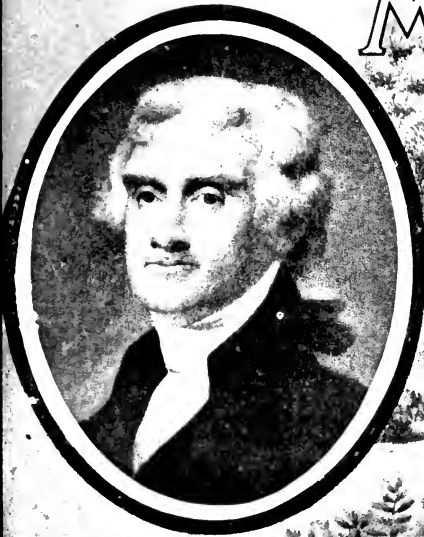


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We wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that Mr. Watson's editorial on the Catholic Hierarchy, which has excited such wide and profound attention, appears in his "Handbook of Politics and Economics." The book can be obtained from the Jeffersonians, Thomson, Ga., price \$1.00.

*"The Hearst Papers, the Egyptian Sphinx, and the Negro"*

Those desiring copies of this editorial in pamphlet form, at 25 cents each, will kindly make application at once to

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# WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. III

FEBRUARY, 1909

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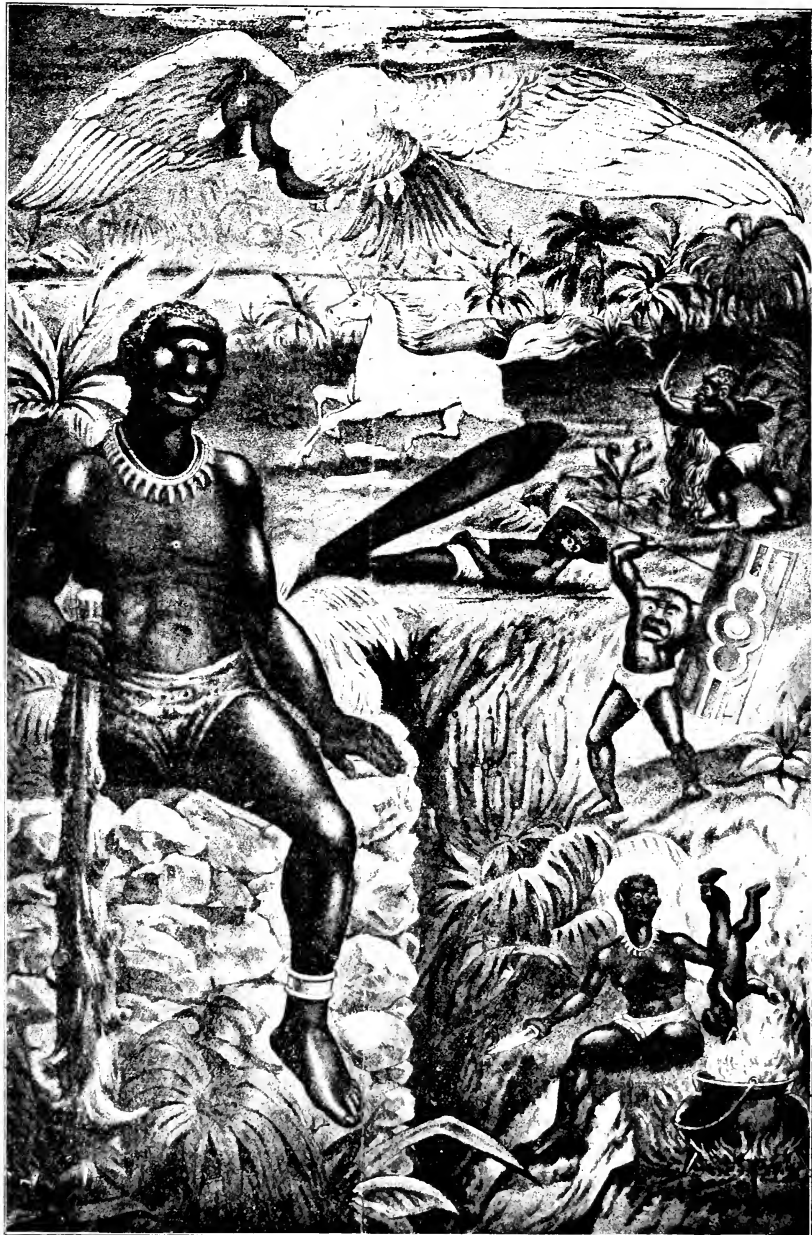
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NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS

## EDITORIALS



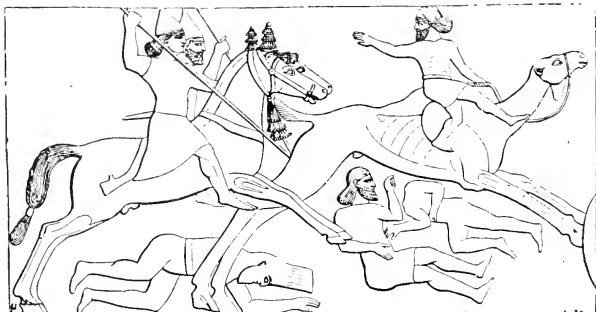
ASSYRIAN SPHINX. WINGS, WOMAN. LION

### The Hearst Paper, the Egyptian Sphinx and the Negro

Every few months, the *New York Evening Journal*, Mr. Hearst's paper, feasts its readers upon a brief editorial dealing in the most novel way with the Egyptian Sphinx and the negro. This editorial was used again last December and, asking the pardon of its author (whom I assume to be the very able and learned Arthur Brisbane), I propose to discuss it.

The Hearst paper, referring to the thick lip of the negro, declares that "those lips appear upon every Sphinx in Egypt"; and that "the ancestors of the negro were laying the foundations of our religion and were mapping the stars" at a time when *our* ancestors were "gibbering savages, living in caves, sharpening bones and eating raw meat."

Why should the Hearst paper try to degrade our ancestors? Why should any white man tell the negroes that their forefathers were vastly superior to ours? What possible benefit to either race can come from publications of that kind? If we accept the Darwin theory we may, indeed, be forced to admit that the negroes are our progenitors, in the same sense that the apes are; but, if this concession compels us to adopt the theory that the negroes are the authors of our civilization, we might just as well go backward a step further and give the credit to the apes. Logic is never so captivating as when it makes us go the whole hog.



ASSYRIAN HORSEMEN: WAR

The Afro-American has had too much mischief put into his head, already, for the good of the country. New York Cosmopolitan Club pledged to miscegenation; Social Equality Colleges, like that which Bryan patronizes and helps with donations; negro politicians appointed to represent this Government abroad; Fred Douglas at Cleveland's wedding reception and Booker Washington at the Roosevelt luncheon; negro officers in the army; negro Registers of the United States Treasury; negroes in charge of Custom Houses; three thousand negroes on the national payroll in Washington; negroes as judges, city-councilmen and policemen,—all these instances of "recognition" have but whetted the appetite for more.

Such negroes as Booker Washington and Kelly Miller contend that their race is mentally equal to the Caucasian; and when their claim is virtually endorsed by a great newspaper, edited by a scholarly gentleman who receives the highest salary ever paid for work of that kind, the souls of the arrogant and aggressive Afro-Americans must feel greatly rejoiced and elated.

## I.

Is it true that the white tribes, *our ancestors*, were ever "gibbering savages, living in caves, sharpening bones, and subsisting on raw flesh?"

I suppose it is conceded that we are descended from Germanic stocks, Teutons, Angles, Saxons, and Cimbri, or Celts.

*When* were these people "gibbering savages?" I challenge Mr. Brisbane to produce his evidence.

Tacitus does not class them so, nor does Julius Caesar, yet both of these authorities were unfriendly. To Caesar, our ancestors were foes to be despised and destroyed. To Tacitus, they were enemies whom he had never seen and of whom he had only heard through Roman soldiers who had fought them. Suppose General Sam Houston or General Wool had written a history of Mexico,—what sort of treatment could the Mexicans have expected? The whole nation would probably have been described as "greasers", and we should never have thought Mexico capable

of the wonderful progress she has made under Diaz. Yet Tacitus describes the Germanic peoples as semi-civilized, and praises a portion of them,—the Chanci—as *ideal characters!*

Montelius declared that in the Scandinavian home of our forefathers there existed, 5,000 years before Christ, a civilization similar to that described in Homer. It is certain that the Northmen navigated the ocean and had a commerce. They not only used feather cushions, pillows, and bed-coverings, but *introduced them into Rome!* It is certain that the Northmen could weave cloth out of flax, and that both the men and the women covered their nakedness with woolen, or linen garments. The warriors, on a march and in battle, however, wore nothing but the skins of wild beasts. They were herders, and farmers: they exported vegetables as well as cloth, leather, feathers, and amber.

They lived in wooden houses, built over cellars. A fact of the utmost value is that these dwellings were of the Aryan type. In winter, our ancestors lived in the cellar, because of the extreme cold. Travelers tell of just such dwellings in Siberia, at this day, and the people who retire to these caves, or cellars, are not "gibbering savages" any more than are the inmates of crowded, noisome tenements of New York City.

Pliny says that the Germanic women spun and wove exquisite linen; and Virgil paints a cozy scene in the cave, or cellar, where the Teuton family builds a cheerful fire out of large logs, and enlivens the long wintry night with games and plays.

The Germanic people were notoriously fond of the bath. "Gibbering savages" seldom are. So prone were our ancestors to plunge into hot springs and into the rivers that they were frequently taken by surprise by enemies who attacked them while they were bathing. Such was the case when Marius saved Rome from the Cimbri at the great battle of *Aquæ Sextæ*. Germany not being a hot country, fondness for cold water proves a craving for personal cleanliness.

That the Germanic tribes ate uncooked flesh is true, but our American hunters and trappers used to do the same thing.

Most of us remember that when we were growing up it was customary, on each plantation, to dry certain portions of a beef; and we remember how



ASSYRIAN GROOM AND HORSES



FIG. 4. MAN'S HEAD, EGYPT

we relished chips shaved off this raw, but *dried* joint. In like manner, Western hunters and trappers dried venison and buffalo meat; and such flesh, duly "jerked," was not less cooked than much of the so-called "rare" steak and roast which leaves a puddle of blood in one's plate.

Is the eating of uncooked food necessarily an evidence of savagery? If one chooses to devour berries and fruits and nuts and eggs in a raw state, is it absolutely certain that he is doing the unnatural thing?

Among us, at this day, we have faddists who tell us that cooking lessens the amount of nutrition in food and renders it more indigestible. Can it be proved that these faddists are wrong?

Besides the flesh of animals, there were many other articles of food among the Germanic tribes. They used milk, butter, cheese, vegetables, *white bread*, honey, fruits and berries.

A tribe of "gibbering savages" has never been known to adopt and enforce a *law to protect trees from injury*; and savages have never been strict, *among themselves*, about land lines and boundary marks.

Yet *our* ancestors were rigorous on both subjects. He who altered a land line, or moved a "corner", was harshly punished; and *he who wilfully injured a tree was put to death*.

This is the more remarkable, since Germany was almost covered with forests, and farming is supposed to have been a secondary pursuit.

To a student of human affairs, it would seem that our ancestors, *coming from the treeless plains of Asia*, set the highest value upon those vast forests, and were strict about land lines, *by force of hereditary instinct*. In the Old Testament we find regulations of the same sort; and these ideas, as we all know, prevailed in Egypt and Babylonia—*whence the Jews learned so much*.

In determining the status of a people, a factor of the first importance is *the relation of the sexes*, and the value put upon *chastity*.

Tacitus, the unfriendly Roman, praises the purity of the Teutonic women in the highest terms, contrasting it with the decadence of morals among the Romans.

