest limit of the old law was $50,000.

Bonds can be bought at a price ranging from 104 to 133. The 2 per cent. refunding bonds command a Premium of 4 per cent.

The new 4 per cent. bonds sell at 133. There are only a few 5 per cent. bonds outstanding—less than $200,000—and the interest upon them has ceased because they matured in 1904.

Yes; the bank can go out of business whenever it chooses so to do. By paying over to the Treasurer of the United States a sum equivalent to its own outstanding notes, the bank can close out its business. The owners of the bonds get them back, and can either hold them as an *Investment*, safe from fire and flood, chance and change, tax-gatherers and thieves, or can sell them for gold certificates, or for the gold itself.

The Bonds which must be paid in gold, if demanded, amount to nearly nine hundred million dollars.

The total outstanding gold coin exceeds a billion and a quarter dollars.

The United States Treasury holds $150,000,000 of utterly useless gold as a Reserve Fund: it holds half a billion dollars as a Trust fund to secure gold certificates.

But if the holders of the bonds choose to put in operation the same process by which they milked the Government for bonds

during that blessed Second Administration of Cleveland, they can do it.

The machinery is all there.

You remember how it was done?

Speculators presented paper money and demanded gold for it at the Treasury.

There was no law requiring the Treasury to pay out the gold for the paper, but it was done.

The Government having parted with its gold, wanted to get it back again, in order that its unlawful, unnecessary and harmful Gold Reserve might be kept at *one hundred million dollars.*

The speculators who had milked the Government for gold would not turn it loose except for *bonds.* Therefore, to regain the gold which had been paid out in violation of law, *bonds* were issued to get the gold back.

The Government has not now, and will not have when the bonds mature, enough gold to pay off the bonds.

Who has it, then?

Why, the banks have it, my son.

And how will the Government get it from the banks?

With another issue of bonds, my son.

A good many things you may doubt, and there are several which you may safely deny, my son; but of one thing you may be certain—it is beyond doubt or denial—whenever the money kings of Wall Street want more bonds, the bonds will happen along, just as they have always done in the past.

Box 17,
RONCEVERTE, W. VA., August 28, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: I have been buying your Magazine at the book store, and am highly pleased with it. I find people here in the mountains of West Virginia who are thinking Tom Watson's thoughts.

Please answer the following question: If the United States mail was controlled by corporations what would it cost me to send you this letter?

Yours truly,

_____.

ANSWER

Judging by the prices charged in England previous to the time when the Government took hold of the mails, it would have cost twenty-five cents to get the letter from West Virginia to Georgia.

When Rowland Hill first proposed the present cheap system of handling the mails, and proposed *the uniform rate*, regardless of distance, he was violently denounced.

The Postmaster-General, Lord Lichfield, declared that it was the wildest and most extravagant project he had ever heard of.

The Duke of Wellington was against it, and so was the more enlightened Sidney Smith.

Rowland Hill's scheme was based on a minimum rate of eight cents for each letter, under half an ounce in weight, to any part of the United Kingdom; but the rate was to be reduced to two cents in 1840.

What the corporations would do to us if they bossed the mails is shown by the rate at which they rob us in express charges. And the manner in which corporations will help each other plunder the Government and people is shown by the fact that the railroad companies charge the Government eight times as much as they charge the express companies.

To a large extent the men who own and control the railroads own and control the express companies.

And there you are.

ROCKHAM, S. D., September 1, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: Is it true that National Banks, when they withdraw their circulation, are allowed a percentage of profit from notes supposed to have been lost by fire or flood, mice or misuse?

What is the basis of adjustment?

Yours truly,

_____.

ANSWER

The Government "makes good" to the National banks all notes worn out, mutilated or destroyed.

In other words, if ten thousand notes of the banks are destroyed in any manner, the Government replaces the missing notes with new notes.

See Section 24 of the original National Bank Act.

MILLARD, ROANE CO., W. VA.,
August 30, 1905.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: In regard to the Magazine, I fully indorse it, and think it full of information, and think all the people of all political parties ought to read it.

I will ask some questions for information which I would like to see answered in the Magazine.

1. If a party comes in power that would enforce these principles, how would they avoid a panic? As I understand it the money power has such a grip on this Government that they can create a panic when things don't go to please them.

2. If we have Government money what effect will it have on bank-notes? Please carefully explain this point.

3. How would the value be fixed on railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and also the terms of payments?

4. If they come before the people as two parties in 1908, say, Democrats and Populists, we fail to understand how we are going to avoid division among the people of the same political principle.

Yours very truly,

_____.

ANSWER

(1) The Kings of High Finance created a panic when Andrew Jackson was smashing Biddle's National Bank three generations ago, but the Hero of New Orleans stood his ground just as he had done when times were squallier. The financiers soon saw that they had met their match, and they beat a retreat.

In order to carry financial reforms through we would have to put a courageous man in the White House who would do right in spite of manufactured panics.

(2) We already have Government money (greenbacks) to the amount of $346,000,000. They circulate side by side upon equal terms, because each will do for me or you just what the other will do, practically, and *both* are based on exactly the same foundations, Government credit.

If the Government were to issue five times as many greenbacks as we now have, bank-notes would be cheaper than now. As the volume of money increases, its purchasing power decreases, other things being equal.

We Jeffersonians claim, however, that the banks should not be allowed to issue money at all, that being a prerogative of Government. The bank-notes should be called in and paid off; Government notes should take their place; and thus enormous sums would be saved to the people who now pay interest to the banks for the use of the notes.

(3) By Boards of Assessment constituted by law. In each case the Government could name one assessor, the corporation another, and these two could agree upon a third to act as umpire.

When nations like Great Britain and the United States have proved that arbitration could be made successful in such a matter as the Alabama Claims, no one need doubt that the fair value of the railroads, telegraphs, etc., can be reached by peaceful, legal, equitable methods.

As to terms of payment, Congress can arrange *that*. The law of Eminent Domain was used to condemn the property of the people in the building of the railroads, and the same law can condemn the property when the people want to take it back. Payment must be made, of course, We can get the money to pay with by issuing bonds, by borrowing it *on the property*, or by issuing legal-tender paper money.

If the Government will issue the same amount of paper currency per capita which it issued to free the niggers it will have enough to pay for the railroads when the water is squeezed out of their stocks.

This statement may be a startler to you, my son, but it is true.

(4) How are all the Reformers going to get together in 1908?

Why, really, my son, I do not yet know. Having answered three of your questions I must beg of you to let Mr. Bryan answer the fourth.

NOTASULGA, ALA., August 2, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I desire to express my high appreciation for the good work you are doing through your Magazine. Long may you live to declare the doctrine of political reform.

Will you please inform me through your Magazine what became of the Cotton Tax collected after the War, in the years 1866, 1867 and 1868? Is there any possible way by which it can be returned to the Cotton States, for common education? Would it not be well for the Farmers' Association, headed by Mr. Harvey Jorden, to take this matter under advisement?

Any suggestions along these lines will be appreciated.

Yours truly,

_____.

ANSWER

The Cotton Tax fund is still in the Treasury of the United States.

Yes; Congress could dispose of it in the manner suggested.

The money amounts to a very large sum, and it certainly ought to be devoted to the service of the people from whom it was illegally taken.

FORT MYERS, FLA., September 12, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Kindly answer in your Magazine: Did Grover Cleveland advocate the coeducation of black and white children in the State of New York while Governor?

We enjoy your Magazine immensely.

Yours truly,

_____.

ANSWER

When Grover Cleveland was Governor of New York he approved and signed the act of the Legislature which abolished the separate schools for the whites and the blacks, which thus provided for the coeducation of the black and white children.

This law is dated May 5, 1884.

It is to be found on page 307, Chapter 248, of the New York Laws.

Previous to the approval of this Act by Cleveland, the negro children of New York had been educated in separate schools. By the letter of the law of 1884 these separate negro schools were merged into ward schools which "shall be open for the education of pupils for whom education is sought *without regard to race or color.*"

So far as Cleveland could compel social equality among the school children he did it by his approval of this Act.

Under this Cleveland law, which is still in force, the children of the two races are now being coeducated.

In the spring of 1904 I made some allusion, in print, to Mr. Cleveland's social equality practices, and mentioned his having signed this coeducation law; also his having Fred Douglass and wife at the White House as honored guests on the occasion of Cleve-

land's wedding reception—which was *not* a State function, but a *social* affair.

Mr. Cleveland rushed into print with a denial.

He declared that he not only did not sign the coeducation act, but *that he opposed it, and it was defeated!*

When I brought out the proof on him and published it, he made no explanation, apology or comment.

If he has, by this time, decided what to say, and will say it, I will publish it for him.

NATCHEZ, MISS., August 31, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: While not a regular subscriber to your great Magazine, I am a regular reader of it, and anxiously look for it near the first of the month. I buy it from a newsdealer.

I want to make a study of the *Tariff* and *Public Ownership*, and would ask you to kindly suggest a systematic course of reading for same. Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours truly,

——— ———.

ANSWER

Your first question was answered in the August number of the Magazine.

On Public Ownership read "Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities," by Hon. Samuel Seabury, of New York City.

"The Railroad Question." Larrabee.

Mrs. Marian Todd also has a strong book on the same subject.

I am sending to you a booklet which I published in 1894, and which probably will answer your purpose to some extent.

STATESBORO, GA., September 12, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly give me your views on the recent action of the Georgia Legislature in defeating the Anti-Pass bill? Could an old-time Populist consistently vote against that bill? Do you not think that where a legislator accepts a pass, that he is indirectly and unconsciously receiving a bribe? Please explain fully through the Educational Department of your Magazine.

With best wishes for you and your Magazine, I am yours,

Very respectfully,

——— ———.

ANSWER

The free pass is intended to influence the legislator in the discharge of his duty. Citizens Brown, Smith, Jones, Tompkins are elected to the Legislature; immediately they become men of importance to the railroads, and are given free passes. Did they ever have passes before?

No.

Will they ever get passes after they cease to be legislators?

No.

Did the candidates who ran in opposition to Brown, Smith, Jones and Tompkins get any passes?

Oh, dear, *no!*

The passes go to the candidates elected, and *the passes are good during the term of office:* not longer.

Now, why does the railroad give the passes to these public officers while they are on duty, and no longer?

To influence them.

A man who will dispute *that* would quarrel with a tombstone about the name of the deceased.

Suppose a jury is impaneled to try your case—are you allowed to give one of them anything while he is on duty?

No.

If you give a peanut to one man of the twelve the verdict of the twelve is set aside.

But suppose you gave peanuts to every one of the twelve—*wouldn't* there be a howl?

"Bribery! Corruption! It's a shame! It's a disgrace!" are the cries that would ring in your ears, fill all the countryside, echo in all the newspapers.

And you would deserve all you got. You had no business monkeying with the jury while it was on duty. "The fountain of justice must be kept pure," etc., etc., etc. Trial by jury must be as Cæsar demanded that his wife should be—"above suspicion," etc., etc., etc.

But here comes a man chosen to act on the greater jury of the Georgia Legislature; he *knows* that he will have to decide many important matters in which the corporations have interests that are antagonistic to the interests of the people, yet he stuffs his pockets with free passes, which are worth hundreds of dollars to him. These passes are given to him *because he is a juror who will try the case.*

PENDER, NEB., September 9, 1905.

Tom Watson's Magazine, New York.

I am a regular reader and subscriber of your Magazine. Started with the first issue, and like it fine. Could not suggest any improvement.

I would be much pleased if you would tell me, through your Magazine where I can get books that will teach me how to punctuate properly. Also if you know anything that will get me on to the hang of debating, as I am not worth a hill of beans at it. I am,

Yours very truly,

——— ———.

ANSWER

Prof. John S. Hart's book on "Composition and Rhetoric" will tell you all about punctuation. So will any other standard text-book upon that subject.

Any book store will supply you with a copy.

McEllicott's "Debater" is the book I used in learning to debate. It is one of the very best works upon that subject.

HARLEM, Mo.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: You kindly answer questions. I would like to know (1) If in our fathers establishing the double standard of our currency, if they did not do so in the interest of the debtor, and if so, when the double standard was abolished by our lawmaking power and the single (or gold) standard adopted, was not said action wholly in the interest of the creditor?

(2) Was not the unit of value made of (silver) the cheaper *metal*, and gold, a more valuable *metal*, made subservient thereto?

(3) If our lawmaking power can make the unit of value of a cheaper metal and afterward change said unit to a more expensive metal, could they not make the unit of paper and abolish the intrinsic value of the unit?

You may think these questions commonplace, but I can assure you the more I study them the deeper I become in sympathy with Populistic principles.

I have never been fortunate enough to see these questions answered in print.

Yours respectfully,

——— ———.

ANSWER

Whoever will earnestly make a study of Populist principles will become a convert thereto, for the simple reason that he can't help it. They make an appeal to common sense which cannot be resisted.

When Hamilton and Jefferson united to create a monetary system for this country, they made the silver dollar the unit of value. The ratio of coinage was put at 15 to 1, which was then practically the commercial ratio, both metals being at that time treated by the world as monetary metals.

The innate cheapness and nastiness and dishonesty of silver had not then been discovered.

By the ratio of 15 to 1 is meant that a given amount of gold in the natural form (bullion) was worth fifteen times as much as the same weight of silver in *its* natural state; therefore the gold was coined into fifteen times more dimes, half-dollars and dollars than were coined out of the same weight of silver.

The action of Jefferson and Hamilton was favorable to the Debtor without being unjust to the Creditor. Debts had been contracted upon the faith that both silver and gold were good money, and would continue so to be. Had they dropped silver from the coinage and adopted the single gold standard it would have been a calamity to men who had debts to pay, for the simple reason that when you destroy one part of the legal currency the remainder is harder to get.

The man who is in debt has to go into the market and buy the money to pay out of debt; has to buy it with his labor, his land or the products of his labor.

If you destroy one-half the nation's supply of money—other things remaining the same—it will require about twice as much labor, land or produce to buy the remainder of the money; and after having had to pay so much higher price for the money *it does not pay off a greater amount of taxes and debts than the cheaper money paid.*

That's why a contraction of the money in circulation *hurts the Debtor.*

Suppose you owed a million dollars and your creditor had agreed to accept payment in horses at a fixed valuation of one hundred dollars each. After this contract has been made, suppose that one-half the horses in the world are swept off by glanders; is it not plain to you that horses will cost you about twice as much as you intended? One hundred dollars was a fair price when the contract was signed; you expected to give and your creditor to receive horses that would be worth to you and *to him* $100.

But when one-half the horses of the world died of glanders the price of the others nearly doubled—the demand being the same that it was before, and the supply having been cut down one-half.

Is it not clear that you will have to spend about twice as much money to pay off your debt; *and that your creditor has nearly doubled the value of his claim against you?*

That illustration explains why those capitalists who hold the debts against the Government and the people are always in favor of keeping the volume of the currency as small as possible. The bonds, notes, mortgages, etc., become more valuable as the amount of money which they call for becomes harder to get.

This country was thrown upon the single gold standard, in violation of the Constitution and of the precedents of nearly a hundred years, for no other reason than that which I have already indicated.

Yes; if the Government could first choose the silver dollar as the unit of value, and then change to gold, it could as legally change to paper.

The Constitution gives Congress the right to "coin money," and the Supreme Court decided that "to coin" meant "to create"; and that therefore Congress could "create" money out of paper, as well as out of gold and silver and copper.

BROOKS, ME., August 18, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly inform me through the Educational Department of your Magazine whether the correspondence schools of journalism are reliable, and also where one can get a first-class English education, something that will fit a person to take up journalism as a profession? The colleges of this State do not give the necessary instruction.

Yours very truly,

——— ———.

ANSWER

You may learn the rudiments of journalism in the courses of a reputable corre-

spondence school. Thus you will be prepared to undertake the more practical schooling of actual work on a newspaper.

It *should* be easy to get a first-class English education at *any* high school. Is it possible that Maine has no good *English* school-teacher? The colleges, of course, are up in the air teaching Latin, Greek and a whole lot of rubbish, which one boy in ten thousand will hereafter need, and which the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine will *not* need. But what can you do?

The learned Big-Wigs who run the colleges *must* have things done in the good old idiotic way—and there you are. Hunt up some good English scholar and get him to teach you *English.*

Do you recall the learned gentleman who could speak seventeen languages and who couldn't say a thing worth hearing in any of them?

Get the ideas, dear boy—*the ideas*—and you may rely upon the English language to do the rest.

If you ever say or write a good thing, ship it by the English route and the fine old tongue will carry it to the remotest realms of earth—yes, and to the ages yet to come.

A Painful Oversight

"AW, no!" said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., in reply to the inquiry of the patent-churn man regarding a runaway which had occurred but a short time before. "Nobody was seriously injured, but old 'Squire Ramsbottom got his feelings hurt just about as bad as he did when he ran for the Legislature last campaign and was so unanimously bumped by the voters.

"Tell you how the runaway happened: A farmer had bought a new hayrake from Hi Price, and hitched up to it, preparatory to starting for home. Then him and Hi stepped across the street to get a little something red and cheerful. A tin-canned dog came clattering and yelling around the corner, and got wopsed up among the horses' legs; and away they went, like the Old Harry was after them. Down the street they tore, new hayrake and all, a-raking in everything in their devastating track, as it is generally called in stories—wheelbarrows, hitching-posts, dogs, sorcerers, baby carriages, and so forth—impartially, unanimously and lickety-pelt. They bulged through the crowd assembled around a patent-medicine seller's stand, raking the professor off'n his perch, and filling the surrounding atmosphere full of all the heirs that human flesh is ill to, or words to that effect; causing a gap-mouthed yokel standing by to swallow down something like forty-seven pills at one gulp, when three was the regular dose for an adult; came skallyhooting along and ripped down a signpost with a jerk that sent the sign flapping around with such fury that it slapped old 'Squire Ramsbottom smack through the window into Curly Prink's barber shop. Tell you, the old 'Squire was mad when he gathered himself up!

"'Contaminate it!' he snarled. 'There ort to be a law against such outrageous purseedin's as that! And if the voters had done their duty last election, and sent me to the Legislature—Hod-durn it!—I'd 'a' made one, too!"

TOM P. MORGAN.

Defined

JOHNNY—Pa, what is a canal?

PA—A body of land, surrounded by scandal.

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.

George F. Brockway, Waucoma, Ia.

I find the Magazine *rich* from start to finish. I'm one of your family, and herewith tender you in fee simple an undivided half-interest in my prayers with a hearty God bless you in your zealous awakening of the people before it is forever too late. Give 'em fits, Tommy. Hit 'em hard. Let truth prevail though the heavens fall.

Rex H. Lampman, Neche, N. D.

I read your Magazine "from kiver to kiver" each month. In perusing the current issue, I was much impressed with your able editorial upon "The Statesman and the Crank." To use another homely phrase, "them's my sentiments, too."

E. L. Brown, St. Louis, Mo.

I am reading with interest your Magazine each month, and agree with you in most of the governmental measures which you are advocating. For the greater part of my life I have been a Democrat, but within the last few years I have become an independent voter. I read all sides of public questions with interest. I have no confidence whatever in a change of conditions of policy under any Republican administration. I must admit that I have lost faith in any great reforms being accomplished through the Democratic Party. Later on, when the people realize the danger to their liberties under existing conditions and become aroused, I believe a new party will be brought to the front that will produce the reforms that are so necessary. Otherwise, I see no other future for this Government than for it to go the way that all other republics have gone.

J. N. Weems, Dallas, Ga.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE is all that could be expected. Never before was there a magazine so eagerly awaited by a hungry public as WATSON'S MAGAZINE. May the good work go on, until its creed becomes the law of the land, and the vile corporations known as the National Banks be put to death, as well as the various plundering machines in operation in America.

A. C. Hammett, Marysville, Kan.

No issue but contains sufficient goodness to pay the whole year's subscription to one who desires to be better and appreciates goodness.

W. W. Winget, M.D., Nowata, I. T.

Your Magazine is bound to win, and *win on its merits.*

As an educational factor in its peculiar field it has not its equal among all the publications in the market today.

W. T. Kimsey, Chicago, Ill.

I have been a reader of your Magazine since its first issue. It is made up of the right material. Every voter, not party hidebound, should read it. Its editorials deal with national questions in an honest, straightforward manner. No one can read it without getting new and better ideas in national affairs. It materially strengthens a person's intelligent voting qualities. It advocates reforms from the bottom to the top. "May it live long and prosper" is my wish.

E. Frank Harris, Cleveland, Tenn.

I wish to thank you for your editorial, "A Tragedy in a Tree-top," in the July number. It is worth the price of a year's subscription. The best thing that has appeared in any magazine for some time. It has the right ring. It is a classic.

M. H. Deatherage, Lupus, Mo.

A Republican asked me a week ago what I got for voting for Tom Watson, on the eighth of November last. He said I did not get anything. I told him I did—that I got

my name on record as voting for equal rights to all just as Christ did when He started out. I am almost too feeble to try to do any more than I am actually obliged to do. Hurrah for WATSON'S MAGAZINE!

B. F. Greenman, State College, Pa.

The people get what they vote for. You are teaching them to stop voting for what they *don't want*, just to be sure they get it, and to get what they do want through the initiative, referendum and imperial mandate. It is the only way we can govern ourselves and correct our own mistakes.

I wish every voter could read and understand the last three or four periods of the letter in August number from Richard Wolfe, Denver, Col. Aye, and the whole of every issue of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

More power and long life to you.

O. D. Street, Guntersville, Ala.

Yours of recent date addressed to Thomas A. Street, at this place, was handed to me. It grieves me to have to inform you that my father died last December. You say, "I take it you are still a Populist." You may rest assured that he was, and had he lived would have been one of your first subscribers, as I was. The very last year of his life he spent fighting a desperate fight for the cause of Populism. On his deathbed, when in a semi-delirious state, among his last utterances was this, "God has permitted me to finish my cause just as I would have chosen, allowed me to die fighting at the head of the Populist column." Populist principles were with him a passion, a deep-seated conviction, a part of his very nature.

I pray for the success of your great Magazine and for the ultimate triumphs of our principles, in which alone lies the safety of our Republican Government.

Miss M. I. Nisht, Norcross, Ga.

Your Magazine is the only one I have cared to subscribe for.

Wellington Hiatt, Noblesville, Ind.

By accident or chance I bought one of your Magazines (August). I like the style and manner in which your Magazine is gotten up, and especially your editorials were a great treat to my thirsty mind after knowledge. Born and raised a Republican, I voted twice for Benjamin Harrison for President, but in the memorable campaign of 1896, the party leaning toward the single gold standard, I refused to support the party. So when the platform of the Democratic Convention of Chicago was presented to the consideration of the American voters, I made up my mind that if this is Democracy I am a Democrat, and always have been one. I confess on reading your arguments that I become somewhat bewildered and confused as to who is right—which is the "Simon pure."

In conclusion let me say that I am not bound to any party absolutely. I am ready to affiliate with any new party that promises immediate relief to the people. when I am thoroughly convinced that Democracy is not democracy.

W. W. Smith, M.D., Coffee Springs, Ala.

Success to your Magazine. May it be spread through this entire Union is the wish of your many friends. You are stirring up more people today than any one man in this great Union. Your Magazine is liked by all that read it, and it is growing each day of its life.

J. R. Anthony, Sr., West Palm Beach, Fla.

I have been studiously reading TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE during the past summer while in my native State, Georgia, and cordially assure you I've not only been entertained and edified by its teachings, but have to a very great degree been changed in views on political economics. During the acrimonious campaign through which you passed in Georgia two years ago I stood as actively and openly opposed to you as my brother, Judge E. M. Anthony, of Georgia, stood in support; but, as I intimated above, radical changes have been wrought in my views.

In expressing myself thus frankly there is nothing intended but a manly admission of the fact. I've lived and studied to discover you were nearer a true, fundamental government principle in political economy than I could then realize. This I now fully appreciate, and sincerely wish you a full measure of success in your chosen scheme of political evangelization—TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

George T. Todd, Jefferson, Tex.

You do not know me, but I, with the many thousands who read your noble utterances, know you.

The article headed "Convalescent" may be slightly pessimistic, but the one following, "The Life Worth Living," has the true ring, and well voices the Christian patriot's ambition to ameliorate all earthly homes and not exclusively enjoy one, even splendid and apparently happy as Mr. Dixon's.

Cannot the R. F. D. Routes be made to convey TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE to every farmhouse, and the humble hearts of every factory and mine have one? There is one month's solid study of truth in every issue.

Howard O. Waltz, Seattle, Wash.

A happy, harmonious blending of fact and fiction—the work of a master hand—TOM

WATSON'S MAGAZINE is, to my mind, the ideal medium of publicity for reform. Too much doctrinal matter and too little of general importance and of amusement have always been the weaknesses of People's Party publications; consequently, very largely, they have reached only those already convinced, thus curtailing their circulation and minimizing their power for good. But Tom Watson keeps the grand old banner flying just as conspicuously. He is not one who would trail his flag, and at the same time very deftly inserts that which will instruct and amuse all who love to read.

The articles on general economic questions are ably and succinctly presented, and the facts given without needless offense or acidity. The fiction is an example of all that is pure and good in imaginative art; while Tom Watson drives home the golden thoughts of Populism with unerring accuracy. The Magazine is good enough. Tom Watson has done his part nobly. Now let everyone who still believes in the principles of that grandest of all parties because it promises justice for the present as well as for the future and because it is practical, the People's Party, do his or her best to circulate the Magazine and thereby increase its usefulness.

Let us labor to build up one or two great central publications, the influence of which will be felt universally and have the work of these supplemented by some strong, vigorous weeklies, rather than have a 2x4 sheet in every township as we did before. If this is done the present dawn of Populism will soon burst into the noonday blaze.

I make a practice of buying the Magazine from newsdealers in order to encourage its handling.

R. E. Rives, Birmingham, Ala.

I like your Magazine better with each number.

J. M. Bowen, Keltys, Tex.

I am a subscriber from the first issue. To say that I like the Magazine is to put it lightly. I lay claim to the title "Old Guard" Populist. No one can doubt Tom Watson's sincerity, and all, both friend and foe, acknowledge his ability. Senator Joe Bailey, of Texas, said, "I recognize Mr. Watson as an able and cultured man." Whatever I can do for the cause, I will do.