When the Emperor Caracalla gave some captive Germanic women the option of going into slavery, or being killed, they chose death; and when he sold them, anyhow, they killed themselves. The Cimbrian women did likewise, after the defeat of the tribe at Vercellae. They offered to go into captivity, provided they were allowed to serve in the temples and thus preserve their chastity. When this was denied them, they slew their children and themselves.



In the same spirit, the Cimbrian women captured by the Romans at Aquae Sextae killed themselves rather than submit to the embraces of their captors.

Among *our* ancestors, the home was sacred, and the wife honored. She was given something of the dignity which is hers today, *centuries before Jesus Christ was an influence in the lives and homes of men!*

Indeed, it was the Germanic woman who managed both the household affairs and the farm; and *she was the member of the family who did most of the reading and writing.*

But there remains the vital question of *Government.*

Our ancestors were *free men*, proud of their long red hair, which was the badge of their independence. Kings had but loose authority over them; and at first these chiefs were elective, chosen because they were *the ablest to do.*

Every man of the tribe was a member of the General Court. The king had no power of life and death over his followers; and he could not arbitrarily tax them. *They made their own laws.* In time of war, the chief necessarily exercised monarchal authority; but in time of peace, the tribal government was almost a pure democracy. *Local self-government was an actual fact among these mighty peoples.*

The freemen, themselves, *heard all causes, tried all persons accused of crime, and fixed the penalty.*

A most queer lot of "gibbering savages," these!

To sum up: the very earliest records show that *our* ancestors held a tradition of their Aryan origin and of their emigration from the remote East; they had a democratic system of government; they had a system of laws; they had a system of agriculture; they were navigators of the seas; they were builders of houses; they mined and made use of metals; they had a written language and some literature; they were manufacturers on a small scale; they had a sense of modesty and personal beauty, for they wore shoes and garments of wool and linen, as well as amulets, rings, and other ornaments.

The man's house was already his castle and his home a sanctuary. If a faithless wife defiled it, her punishment was death.

The Roman soldier not only dreaded the Germanic warrior, but the Roman generalship found more than its match in Arminius, who destroyed the legions of Varus. For five hundred years, the Northmen waged war with Rome, were never subdued, and finally conquered her and put Northmen on the throne of the Caesars!

But *the flower of this primitive civilization* was not the valor of the man, nor the stern jealousy with which he guarded the honor of his home, —IT WAS THE VIRTUE OF THE WOMEN.

Glorious and indestructible was the foundation of that civilization built on the chastity which rose into "*the triumph of death,*" rather than sink into the degradation of personal impurity.

What does Mr. Brisbane mean when he speaks of our ancestors as "*sharpening bones.*"

From the earliest times these Cimbri and Teutons made weapons and tools of metal. They didn't farm with a stick, as the negro did,—they had implements of iron and bronze, *made by themselves*. They were not only good blacksmiths, but they excelled in wood-work. Their wagons, their houses, their ships were home products. When we call a man a wheel-wright, we use a term that is as old as the Germanic tribes. So with the word, *smith*, when applied to a branch of industry. The spear-head, and the lance, fashioned from stone, iron or bronze, date back to the remotest accounts of our forefathers, and these weapons were made by their own workmen.

The one great subject, *Religion*, is to be considered; and on *this* I think it answers every practical purpose to say that the religious system of our Cimbric and Germanic ancestors was every bit as intelligible and elevating as was that of those Egyptians, Babylonians, Chaldeans and Assyrians who, according to the learned and able Mr. Brisbane, were the ancestors of the negroes, and who, according to him, laid the foundations of *our own* religious system.

Whether those ancient Eastern peoples were the forefathers of the negroes, we shall presently see.

## II.

The editorial in the Hearst newspaper states that "the thick lips of the negro appear on every sphinx in Egypt."

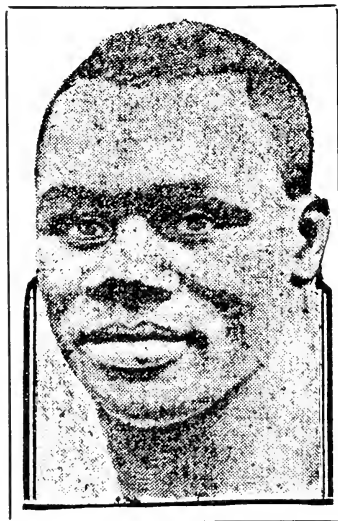


Fig. 5 SAM LANGFORD

Suppose that this were true,—what would it prove?

The Egyptians carved statues of Anubis—a deity whose head was that of a jackal. To Osiris, a chief god, they sometimes gave a human body and a bull's head. To the goddess, Isis, was given the body of a woman and sometimes, the head of a cow. The human body of another deity ended in the head of a hawk.

This would seem to indicate that whoever carved the sacred statues of Egypt had no idea of constructing a national portrait gallery.

The sculptuary does not necessarily reflect the sculptor, nor the painting, the painter. Some ages since, our civilization may be lost, our race disappear, and curious antiquarians may declare, dogmatically, that we were identical with the Greeks of the classic era. *They will prove it by our gold and*

*silver coins!*

Candor compels me to admit that the national type is apt to be reflected in national art. The Grecian sphinxes have the pure profile of

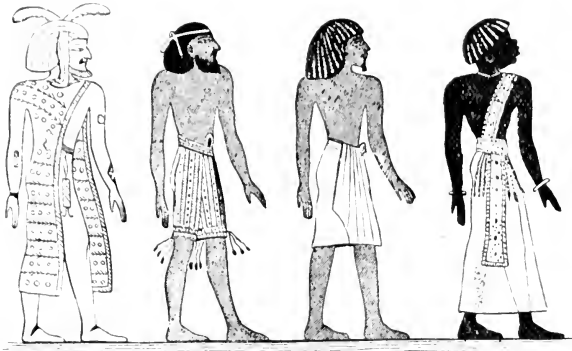


Fig. 6. FOUR RACES OF MEN

the Hellenes; and the Assyrian sphinxes correspond with other native sculptural work whose purpose is that of portraiture.

It is possible, and even probable, therefore, that the stonecutter who chiselled the human head on the sphinxes, involuntarily portrayed the native type.

If that be so, Mr. Brisbane's statement concerning the negro lips becomes intensely interesting. I, at least, found it so, and have taken some pains to investigate.

Mr. Brisbane sweepingly avers that *the negro lips appear on every Egyptian sphinx*.

Just as sweepingly, and with equal emphasis, *I declare that no sphinx of Egypt has the lips of a negro*.

That's a clean cut issue, isn't it? Now to the proofs.

The overwhelmingly important thing to find out is this: *How did the Egyptians picture a negro when they meant to do so?*

It does not concern us, in this discussion, to learn how the Greeks and Romans and Israelites and Arabs, or other peoples, pictured the negro face. The fact that does concern us is, *how did the Egyptians delineate the negro face, when they wanted to do that very thing?*

Turn to *Figure 6* of the accompanying illustrations, and you will find the answer. In that picture, you see how *the Egyptians* represented the faces of the four distinct races of men. Note how they place the negro last; and note how faithfully that flat nose, those blubber lips are portrayed. The general inferiority of the typical negro could not *now* be better shown than it appears in this illustration, which is thousands of years old.

Compare this negro face with that of the sphinxes in *Figures 9 and 10*; and you see at a glance the total dissimilarity.

In *Figure 4* you have an Egyptian man's face and head. Compare it with the negro face and head in *Figure 5*, and remark the difference; then compare it with the Egyptian sphinxes, and note the resemblance.

That head and face of the Egyptian man is of *the same type* as the face of the Egyptian sphinx; and both are wholly dissimilar from the negro type.

The lips of the typical negro are so thick that they curve backward and show *the inner red surface*. They are *blubber lips*. Now, the lips of the sphinxes are not of that character. They are merely full,—the typical Eastern lip.

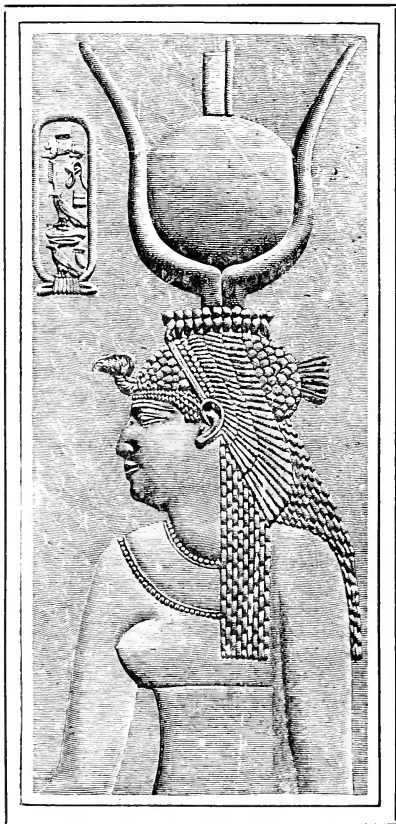


Fig. 7. CLEOPATRA

from the flat-nosed, blubber-lipped, woolly-haired negress,—as you will see her in the streets, in the fields, and in the illustrations found in this article. (*Figure 8.*)

The "great sphinx," we should remember, has suffered much in the last century. Arabs, and others, have amused themselves by shooting at it. This target practice, aided by the corrosive agency of time, has greatly altered the face of this mighty monument. Recent photographs show the wreck of a face; but you will find (*Figure 9*) a cut engraved from a drawing made in 1816. The lips, as shown in this picture, are not even full. In fact, one would not be attracted to the lips, at all, were it not for the issue raised concerning them,—whereas, the typical negro lip, like his odor, challenges attention.

As a further evidence that the Egyptian type is not the negro type, we reproduce the face of Cleopatra. Pictured on the inner wall of an Egyptian temple, the witching queen who fascinated Caesar and caused Antony to throw a world away, does not look much like a negress—as she is claimed to be by certain Afro-Americans and their white sycophants.

Cleopatra's profile is that of a sensuous, even voluptuous, Semitic woman (*Fig. 7*); but very far removed



FIG. 8. SOMALI WOMAN

\* \* \* \* \*

All Hamites were not Africans, and all Africans were not negroes.

What historian or ethnologist classes the Canaanites, the Phoenicians, and Cushites as Africans? Yet they were Hamites.

So, it is not by any means true that all Africans were negroes.

The Carthaginians were Africans, but Hamilcar, Hannibal, and Hasdrubal were not of the same race as Chaka, Cetewayo and Kelly Miller.

The Abyssinians are Africans, but they are not negroes. So with the Moors who overran Spain and held it for nearly a thousand years. The race of men that reared the Alhambra, and the great Mosque at Seville and who made agriculture a fine art were no kin to Guinea negroes whose Kraals were then, as now, loathsome and squalid lodges of cane and thatch, where the naked savages lived a brutish life.

Who can prove that the original dwellers in Egypt were the originators of architecture, astronomy and religion? Who can dogmatize on a matter concerning which no evidence can be produced?

One more word, and we leave Egypt. Study the plate, marked *Figure 12*. There you will see the faces of Egyptians, drawn by Egyptians, at about the time the great sphinx was hewn from the rock. Note the chin, mouth, nose, eye and long hair of the principal figure—he who is seated and in the act of drinking from a glass—and trace, if you can, the slightest resemblance to the negro.

Then scrutinize each one of the smaller figures,—there isn't a negro face among them.

*Yet these were native Egyptians of the Pyramid era.*

In this manner does Monumental evidence knock the Brisbane theory sky high.



FIG. 9. GREAT SPHINX

In a "History of Civilization", by Julian Laughlin, we are told by the author that he has devoted a great deal of labor to the investigation of ancient Egyptian history. His conclusion is that the Nile valley was the home of a white race which laid the foundations of whatever of civilization the world has known. He then takes up the story of the Hyksos, the Shepherd Kings, who conquered Egypt and who were the Pharaohs of the Bible. These Hyksos were a *brown people*, coming from Arabia, or some contiguous Eastern territory.