H. N. Bostwick, Nolan, Ga.

I subscribed for your paper two months ago. I am so much pleased with it I don't know how to express myself. I have been a Populist at heart for sixteen years, but never came out from the Democratic Party until last year. I feel now that I belong to the greatest political party in the world, and expect to die by her, unless she departs from the principles now taught. Long live Tom Watson, and long live his Magazine to give courage and comfort to those who most need it!

May the God of Heaven cheer him on and give him wisdom day by day to defend the common people and teach them how to defend themselves.

W. S. Dean, Delhi, N. Y.

It is a pleasure to receive a paper or a magazine such as TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is, and to know that the principles it upholds and defends are not borrowed from old party policies of the present time. And as long as the same is managed by those with kind hearts, with clear and fearless brains, regardless of customs and precedents, but with a purpose for truth and right, to uphold the rights of humanity, there will be many earnest people willing to try and make your Magazine a deserving success. To know that wealth coupled with special interest is not able to shackle the brains and hands of some with the glitter of popular and political glory, will inspire confidence in many of us to hold to and support your honest purposes. I have no suggestion to make to improve your valuable Magazine, for I am satisfied with the plain, clear-cut manner the editorials and other articles are made up in, but hope honest business firms will see their way clear to advertise and support a Magazine well worthy of their support and the confidence of the readers and people.

James F. Mallinckrodt, St. Louis, Mo.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE has been read with interest and sympathy. I think, too, you have a fine Magazine.

H. B. Swartwood, Inglewood, Wash.

I have just read your editorial, "A Wiggle-Tail," in the current number of your Magazine, for which I am a subscriber and which I read with interest, and I thank you sincerely for it.

W. O. Van Dyck, Antimony, Ark.

Here is my hand, not alone for the able championship of just laws, but also for the moral tone of all Tom Watson's utterances. I have not forgotten your lecture to the graduating class of some law school in Georgia, published several years ago in the People's Party paper, and I indorse fully your effort to teach the young men honesty and truthfulness even in politics.

A. M. Monroe, Decatur, Miss.

Your Magazine meets my full approbation. It is just such a work as I have long since desired to see published, and you may rest

assured that I will aid you to the extent of my ability in circulating your Magazine and defending the principles which you espouse. The issues which your Magazine so ably and forcibly discusses should, must and will have the support of every patriotic individual of our country.

D. H. Welch, Winchester, Ill.

Your book is fine, and is doing good work. I read mine and hand it out to my neighbors. They all say it can't be beat and you are right on all the great questions, but they say the finance must be the leading issue, that it is all wrong. Give the people the truth. It is coming our way. May God give you health and strength and wisdom to triumph over all evil is my prayer.

E. A. May, Poplar, Cal.

I have missed only your first number. I read and pass to such of my friends as will read it. I think it the best political publication in this country. I would want it if it contained only the editorials. I take the leading magazines, but on political issues I esteem TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE highest of all. I look to you as the only man we now know of qualified in so many ways and having the confidence of the people, suitable to be the leader of Populism. I think the time is ripe for the success of a new party on Populist principles, and the publishing of your Magazine is opportune. I wish it and its editors unlimited success.

Jesse L. Swange, Appleton City, Mo.

Your editorials are very pointed and instructive. May your patriotic endeavors be crowned with success, because you deserve it.

Walter Johnson, Ord, Neb.

I am much in hopes that the Magazine you are conducting will be of the greatest success; and I can see no reason why it should not be, as there are so many of these publications which will not take hold of the vital questions which so much concern the public. The work that the reform elements are doing has at last begun to grow fruit. There is but little doubt that the Republican Party in the State of Nebraska, at the coming State Convention, will pass some very desirable resolutions, and the party in this State will in the near future be solid for reform on several questions.

Frank D. Henderson, Boyce, La.

I have been reading your Magazine from first number until quarantine shut off our newsboys on passenger coaches, where I got it. I handed an old Georgian your August number, lent me by a postal clerk, and had to wait until he finished to get to read it. A man could not read the superior, and hardly read the equal to your most excellent, all-round Magazine. Now I have started reading it, will continue until my dimes give out. I believe exactly in the principles advocated by you, and hope to see them partly if not wholly in vogue.

Edward Howell Putnam, Moline, Ill.

I read all the editorials and then went and bought the September number (the only remaining copy at the news depot) and read all the editorials in that. All excellent, from my point of view, except that I do not indorse Mr. Watson's stand on the negro question. My democracy is universal, and takes no tint from the color of the man that I may happen to be considering. I favor equality before the law, but not miscegenation.

Mr. Watson's attitude on the money question is correct, and I am glad he has the courage to tell the truth about it in his Magazine. Money is simply a legal tender token of value. There's no more sense in having gold money in the United States than there would be in having gold teakettles. Mr. Watson can do no greater service to the people than to correct their idea of money. The money trust is the greatest of all trusts, and Mr. Watson's Magazine is the only one that I know of that goes to the root of it.

I like your Magazine more than I can tell.

I voted for Mr. Watson because he was the only candidate running on a democratic platform. His editorials impress him upon the candid reader as a man having unbounded resources, and the power to concentrate them in a blaze of illumination upon the object that he wishes to expose. He gets at the kernel of his subject.

His editorial, "Give Them Free Passes," is unsurpassable. I am glad to have discovered TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. Long life and increasing power to it.

Edward L. Miller, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

I have bought your July and August numbers, and am very much pleased with same. I think that every intelligent and upright American citizen ought to indorse the principles advocated by your Magazine, and I shall use my efforts to get my friends to also read your Magazine and subscribe for it, as I think if your Magazine were generally read it would soon set all thinking and intelligent voters to vote right relative to the interests and welfare of the great mass of common people, who are at present being robbed by the two old political parties and the trusts and corporations all combined.

At what price could I purchase the first volume or back numbers of your Magazine? I should like to purchase the back numbers also to learn what you have said before. I was not aware until lately that you were so wide awake on all present political issues.

W. E. Ivey, Sprotts, Ala.

Henry W. Ivey, Sprotts, Ala., my father, has been a subscriber to your valuable Magazine since it first made its appearance. We enjoy it so much and especially your editorials. I shall do all in my power to help such a good cause along. May you long live and continue to proclaim the rights of the common people.

Burt H. Belford, Madison, Ark.

I sure believe in the Populist Party. I was a hard down Democrat kind of a W. J. Bryan follower until I began to read TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, and I'll tell you if he don't hit 'em, I do not see why. I certainly hope to live long enough to see a President out of our party. I would not take two dollars for the eight numbers we have already received.

Julius Cohen, Memphis, Tenn.

I take the opportunity to congratulate you on your fine monthly Magazine. At last "has Cæsar come unto his own"; but every human will get what he wants if he but waits for it. I am a Republican, believing in the old "dried-up" "Republicacy." I don't agree with you on any principle but one, and that is "graftless politics," but that can be carried on by the Republican Party as well as by the Populists. Mr. Watson, you get a little too loud in your abuse and condemnation of the Republican Party; you seem to forget that it contains such men in it as Roosevelt, who has just, involuntarily, concluded an act which shall be of benefit to all mankind; Taft, Root, LaFollette and many others too numerous to mention, who are as honest as the day is long.

J. W. Sincock, New Boston, Mich.

I have never been a "Populist" and think the name of your party one of the worst things you have to contend with. The "Populists" have been ridiculed so much that, in the minds of many unthinking people, the party is associated with cranks who are being led by designing men. The victim thinks Tom Watson is doing a good work for the people, and its good is limited only by his ability to reach them.

I have never held with the doctrine of Public Ownership, but have come to think it the most important issue before the country today. The railroads and all other public utilities are owned by the trusts. The trust magnates are Democrats or Republicans, as the situation requires, and their only political creed appears to be to loot the people without regard to party, and they are doing more to debauch and destroy the manhood of the country than all other influences combined.

D. Webster Grot, Hagerstown, Md.

I have received and read copies of your Magazine, and while I heartily approve of some of your measures and your general intention of benefiting humanity, yet some I disapprove and think there is room for improvement.

Direct legislation, the Initiative, Referendum and Recall are all right, but why don't you also advocate Proportional Representation? What is wrong with it?

Removal of tariff burdens from life's necessities is commendable, but why put tariff burdens on any desirable thing whatever? Why not tax or fine only the evils?

Why oppose only land monopoly and not other monopolies equally?

Why is a Government or politicians' monopoly any better than any other monopoly?

R. J. Hardy, Carnegie, Pa.

No Magazine that has appeared lately is, in my judgment, calculated to do the amount of good that TOM WATSON'S is. It has the light reading to make it attractive, interspersed with sound doctrine in an attractive form, which will make people think, and which many would never see if it was in a publication by itself. I believe, however, you are making a mistake in so constantly and persistently attacking Mr. Bryan. I am not a Bryan man, never voted for him, and think his silver theory is but little, if any, sounder than the gold theory. But I believe Mr. Bryan to be honest, and, generally speaking, democratic in his ideas. He may have been mistaken in supporting the Democratic ticket at the last election, but this is a matter of opinion and does not reflect on Mr. Bryan's democracy or his honesty. If certain results that are advocated in the Populists' platform can be accomplished, it makes no difference what party accomplishes them.

The People's Party is thoroughly democratic and sound in all its planks, with the exception perhaps of the Income Tax plank, which, it seems to me, is doubtful, as I think a man should be taxed not in proportion to his ability to pay, but in proportion to the benefits he receives. But this is a comparatively small matter, and there is really nothing in the Populist platform that any man of democratic principles need hesitate at; and whether he will vote the Populist ticket or the Democratic is simply a question of policy, governed by circumstances. And whether the Populist Party is destined to become one of the two great parties or not,

it has done and will do a great work in educating the people.

I am afraid my letter has grown rather long; but if not asking too much, I would be greatly obliged by your comments on my views in your Educational Department in some future issue.

W. W. Winget, M.D., Nowata, I. T.

In your excellent Magazine for this month I notice a request from Harris, Ga., as to what books to buy, etc., to form the nucleus of a good library. As we are all interested in such things, allow me to suggest that your correspondent purchase from the Government Printing Office the A. L. A. (American Library Association) catalogue as an authority and guide.

Your Magazine is bound to win, and win on its merits. As an educational factor in its peculiar field it has not its equal among all the publications in the market today.

W. J. Hicks, Ashford, Ala.

I favor Government ownership of public utilities. I regard Government control as a miserable sham. Nothing but absolute ownership and operation by the Government will, in my opinion, curb the evils with which the people are cursed by corporation greed.

Our financial system is iniquitous, cruel, unjust. I want a greenback dollar, with no exception clause. I stand squarely on the Springfield platform.

Your correspondence is large, so I must be brief.

J. W. Clay, Potter Valley, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Your Magazines for July and August just received. Let me know when my time is up, and I will ante.

Keep up the fight. Competition is about done up. What should take its place? This is a pop. I can't answer. Have you a good, short, sharp answer or remedy?

S. J. Whatley, Adairsville, Ga.

Being in full accord and sympathy with Thomas E. Watson politically, I at once availed myself of the great pleasure of reading every issue of his wonderful Magazine, deserving the patronage of all who are seeking for the truth. I have no suggestions as to improving the Magazine. It is so far in advance of anything that I could not, and therefore hope that its success may be equal to its true merit.

My days of activity and usefulness are comparatively over, living on borrowed time, passed my threescore and ten; but thank God I am not too old to love Justice and respect and love the man who has laid himself on the altar of his country, regardless of human praise, and battles faithfully for the people. In my humble opinion he possesses those principles which qualify him to be a leader of men. As a statesman he stands pre-eminently without a peer in our Government, and God will reward his noble efforts sooner or later.

W. B. Bridgeford, Cincinnati, O.

I have never missed a copy of our Magazine. Sometimes I get two or three per month. I did not subscribe for the reason that I believed I would do more good by buying from our news-stands in this city, and when I don't see any in those windows I go in and ask for one, and if they have one I buy it; if not, I insist on them getting me one.

God bless you for your noble work for humanity. Yours in the fight to the finish.

J. H. Reeve, Plymouth, Ind.

You can rest assured that I will die in the "People's Cause." I left the old Democratic Party in '87, and have been fighting for Fiat Money, Government Ownership, Initiative, Referendum, Down with Wall Street and National Banks, etc., ever since.

May God bless you and your Cause is my prayer. And as long as you stand by the people I'll stand by you.

William Greiner, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is with pleasure that I read such papers as your Magazine, Morgan's *Buzz-Saw*, Missouri *World*, for they belong to the order of crank papers—the crank upon which all liberty and progress must turn, the wheel from which the future statesman draws his ideas, while the crank wheel will be several miles ahead of him trying to draw him and the people onward and upward. Yes, the new idea is first crankism, then evolves into statesmanship. A true reformer must have the courage to cut all party ties and not be hampered with that rank nonsense, reform within party lines, like what we are getting in Philadelphia, and, in fact, all communities where the rogue fears the genuine article. I trust if success attends the Populists that they will keep on being cranks.

I intend to follow your advice in the matter of life insurance, and thank you in advance for same. I am a Socialist like L. H. Weller, but for practical purposes a Populist.

Horace S. Foster, Ogden, Utah.

I have not subscribed for the Magazine, thinking that I could do more good by buying it from the dealers. I regard it as the very best publication in the United States. While not able to do much in a financial way to help you along, yet I have been buying from three to five copies each month. Have given some away, but generally insist on making the "other fellow" put up.

Francis Read, Whitesboro, Tex.

Your Magazine is the best, to my notion, of any I have yet read. I admire Tom Watson, but have one black mark against him. He persuaded me in Ronham, Tex., to vote for Bryan. I forgive him and wish him all he wishes himself, and I will do my best for his Magazine, you bet.

N. C. Murray, Kingston, Tex.

I believe it is one of the best (if not the very best) magazines on the American Continent, and will do more effective work in educating the masses than anything else I know of. All hail to Tom Watson; he is clear, concise, brainy and brilliant.

W. E. Devoe, Minneapolis, Minn.

I was taking the *Independent*, of Lincoln, Neb., but since it has been disposed of to a Democrat have had no interest in it. Mr. Berge pretends to think the railroad pass to be the father of all evil. He is too tame—too much after Mr. Bryan's own make-up. The paper was literally dead the moment Mr. Tibbles quit the editing of it. I understand he is now on your paper, or at least contributes to its correspondence.

D. C. Mooman, Roanoke, Va

There are no words in any language to express my admiration of your Magazine. It is a mine of economic jewels, an ocean of political wisdom, a mountain of pungent, pointed, practical, pertinent facts, a colossus of immaculate truth striding the putrid gulf of decayed political heresies, a brilliant aurora of surpassing, dazzling light flashing into all the dark channels of the souls of earth's downtrodden millions.

J. W. Pax, San Francisco, Cal.

I am familiar with and have read your Magazine. Vote it A1.

Albert Leng, Williamsfield, Ill.

I am one of your first subscribers and have received every number, and am well pleased with it, and hope before long it will have a million readers, and think if every present subscriber would make a little effort we could soon double your present list. I think the September number better than ever. May God give you health and strength to continue the work so well begun. You certainly will make the Dr. Harts and Wiggle-Tails squirm.

John S. Bender, Plymouth, Ind.

I am in love with your principles, as the nearest exposition of the principles of the People's Party, and want your Magazine for the coming year.

J. L. Dowling, Warrenton, Ga.

It is an educator to the masses as well as to the more thoroughly posted readers.

Claude L'Engle, Jacksonville, Fla.

I have been a delighted reader of your publication for several months, and have derived so much valuable information from its perusal that I wish to get a complete file of it.

T. W. Evans, Concord Depot, Va.

I have been a reader of your Magazine since the first issue, and am rejoiced to see a Magazine launched in behalf of true democracy—courageous in exposing the sham battles of the two old parties since 1860. Let your searchlight show to the masses what they have been voting for these many years—to wit, National Bank System, that is never discussed before the people, the greatest of all trusts, the foundation of all other national trusts. Show who is responsible for the rechartering of these banks, the gift to bondholders of $60 000,000 from 1885 to 1892; repealing Income Tax, 1871, and failure to re-enact law in 1878. In fact, a continuous legislation in State and Nation to make the wealth producers pay illegal tribute to money powers. Last, but not least, show Hon. W. J. Bryan and others, who claim to be for the people, that reforms cannot come through the old parties.

John Bradford.

I have been an interested reader of your Magazine, and had the pleasure, at one time, of voting for you. Populism is a tremendous improvement on the old political parties, but it don't go far enough. It is a compromiser or a halfway measure. It is no real solution for the labor question and our infamous system of wage slavery.

M. Harran, Hodgenville, La Rue Co., Ky.

I think your Magazine is the best I have ever read on economics. It is a fine educator, and I hope it may ultimately reach a circulation of one million or more. But, Brother Watson, you can't do all the work; you need the co-operation of every true and honest Populist in the Republic. Every Populist should put his shoulder to the car of reform and push her along. Let every true and sincere Populist keep out of Democratic primaries. They are a perfect curse to all reform movements.

George H. French, Springfield, Mass.

I think that your Magazine is the most able Magazine that I have seen, and I hope and trust that its grand old Liberty Bell will continue to proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.

OUR fathers were wise enough to make a Constitution establishing free trade in this entire country, and the result has been that, with the greatest extent of territory and population under free trade in the world, it is the greatest, most prosperous and best country on earth. Free trade has worked all right as between the States; why not between nations?—*The Rockland (Me.) Opinion.*

GOVERNMENT ownership and government ownership alone can cure the evils of transportation. Government money alone will cure the evils of national banking. Then elimination of these breeding-places of monopoly would in great measure solve the trust problem. If the People's Party is ready to go forward unitedly upon the great fundamental principles which called it into existence, and not permit itself to be sidetracked upon mere incidentals, there is a great work for it yet to accomplish. That it has done a great work no one can truthfully deny. Through its educational work the people have been awakened to the evils growing up in our country, and with earnest purpose they are seeking to remedy them. But if the party has no higher ideal than to be the tail to some politician's kite, taking up the shibboleth of anti-pass, anti-rebate, anti-trust or anti-anything else which happens to be the natural outgrowth of our present system of transportation, tariff or banking, then the sooner the party puts on its shroud the better. If this is all the mission of the party it would be far better for it to disband formally and permit the members of the party, as their individual judgments might dictate, to fall into the procession headed by Mahout Roosevelt, or get behind the Democratic donkey with Driver Bryan and join in the clamor made by both sides against the wrongs and injustices growing out of cur present systems, which neither dares attack.—*Former Governor William A. Poynter, in Nebraska Independent.*

MR. MARSHALL FIELD pays in Chicago without protest his personal tax upon an assessment of $10,000,000.

This is twice Andrew Carnegie's assessment in New York, four times John D. Rockefeller's, five times Russell Sage's, ten times W. K. Vanderbilt's, twenty-five times J. Pierpont Morgan's, fifty times August Belmont's and Jacob H. Schiff's.

Islip, L. I., is having its troubles with rich refugees from the city who would swear off taxes. Like Tarrytown, Greenwich and other "fashionable" villages, the people find that a few wealthy residents with large estates are less desirable taxpayers than many modest families on smaller plots. Newport, whither wealthy persons go to "reside" three weeks in summer to avoid paying taxes in New York, now tries to tax them a small fraction of an equitable sum, and they threaten to leave Newport in turn.

Anything more preposterous than the American system of taxation, which bears most heavily upon the poor, perpetrates fraud and penalizes a delicate sense of honor, cannot be conceived.—*New York World.*

THE records tell us that Mr. Moore, the man who recently backed out of the Agricultural Department on account of the soil-inoculation scandals, was an "algologist," and the dictionaries will tell us that an algologist is one who is skilled in algology. If that is what it is, there are a lot of other algologists in the Government departments who should also take the cue and retire; but they should be watched to see that they take nothing else.—*The Pathfinder.*

LOUIS XIV of France said "I am the State."

Louis XVI, with his head under the guillotine, found out that the people and not the King are the State. Certain trust magnates who think they are the State will find out differently by and bye.—*The State, Providence, R. I.*

A TEXAS paper which revels in ancient history has treated its readers to a long sketch of David B. Hill.—*Alma (Neb.) Weekly Record.*

MR. ROCKEFELLER, it is said, has been benefited by taking the sunshine, water and fresh air treatment. The mere act of taking anything is always attended, in the case of

Mr. Rockefeller, with grateful results. Still, when you pause to think that sunshine and air and water are blessings that no man can monopolize to the harm of the rest of humanity, you can readily see how the treatment which Mr. Rockefeller is taking is limited in its power to afford him complete satisfaction.—*Kansas City Star.*

LET the United States Senators be nominated by a primary and give the people a chance to see them, and that is not nearly so important as it is for them to see the people and come among them to find out what the people need.—*Ozark (Ala.) Tribune.*

THE only reason for exacting duties upon American goods at Philippine ports is the maniacal fanaticism of the standpatters for their ridiculous and tyrannical fetich. They would set up a tariff wall between the States of the Union if the Constitution did not forbid. They well know that free trade with this country would do more for the prosperity of the Philippines than any possible tariff.—*Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

"MEN like John Swinton, Joseph R. Buchanan, Joseph Labadie, Sam Leffingwell—men of master minds and honest, sincere hearts—went hungry while editing papers twenty-five years ago," writes Frank A. Kennedy (Sadie Maguire). "Today there are more than one hundred paying labor papers in the United States." Yes, and if the truth were told the editors of labor papers would go just as hungry as the old-timers if they depended on the subscriptions of union men; 'tis sad, but too true. Of the one hundred paying labor papers, if the advertisements were withdrawn, the red flag and the sheriff would soon seize the outfit as far as the support of labor men is concerned.—*Robert Schilling, in National Advance, Milwaukee.*

"SOME Kansas farmers have combined to kill their own beeves. Just listen, now, and hear the packing-house combine yell 'Trust!'—*Topeka State Journal.*"

Let 'em yell. It will not end with the killing of beeves, either. The craze will spread to other products of the farm. The beginning of the end of trusts composed of private corporations has come, and the era of trusts of the whole people is dawning.—*Independent Review, Garnett, Kan.*

ORDERS from Washington were received at the Philadelphia Mint, August 11, to cease operations and dispense with the services of the six hundred employees, except those necessary to attend to the affairs of the institution when coinage has been stopped. It was expected that the authorities would consent to the coinage of the one hundred and six million silver dollars which are stored at the Mint into subsidiary coins, but instead of being allowed to go ahead on this work Superintendent Landis has been instructed to close the institution. —*Adams County Democrat.*

MR. HUGHES drew blood at the first thrust in the insurance investigation.

Young Mr. McCall, who began with the New York Life, of which his father is President, on the day he left college, and whose salary has risen from $2,500 to $14,000 a year, and First Vice-President Robert A. Grannis, of the Mutual, whose salary is $50,000 a year, told about the manner of electing directors and officers.

A million policyholders of the New York Life are entitled to a vote. At the last meeting 2,322 proxies were collected by efforts presumably unusual, since not for years before had the number reached 700. These proxies were to officials of the company.

Six votes were cast in person by officials —six out of a million. The humorously named Mutual has perhaps 450,000 qualified voters, of whom 199 voted last June. And this is the "mutualization" proposed as a cure for Equitable corruption!

It was quite time for the State to wake to its responsibilities.—*New York World.*

WE are quite ready to admit that in changing from Secretary Shaw to Secretary Cortelyou there would be no lowering of standards. The present Secretary of the Treasury possesses no remarkable knowledge of the workings of his Department, so that it may be fairly argued that the country would suffer no great loss by the retirement of Mr. Shaw and the appointment of Mr. Cortelyou to succeed him.—*Boston Herald.*

THE beneficiaries of the tariff are not the working classes, but the manufacturers and the producers, more especially the big trusts, whose bidding men like Shaw seem ever ready to follow.—*Kansas City Star.*

THERE has been more political fighting over "tariff reform" since the War than over any other issue. It is proposed to renew the fight on that line. And yet it is a mere party shibboleth, without any definiteness of meaning. The *Ishmaelite* is for free trade. It despises "protection," whether of the McKinley or of the Cleveland variety. The difference is only in the extent of the robbery. —*Sparta (Ga.) Ishmaelite.*

THE gambling dens falsely called exchanges have owned our markets for more than thirty years, and have bartered, bargained, sold and fixed prices for the farmers for almost half a century. Now is the time for the "old hayseeds" to take charge of their own business and make prices for themselves. It is just and right, and if it is not, will someone please rise and explain why not?—*Independent Farmer.*

MILLIONAIRE Christians who have just planned a corner on wheat, which shall pauperize thousands of their brother men, shall swell their own millions into billions, will bow their gray heads reverently on the velvet backs of costly pews, and glorify the name of that gentle Being who was born in a manger, and who bade His followers to "Do unto others as they would be done by."—*Sulden (Kan.) Independent.*

CHAIRMAN SHONTS tells the board of consulting engineers he "would have *the work already begun utilized as far as possible.*" The American people are the most patient and forgiving in the world, but they do wake up once in a while and look facts in the face. Secrecy and deception do not appeal to them. Confession of haste and hurrah in the beginning, and an expression of sorrow for the millions of dollars of the people's money that has been wasted and the numbers of lives lost, with sign and promise of less "impulsive energy" and more common sense, would not be so irritating. The history of the building of the Panama railroad was enough to convince any sane person that there was something to do down there besides "make the dirt fly."—*Star, San Francisco.*

THE insurance investigation has disclosed the fact that the New York Life paid $100,000 to one Hamilton, who is described as an Albany lobbyist and "third house" tout at the State capital. It is absolutely essential that this transaction be sifted to the bottom. What was the object of the payment? What was gained by making it? What would the New York Life had had to face had it failed to pay that $100,000? Let every aspect of it be stripped of all disguise and concealment, even if it reveal some familiar phase of political industry and even if it pain and disconcert some members of the eminent legislative committee.

We believe Mr. Charles E. Hughes is conducting this investigation with an eye single to making known the truth without fear or favor and without regard to the political vicissitudes or sensibilities of anyone.—*New York Sun.*

THE *Columbia Press* hit the nail on the head with the following:

"We claim to have a Democratic form of government. What we really have is a representative form of government, springing, to be sure, from the people, and with strong plutocratic tendencies. It is Democratic in that the people can, if they will, rearrange the system, so as to make it Democratic in its actual, everyday, universal workings.