During the reign of these Shepherd Kings, Egyptian conquests were pushed to the Euphrates and *into the Soudan*.

From the plains of Shinar, the Egyptians *may* have gained their knowledge of the Sphinx and of astronomy and, also, new ideas about religion.



FIG. 10. GREEK SPHINX

What is *certain*, is that, from Ethiopia, they brought home negro prisoners, for they made pictorial record of that fact. The reader of this will find, upon examining *Figure 13* of the accompanying illustrations a string of Ethiopian captives. That drawing is so true to life that it fits the typical negro of our own time, *although made thousands of years ago*.

It has already been shown (*Figures 4, 6 and 7*) that the typical Egyptian face was not that of a negro; but it may be argued that these illustrations depict *the conquerors*, the brown race, and not the subjected people.

Fortunately, it is possible to not only show, by a picture, what manner of man the Egyptian laborer was, but also to show him at work, *making sphinxes!* Let any one look at *Figure 13*, and spot his negro. He cannot do it. Those sphinxes which Mr. Brisbane says have negro faces,—“every one of them”,—are being carved by men who are not negroes. *Study the profile of the sphinxes themselves*, and you will know that the workmen in the picture *have not given the negro face to a single sphinx*.

It may be said that these sculptors are not fairly representative of Egyptian laborers, the answer is complete: *other paintings of the same era depict black-smiths, shoe-makers, cultivators of the soil, herders of cattle, common workmen bearing burdens, etc., and in each instance the faces are of the same type as shown in Figure 12.* (See Fig. 13.)



FIG. 11. EGYPTIAN SPHINX

One more illustration, to prove that neither the ruling class nor the working class were negroes,—and then I pass on. The picture has its pathos, (*See Figure 16*). Neither the form nor the face and head of that poor woman of the laboring class are those of a negress. Indeed, she goes far toward sustaining Mr. Laughlin's theory of *the underlying white race*.

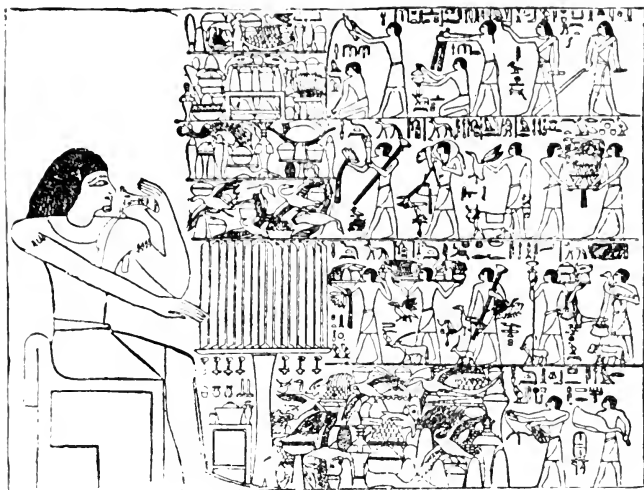


Fig. 12. EGYPTIAN WALL PAINTING

It can hardly be that Mr. Brisbane's reference to civilized ancestry of the negro meant the Chaldeans, the Babylonians or Assyrians; yet the general impression is that the Chaldeans were the first astronomers; and it is believed that the Israelites took much of their religious system from the peoples of the Euphrates. But the Ethiopian could not have got his blackness from the Semitic races who dwelt in the Babylonian regions. To say nothing of the Assyrian sphinx, (*Figure 1*) with its high-type head and profile, we have only to see the portrayal of the Assyrian face (*Figures 2 and 3*) to be convinced that the Afro-American must look elsewhere for ancestors.

The mighty builders, developers, rulers and conquerors who made such a garden out of the desert valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates by canals, irrigation and intensive cultivation; who erected such magnificent quays, bridges, temples and palaces; who had a *literature which included circulating libraries*; who had manufactures and commerce and a money system, and a regular and effective form of government; who excelled in music and other fine arts and keenly appreciated the luxury and refinement of civilized life,—these men were never the forefathers of naked, bestial, ignorant and unprogressive negroes.

### III.

Most authorities hold that our civilization is of Indo-Germanic origin, and that our ancestors dwelt in the region south of the Caspian Sea. From Turkestan, for example, they could have entered Europe by cross-

ing the narrow Hellespont, or by marching westward of the Caspian and making for the Danube.

Darwin, however, is inclined to think that West Africa was the original home of the human race. Why? *Because it was there that the apes came so near to being like the men.* Apparently, he believed that somewhere in those vast jungles might be found a species of the monkey tribe which would form the connecting link between the gorilla and the lowest type of negro. Papers recently stated the missing link had been discovered, and a scientist gave it a name.

That West Africa has always been the home of this lowest of human types is practically certain. No remains of antiquity yet discovered exhibits them as being masters of any other territory. When wall-paintings, sculptured groups, or tablet inscriptions prove their presence in any other land, these negroes appear as captives, or slaves, as envoys, or messengers. Records which admit of no doubt and which reach back into the very dawn of history, picture this lowest human being, giving him the very same features that distinguish him today. In Rome he remained a negro; in Egypt, a negro; in Hindostan, a negro; in Turkey, a negro; in South America, a negro; in England, a negro; in these United States, a negro.

The Dutch have dwelt in South Africa for three hundred years, and they are white men now as they were when they first went to the tropics. The native yellow man of Southern China lives under a sun as hot as that of Africa, and he goes almost naked, as the negro does in Africa; and yet the Chinaman of Southern China is no more like the woolly-haired negro than he was thousands of years ago. That food, raiment, and climate do not alter racial characteristics, is proved by the remarkable resemblance of the Esquimaux to the natives of Southern China. The former inhabit the frigid zone, live on fish and flesh, without vegetables,



Fig. 13. EASTERN WORKMEN



and wear the warmest furs obtainable; the latter are vegetarians of the torrid zone, who wear almost nothing but their own skins. This example should convince all who are open to conviction.

Furthermore, the Abyssinians are geographical neighbors to the people of Guinea, but the two distinct types have remained distinct for ages. The Egyptians, the Canaanites, the Phoenicians, were also neighbors to the negro, but the racial types remained radically different, from century to century.

We must therefore, accept the conclusion: The negro has always been what he is, and he will *always* be what he is, no matter how many books you rub into his head, and no matter how much door-of-hope recognition may be given him.



Fig. 14. NEGRO SLAVES

*Nature created him inferior to the Caucasian; and if ever the Caucasian lowers his level to that of the negro,—in the vain hope of lifting the negro up,—the crime against civilization will be punished by the mongrelization and degeneration of both races.*

The salvation and continued advancement of the United States pivot on this very subject. The negro is not a menace to our future because he is *a negro*, but because a certain number of misinformed and misguided Caucasians act upon the idea that *the negro is a Caucasian painted black by the cruel caprice of God!*

*There*, is the danger point. How silly and pernicious it is to judge the negro race by a few mulattoes like Dr. Booker Washington, or Prof. DuBois! Even though a Zulu type of the pure-blooded negro should give proof of exceptional capacity,—what does that prove for the whole negro race? The Zulu type is rare; the low Guinea type abounds.

Why do not our Northern negro-philés recognize the great truth that the negro, in this country, IS BUT A COPYIST? *His* civilization is a pale reflection of *ours*. His good conduct, in so far that it *is* good, results from *our example, our encouragement, OUR COMPULSION*. Of his own initiative, he has never done anything, and he never will. In all the long reach of the ages, he has not contributed one ray of light to civilization.

Creative intellect was not given him. No original idea of his lives in poetry or song, in stone or upon canvas, in written book or hieroglyphic. Commerce owes him nothing; the ocean roared at his feet

even as it did at the feet of our ancestors, but he never dared to build ship and brave the deep, as Celt and Teuton, Saxon and Angle did.

Agriculture owes him nothing: he lived on raw flesh, nuts, roots, fruits which nature gave him, and his farming was done with a crudity that would have excited the contempt of a Creek, or a Cherokee Indian. For nearly 1,300 years he lived in contact with Arabs, and about the only thing he learned from them was to boil flesh. When hungry he eats it raw and undried, even now. (See Fig. 18.)

The science of Government owes him nothing; he was ruled by his fears, and never knew what law was, save as he trembled before his despotic King, or grovelled at the feet of his ignorant humbug of a priest.

The Arts owe him nothing: he lived in a filthy hut which a Seneca or an Iroquois would have scorned; his sculptuary confined itself chiefly

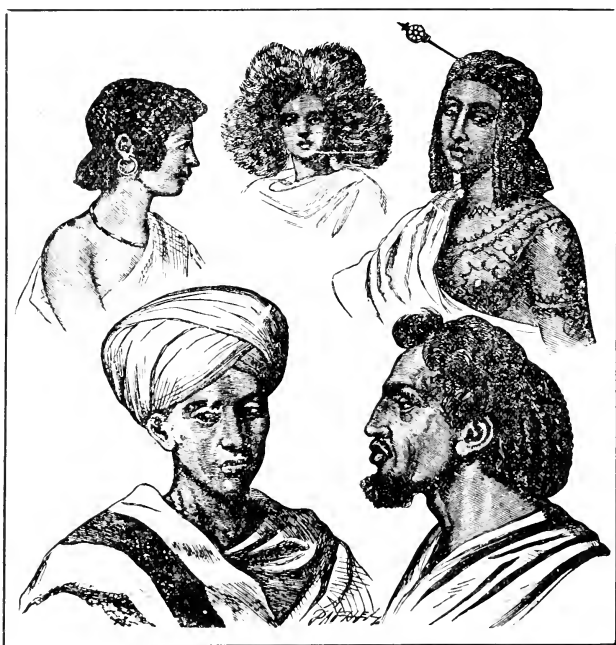


Fig. 15. ABYSSINIAN HEADS

to the carving of hideous fetiches; his music,—his much vaunted music!—never took flight beyond a monotonous chant, *until he caught the rhythm and the melody of ours.*

To the negro in his native land, the grand march of the world's intellect was a thing unfelt, unknown, unsuspected. Into no written sign did he ever put a thought, a sentiment, a discovery, a message. Into

his savage life, no mental bugle-blast sounded. Against the bars of human limitations, the soul of the native negro never beat. If he ever had an aspiration which soared higher than the conquering of some neighboring tribe, the possession of more cows, and a plentiful supply of wives, the world does not know it.

Nature gave him a noble heritage in minerals, in timber, in water-power, in precious metals—but he never showed the slightest sign of appreciation. From highest to lowest, the negro lived for the day, to gratify the appetites of the day, to revel in the lusts of the day.

For the past, he cared nothing; for the future, nothing. His life was bounded by the Present tense. He had no ideals that called for labor and for sacrifice, to the end that the world might be made better.

Their greatest King was Chaka—a monster of ferocity and sexuality who reminds one of the brutes who ruled and ravaged Haiti after the downfall of the French regime. Chaka was just a human beast, of tremendous force, whose soul seemed possessed of the devils of war, rapine, slaughter and lust. His bloody career cost the lives of probably 2 million human beings, of his own race; and if he was moved by anything but the passion for killing, destroying and extending *the realm in which he was feared*, it is not discoverable. He founded no institutions, spoke of none, and made no efforts to lift from his country its pall of barbarism.

When Chaka's mother died (poisoned by him, it was said), he elaborately conducted a funeral in which seven thousand of the mourners slew each other in their frenzy. In the grave, Chaka put ten young women and these were buried alive, along with the corpse of the King's mother. (See Fig. 17.)

The jealous tyrant could not bear the thought of death for himself, and the idea of having an heir was repugnant. Therefore, whenever one of his numerous wives gave evidence of being with child, Chaka put her to death. (And this was a Nineteenth Century King!)

Another negro King, M'tesa, who reigned in the 19th century, amazed even the English by his atrocities. For any trifle that displeased him, his subjects were killed. Like Chaka, he was a monster of lust, and a succession of fresh wives was a royal necessity. To escape the en-



Fig. 16. EGYPTIAN WOMAN

cumbrance of too large a harem, it was M'tesa's practice to have an old wife slaughtered every time a fresh one was introduced.