"The establishment of the initiative and referendum is the great enabling act of Democracy."—*State Record, Topeka, Kan.*

IF the Department of Justice makes good on its promise to indict all the grafters in the public service, there will be a lot of Federal patronage thrown open to this administration.—*Glenwood (Mo.) Phonograph.*

THE United States Government pays the railroads eight cents per pound for hauling the mails, while the express companies pay one cent per pound for about the same service.

Why doesn't Roosevelt, the Rate Regulator, begin to Regulate?—*Milton Argus.*

THE Government telegraph in Alaska is being extended by the profits of the system, according to Washington despatches. The rates are not as high as at home, where there is more business per mile, and where the people could better handle it and the service could be reduced so that telegrams could be had for five cents. But then, you know, our Government could not operate a telegraph line! If it did, the Goulds would not have so many millions a year net income. And you prefer to have the Goulds' income protected rather than have good service at actual cost to you. You are a lulu!—*Appeal to Reason.*

A BENEVOLENT administration is going to send Panama another consignment of high-priced engineering talent. Possibly Panama would prefer some men who would dig a canal.—*Farborough (N. C.) Southerner.*

THE only way the big corporation lawyers who draw fabulous salaries can earn them is to show the corporations they represent how to override and evade the law. Municipal and public ownership of public utilities will relegate a lot of these sharks to other lines of activity where they will have to really earn a living.—*Malone (N. Y.) Forum.*

WHEN the gamblers, the statesmen and the Government officeholders get through

telling about the prosperity of the country, the factory and shopgirls on five dollars a week might say what they think about it.—*Ripley (N. Y.) Review.*

It will occur to no one that the forced resignation of Dr. Salmon, head of the Bureau of Animal Industry, is any reflection upon the Secretary of Agriculture, who, but a short time ago, pronounced his subordinate fully "vindicated." What can you expect of a Secretary of Agriculture who loves his lieutenants like his children? The wonder is that the President refused to take seriously the "vindication" which Mr. Wilson had prepared.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

If Brother G. T. Walker's appeal in this issue for twelve-cent cotton could be sounded in the ears of every cotton grower in the South, and every cotton grower would heed the appeal and act upon it, a bale of cotton could be made to bring to the producer $60 just as easily as it now brings $50. And this difference of $10 a bale for, say, 9,000,000 bales would mean ninety million dollars to help furnish the humble homes of the South. But right here in the towns of the South we have individuals and newspapers that are more in sympathy with the buyers than with the sellers, and the poor women and children who swing the hoes and drag the cotton sacks are suffering in consequence. The situation would justify some mighty hard remarks.—*Farmers' Journal, Abilene, Tex.*

The policyholders have themselves to thank that the New York Life was not choked to death by the directors. They simply persisted in pouring millions down its throat faster than those doctors could make it cough up. For a sick patient the Equitable wasn't in it with the New York Life.—*Oklahoma State Register, Guthrie, Okla.*

A Chicago newspaper which has been keeping tab finds that thus far in the present year there have been 385 automobile accidents, forty-two of which resulted in one or more deaths. The unloaded gun will have to take a back seat.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

Time was when the boast of the South was that its officeholders were poor and kept poor. Henry Clay, Calhoun, Toombs or Davis would have held it *prima facie* evidence of knavery for a man to grow rich in office. How now? Where is the old creed that produced a long line of moneyless statesmen respected now? Where is it that successful official graft fails of applause? —*The Lantern, Dallas, Tex.*

Secretary Shaw—he in charge of the national money-box—tells us that we are running behind to the amount of about fifty millions a year. And a Minnesota congressman—McCleary by name—tells us how we can stop it. And the remedy is so simple: "All you have to do is to put a tax on coffee." And there will never a complaint be heard. "Coffee's gone up five cents a pound"—is all the average citizen will know about it. But let a tax be imposed on the big incomes of the captains of industry, or on the big salaries of our Government officials, insurance or national bank presidents, and what a howl of indignation will go up the country over!—*Farmington Valley Herald, Hartford, Conn.*

Policyholders of the New York Life will also be somewhat perplexed by the discovery that on December 31, 1903, the company sold $800,000 of International Mercantile Marine bonds to J. P. Morgan & Co., and on January 2, 1904, took them back again. The transaction was managed by George W. Perkins, a partner of the banking firm and also vice-president of the New York Life and chairman of its finance committee. The object of this feat of financial legerdemain was, as Edmund D. Randolph, treasurer of the insurance company, admitted, to show in the annual report only $3,200,000 of International Mercantile Marine—a bad investment—whereas the company actually had $4,000,000. The chief use of an annual report in a mutual company like the New York Life is to let the policyholders know exactly how their affairs are being managed.—*New York Evening Post.*

It is admitted that the Democratic Party has for several years confined its fighting to the details of government on which members of that party themselves disagree, until a constant defeat has placed it nearly in the attitude of a negative party, an embarrassing and weakening position, and in which it is paraded by its enemies as having nothing inscribed on its banners but "No."—*Galveston (Tex.) Daily News.*

The Government presses are busy printing "rag money" for the banks. During the Civil War, when the printing of "rag money" was done to supply the Government with means, a great howl came up from the bankers; the money was denounced as "lampblack and rags." On the first day of this month the amount of "lampblack and rags" issued by the Government and loaned to the national banks at one-half of 1 per cent. a year amounted to $512,000,000. During last month these loans to the banks were increased eight million dollars.—*Missouri World.*

FROM SEPTEMBER 8 TO OCTOBER 7, 1905

Government and Politics

September 8.—Acting Secretary of War Robert Shaw Oliver orders proceedings taken against Army cap and glove contractors for cheating the Government.

September 9.—Proceedings are begun against the Chesapeake & Ohio and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads for violating the Interstate Commerce Law.

Railroads in South Dakota and Iowa are trying to prevent rate legislation by sending pamphlets to farmers in which they claim rate regulations will increase freight on farm products.

September 10.—Secretary of War Taft will renew the fight for free trade with the Philippines when Congress meets.

Despatches from Panama state that it will be next year before the new plans for building the Canal can be put into effect.

September 14.—Members of the Finance Committee of the Metropolitan Insurance Company testify before the Legislative Committee that they have participated in syndicate deals in which they sold bonds to the insurance companies of which they were officers.

September 15.—General Frederick D. Grant, in his annual report, favors the re-establishing of the Army Canteen.

A majority of the foreign members of the Consulting Board of Engineers for the Panama Canal favor a sea level canal.

September 16.—President Roosevelt urges the adoption of the best plan for completing the Panama Canal in the shortest time.

September 18.—The Beef Trust again blocks the prosecution by the Government, raising technical points.

September 20.—Citizens of Philadelphia hold convention and nominate citizens' ticket. Mayor Weaver is pledged their support against the machine.

The cash in the United States Treasury is transferred by Secretary Roberts to the new Secretary, Charles R. Treat. The amount is $1,295,598,278.58.

Hon. W. J. Bryan addresses the Nebraska Democratic Convention and praises President Roosevelt for his Democratic policies.

September 21.—Four officials of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Company, members of the Beef Trust, are fined $25,000 for accepting rebates.

September 22.—The Insurance Investigating Committee begins operations on the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

September 24.—It is reported from Washington that Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte will succeed Attorney-General Moody, and that Mr. Meyer, Ambassador to Russia, will succeed Secretary Bonaparte.

September 25.—The health authorities of Mississippi and Tennessee agree to waive quarantine regulations to permit President Roosevelt to visit New Orleans.

Senator Dryden, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, begins propaganda for his bill placing life insurance under Federal control.

A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago, Great Western Railroad, declares that beef men named the freight rates that railroads must accept for carrying meat.

September 26.—Despatches from Washington state that the President intends to establish at New York a general purchasing agency for all Government supplies.

The Government Weather Bureau claims that the bulk of the great corn crop is safe from frost.

A state insurance examiner in Illinois claims that, through the consolidation of small companies, thousands of policyholders, though they continue to pay premiums, are practically uninsured.

September 27.—Secretary of War Taft and party arrive in San Francisco from the Orient.

Affidavits are found in Texas, sworn to by other officers of the New York Life, and flatly contradicting the sworn testimony of John A. McCall and George W. Perkins, who admitted that the company contributed to the Republican campaign fund in 1896.

The Legislative Committee discovers that $139,576 of the Equitable's syndicate profits never reached its own treasury, part of it disappearing entirely.

In New York City the fusion movement against Tammany by the Republicans, the Municipal Ownership League and the Citizens' Union ends in a failure to agree on candidates.

September 28.—Secretary of the Treasury Shaw urges a more elastic currency system before the Ohio Bankers' Association.

Congressman Williamson and his associates are found guilty of conspiring to defraud the Government in Oregon land deals.

September 29.—Banker Jacob H. Schiff practically charges James H. Hyde, vice-president of the Equitable, with perjury in his sworn report to Superintendent Hendricks. The Armstrong Investigating Committee reveals the fact that the New York Life, Equitable and Mutual insurance companies united in paying large sums to agents to influence legislation.

In Chicago Federal Judge J. Otis Humphrey upholds a demurrer filed by United States Attorney Morrison to a plea of abatement whereby the packing companies sought to have the indictments declared void in the suits against them for alleged conspiracy in restraint of trade.

September 30.—President Roosevelt and family on their return from Oyster Bay receive a tremendous ovation from the people of Washington.

October 1.—The Federal Grand Jury returned four more indictments for conspiracy to defraud the Government of public land in Oregon.

October 2.—Policyholders of the New York Life ask legal action to compel McCall and Perkins to restore campaign contributions.

The Government may join with France in compelling Venezuela to protect the rights of their citizens.

October 3.—The Cabinet, after its vacation, takes up the Chinese Exclusion laws, Secretary Taft urging mollification of the Chinese.

The demurrer of James H. Hyde, in the action of the people against the former directors of the Equitable to compel restitution of funds alleged to have been wrongfully converted, will not be considered until the November term of Supreme Court. Even if the demurrer is not sustained, the trial will probably be put off till next spring or summer.

October 4.—Secretary Bonaparte declares that Maryland Democrats, through their constitutional amendment aimed at the negroes, intend to disfranchise thousands of whites.

John A. McCall, president of the New York Life, testifies that the company paid out $786,000 in five years to influence legislation, claiming that most of the bills opposed by the company were for blackmailing purposes. Other States await the verdict on the New York Life before bringing action on their own account.

It is said that the State of Missouri will investigate certain fundamental points brought up in the injunction suit of President Ramsey against the Gould interests in the Wabash Railroad. The principal question is that of the rights of minority security holders to exercise full control of a company. Such an action by the State would lead to an extension of the rulings in the famous Northern Securities case.

A large meeting of the Municipal Ownership League tender W. R. Hearst the nomination for Mayor of New York.

October 5.—In Missouri the Insurance Commissioner threatens to restrain the New York Life from further business in that State unless changes in the management of the company are made.

New York City Democrats nominate Mayor McClellan for re-election.

October 6.—The Massachusetts Republican convention declares for tariff revision.

New York Republicans nominate for Mayor Charles E. Hughes, chief counsel of the Legislative Investigating Committee against the insurance companies.

It is shown that President McCurdy, of the Mutual Life, and his family have received as salaries and commissions during the past twenty years $4,500,000.

It is formally announced that the Administration's program for railroad rate legislation will be embodied in the Esch-Townsend bill, in which changes and additions will be made.

October 7.—State Auditor Davis, of Nevada, will permit the New York Life to continue business in that State, pending the report of the State Legislative Committee.

Home News

September 8.—James Tanner, of New York, is elected Commander of the G. A. R.

The Russian envoys give the Governor of New Hampshire $10,000 for charitable purposes.

September 9.—The Beef Trust advances the price of meats from ½ cent to 2½ cents per pound.

September 10.—More than 50 per cent. of the population of Leeville, La., are stricken with yellow fever. Fourteen deaths are reported in one family.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, is organizing all of his forces to make a demand for more concessions to the miners. A coal strike seems imminent.

Yellow fever continues to spread in New Orleans. Deaths to date 316.

September 11.—Two coaches of a New York elevated train jump the track, one falling to the street below and the other running into a private apartment, killing twelve and seriously injuring forty persons. The wreck occurred on a sharp curve where there is a junction and was caused by reckless running or a panic-stricken switchman who had set the switch for the train to take the branch track and, when part of it had done so, threw the switch back to the main line, splitting the train.

September 12.—The switchman said to be responsible for the New York elevated railroad wreck, admits that he was not at his post when the wreck occurred.

September 14.—A Canadian cruiser fires on an American fishing tug, badly damaging it. The captain of the American boat claims he was in American waters.

September 15.—Five cases of yellow fever develop at Cincinnati. All are refugees from Louisiana.

An American fishing boat is captured by a Canadian cruiser while fishing in Canadian waters.

September 16.—An oil syndicate, known as the Gulf Refining Company, with $200,000,000 capital, begins a fight against the Standard Oil Company.

George W. Perkins, vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, testifies that the Company has contributed $50,000 to each of the last three Republican campaign funds.

The investigation further shows that the New York Life keeps a lobbyist at Albany, N. Y., at a salary of $100,000 per year.

Mae Wood files charges with the State Department against Consul-General Robert Wynne and Consul J. Martin Miller stating that they decoyed her to New York, to obtain certain papers regarding Senator Platt.

White citizens of Weld County, Colorado, round up the negro citizens of the county, and force them to leave.

September 17.—An effort to repair the old frigate *Constitution*, the most famous ship in the history of the American Navy, and to take her from Boston to Brooklyn, has to be given up, the *Constitution* not being strong enough for the experiment.

September 18.—The Standard Oil Company increases the price of oil ½ cent per gallon.

Rain-in-the-face, the noted Sioux Indian Chief, dies. Rain-in-the-face is supposed to have killed General Custer.

September 19.—Yellow fever seems to be under control at New Orleans. Total deaths to date, 345.

Farmers of Wisconsin and Minnesota form unions, and these will be affiliated with regular labor unions through the American Federation of Labor.

President Paul Morton discovers more loans made by the Equitable, and instructs his attorneys to bring legal proceedings to recover the same.

Charles M. Schwab returns from Europe, and it is reported that he will consolidate the gold mines in the Yukon Valley.

September 20.—John A. McCall, president New York Life Insurance Company, admits that the company contributed to the Republican campaign funds, and adds that the Democratic managers, in the last campaign, repeatedly asked him for contributions.

Arthur G. Marshall, president of three fire insurance companies, is arrested in Pittsburg for embezzling $2,000,000.

Dr. Suzuki, Chief Surgeon of the Japanese Navy, states that the only treatment given wounded sailors in the late war was bathing the wound in sterilized water, and binding with sterilized cotton bandages. Only thirty-two men died out of 682 wounded.

September 21.—New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association passes a resolution asking the Government to put a stop to gambling in cotton.

There are 36 new cases of yellow fever and 4 deaths in New Orleans alone.

September 24.—The complete yellow fever report to date from New Orleans alone is: 2,831 cases, 367 deaths, 288 cases under treatment, 2,176 cases discharged. Conditions in the city itself are improving, but in neighboring districts they are growing worse.

Butte, Mont., suffers a $1,250,000 fire.

September 26.—John D. Rockefeller is moved to tears by the eulogy of a Standard Oil lawyer who speaks for 400 Clevelanders on the occasion of the fifty-second anniversary of the billionaire's arrival in Cleveland as a poor boy.

A typhoon renders 100,000 people homeless in Manila. Ten natives are killed. The coast guard cutter *Leyte* is wrecked and eleven Americans drowned and Army posts in the southern islands are destroyed.

September 28.—One tunnel under the Hudson River, connecting New York and Jersey City, is completed.

September 30.—The battleship *Mississippi* is launched at Philadelphia.

The mail drivers' strike in New York City is ended by concessions from both the Government and the strikers.

October 1.—Delayed reports of the storm along the Gulf coast show serious damage to the cotton and sugar crops.

October 2.—The National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, O., discharge 300 printers who refused to listen to addresses on the labor question by the company's officials.

Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal

Diocese of New York, who last week squelched a resolution calling on the church to take action on the insurance scandals, says that the church will act swiftly when the proper time comes.

In the battle between George J. Gould, owner, and Joseph Ramsey, Jr., suspended president, of the Wabash Railroad, the latter reproves Gould for spending the stockholders' money and likens the case to the insurance scandal.

October 7.—The Peoria, Ill., National Bank is closed on account of forgery and embezzlement indictments against its president, Newton C. Dougherty. Dougherty was for more than twenty years president of the National Educational Association and was associated with President Butler, of Columbia University, as a trustee of the National Educational Society.

Foreign News

September 8.—Japanese mob pulls down the statue of Marquis Ito and drags it through the streets of Kobe.

Troops fire on a mob at Balakhan Hospital, in the Baku district, southern Russia, killing and wounding many. The maddened crowd then charge the troops, deluging them with burning oil.

Vesuvius is again in eruption and the people in nearby towns are fleeing.

Sixteen villages are destroyed and 400 persons are killed by earthquakes in southern Italy.

September 9.—Many people are starving at Baku and Shusha. The troops are too few and exhausted to resist the mobs.

The peace terms are published in Tokio, and have a quieting effect on the people.

Cholera is spreading in Prussia.

September 10.—The Czar of Russia discontinues the retaliatory tariff against the United States, putting the United States on the same footing as other nations.

Baron Kaneko, confidential agent of the Emperor of Japan, announces that the United States and Japan have formed a commercial alliance.

September 11.—Generals Ovanovski and Fukushima have been selected to arrange an armistice between the two armies.

Despatches from Baku state that disorder is spreading throughout the Caucasus.

The King of Italy reaches the scene of the recent earthquakes.

September 12.—An explosion destroys the *Mikasa*, Admiral Togo's flagship, and 599 persons are drowned when the ship sinks. Admiral Togo was not on the ship at the time.

The Tartars declare a holy war in the Caucasus, and terror reigns.

Cossacks fire on a meeting of Social Democrats at Tiflis, Caucasia, killing 37 and wounding 70.

September 14.—Troops are being rushed to Baku to quell the riots.

Emperor Francis Josef accepts the resignations of the Hungarian Cabinet.

September 15.—Miss Alice Roosevelt is entertained by the Empress of China at Pekin.

September 16.—The resignation of the Japanese Minister of the Interior, Yoshikawa, is accepted.

A statue of Thomas Jefferson is unveiled at Angers, France.

The number of deaths from cholera in Germany shows a decrease. Total deaths, 69.

September 17.—Thirty-four oil plants were burned in Baku during the riots.

Grand Duke Michael declares that the nobles are the cause of Russia's misfortunes.

Graft has been exposed in the Japanese navy. Three paymasters have embezzled $165,000.

Official statistics show Russia's naval losses to be $113,000,000.

China orders most of the ports of Manchuria opened to all powers with which she has treaties.

September 18.—The Czar of Russia proposes a new peace conference to be held at The Hague, Holland.

Secretary Taft cables President Roosevelt that the Japanese riots were not inspired by an anti-foreign feeling.

Tartars murder many Armenian refugees at Elizabethpol, Transcaucasia, Russia.

September 19.—Russia promises reforms which will give freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

The Czar of Russia visits Finland and inspects New Russian warships.

September 20.—Miss Alice Roosevelt is entertained by the Emperor of Corea.

Mob storms jail at Riga, killing two of the guards, and freeing the political prisoners.

Witbois capture 122 wagons and thousands of cattle, belonging to the German army in German South Africa.

President Castro of Venezuela, refuses to treat with France through the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Faigny.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, who recently died in Vienna, left $5,000,000 to charity.

September 21.—President Castro of Venezuela, is buying guns and preparing for trouble.

Russian and Japanese admirals agree on a naval armistice.

Russian army in Northern Corea is reported in bad condition. Much sickness prevails, and the army is without food, medicines or hospitals.

Cuba apologizes for the defilement of the American consulate shield in Cienfuegos.

September 22.—In a political affray in Cienfuegos, Cuba, Colonel Villuendas and the chief of police are killed. Six others are said to be killed and twenty-five wounded. Troops are sent from Havana.

At Lodz 20,000 workmen go on strike. There is also trouble at Warsaw, Nijni Novgorod and in Finland.

Relations are strained between France and Venezuela on account of the latter's treatment of the French chargé d'affaires and the French Cable Co.

September 23.—President Palma and the Moderate Party win a great victory in the Cuban elections.

Emperor Francis Josef's plans to break the deadlock between Hungary and Austria do not satisfy the delegates of the former country.

Norway and Sweden sign an agreement for peaceful disunion, Norway consenting to abandon most of the fortifications along the Swedish frontier. Future disputes are to be referred to The Hague Tribunal.

September 24.—It is reported that China plans the reorganization of an army of 500,000 trained soldiers by 1910.

Armenians and Tartars sign a preliminary treaty of peace at Baku.

September 25.—The Zemstvo in Moscow votes to do everything possible to secure dual liberty for the people through a national assembly.

The executive committee of the Hungarian opposition decides to summon a general conference to frame a reply to Emperor Francis Josef.

The Japanese public is still dissatisfied over the peace terms, demanding the resignation of the Cabinet.

September 26.—England and Japan make public their new treaty of alliance. In case either nation is attacked by another power in Asia, the other ally must assist. Japan's paramount interest in Corea, and England's in India, are recognized. The integrity of China and the "open door" are maintained.

It is reported from Paris that Russia will divide a loan of $175,000,000 between France and Germany.

England and China are said to have arranged for a treaty to determine the status of Thibet.

September 27.—Fifty persons are injured in rioting between the Socialist and Coalition parties in Budapest. The Hungarian Coalition Party's committee proclaims that part of the Emperor's program was unconstitutional.

September 28.—France and Germany agree on the Moroccan question and will submit their program to the Sultan.

In Budapest the hostility of the Socialists to the plans for a new coalition of Austria and Hungary gives rise to more rioting.

September 29.—The special committee of the Norwegian Storthing recommend the adoption of the peace agreement with Sweden.

September 30.—A lockout in three of the largest electrical companies of Berlin throws 33,000 men out of employment.

The Sultan of Turkey gives Germany a naval base and a mining concession on the Island of Thasos in the Ægean Sea, thirty miles from the Dardanelles. This foothold for Germany in the Near East causes alarm among the other powers.

October 1.—There have been laid 1,568 miles of the Commercial Cable Company's new line from Nova Scotia to Ireland.

October 2.—A general strike is ordered in the electrical works at Berlin.

Turkey offers further objections to the collective note of the powers in regard to their assuming financial control in Macedonia.

An imperial decree announces that M. Witte has been made a count.

October 3.—Race riots in Moravia add to the troubles in Austro-Hungary.

All Europe is in a state of suspense on account of many possible crises in international affairs as a result of the recent Anglo-Japanese alliance and its tendency to create changed relations among France, Germany, Russia and England, the dreaded disruption of Austro-Hungary, the Moroccan dispute between France and Germany, the still unsettled relations between Norway and Sweden, Germany's advances in the Near East and Turkey's opposition to the wishes of the powers in regard to Macedonia. Unrest in Poland and Finland, the general discontent among the Russian people and the final adjustment of the Russo-Japanese peace arrangements add still other elements of uneasiness to the situation.

October 4.—Russia accepts Japan's proposals for an exchange of prisoners of war. The Japanese privy council approves the treaty of peace and ratification is expected in the near future.

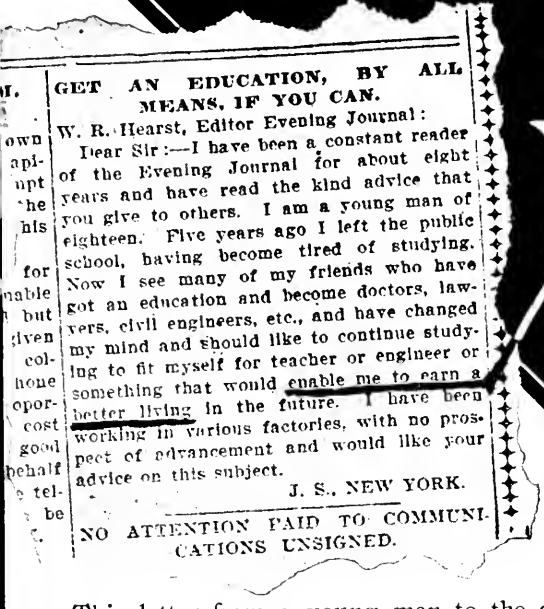
October 5.—The debt of Japan, including war expenses, is figured at $1,250,000,000.

October 6.—Japanese and Russian commanders are unable to agree on terms for the armistice.

October 7.—The strike situation in Donetz, Southern Russia, and in the Dombrovo coal district of Russian Poland, grows serious.

The Tartar disturbances in the Caucasus are being quelled.

DO YOU want to earn a better living?



GET AN EDUCATION, BY ALL MEANS, IF YOU CAN.

W. R. Hearst, Editor Evening Journal:

Dear Sir:—I have been a constant reader of the Evening Journal for about eight years and have read the kind advice that you give to others. I am a young man of eighteen. Five years ago I left the public school, having become tired of studying. Now I see many of my friends who have got an education and become doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, etc., and have changed my mind and should like to continue studying to fit myself for teacher or engineer or something that would enable me to earn a better living in the future. I have been working in various factories, with no prospect of advancement and would like your advice on this subject.

J. S., NEW YORK.

NO ATTENTION PAID TO COMMUNICATIONS UNSIGNED.

This letter from a young man to the editor of the New York Evening Journal voices the need of thousands upon thousands just like him. Fortunately there **IS** a way for this man or any other man, no matter how apparently helpless his lot, to get a special training and **earn a comfortable, yes, even a luxurious living in his chosen line of work.**

It was to help such men that the International Correspondence Schools were founded 14 years ago. It was to give such men every facility for self-advancement that $5,000,000 has been invested in buildings, equipment and text books. It is to answer that vital question **"How can I earn a better living"** that the coupon here shown is provided.

If you want to know how *you* can qualify to rise in a preferred line of work, without loss of time; without leaving home; without worrying about the cost, mark on the coupon the occupation you prefer and mail it to the I. C. S. In return they will show you how thousands just like you have been helped to succeed and how you, too, can become just as much of a success as you desire.