An English traveller tells of being present when four of the wives of M'tesa offered him their four young sisters. He accepted the four, married them by the simple ceremony of sitting in their laps, hugging them, and rubbing his neck against theirs. This being done, he picked out four wives that he was tired of and ordered them to instant execution. This was in the year 1861.

In the last of the exploring expeditions,—those of Grant, Speke, Baker and Stanley—we find the same frightful conditions which were revealed to the Ambassadors, thirteen hundred years ago, when that division of the Arab race crossed the deserts, to escape the Omniades of the Barbary States. And the conditions, as found by the Ambassadors in the seventh century, were precisely the same that existed before Christ.

At the time of the latest Stanley exploration, husbands would sell their wives, and fathers, their daughters. For a few needles, or an elephant's tooth, or a few cows, the belle of the tribe could be bought,—by any white man, or any colored man.

At this very day, Englishmen buy young negro women, to attend them on hunting or exploring trips, the price ranging from \$100 to \$200.

If the Roosevelt party, who are to hunt extensively in Africa, this summer and fall, should feel the necessity of purchasing a few healthy, well-made and youthful negro women, to accompany the party, in the capacity of cooks, tent-maids, or toters of snake-bite-remedy, they can buy such girls for less than the hunting rifles will cost.

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**Note**—"A few days before the departure of Speke and Grant from M'tesa's palace, one of his officers, K'yengo, informed him that, considering the surprising events which had lately occurred at court, the king, being anxious to pry into the future, had resolved upon a very strange measure for accomplishing that end. This was the sacrifice of a child by cooking, and K'yengo was detailed to perform the barbarous ceremony, which is described as follows: The doctor places a large earthen vessel, half full of water, over a fire, and over its mouth a grating of sticks, whereon he lays a small child and a fowl side by side, and covers them over with a large earthen vessel, just like the first, only inverted, to keep the steam in, when he sets fire below, cooks for a certain period of time, and then looks to see if his victims are still living or dead. If dead, as they usually are, the omen is considered propitious, and the king at once proceeds upon whatever enterprise he may have been contemplating.

"After nearly three months spent with M'tesa, Speke and Grant prepared to leave Uganda for the Lake Victoria, an event which both the king and his visitors alike regretted, for notwithstanding his incredible cruelties to his subjects he was really obsequious in his attentions to his distinguished guests, who hoped, through the great influence which they exerted over him, to induce him to abandon his inhuman practices. In this hope they so signally failed that on the very day of their departure one of the monster's wives passed Speke and Grant with her hands clasped at the back of her head and crying in a most pitiful manner. She was preceded by the executioner, who was not permitted to touch her. She loved to obey her king and husband, and in consequence of her loving attachment she was permitted, as a mark of distinction, to walk unattended to the place of her death."



Fig. 17. BURIAL OF CHAKA'S MOTHER

The young white men of one of the French expeditions pleased one of the negro chiefs very much by frankly admiring his numerous wives. After these white men and these negro women had almost publicly broken a certain Commandment, the Chief and husband openly expressed *his gratification!* He took the white men's act as a tribute to his good taste in the selection of his wives.

In the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker were some white musicians. Whenever this band would start up their music, *troops of negro women, stark naked*, would surround them, dancing in ecstasy, and with no sense of feminine shame.

Different from the white race in physical and mental structure, the negro differs even more radically in the matter of morals. The typical negro *has no conception of chastity*,—none whatever. The men do not have it, and the women are without it. Of *principles*, of virtue, they are wholly devoid. They think no more of the congress of the sexes than they do of the breeding of the beasts. To yield to a natural appetite of that kind is, to them, no more of a vice than to eat when hungry and to drink when dry. (See appendix A.)

This lack of the sense of personal morality is one of the chief characteristics of the negro *note!* A HIDEOUS, OMINOUS, NATIONAL MENACE!

As to cannibalism, the story is too horrible to be dwelt upon; the reader is referred to note below and to appendix B.

As to their *Religion*,—they have never had any. The Indian had his God and a heaven; the negro had neither. He offered up no prayer, for he had no sense of moral responsibility. There were no angels for the negro,—nothing but evil spirits, malignant demons, haunts, sorcery, and devils little and big. Of all the black, stupid and and fearful superstitions that ever enslaved human beings, that of the negro was the worst and the lowest. (See frontispiece.)

The King was Law; the priest was Religion. To these two, everything and everybody belonged. If the King wanted a subject's cow, he took it; if his daughter, he took her. And when the King wanted a subject killed, he either sent his executioners to do the job, off hand; or, if there was some reason why this plan was not best, he would have his Witch Doctor to "smell out" the victims,—after which they were summarily executed. There were no forms of trial whatever,—no barrier between the King's will and the subject's life.

To ward off the attacks of evil spirits, the negro, from king down to meanest subject, was ready to offer up any sacrifice. Their cattle, their sons, their daughters, their little babes—they would give anything the priest demanded. Such was the practice thousands of years ago; such is the practice at this day.

No wonder that Darwin and Haeckel pronounce this the lowest of races, different radically in body, brain and spirit from the Caucasian, inferior to it, and "incapable of a true inner culture and of a higher mental development, even under the favorable conditions in the United States

(February 26th, 1888.)

"I went this morning to Nassibul's camp, which is situated about a hour's march from our own camp on the Falls (Aruwimi). He received me with much ceremony, and at my request drummed to the natives, who were in two clearings at the back of his camp. A number came and went through the usual demonstrations at seeing a white man. Among them were about a dozen young women, with pleasing countenances and beautifully moulded limbs. They would have made worthy models for a sculptor. I selected a man as a model for myself, but it was very difficult to induce him to stand still while I sketched him. I then started for their village with Majuta, Mr. Jameson's boy, carrying my bag, and Fida, a native woman, who has been with the Arabs for some time, to interpret from Swahili into the native language.

"Almost the first man I saw was carrying four lumps of human flesh (with the skin on) on a stick, and through Fida I found that they had killed a man this morning and had divided the flesh. She took me over to a house where some half-dozen men were squatting, and showed me more meat on sticks in front of a fire; it was frizzling and the yellow fat was dripping from it, whilst all around was a strong odor which reminded me of the smell given out by grilled elephant meat. It is not yet the general meal-time, they told me, but one or two of the natives cut off pieces of the frizzling flesh and ate it, laughing at Majuta who, being disgusted, held his nose and backed into the brush. I spoke with the natives, through Fida, and they told me from what parts the meat was cut. One tall, sturdy native was quietly leaning against a tree and picking off pieces of flesh from a thigh bone with good relish. Other dainty joints were grilling at the fire. I send you a sketch of the scene, and some day hope to tell you all the horrible details of the cannibal habits and customs which prevail in this strange country."

For further information see Appendix B.

of North America. No woolly-haired nation has ever had an important history."

No wonder that travellers and missionaries who have lived among the natives of the Congo and the upper Nile declare that they cannot look upon the negro as "a man and a brother."

*No white race of ancient times ever so regarded him.* Every Aryan people that ever came in contact with him regarded him as an inferior. Greeks and Romans used him as a slave, just as modern nations have done; and history does not accuse either Greece or Rome of kidnapping and slave-ship barbarities. Negro chiefs were just as ready to sell their subjects into slavery two thousand years ago, as they were when Rhode Island was the banner state of the slave trade.

The Aryan Hindus would never admit the negro to equality with themselves. He was their slave, and they made him keep his place. The Brahman would have killed his children rather than allow them to marry negroes and thus pollute the purity of the higher caste.

When apostles of Social Equality and miscegenation are sent out at the expense of the National Democratic Committee to preach their damnable doctrines under the thin disguise of making speeches for Bryan; and when the National Democratic party becomes the personal asset of an Illinois-born, perpetual Presidential candidate, who, as a matter of choice, educated his own daughter and sons on a plane of Social Equality with negroes, it would appear to be high time for the people of this country to WAKE UP. *There is a danger at the door which dwarfs all others.*

As was forcefully said by the Right Honorable James Bryce (more to be honored because of his books than because he is Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States) *this question of a hybrid race concerns the whole of mankind.* Says Mr. Bryce:

"The matter ought to be regarded from the side neither of the white nor of the black, but of *the future of mankind at large.* Now for the future of mankind nothing is more vital than that some races should be maintained at the highest level of efficiency, because *the work they can do for thought and art and letters, for scientific discovery, and for raising the standard of conduct, WILL DETERMINE THE GENERAL PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.* If therefore we were to suppose the blood of the races which are now most advanced to be diluted, so to speak, *by that of the most backward,* not only would more be lost to the former than would be gained to the latter, *but there would be a loss, POSSIBLY AN IRREPARABLE LOSS, TO THE WORLD AT LARGE."*

#### IV.

It has long been known that ruins, attesting the existence of ancient civilization, were to be found in the interior of Africa. Rider Haggard used this fact as a romantic basis for his most popular novel. Archaeologists are even now making further progress in unearthing evidence of this obsolete empire.

But what of it? *Roman* remains in England do not prove that *the British* once had a civilization, and then lost it. Remains of Moorish splendor, in Spain, prove nothing *for the Spaniards.*

Central America once had a civilization whose ruins are now surrounded by the tropical wilderness; but nobody contends that this civi-



FIG. 18. RAW MEAT SCENE



lization was developed *and then lost* by the natives who possessed the land at the time of Columbus.

Throughout Syria are mournful memorials of former grandeur,—but who would assert that these mighty ruins prove the remote civilization of the Arab, or the Turk?

The Euphrates and the Tigris are lined with evidences of the power and culture of the empires which once flourished in Mesopotamia,—but what connection had they with the ancestors of the robbers and marauders who now infest those deserts?

As Volney did, a traveler of the present day may wend his way to the Orient, may wander amid monuments of the past, wrecks of temples, palaces, fortresses, aqueducts and tombs; may linger along the Orontes and recall the imperial argosies that once floated upon its bosom; may visit Palmyra and rebuild, in fancy, the magnificent city of Odenathus and Zenobia; may seat himself “upon a shaft of a column” and contemplate the moonlit, “stupendous ruins”—a countless multitude of cornices, capitals, shafts, pilasters, entablatures, “all of white marble of the most exquisite workmanship.” Solemn and deep and depressing as such a traveler’s musings may be, never once will he connect with the dead civilization whose monuments are before him, *the wretched Arab peasants whose hovels are built within the area of those ancient palaces and temples.*

Were the whites of Europe and of those United States to take their hands off Hayti, and allow those negroes to slide back to the savagery from which the French drew them, it is very easy to imagine a condition of things in which future archaeologists, visiting that Island, would come upon a lot of man-eating, fetich-worshipping negroes, who would not even remember the civilization which France once developed there. Digging down underneath the surface of things, the archaeologist would discover the traces of this magnificent French civilization. If he were then to believe that the negroes whom he found around him were the originators of that lost civilization, his case would be just as strong as that made by such writers as Mr. Brisbane and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is a mere truism to state that nations have their infancy, their youth, their manhood, their old age, their decay and death, just as individuals have; and it is usually the case that an enervated empire is stamped out by hardy barbarians who rear a new civilization upon the ruins of the old. It is by no means improbable that the Aryan or the Semitic races were once represented, splendidly, in what, for ages, has been Darkest Africa.

On the Mediterranean coast of Africa, there were at a very early period, civilized Semitic States. It is probable that Aryan and Semitic peoples penetrated the interior of the continent, and there established empires. These may have decayed, in the course of ages, and may have been destroyed by hardier men, even as Rome fell before the Northmen. Of the existence of such empires, however, the negroes, who have inhabited Africa from the earliest dawn of history, do not even possess a vague tradition.

Now, it must be apparent to all that no people *who had once evolved a civilization*, could, *while living in the same territory*, not only lose the civilization itself, but lose, also, *even the faintest recollection of it.*

Such a thing is absolutely incredible,—Ella Wheeler Wilcox to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The negro in Africa not only has no legend of a lost civilization, but *he has no tradition of the Deluge*. In that respect, as in many others, he proves himself to be on the same racial plane as the native Australian.

## V.

Leave the negro to himself, and cycles sweep by, empires rise and fall, races appear and disappear,—the negro undergoing no change, making no advance, and dreaming of none. Incapable of creative thought, cherishing no ideals, having no morals and no principles, having no hope of heaven and no fear of hell, he remains, century after century, the neighbor of the gorilla and the chimpanzee, making no more effort at civilization than they make.

Age after age, he gives his cow, or his child, as a sacrifice to some evil spirit that has put a spell on him; and he gives himself, his son, and his daughter to the blood-thirsty and sensual beast whom he calls *King*.

*He has just the same opportunities to emerge from barbarism as all other barbarians have, BUT HE ALONE MAKES NO EFFORT TO EMERGE.*

The yellow men and the brown men cease to be savages; cease to be barbarians; evolve a civilization, erect temples, purify their religion, rear palaces, refine their manners; adopt systems of jurisprudence, of government, of education; develop arts and sciences. Even black men, not negroes, do something of the same sort. Indeed, the ancient civilization of the Hindu and the Moor was the very highest that the world had then known, if we except that of Greece. And the moral teachings of ancient Hindostan were not inferior to those of any nation of antiquity.

But the negro, in his native land, sat squat in his degradation, *moved by no inner promptings* to lift himself and improve his surroundings.

Left to himself a barbarian,—he will, when left to himself, *lose any civilization which he has acquired*.

Will Liberia never teach the negro-petters anything? Will Haiti never be classed with the "Horrible Examples?"

Do not close observers see that *the mass of the negro race is making no moral and mental progress*, even under the favorable conditions existing in these United States?

The moral and mental gulf which separates Prof. Miller and Doctor Washington from the negro, *in mass*, is about as deep and wide as the financial gulf which separates the Rockefellers and Ryans and Morgans and Havemeyers from white masses whom they have plundered.

Let Prof. Kelly Miller come South and investigate. Let him privily make inquiry in divers directions:

*Item*—as to the ravages of Consumption, and of venereal diseases. Every city physician, every village doctor, has a story to tell which will cause Kelly to shudder, if *anything* will. The negro women are simply rotten with syphilis and from them it not only reaches forth its leprous hand to drag down men, women and children of their own race, but, through rammish white boys, it brings within its blighting infection the

wives they take and the children they beget. God! What a chapter of horrors is here—for our present and for our future.

Item—as to the sale of cocaine to negroes,—and, particularly, *to negro preachers*:

Item—as to the physical deterioration of the younger negroes;

Item—as to the increase of vagrancy and crime among them;

Item—as to the growing percentage of vagrant and criminal negroes, *who have been educated*.

## VI.

God knows, I hold no malice in my heart against the negro. Grandchildren of my grandfather's slaves are living on land of mine, just as their fathers did. There isn't a black man who knows me that would hesitate to come to me for protection, *and be certain of getting it*. In his contracts, in his property, in his home and school and church, in his absolute rights as a human being, I would despise myself if I denied him the same treatment that is given to the whites.

It is only when he claims to be *our equal*, wants to thrust himself into our social life, wants to claim equality in *political privileges*, wants to mingle the blood of his race with the blood of ours, wants to lower the standard of our civilization by mongrelizing the superior race,—it is *then* that I meet him in the gate, *ready for battle*.

To my mind, the most dangerous doctrine that can be preached to the people of America is that Social Equality, mixed marriages, mixed schools, and political equality offer the solution of the Negro Question. Experience has forced upon me the conclusion that the true way out of our troubles is to give to the negro, fully and universally, those absolute rights which the law of nature is said to give to every human being. But *political privileges*—voting and office-holding,—*he should not have at all*. To exclude him utterly from affairs of government, *would mean peace*, to him and to us. As to social equality, that would inevitably breach the walls of racial purity. Mixed marriages would become more common, the hybridizing of the race would set in, and nothing, then, could prevent the downward movement of the great Caucasian race.

The well-meaning but mistaken negro-petter who bemoans the condition of the negro, and laments the fact that he was brought away from Africa and put into slavery, is a most absurd creature. His talk is idiotic twaddle.

Had not the African kings sold off the surplus of their subjects, the negroes who were brought to Europe and America might have been cooked and eaten by hungry friends, offered up as a sacrifice to placate offended "spirits," killed in battle by neighboring savages, or buried alive to keep company in the grave with some member of a royal family, or starved miserably in some season of famine. Left in their native country, they never would have heard of God; never would have heard of Christian virtues, Christian lives, Christian heaven, nor Christian hell; never would have known what it is to read, write, wear store-clothes, and to undress in the presence of white ladies in a Pullman sleeping car; never would have felt the joys of being electioneered, of voting, of preaching, of passing the hat around, of sitting at a shoe-blackening stand and reading the morning paper,—"*seegy*" in mouth—while a

little white boy kneels down to polish his number twelves: never would have known what is to ride to the polls in a white man's automobile, or to get ten cents per vote for casting twenty-odd ballots in the same box on the same day, or to be called "Mister," and "Doctor," and "Professor," and "Bishop," or to be town councillor for a village like Baltimore, Judge in a hamlet like Chicago, Custom House boss in various proud American cities, and U. S. Minister to states like Honduras and Haiti.

Had he been left in his home in Africa, the negro of this land of the free and the freaks would never have known the delicious flavor of Federal pap, philanthropic donations, Carnegie dinners, White House receptions and Presidential luncheons: never would have known how good it felt to send a white girl to prison because of her refusal to *wait on lim* in a restaurant, or to see his children educated at the expense of white men *whose own children are in the cotton field and the cotton mill*, or to read an editorial in a Hearst newspaper reminding him that *his* ancestors laid the foundations of modern civilization at a time when *ours were* "gibbering savages."

Had he not been purchased from his King and brought to this country, what good things our negroes would have missed! *Funerals*, in whose enjoyment there are no fears of being buried alive as company to the deceased: *Excursions*, with the luscious delights of plenty of whisky and plenty of women and plenty of time: *Hot Suppers*, beginning with a wild frolic and winding up with gun play and razors in the air: *Reveries*, running by the month, and climaxing in the riotous "*Comin' thro's*," *Secret Societies*, where colored gentlemen instruct colored audiences in the gentle art of making themselves intolerable to white people: Free Lectures, by speakers who are paid by Uncle Sam to inform the Afro-American that Hannibal was a nigger, Cleopatra, a niggeress, and Sappho, a "merlatter." Oh, My!

It is harrowing to think of what a narrow escape some of the forefathers of our negroes may have made from being bought, or kidnapped, and brought to this blessed land where the white freaks class Phillis Wheatley and Paul Dunbar among the poets, Fred Douglass among orators, Booker Washington among the statesmen, Mingo Sanders among the military heroes, Joe Gans among the "colored gentlemen," and Tousey L'Overture among the grandest things that ever walked on two legs.

Poor, downtrodden American negro! "We brought him here," tearfully and contritely confess the white negro-philés who expatiate so nobly on the *duties* which we owe the negro.

How ridiculous! The truth is that *his position as a slave was better than anything he had ever known at home*. It was others who made themselves miserable about it. His main objection to slavery was that it made him work, regularly. Save in rare cases, he showed no disposition to "run away." He was generally well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, well-treated. In exceptional instances, he *might* have had a master who was as cruel as the chieftain of his tribe, but this did not happen often. *Occasionally*, he may have had as rough a time as he was accustomed to at home, but this was seldom the case.

Poor Pomp! What a hard thing it was to snatch him away from a land where the practice of man-eating is so close to nature, so free from the refinements of modern capitalistic cannibalism! Over there, the untutored nigger eats his brother nigger in the simplest way, after a preliminary boiling in an earthen pot. Over here the devouring of one portion of the human species by another is more complicated. We don't look into earthen pots to find the victims: *ours* are seen in soup-kitchens, in bread-lines, in packed and foul tenements, in brothels, in dungeons, in all that woe-begone line of human wrecks that are marching, marching, ever marching towards the Potter's field.

Why was it that Abolition plotters could never goad the slaves to revolt? Because the negroes did not crave emancipation. Why did they remain quiet during the war? Because, as a whole, they were content. THEREFORE, *the John Brown raid was a miserable fiasco.*

*In Africa the negroes had never been free.* They held life and property at the pleasure of cruel, jealous, capricious kings. The shadow of death hung over them, *all the time.* No member of the tribe knew what moment some look, word or act of his might enrage his chief and cost his life.

It is a notorious fact that *the number of negroes who "run away" from their own chiefs, and take refuge in Dutch and English settlements in Africa, is larger than the number of fugitive slaves that formerly escaped from the Southern owners by the "Underground railway"!*

Think of that, Mister Pity-the-nigger.

Contact with us improved him; and *a process of gradual emancipation was lifting him to a higher plane,* when a lot of madmen—who supposed themselves to be statesmen—played into the hands of fanatics, kindled the hell-fires of sectional hate, and let slip the dogs of war.

Four millions of people, who had recently been "gibbering savages," *were given their freedom so suddenly that they did not know what to do with it.* This being the case, the vindictive rage of such men as Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner brought forth the Reconstruction laws, and the 14th and 15th Amendments. These acts of legislation were ambitious efforts to do something which the Almighty alone could have done. —*to make a mass of ignorant negroes the equal of a mass of civilized Caucasians.*

The effort was a crime, the experiment a calamity.

But the triumph of the Southern whites in throwing off the yoke of Northern oppression and negro domination ought to forever settle two questions:

(1) Local self-government is, with the Indo-Germanic peoples, a primitive instinct, an imperishable principle, an unconquerable ideal;

(2) *The superiority of the Aryan will assert itself, no matter how overwhelming may seem to be the odds against him.*

A final word and I am done: the natural repugnance of our race to equality of social relations with the negroes is THE INSTINCT OF RACIAL SELF-PRESERVATION. It is God-given, and its purpose is the high and holy one of *keeping pure the blood of our superior race.* To do this is best for us, *best for the negro,* best for our country, BEST FOR MANKIND.

## APPENDIX A.

"In certain tribes of Central Africa both boys and girls after initiation" (Circumcision and excision) "must as soon as possible have intercourse, the belief being that if they do not they will die. Narrinyeri boys during initiation after the preliminary rites had complete license as regards unmarried females, not only such as they might lawfully marry, but even those of their own clan and totem. After the seclusion of a Kaffir girl at puberty, she is allowed to cohabit with any one during a festal period which follows; and Kaffir boys after being circumcised are allowed to seize any unmarried women they please, and have connection with them. A similar custom is found on the Congo. The Muhammadan negroes of the Senegal are circumcised at fourteen. They are looked after for a month, during which time they walk about in a procession. They may commit during this period any violence against girls, except rape and murder.' After the month is up, they are men. A Zulu girl at puberty goes through a ceremonial process. Secluded in a special hut, she is attended by twelve or fourteen girls. 'No married man may come near the dwelling, and should any one do so he is beaten away by the girls, who attack him most viciously with sticks and stones. During her seclusion the neophyte must on no account see or address any man, married or unmarried.' At the end of the period a number of girls and unmarried men have intercourse in the hut. After a further period of seclusion the girl bathes and is 'clean,' and after the perforation of the hymen by two old women, she is a woman. After initiation to the warrior's set, El-Moran, the Masai young men associated freely with girls; in fact each El-Moran had a woman who went about with him."

(From "A Study of Primitive Marriage," by Ernest Crawley, M. A.)