No Text Books to Buy.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 907, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Mechan. Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Ornamental Designer	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Bridge Engineer
Foreman Plumber	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

THE STORY OF KORNIT

BY PRESIDENT CHAS. E. ELLIS

KORNIT was invented by JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, a subject of the Czar of Russia, residing at Menkenhof, near Lievenhof, Russia, and is a Homogeneous Horn or Hoof substance. Kornit is produced by grinding horn and hoof shavings and waste into a palpable powder and then pressing under heavy hydraulic pressure with heat into a homogeneous slab. This slab produces a substance which can be sawed or turned the same as ordinary wood. It is of a beautiful black consistency and Is EXTREMELY VALUABLE as a NON-CONDUCTOR FOR ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES. It is a matter of record that the electrical industry in this country AT THIS TIME DOES NOT HAVE a satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works and was FOUND TO HAVE RESISTED 96,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound—at the present writing something like $1.25 per pound.

KORNIT CAN BE SOLD AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER POUND, and AN ENORMOUS profit be made at this price, so that it CAN EASILY BE SEEN that since KORNIT is an EQUALLY GOOD, and AS A MATTER OF FACT, in many instances, a BETTER

non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case and be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cutouts, etc., there are other materials used such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 3x4x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the SAME DIMENSIONS could be sold with the ENORMOUS PROFIT OF OVER 100 PER CENT. at ten cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit render it such that IT IS FAR PREFERABLE to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain a flame. Of all the materials which are

MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, THE INVENTOR OF KORNIT, IN HIS SUMMER GARDEN AT MENKENHOF, RUSSIA

now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,358 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see IS MORE THAN SATISFACTORY. This test was made by a well-known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the United States Government with a Standard Riehle Bros. testing machine.

Waste horn and whole hoofs are being sold by the ton to-day principally only for fertilizing purposes. There is one town alone, Leominster, Mass., where they have an average of eight tons of horn shavings every day. These waste horn shavings are now only being sold for fertilizing material. These eight tons of horn shavings manufactured into Kornit and sold for electrical purposes would easily bring $3,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for, even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Western Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrella, cane, knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc.; office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks; medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc.; pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

THE GREAT DEMAND FOR KORNIT IN THIS COUNTRY

THERE is one manufacturer ALONE here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY, for the reason that in boring and transportation IT BREAKS SO EASILY. KORNIT WILL ANSWER THE PURPOSE OF MANUFACTURING PANEL BOARDS VERY MUCH MORE SATISFACTORILY. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit of over $30,000, or 50 cents for every square foot used. THIS ONE EXAMPLE is cited to show you THE ENORMOUS PROFITS which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manu-

facturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board is a small switchboard. There is one or more on every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, ARE USING KORNIT ONLY FOR THIS PURPOSE, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can consume a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. If only two tons of Kornit is manufactured and sold every working day in the year IT WILL ENABLE THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY TO PAY 16 PER CENT. DIVIDENDS EVERY YEAR. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be 32 per cent. per year. THIS IS NOT IMPROBABLE. AN EXPERT ELECTRICAL ENGINEER who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City made the statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a dividend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent. (75%). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

THERE WILL BE SUCH AN ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR KORNIT AFTER IT BECOMES INTRODUCED THAT FROM YEAR TO YEAR THE DIVIDENDS EARNED WILL BECOME LARGER AND LARGER. THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN INVESTMENT THAT YOU HAVE EVER HAD.

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and that now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest.

You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow, but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is a wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.

It is a well-known fact that THE MOST LEGITIMATE AND PROFITABLE way to MAKE MONEY is by manufacturing some product that is "NECESSARY"—one for which there is an unsatisfied demand, a steady and ever-increasing demand. We not only hold a supply for which there is such a demand, but we are fully protected by the Patent Laws of the United States.

KORNIT CANNOT BE MANUFACTURED BY ANYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY EXCEPT OURSELVES OR OUR AGENTS. We own all the patents issued by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT to the inventor, MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, IN RUSSIA. These patents HAVE BEEN BOUGHT from Mr. Bierich and ARE DULY TRANSFERRED TO THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the same is DULY RECORDED IN THE PATENT OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

LEGAL PAPERS HAVE BEEN SIGNED FOR A FACTORY

WE have secured a fine Factory in Newark (Belleville Station), N. J. The machinery is now being assembled. To this end the services of the son of the inventor, MR. KURT BIERICH, who is a graduate of FREIBURG UNIVERSITY, GERMANY, has been retained. He will arrive in this country in the near future to take full charge of the scientific construction of the factory. MR. KURT BIERICH spent two years in his father's factory at MENKENHOF, RUSSIA, and six months at the workshops in RIGA, RUSSIA, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. MR. BIERICH, JR., has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N., London, WHICH HE HAS JUST BROUGHT TO COMPLETION IN THE MOST SATISFACTORY MANNER. MR. BIERICH, JR., will have full charge of erecting and maintaining the KORNIT FACTORY IN THIS COUNTRY. It is planned that before the present year is over, THAT OUR FACTORY WILL BE IN FULL OPERATION AND THAT KORNIT SHALL BE A WELL-KNOWN AND UNIVERSALLY USED ARTICLE IN THE ELECTRICAL AND OTHER TRADES OF THIS COUNTRY, EARNING AND PAYING LARGE AND SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS EACH AND EVERY SIX MONTHS. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much-desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know just what you will do. If it is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it WITH A PERSONAL LETTER AND WILL ARRANGE MATTERS AS YOU WISH TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.

REMEMBER, I HAVE A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED IN THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company we become Co-PARTNERS as Co-SHAREHOLDERS. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I WILL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WILL WRITE ME TO-DAY, so that I may know just what you will do.

I know you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost of the raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in

this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere belief that in the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

MY OFFER TO YOU TO-DAY

THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and is capitalized with 50,000 FULLY PAID NON-ASSESSABLE shares at $10 each. It is my intention to sell A LIMITED NUMBER ONLY OF THESE SHARES at the par value of $10 each. TEN DOLLARS WILL BUY ONE SHARE. TWENTY DOLLARS WILL BUY TWO SHARES. FIFTY DOLLARS WILL BUY FIVE SHARES. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL BUY TEN SHARES. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS ONE HUNDRED SHARES, AND SO ON. After you have bought one or more shares in THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY you may feel as I do, that you have placed your savings WHERE THEY WILL DRAW REGULAR and SATISFACTORY LARGE DIVIDENDS.

I SHOULD NOT BE A BIT SURPRISED if these shares paid dividends as high as one hundred per cent. in the not far distant future. Consequently, a few dollars invested now in the shares of the KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY will enable you in the future to draw a REGULAR INCOME from the large profits of the Company as they are earned. THE DIVIDENDS will be paid semi-annually, every six months, the first of May and November of each year. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST OPPORTUNITIES YOU WILL EVER HAVE PRESENTED TO YOU IN YOUR WHOLE LIFETIME. I HAVE INVESTED A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, AND I FEEL SURE IT IS ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENTS I HAVE EVER MADE. I can TRUTHFULLY say to you that I FULLY BELIEVE that you will be more than pleased with your investment and that YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY. REMEMBER, that you here have an opportunity to become interested in a large industrial manufacturing concern manufacturing a product, with an exclusive monopoly, which HAS NEVER BEFORE been manufactured or sold in this country.

Remember, that it is by no means an experiment, as IT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY MANUFACTURED AND SOLD FOR OVER FOUR YEARS IN RUSSIA AT A LARGE PROFIT, and the manufacturer and inventor recently wrote that the DEMAND IS INCREASING EVERY DAY, beyond the capacity of their manufacturing facilities.

Now is the time for you to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to make an investment in these shares. I EARNESTLY BELIEVE that in a few years THESE SHARES WILL BE WORTH FROM FIFTY DOLLARS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS each on account of THE LARGE DIVIDENDS which the company will earn and regularly pay each and every six months. It is a well-known fact that $10 shares that pay fifty (50) to one hundred (100) per cent. dividends will readily sell in the open market for $50 to $100. THE OUTLOOK FOR THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is such that it seems impossible for the earnings to fall far short of these figures. If the company only makes and sells two tons of Kornit a day for the first year and makes a profit of only two hundred dollars per ton, it would mean a profit of over sixteen per cent. (16%) the first year. If this business were doubled the second year, of course the earning capacity would double and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent. (32%). Prominent and well-known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many shares as you may wish at once. You, in my conservative opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information, and send you our illustrated book, "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the KORNIT industry, taken in Russia.

Please let me hear from you.

Yours very truly,

PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS.

CHARLES E. ELLIS,

PRESIDENT,

1 Beekman Street, New York City,

New York.

[Mr. Ellis besides being President of this company is also President of two other large and successful companies, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over $250,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. THIS is a successful man who wishes you for a Co-partner as a Shareholder and Dividend Receiver in this company. Remember you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.]

I Will Teach You BOOKKEEPING Free AND GET YOU A POSITION

I can make a competent bookkeeper of any woman who will take a course in bookkeeping in the Commercial Correspondence Schools. There is an ever-increasing demand for women bookkeepers. Women learn bookkeeping rapidly and acquire the details of office management very quickly. They are adaptable, energetic and willing. These qualities make them ideal bookkeepers.

If you are engaged in uncongenial employment you should learn bookkeeping. If you are living in the country, and desire to go to some large city, you should first study bookkeeping. If you are standing behind a counter or working in a factory, you should take the Commercial Correspondence Schools' course in bookkeeping, and equip yourself for an office position. Your salary will be larger, your hours shorter, your surroundings more congenial and your future prospects brighter. Competent women bookkeepers can easily earn $10 to $25 per week. A knowledge of bookkeeping means not only an assured income, but such a knowledge is an investment. "No young lady," wrote the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, "could have a better safeguard against adversities of fortune or a better resource in a time of need, than a good knowledge of business affairs."

THESE GRADUATES WE PLACED IN POSITIONS

24 Gross Terrace,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Commercial Correspondence Schools,
Rochester, N. Y.

I am pleased to say that through your Employment Bureau I have secured a very good position. Your bookkeeping course is certainly very beneficial, and you do just as you say you will. Should anyone care to write me, I would be glad to give them any information concerning the School, for it certainly has been a help to me. I am with the Sturges & Burns Mfg. Co.

OLLIE FISHER.

BERGEN, N. Y.
Commercial Correspondence Schools,
Rochester, N. Y.

I have taken your full course in bookkeeping and have received my diploma. The course is very thorough and everything is made very easy to understand. Through taking this course I have been placed in a good position. The school has even borne the expense of assisting me to secure a position. I advise all who wish to take a thorough course in bookkeeping to take it with the Commercial Correspondence Schools.

HELEN A. TRIP.

ROCKFORD, OHIO.
Commercial Correspondence Schools,
Rochester, N. Y.

Your course and your methods have far exceeded my expectations. I knew nothing about bookkeeping when I began the course. I followed your instructions closely, finished the course, received my graduation diploma, and was placed in the position you secured for me. I could not have obtained the position without your assistance, and the knowledge gained from your course.

LILLIAN ROEBUCK.

Mail this Coupon and get my Free Book, "HOW TO BECOME AN EXPERT BOOKKEEPER."

FREE To all who send in the annexed coupon, I will send, free of all charges, my new book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper," together with all particulars of how I will teach you Bookkeeping free and how I obtain positions for graduates. Send in the annexed coupon today.

ROBERT J. SHOEMAKER
Vice-President and Gen. Mgr.
Commercial Correspondence Schools
147-B, Commercial Building ROCHESTER, N. Y.

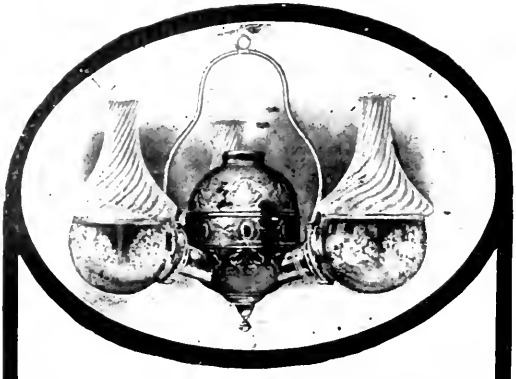
To R. J. SHOEMAKER, V-P. and Gen. Mgr.
Commercial Correspondence Schools,
147-B, Commercial Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, free, your book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper," together with particulars of your offer of free tuition in Bookkeeping.

Name.....

Post-office.....

Co..... State.....



The Angle Lamp

Kerosene is the best of all illuminants and the cheapest. The Angle Lamp makes it also the most satisfactory. It is the best of all kerosene lamps. Constructed on entirely different principles from the old-fashioned lamps, it makes kerosene (or petroleum)

As Convenient as Gas or Electricity

It is lighted and extinguished liks gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. The Angle Lamp has completely superseded ordinary lamps and other unsatisfactory or unreliable systems, and is constantly replacing gas and electricity in the homes of those who cater to comfort and health. Just sit down and **write for our catalog 27** and our proposition for selling on **30 DAYS' TRIAL.**

Do it now—right away. It will tell you more facts about the How and Why of good light than you can learn in a lifetime's experience with poor methods.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 78-80 Murray Street, NEW YORK.

I Will Make You Prosperous

If you are honest, active and ambitious, write me to-day. No matter where you live, or what your occupation, I will teach you the real estate business thoroughly by mail, appoint you special representative of my company, start you in an exceedingly profitable business of your own, and help you make a large, permanent income.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write to-day. EDWIN R. MARDEN, President, National Co-Operative Realty Co., 414 Athenæum Building, Chicago.