## APPENDIX B.

"The king of Gnongo ruled a small but very powerful and very populous country, and was the terror of all his neighbors to the North and West by reason of the number and ferocity of the slave-raids that started from his dominions, and were almost invariably successful. The whole religion of these people necessitated attacks upon their neighbors, for its basis was constant human sacrifice, and the simple law of self-preservation taught the Gnongos, for their own safety, always to keep at hand a goodly supply of the necessary victims. The true history of the place would be a dismal record of ruthless and brutal doing to death of human beings, often apparently for no reason whatever except to satisfy a ghoulish craving for the sight of human blood flowing fresh, or blackening, clotted and nasty in the open, in the town, in street, in square, in court-yard—nay, upon the very household utensils themselves.

"On this, the third day, were to be erected with all the proper ceremonies the six main uprights of the new Juju House. The reason, or even the simple mythology of these acts, it is hopeless to expect; one might as well hope to learn the mythology of monkeys; though verily, I believe, the daily annals of a collection of the higher quadrumana would be more sane and cleanly and far less bloodthirsty than those of the baser, lower bimana.

"But now it was time for things to begin, and as etiquette, dangerous to evade, constrained all to take part in the ceremonies, fasting, so far as a solid meal was concerned, all real eating and drinking had to be deferred till the proceedings of the day were concluded.

"There appeared to be no regular commencement, but, seemingly by a kind of general impulse, drums began to be beaten, horns blown, and trade muskets discharged in the air. Then cows' horns, filled with powder and tamped with clay, were fired off with a thundering report and considerable danger to the neighbors, and, with the exception of the king, who practically never

appeared in public, and of his immediate attendants, the whole population of the town flocked to the spot where the ghastly preparations were already well advanced.

"The priests and the warriors and women gathered in a great circle round the pits; the slaves who had carried the victims from the town, bound hand and foot to poles and rolled in cheap calico, at a sign came forward and laid them two and two beside each excavation, one man and one woman to each. Cutting the lashings that secured them to the poles, they took these away. Then one of the priests began a sort of exhortation to the people, telling them that the king had graciously given orders for the erection of a new Juju House, which would be for the general benefit; then, after animadverting upon the crucifixions of the young women that had taken place two days previously for the prevention of famine and drought, he referred to the head-cutting of the day before, and declared that the auguries drawn from the positions in which the heads had fallen had been most favorable, that the posts of the Juju House were about to be set up in accordance with them, that the heads would be fixed upon the building, and would bring great luck, and, to prevent and minimize occurrences of such evil omen for the coming year, those women who had borne twins in his majesty's dominions during the year gone by would now be buried alive in the hole in the center of the house, over which, when a proper dwelling-place had been provided, a most powerful Juju would preside. He ended by saying that the king had given orders for a great feast to conclude the three days' proceedings, and that his royal bounty had provided for his people a more than usually liberal dole of rum and palm wine.

"He finished amid the frantic applause of the crowd and more discharging of muskets and banging of drums.

"Now the warriors got into some sort of order in front and began to chant a monotonous song or hymn, to which the women marked a rude time by grunting at regular intervals and slapping their arms, breasts and thighs.

"While this hideous anthem was being sung, the executioner and his assistants seized the victims two and two as they lay, male and female, and binding them face to face, pitched each couple into the long holes lying ready excavated beside them. This done, he and his daubed and painted assistants, in all their disgusting paraphernalia of charms and bones, began to dance about the pits, rattling hollow calabashes full of small nuts and seeds, and partially drowning the groans and screams of agony that proceeded from the wretched beings below.

"But now arose the cry of "Rice-pounders! Women! O, women, bring your rice-pounders! Let the family be fruitful and the year give many slaves! Women! O, women, bring your rice-pounders!"

"These words were shouted and yelled by the warriors, but promptly taken up by the whole crowd, which, wild with excitement, began to stamp and dance with gyratory motion about the spot occupied by the executioner and his assistants.

"Several scores of women had rushed off to the town at the first words, and were now streaming back, each one armed with her rice-pounder, or hard, heavy wood, about three inches in diameter and six feet long, shod with iron at the lower end. As they came up they were speedily arranged in rows round the pits, and at a given cry from the warriors and the cry of "Now, O women, pound the sacred rice to feed the gods!" they commenced pounding away with their formidable rammers at the wretched creatures below.

"The piercing shrieks that immediately rent the air soon ceased, and soon, save for a low groan or two, no sound rose from the blood-stained mortars except the monotonous beat-beat of the horrid pestles.

"But while the women pounded, the people and the executioners yelled and danced till the excitement attained a frantic pitch. Then, suddenly closing in, the crowd seized the great pillars lying on the ground, hoisted them up by

main force of arm, and, planting each one in the centre of the gory mass below, filled in the loose earth and stones about them.

"Not till the earth was packed hard round the pillars and level with the surface of the surrounding soil did the women cease their ghastly labour. Then they stopped, exhausted, and rolled about, many of them apparently afflicted with a species of epileptic frenzy. (Just such a frenzy as we see the colored women exhibit at their religious camp-meetings and church services in the United States at the present day.)

"At once each became the centre of an admiring circle, for their frenzy was a sign of good omen, a sign that the sacrifice had been accepted with pleasure by the gods, whose spokeswomen they had now become, for the time being, at least.

"After awhile things quieted down; the crowd once more became attentive, for the final ceremony was at hand. As already mentioned, another pit had been excavated in the centre of the pillars, now so firmly erected. Alongside this centre hole, a dozen or more miserable women were dragged. These were the unfortunates who had given birth to twins during the previous year in the king's dominions, and so brought evil upon it. One of the priests gave the people his views upon the subject, views that will hardly bear reproduction in these pages, and then the executioner, carrying an iron bar about two feet long, and followed by his assistants rolling a short thick log, threw the women down one after another, and, deliberately smashing their arms and legs in two places, doubled them up behind them and flung the poor creatures into the hole.

"Not a sound broke the silence, save the screams of the unfortunate victims of this horrible cruelty, and as soon as the last of them had been pitched, shrieking, into the pit, the earth was filled in over them while they were still alive, and with a wild shout the whole body of spectators rushed in and commenced stamping it flat with their feet. In a very short time all trace of the excavation had disappeared, and the whole space, inclosed by the uprights, and even several feet beyond them, was tramped smooth and flat and as hard as a threshing floor.

"No one passing could have guessed at the terrible crimes which had been committed, for hardly a splash of blood upon the pillars gave evidence of them.

"With firing of muskets, blowing of horns, and general congratulations and jollity, with praises, yelled and chanted, of the goodness of their king and his liberality, the crowd returned to the town, the women to prepare the evening meal and make such festive arrangements as were demanded by the king's orders, the men to talk over the day's celebrations, plan future schemes of blood and rapine, and discuss the next slave-catching expedition, all separating later on to secure betimes the royal dole of drink.

"I have described the day, the night I will leave to the reader's imagination and to its fitting veil of darkness."

(J. Cameron Grant's "Ethiopia," 19th century explorations.)

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### LULLABY.

Let it rest, dear, let it rest  
Just your head and just my breast  
Aching for it, let it rest.

Let it rest, dear, let it rest,  
Just your head, but lo! my breast  
Is at rest, dear, is at rest.

BERTHA MCE. KNIFE.



# Government by Hysteria

It would be useless, perhaps, to ask our readers to study an article on the abstract question, "*For what purpose do we establish and support a Government?*"

We trust that we are not taxing your patience too heavily when we crave attention to a brief discussion of the subject, "*What was the purpose of those who founded OUR OWN GOVERNMENT? and how is that Government being run?*"

Let it be remembered that we did not gradually evolve a government, as the English did. We have no omnipotent Parliament, as the English have. We have nouthackled Senate, as Rome had; no despotic Council of Ten, as Venice had.

Ours is a mixed government, partly national and partly federal; and for the purpose of avoiding conflict and disaster, *the lines were carefully drawn between THE STATES OF THE UNION and the UNION OF THE STATES.* The Union of the States was one Government: the different states of the Union were so many different governments.

Fighting for their Independence as separate Colonies, they soon declared themselves to be independent states; and after Great Britain had tired herself out, mauling us and being mauled, she formally acknowledged *the independence of these separate states*, naming each separately.

To form a more perfect union than these separate States had made under the Articles of Confederation, a Constitutional Convention was ordered by each state, acting separately; and the Constitution which was framed by this Convention was acted upon by each state separately.

In each of the states of the Union, *a written Constitution limits the sovereign powers of the state corporation.* Anything done by the state governments, beyond the authority granted, is illegal, usurpatory and dangerous, if not fatal, to the people.

*The separate states*, acting through their delegates to the Constitutional Convention, resigned, *to the Union of States*, certain of their own powers as sovereign states, in order that a General Government, *representing all*, should act, within the powers delegated, *for the good of all.*

Therefore, the Federal Government, *when it exceeds its authority*, does an illegal thing, usurps powers not granted, violates its instructions, and *endangers the liberties of the people.*

What are the purposes for which *our Government* was created?

*To form a more perfect Union* than the states had had under the old Confederation; *to establish justice* by creating courts to construe the laws, and by arming the Executive with powers to enforce them; *to insure domestic tranquillity* by putting down insurrections; *to provide for the common defence* by making such military and naval preparations as might seem necessary; *to promote the general welfare* within the boundaries of the granted powers; and *to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity* by honestly administering the Government which would come into life when a sufficient number of the separate states should ratify the new Constitution. Those are the objects aimed

at by *our* Government, as stated in the language of "The Fathers," themselves.

When the President, the Congress and the Courts overstep those boundary lines, they do an illegal, usurpatory and perilous thing.

Taking those declared purposes of our Government as our guide, let us see to what extent we are paying any attention to basic principles.

Mr. Taft was elected on a platform which pledges him to have our laws so framed as to *guarantee a profit to the manufacturing class*. All other industries must take their chances. The merchants, the farmers, the butchers, the bakers, the tailors, the barbers, the washerwomen, the cooks and so forth *must "root hog or die."* The manufacturer must have a profit, *guaranteed by law*.

Does that "*establish justice*"? Oh, no! They don't even claim that it does. The robbing of all other classes, to enrich the manufacturing class, fits snugly under "*the general welfare*" clause... We plunder 85,000,000 people to make millionaires out of a few hundreds of capitalists; and when we have spawned a lot of Carnegies, Schwabs, Fricks, Garys, Co-reys, Rockefellers, Havemeyers, Dukes and DuPonts, we claim to have promoted "*the general welfare*" regardless of the fact that *we have brought destitution to millions of the unprivileged*.

All taxation is confiscation. We take away from the citizen a portion of his property *to support the Government*. The citizen submits to the confiscation upon the idea that the Government, acting as his agent, is working within the scope of its authority and is, therefore, a benefit to him.

In each separate state, the people have enumerated the purposes for which they may be taxed. In like manner, the states limited the purposes for which the Federal Government might use *the tremendous powers of confiscation*.

Can Congress legally levy taxes for any other purpose than *for the doing of what the Government was created to do*? Certainly not.

Can Congress *legally* tax the people for the purpose of guaranteeing a profit to those engaged in a certain line of business? Of course not.

Can the people be *legally* taxed to supply national bankers with funds to lend at usury? Of course not.

A few years ago, a disaster befell Texas; all planting seed was destroyed, and the cry of distress reached Congress. A bill was rushed through to appropriate money out of the national treasury to supply Texas with more seed. President Cleveland, posed heroically upon the pinnacle of Duty, and vetoed the bill. In 1893, there was a calamitous overflow in the Mississippi Valley. Thousands of people were beggared. Did Congress pass an appropriation bill to relieve this domestic distress? No.

When Chicago fell a victim to the Widow O'Leary's cow, did our Government go into hysterics, and take public funds out of the treasury to feed and clothe the needy of that burnt-out city? No.

How is it that the Constitution would not allow President Cleveland to sanction an act of governmental charity,—Texas being the proposed beneficiary,—when Congress now makes no bones whatever about donating \$800,000 to earthquake sufferers in Italy?

Have we a government of laws, of basic principles, or is the whole thing operated by impulse and hysteria?

As individuals, the American people can give away their money in charity, whenever and to whomsoever they like, but *our Government was not formed for that purpose, and has no legal right whatever to misappropriate public funds in that way.*

When the French island, Martinique, was the victim of a volcanic eruption, about twelve years ago, our Government fell into hysterics and appropriated \$100,000 for the relief of those French negroes. How much did the government of France donate? *Not a franc!*

When the English island, Jamaica, had a similar visitation, two years ago, our Government had another attack of hysteria, and again the West Indian negroes landed on our national funds. How much did the government of Great Britain give to relieve its own subjects in Jamaica? *Not a shilling!*

France and England are governed by laws, conforming to basic principles. We, unhappily, are governed by impulse and hysteria.

### THE BELL OF COLOGNE.

As the great fires upleap, by the winds of the Northland blown,

As the swift wave upclimbs, under the tempest's breath,  
Strong and mighty and free rise the Minster towers of Cologne,  
Fastness of God, defying the powers of Ill and of Death.

Here hangs the monster bell, from the tubes of French cannon cast,  
Metal of brutal war, moulded to music's note,  
Fateful trumpet of Hate, that once shattered with flaming blast,  
Now shaping to gentle hymns the chords of its brazen throat.

Shaking with thunder of song the heart of the vibrant air,  
Tolling with solemn tongue warning of life's surcease,  
Out of the morning mists gathering the hosts to prayer,  
Under the kindling stars calling of light and peace.

So in the hearts of men, as over their labors rise,  
Stone upon lifted stone, the builded altars of Right,  
Growing as grows the tree under the Northland skies,  
As by the storm the wave, in freedom and breadth and might,

Out of the strain and stress, ay, out of their very hates  
Shall be shaped the tongues, that the music of Peace shall sound,  
Hark! catch not thine ears e'en now, afar through the Eastern Gates,  
Drift of those notes, that shall echo the world around?

C. M. WILLIAMS.

Seattle, Washington.

# A Survey of the World

By Tom Dolan

## The Gompers Case

So much has been said tending to obscure the only point in the trial of Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell for contempt of



SAMUEL GOMPERS

court, that a brief statement of the facts may not be amiss. On December 18, 1907, the American Federation of Labor, these gentlemen and certain other defendants, were enjoined from boycotting the goods manufactured by the Buck's Stove and Range Company, of St. Louis, "until the final decree in said cause should issue." Therefore, Mr. Gompers was given a future day in court in which to sus-

tain his contention as to his Constitutional rights, or to demonstrate that Judge Gould had neither jurisdiction of the parties or of the subject matter. It would have been far better had he taken this course rather than the defiant one he did. If he had proven the original injunction void the victory would have redounded enormously to his advantage. That he flagrantly violated the order proves not only that he was in "contempt of court" beyond all peradventure, but the weakness of his case.

Judge Wright could not have done other than to find the labor leaders guilty of the thing charged. His long review of the matters leading up to the original injunction was quite superfluous and his sentencing Gompers, Morrison and Mitchell to jail was a piece of judicial intolerance that gives to labor a real grievance and a deep resentment against the courts, most unfortunate and unnecessary.

The freedom of the press in this instance has in nowise been assailed, however, in its legitimate aspect. The American Federationist has a perfect right to educate its readers not to patronize non-union goods. It has the right to influence them not to work for non-union shops. It certainly has no more right to boycott a particular company than it would have forcibly to prevent men from accepting employment in an "open" shop. Any organization whatever, whether it be business, church or labor which proposes to substitute its opinions for the law of the land is following a mistaken policy. Mr. Gompers

is in a position of grave responsibility and should beware lest a fanatical zeal for his cause should do it more harm than good.

### Disaster in Italy

Blameless, pitiless nature has again shown one of her worst moods. Early on the morning of December 28th the yet sleeping inhabitants of the island of Sicily and the neighboring province of Calabria felt that premonitory, unmistakable trembling of the solid ground, so swiftly to be followed by the crashing horror of the earthquake. In a few moments the thickly populated cities of Messina and Reggio were crumbling ruins, filled with dead, dying or fear-crazed humanity. Mt. Etna belched forth

her fires, spouts of scalding steam rose from great chasms in the earth and a tidal wave swept down to add its own destruction to that which its twin-terror had wrought. Not less than 100,000 people, perhaps two or three times that number, perished almost instantaneously and thousands have since died from injury, shock, exposure or starvation before adequate succor could arrive. The most heart-rending phase of the terrible catastrophe has been the inability of the rescuers to get to many poor victims, crushed and buried, but alive, under the debris.

The desolated region is one vast charnel house. When all are rescued who may yet be lingering among the ruins, the great problem of disposing



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of the dead must be solved, or pestilence is certain to ensue.

No power of expression can convey a realizing sense of so great a calamity. And who would desire it, even if it were possible? It is not lack of sympathy, but an instinct for the preservation of sanity, which leads the rest of the world to refrain from even trying to imagine it. To pity and help the survivors, without dwelling unnecessarily upon the cause of their woe, is the rational course. And, indeed, even to those who actually go through such horrors, there often seems vouchsafed a kind of anaesthesia which temporarily benumbs the soul. It is all too vast for the mind to grasp—too overwhelming and sudden. Those who have been the first to arrive at the place of some terrible devastation have remarked the beneficent stolidity which has taken possession of the living. The poor creatures appear to be stunned beyond acute perception of their sorrow. It may be a merciful dispensation of Providence that, in the immediate presence of a great spectacular tragedy, one does not *think*.

The disaster to Italy has surpassed nearly all similar ones in history. In loss of life alone, that of San Francisco was comparatively slight. The eruption of Mt. Pelee had about it one feature which has never been explained, but which, if true, made it infinitely less cruel in one respect than have other volcanoes been. The description, by several distant witnesses, of the heavy cloud which first drifted down upon the town of St. Pierre, and the total destruction of life in that ill-fated place, leads to the conclusion that there was given forth by the volcano just previous to the eruption, some deadly gas which asphyxiated the victims before they could feel terror or pain. No phase of pity or horror, however, seems to have been

spared the land "of sunlight, of beauty and song."

Nor is there much solace in the contemplation of the benefactions which have poured in upon the stricken wretches. Kindness and charity are sweet attributes, but no reparative measures can make it a source of any real satisfaction that a wreck has occurred. Speed the day when the brotherhood of man will arrive in very truth and when no cataclysm of nature will be necessary to change the heart of indifference to one of solicitude.

### Charity by Compulsion

There has been giving and giving. No one begrudges the bounty the suffering Sicilians and Italians have received in their infinite need, but it is impossible not to philosophize over certain features of the benevolence. The United States, all told, has poured into the earthquake region the enormous sum of \$3,600,000. Of this, \$800,000 was immediately sent by Mr. Roosevelt, on the assumption that Congress would at once ratify his act by voting the appropriation, and it did so. Search fails to discover any authority he had for this act. Nor can Congress show anything, except perhaps precedent, upon which to base its act to take out of the treasury a vast sum for the benefit of destitute *foreigners*. The proceeding is without the slightest justification, even through humanitarian motives, because private charity alone was sufficient to raise, as if by magic, a larger sum than all of Italy devoted to its own, or that rich England sent. It was as quick as the case was urgent. Private charity often fails to come to the front when our own poor are starving, but the law does not administer any correctives in the way of appropriations to overcome the lack of charitable zeal. Neither the Execu-

tive nor Congress has any moral or legal right to constitute itself the almoner. The individual must give according to his own means and disposition and that the action of Congress and Mr. Roosevelt in this matter is another imperial usurpation will be clear so soon as the excitement subsides. Future Presidents and Congresses should be put on notice that the American people, while apparently enjoying the process of being mulcted by corporate greed and through every known or suspected form of graft, prefer to retain the outward seeming, at least, of making free-will offerings to charitable purposes.

### Effect Upon Immigration

As a matter of fact, money gained in America has been the chief support of many of the inhabitants of Southern Italy for these many years. The immigrant comes here, finds a niche in which he can make profits, and sends money home to dependent relatives. This is commendable in him, but does not especially benefit the country from which he derives his livelihood. It is a steady drain. So, no matter how much has been given by the United States to relieve the immediate distress, to it will fall most of the work of rekindling confidence in the future and restoring now sadly shattered homes. Those who come here for refuge, even tho they do increase the problem of our own unemployed, must be made welcome for the hand of affliction has been heavy upon them. But they should be put into agricultural life so far as possible. All sections are glad of the *settler*. It is not he who becomes a menace to our institutions, but the grossly ignorant "hand" who, in mill, sweat-shop or mine, becomes a veritable whip with which capital may lash the intelligent native laborer into subservience. Then, too, Southern Italy has sent us

thousands of peddlers of trashy commodities from cart, pack or small stand, who catch the pennies of the thriftless, hoard them and have no faintest wish to build up the land of their adoption. As a result of the misfortune, we may get a far more desirable class of immigration from Southern Italy than has been generally the case in the past several years.

### The Future

Of course, Sicily and Calabria will again know fruitful vineyards and happy-hearted people again. The larger cities are too directly in the path of the world's traffic not to be in some measure restored to former importance. Here blended the civilization of Athens and Carthage in the time when each was glorious and here indeed has always lingered that touch of Arcady which the world would be reluctant to lose. So, perhaps it is well that peoples, like individuals, must resolutely put aside the weeds of useless grief and turn at length into the sunlight of forgetting.

### The Secret Service

Ridicule is one of the most effective weapons that can be used against an overweening self-approval and perhaps Congress has, in receiving several of Mr. Roosevelt's bumptious communications with genuine mirth, done the sanest and most wholesome thing possible. Yet there are certain undeniably serious considerations which may hardly pass off in a laugh. Despite a somewhat superficial view that expresses itself in facetious remarks on the additions to the President's Ananias Club, and a tendency to discount much of the unpleasantness now existing between the Legislative and Executive Departments owing to the toleration habitually shown to the temperamental peculiarities of the Chief, the public has



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need to ponder many things in its heart.

The language spilled in the tilt over the Secret Service has been too recent and widely copied to require a detailed quotation here. It suffices to say that the exact words to which Congress took exception in the first instance were these: "That the congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret service men."

Now, no plea of special haste can possibly apply to the preparation of the annual message. Mr. Roosevelt has had, according to his own preferred term, a corking time and is in the best of physical condition. Therefore, no difference of opinion was found anywhere as to what he meant

by what he said. Whether or not these words were justified by the facts, was another matter. Very properly, therefore, the House of Representatives transmitted to the White House at once resolutions, declaring that the "plain meaning of the words is that the majority of the congressmen were *in fear* of being investigated by the secret service men and that Congress, as a whole, was actuated by that motive," and requesting transmission to the house of "any evidence upon which he based his statements.

A tedious and prolix second message followed which was a distinct disappointment. Notwithstanding well founded rumors that Mr. Roosevelt



would fight back in characteristic rough-rider fashion if his reference to the secret service were called in question, and as certain of his partisan friends openly hoped, he did not do so. Nor, as cooler heads had trusted—those of more real friendship for the President and deeper regard for him as a man—did he make a fair and square back-down. Instead, he compromised most miserably by the lame attempt to explain away the bad break on the ground that his language had been misunderstood. Even in that, there was not a hint of regret that such had been the case, but an ugly undercurrent of stubborn ill-feeling further exasperating to congress and painfully surprising to the people.

The truth is, that Mr. Roosevelt was on the horns of a dilemma of his own indiscreet making. He has been President for quite long enough, and has usurped entirely too much authority, and has too many avenues of information to have made a "break" like that. Either his insult to congress was gratuitous, or he has been in possession of circumstances and facts tending to substantiate the thinly-veiled charges of malfeasance in office, and has suppressed them from those who long since had every right to know. If he has deliberately withheld them, the question inevitably arises: For what purpose? Has he used such information for ends of his

own? Certainly no president has ever so thoroughly had his own way as has Mr. Roosevelt. It looks very queer indeed that this allusion to the motive behind the opposition to the extension of secret service power should have come in this last message to Congress.