REAL ESTATE WANTED
CASH CUSTOMERS WAITING

If you want cash for your property, no matter where located, or what it is worth, write us at once. We have the ability, facilities and organization for making quick cash sales. We have hundreds of specially trained, expert, co-operative real estate agents in our great organization, each constantly searching for and **securing** purchasers of all kinds of property in all parts of the country. We cover the whole United States. We have hundreds of buyers on our books. Your property may just suit one of them. Send full particulars at once.

WM. W. FRY, Treasurer,
National Co-Operative Realty Co.
414 Athenæum Building CHICAGO

You Are Too Short

IF you are short you will appreciate the unpleasant and humiliating position of the little man in the illustration. But you are probably unaware that it is no longer necessary to be short and uncomfortable.

The Cartilage Company, of Rochester, N. Y., is the owner of a method whereby it is possible to add from two to three inches to the stature. It is called the "Cartilage System" because it is based upon a scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage, all of which is clearly and fully explained in a booklet entitled **"How to Grow Tall,"** which is yours for the asking.

The Cartilage System builds up the entire body harmoniously. It not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treating, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased, no matter what your age or sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of others. This new and original method of increasing one's height has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture. If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height, you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet **"How to Grow Tall."** It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely and permanently. Nothing is left unexplained. After you read it, your only wonder will be "Why did not someone think of it before?" Write to-day.

THE CARTILAGE COMPANY
147 A Unity Bldg., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Protect Your Baby With a Foster Crib

Several years ago, at the suggestion of a far-seeing mother, we began the manufacture of a crib to prevent just such an accident as that described in the news item clipped from the Chicago Record-Herald of August 28, 1905.

The Foster Accident Proof Crib is made with spindles too close for baby to put its head through and sides too high for the child to climb over. Sliding sides may be dropped and crib used as annex to mother's bed. Protect your child against a similar accident. Write for full descriptive booklet.

BABY IS HANGED IN IRON BED

Ohio Infant Loses Life as Result of Peculiar Accident.

FINDLAY, Ohio, Aug. 27.—The 7-months-old son of Mrs. Joseph Baker, living near Rawson, was killed to-day by hanging himself in an iron bed. After falling or crawling through the bars the child was unable to get back and in the absence of its mother was choked to death.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., "Ideal" and "Four Hundred" Spring Beds, Iron Beds, Divans, Mattresses, Etc. 46 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y. 1446 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

SMOKERS CAN NOW BUY THEIR CIGARS DIRECT FROM FACTORY

By saving jobbers' and dealers' profit you can buy a clear Havana cigar for 2½c.

100 LITTLE DREAM PANETELLAS **$2.50**

OUR PROPOSITION:—Send us express, P. O. order or check for $2.50, and we will deliver to your address, prepaid, 100 **Little Dream Panetellas.** Guaranteed to be clear long Havana hand made, same size as above cut. You may smoke 10 of the cigars, and if not suited return balance of them to us and we will return your money without a word, or you may return them C. O. D. to us.

We refer you to any bank or mercantile agency in Chicago. *You run no risk.*

Write To-day. Let Us Show You.

TRIUMPHIA MFG. CO., 42 Wilson Building, CHICAGO.

The Man Who Shaves Himself Saves Both Time and Money If He Owns

A VICTOR SAFETY RAZOR

It will shave you cleaner, easier and more quickly than any other, whether your skin is tender or tough, your beard wiry or fine, regular or irregular. It leaves your face as smooth as velvet. It never cuts, scrapes, or even scratches the most delicate skin.

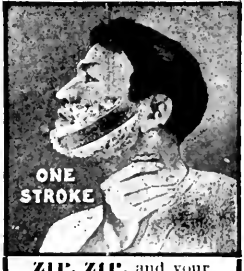
A PERFECT RAZOR FOR ONE DOLLAR

THE VICTOR SAFETY RAZOR is unequaled for its simplicity of construction and wearing qualities. The blades slip in and out of the frame as quickly and easily as you would slip a pencil into your pocket. A touch of the finger and the blade is adjusted. Made of the best English steel, thin, hollow ground, perfect in every respect.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY TRIAL

Send us One Dollar and we will send you a **VICTOR SAFETY RAZOR** by mail, charges prepaid. If you are pleased with it after using it for ten days, keep the razor. If you want your money back, return the razor by mail and we will refund your money the same day we receive the razor. **REMEMBER THE PRICE—ONE DOLLAR.**

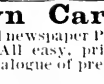
KIRTLAND BROS., 92 Chambers Street, New York



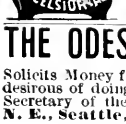
ZIP, ZIP, and your shaving's done.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

An American movement watch, fully warranted to keep correct time, with a 14 karat Solid Gold Plated case, beautifully engraved on both sides, equal in finish to any Solid Gold Watch warranted 25 years. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Ring set with a rare Cleo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, are given absolutely Free to anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2, and we positively send you both the watch and ring, and a chain, ladies or gents style.



ERIE MFG. CO., DEPT. 14 CHICAGO.



Print Your Own Cards

circulars, &c. Press, $5. Small newspaper Press, $18. Money maker, saver. All easy, printed rules. Write to factory for catalogue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc.

THE PRESS CO. MERIDEN, CONN.

THE ODESSA UNIVERSITY, Lincoln County, Washington.

Solicits Money for building purposes. Correspondence with those desirous of doing good solicited. Please address **Henry Clough,** Secretary of the ODESSA UNIVERSITY, at **3808 11th Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Washington.**

Don't Be So Thin

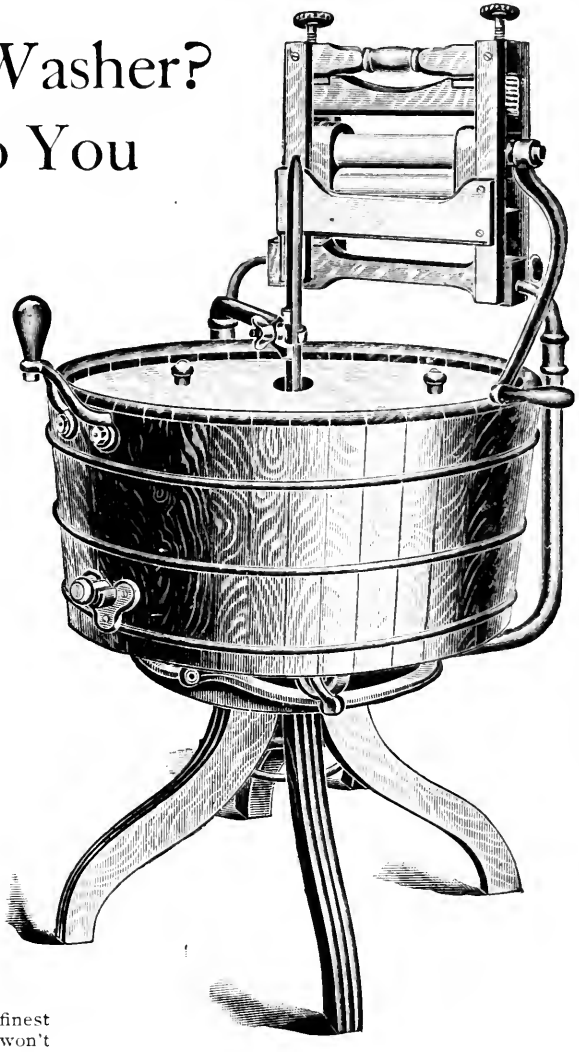
Get a figure that is **real** and **permanent,** the figure of a physically perfect woman. To prove that it is unnecessary for any lady to be thin or scrawny, we will send you,

ABSOLUTELY FREE

a trial treatment of **Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder** sufficient to convince you that you can get a well-developed bust, beautiful neck, pretty arms, shapely shoulders, so that you can wear with pride low-necked gowns or the tight tailor-made suits so fashionable now. This remarkable remedy develops new flesh and fills out all hollow places, not by false stimulation, but by removing the **cause** of thinness. Write to-day for **Free Treatment** and handsome booklet illustrated from life, sent in sealed package.

THE C. L. JONES CO.,
54 L, Realty Building, Elmira, N. Y.

See this new Washer? I'll Loan it to You



I KNOW you've never seen a Washer like this one.

Because, it has just been invented and I tell you it is a world-beater.

I call it our "Gravity" Washer.

"Gravity," you know, is what makes a stone roll down hill.

And our new Washer is called the "Gravity" because it works itself by almost the same principle as the rolling stone.

You throw the clothes into a tub of soapy water, start off the machine, and the "Gravity" does nearly all the rest.

I don't mean that it washes all the dirty clothes without a little help from you—mind that!

You must throw the clothes into the tub, by hand, and start off the machine working, by hand, and stay beside it while it drives the soapy water to and fro through the clothes.

Then you must,—in about Six minutes after the "Gravity" has been washing—stop the tub, and run the washed clothes through the Wringer, by hand.

So, you see, it isn't all play. There's some work left for the Woman.

But she can wash a tub full of very dirty clothes with this new Gravity Washer in less than Six minutes by the clock.

And she can wash them with her Head—her brains—instead of with her hands, because she makes the Machine do the work. She hasn't got to bend over a steaming tub of suds, or work one of those back-breaking threshing-machines they call "Washers" in the hardware stores.

The "Gravity Washer" won't tear the finest piece of lace—it won't break a button—nor it won't wear the thinnest white clothes.

Because, all the washing is done by driving soapy water through the threads of the dirty clothes.

And this is done chiefly by "Gravity"—by the same thing that makes a stone roll down hill.

Now, I want to loan one of these "Gravity Washers," to any responsible person, for a month, just so you can prove what I say to be true.

I don't want a penny from you for the month's use of it, unless you decide to keep it after that.

If you find it saves its own cost you may pay, after each washing, 50c a week for it, or $2.00 a month.

But you need not decide on keeping it till after you've tested it in four Washings, viz., a Month,—free of charge.

I will pay the freight to your railroad station at my own expense, and my own risk—and I don't ask a penny of security from you.

If you feel that you can do without the "Gravity Washer" after you've used it a month I will take it back from you, without a penny from you, or a growl from me.

Yes,—and I'll pay the freight back too—at my own expense.

Now, how could I make anything out of that deal if our new "Gravity Washer" wouldn't really do so much better, quicker, easier, cheaper work for you that you couldn't do without it?

I want to loan you this Washer for a month's trial free.

And, I hope you will show it to your neighbors when you get it.

Write me today if you want it. Address plainly—

R. F. Bieber, Treasurer, 1900 Washer Co., 5045 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

"Just a gleam of Ivory in her smile."

MISS ADELE RITCHIE

Now playing "Lady Holyrood" in "Florodora" says:

"Zodenta will impart a radiance of dazzling white to the teeth that no other dentifrice can give."

ZODENTA
FOR THE TEETH

is a heavy cleansing cream. A natural solvent for the juices and solids that injure the teeth and mar their beauty. It prevents all ferment, is an antidote for bacteria and will keep fresh and sweet in all climates.

REFRESHING AND GRATEFUL TO THE TASTE

Remember the name, Zodenta—it commences with the last letter of the alphabet and ends with the first.

The genuine is green enamelled Collapsible jars.

Send us the name of your druggist and we will mail an individual Tooth Brush holder and ½ oz sample free.

F. F. Ingram & Co.
33 Tenth St
Detroit, Mich.

SEE! YOU CAN HANG IT UP

There is Beauty in every Jar.

Make us PROVE what Milk Weed Cream will do

Just send us your name and address and ***we will mail free a sample of this delicious, beautifying Skin Food,*** *and also a booklet containing autograph letters and photo engravings of fifteen of America's Stage Queens. Mention the name of your druggist and we will also send* ***an individual Tooth-Brush Holder Free.***

Milkweed Cream

ensures brilliant complexions. It nourishes the skin and tissues, makes plump rounded cheeks and firm healthy flesh.

Rubbing is unnecessary, you simply apply Milkweed Cream with the finger tips and it does its own work. *Rubbing and kneading the skin makes it loose and flabby, causing wrinkles and large unsightly pores.*

Milkweed Cream is most economical, it is only necessary to use sufficient to cover the tip of your finger.

Milkweed Cream is not greasy, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin and its medicinal action is such that it **prevents shiny and oily skins, removes tan, freckles, blackheads, and all blemishes, defects and disfigurements of the skin and complexion.**

Improves bad complexions
Preserves good complexions

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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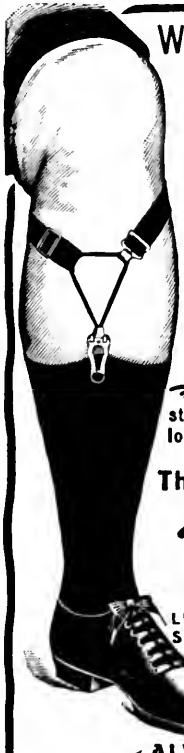
When Irish Autumn breezes roughen the skin, use **Mennen's** [illegible] for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's [illegible] that you get the [illegible]

[illegible] 25 cts. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.



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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES AND INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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WITH STOP OVER AT
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Are but an earnest
Of the millions yet to come.

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