Even to the ordinary person all unversed in the mysteries of "practical politics" the acts of Congress have in so many instances been adverse to the welfare of the people for anyone to believe that graft does not exist somewhere. Suspicion and dissatisfaction, however, are one thing; and proofs of wrong-doing quite another. A natural dependence upon the integrity of our highest law-giving source is essential if people are to hold the institutions of government in anywise sacred; and a still further moral obligation rests upon those in position to know of such wrong-doing to make it public that the grafter may be singled out for punishment, without the entire body being tainted in the public mind with doubt.

It begins to look much as though what should have been service to the people has degenerated into the methods of barbarian despotism. If a spy system be needed at all, it is to search out malefactors and protect the honest. Is the government to be one by Federal patronage, official torts winked at so long as the representative may be whipped into line, or are their own representatives to be accountable to the people by whose favor they have been elected?

Whatever may hereafter develop, Congress has certainly the approval of the entire Union in taking the stand that no further disrespectful communications, from any source, will be considered. Castigate individual members as much as necessary, but so long as the Constitution invests the House of Representatives with dignity, it should be respected.



The N. Y. Evening Mail

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY

## LET NO ANANIAS ESCAPE

*Baltimore Sun*

"I WONDER IF I'VE MISSED ANYBODY?"

### The Tillman Episode

Hard upon the heels of the disturbance over the Secret Service, come the President's direct charges of graft preferred against Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. Widespread regret is felt at this. Senator Tillman first went into his present powerful position as the distinguished leader of a movement of revolt at official corruption and now the conclusion is unavoidable that his ermine is not absolutely spotless. The main accusation is that he had, in his Senatorial capacity, worked to secure the passage of a resolution and to "press the department of justice to bring suit against" land-grabbing corporate interests in Oregon, to the end that they should be forced to sell their holdings. At the time Senator Tillman was fighting the corporations, he publicly disclaimed any personal interest in any Western lands. As his

own letters, the authenticity of which he does not deny, go to show, he was at the time negotiating to buy large tracts of Oregon land. He was "in on the ground floor," so to speak. The natural supposition must be that he was unduly influenced in his work by the possibility of speculative profits. The opening of these lands to settlers in the State of Oregon was the thing aimed at, not the juggling with real estate values and it is sad to see this unmistakable evidence of what even his supporters admit is perhaps a "technical wrong." The further charge is made of the abuse on his part of the franking privilege, a specific instance being the expressage of a typewriting machine from Washington to his home at a saving of \$16 to himself.

Senator Tillman's defense of his conduct on the floor of the Upper House embraces a demand for the fullest investigation. This the Sen-

ate will be unwise in refusing out of mistaken gallantry. Mr. Tillman is entitled, if innocent, to a complete exoneration. His own statements do not satisfy. Summed up, they admit dealing in Oregon lands in a small way, but accuse Mr. Roosevelt of having known of this since last July and being now actuated by personal spleen in attempting to make capital out of what was an honest transaction such as any citizen would have the right to engage in. And, in effect, aver that if he has been guilty of any trifling misdemeanors, the actions of Mr. Roosevelt himself have been colossal crimes.

It is all so painful and depressing. How can anyone laugh when two such representative types of American public men have nothing better to offer themselves and their constituencies but crimination and recrimination?

### The Panama Scandal

The revival of the old nasty gossip about the Canal deal has been given an immense impetus in the publication by the Indianapolis *News* and New York *World* of a terrible arraignment of the President, Mr. Cromwell and others. The Senate has demanded a complete record of the transaction and Mr. Roosevelt has taken occasion to indulge in wholesale denunciation of the editors of these papers. Thus far, the papers have the better of the argument and the sympathy of public opinion, but it is doubtful that the true facts can now be brought to light. *Certainly* there was something very crooked about the matter, or the studious concealment of the facts sought to be brought to light years ago would not have been employed. Who was behind the dummy French Syndicate with whom a trade was made by which the Government bought the abandoned failure of de

Lesseps, worth little or nothing? Experts declared the Nicaragua route to be preferable, pronounced the Panama junk as worse than a gold brick. To the question "*Who got the money?*" no honest answer has ever been given. To the charges of fraud, no satisfactory reply has yet been made. When Mr. Morse could obtain vast loans through the employment of dummy office boys and girls, it would be a slander upon the acuteness of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan if he could not have handled a deft collusion with the government by the simple expedient of convenient third parties. A little company in France, a gentle revolution in Panama, a kindly, fostering government at home—and the thing was done.

### An Inexplicable Revolution

Is our State Department also implicated in the overthrow of the government of Castro, on a plan somewhat similar to that followed in Central America some years ago? While the action of former president is difficult to understand, it is a strange coincidence that the New York & Bermudez Asphalt Company should have resumed its office in Caracas simultaneously with the abdication of their persistent foe, and in singular harmony with the presence of American war vessels in the Caribbean. The exact facts are hard to determine at this distance, and there are no doubt complications within complications. However, the *Jeffersonian* has always felt, throughout the vague and conflicting reports, that Mr. Castro honestly fought corporate insolence to a standstill, thus engendering a deep resentment and desire on the part of the trust to crush through conspiracy a government which they could not control. Pampered darlings in the

United States, they could not submit to any court decisions unfavorable to their precious selves in a weaker republic. In reference to his difficulties with Holland, the latter country was clearly unreasonable. It would seem, however, that the diversion created by the acts of the Dutch navy might not

unnaturally have been seized upon as favorable to inducing, or forcing, Mr. Castro to relinquish all idea of return, in favor of the more easily led Mr. Gomez, now vested with full panoply of state. The "revolution" has about it had all the seeming of sheer artifice.



IS THIS WHAT WE PAY THEM FOR?

*Washington Herald*

## Gas Rate Decision

The bludgeon by which greedy corporations have heretofore been able to beat into subjection the Courts, has been much shattered by the finding of the United States Court in the 80-cent Gas Rate case in the City of New York. "It will ruin our business!"

has appalled the judiciary time out of mind. "We can't make profits!" has been the shriek of those who wanted the chance to gorge upon body politic through the tariff. And even the interested poor people have been loath to proceed as vigorously as the case often has demanded, merely because the fear of throwing men out of em-

ployment has been held before their eyes and they were made to believe that an equitable rate was impossible without taking the bread out of the laborer's mouth. The wholesome conclusion in the case just decided is: that a rate must be *tried*, before it may be termed unjust. It is not enough to predict that it will be "confiscatory." This will much encourage and strengthen commissions charged with the duty of adjusting schedules to act with determination and under the assurance that the Courts will uphold them in their effort to protect the consumer from arbitrary prices fixed for the purpose of earning dividends upon fictitious capital.

This decision follows closely the sense of the Constitution of Oklahoma which has provided as a part of the fundamental law of the state that public service commissioners' rules will be binding and that where a rate is so fixed the common carrier must show, by its actual operation, that it is too low. It cannot merely claim that it *will* be a hardship.

### Another Uncomfortable Inquiry

Nor does the wearisome bickering end. Attorney General Bonaparte is being asked to show cause to Congress why the United States Steel Trust was encouraged and allowed to violate the Sherman Anti-trust law when it gobbled up the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. His logical answer would be that Law is a concrete entity and to be obeyed by those lower down; but an abstract ideation unworthy the regard of practical men when it reaches the corporations higher up. It is enlightening to see how universally humanity is willing to uphold the safeguards of society at large when perfectly convenient to do so, and how bitterly impatient it becomes when itself restricted.

### The Rudowitz Case

The stir of protest at the extradition proceedings in the case of Jan Pouren, the young, inoffensive Lettish peasant whom the Russian government sought to have returned to its tender mercies, has risen to a veritable storm of protest in the parallel plight of Christian Rudowitz, and petitions are winging their way to the White House, begging prompt intervention on behalf of the refugee. The baleful activity of Russia in tracking such men to an asylum upon American shores has been most marked of late and deserves not only to be balked in these individual instances, but the government itself should be slapped in the face by the complete abrogation of the extradition treaty under which it seeks to seize and exterminate the unfortunates who have fled to shelter under the Stars and Stripes. Exiled from home and family, generally penniless, surely it is little enough they ask—just to live, that their loved ones may be comforted by the knowledge that they *do* live, and faintly to hope that all their sacrifice has not been in vain. The conscience of the American people will surely guarantee them that much and, indeed, if the sentiment of the people had been heeded at the time the original extradition treaty was consummated, the present condition of either readjusting the extradition question, or sacrificing our best traditions. It will be recalled that the agreement with Russia was another of the blunders under Cleveland's mal-administration and the following quotation from public declarations made, at the time, by many of our ablest men, shows the spirit in which the matter was then regarded:

"The operation of extradition under the treaty is silent, almost mysterious. If the foreign affidavits are false, they can never be proved false. Any extradition treaty, therefore, must be based upon the absolute good faith in each other of the contracting par-



*Birmingham Age-Herald*

### ON GUARD

ties. Political persecutions in Russia are now generally conducted by court-martial behind closed doors.

"The accused is allowed to select his counsel only from among the procurers and prosecutors of the court, and he can have no other defender. The defense made by such officers is, of course, merely perfunctory. Even if the accused is acquitted by the court, he may be summarily exiled by 'administrative process.'

"For the United States, in view of the fact that all our criminal law is drawn to protect the rights of the individual, to make a treaty with a foreign autocracy, which in political trials employs a system where no habeas corpus, nor trial by jury, nor right of

the prisoner to employ his own counsel, is known, would be to turn its courts into the instruments of foreign tyranny.

"ANY EXTRADITION TREATY WHATSOEVER WITH RUSSIA IS UNSAFE. It is inevitable that under this treaty political offenders will be denied the right of asylum, a right ever held sacred by the American people."

To those clear, unequivocal declarations nothing now need be added,—unfortunately, no modification can honestly be made. Conditions have changed in no respect whatever. The political "offender"—forgive the term—is still treated as barbarously as

ever. His blood seeps into the soil by the side of his devastated home, or his bones rot in Siberia. Even school girls are whipped to death for the crime of "conspiracy," or driven by sheer terror of their fate to suicide. Over all the land the pall of oppression deepens day by day. Every promise of Constitutional liberty has been broken; the Duma, in its cowed impotence, is but the laughing stock of the bureaucracy, while the spirit of the masses seems utterly crushed. And why should it not be so? There is the vodka, forced down the people's throats, to spread drunken indifference; there is the Minister of Education, whose strange business it is to close the schools lest the grossly ignorant masses might learn to read, to know things. Countless lives were tortured out, countless roubles spent and at last came hope of a parliamentary body which should enact reforms—and, lo! conditions have merely grown worse, cholera is taking what the knout and the noose spared, the militant soul sinks in a struggle which sees its scant victories turned to ultimate defeats. Having strengthened the machinery for crushing patriotism at home, the despotism would drag to doom the pitiful handful who manage to escape to foreign lands. Shall America tolerate this? No!

There is no doubt whatever that both Pouren (in whose case the extradition effort has as yet come to naught) and Rudowitz are purely political offenders, which, in the case of Russia, is another name for heroes. Why, otherwise, would there be any

wish to punish them at all? Surely there can be no blindness to the fact that in all the years in which Slavs have poured in as immigrants, the criminal element has not been minus, and right glad and thankful has the Russian government been to get rid of the irksome and expensive necessity of dealing with the thief or the thug. "Take him and welcome," she genially cried, and America has done so, realizing that if criminal of any class had extenuation it must be that wretch who grew up in an environment so brutalizing, so maddeningly unjust as to goad him to the commission of crime, and where no moral or religious influence aside from his own unguided instincts could suggest the better way. Why all Russian subjects are *not* criminals is the real problem. Where over 90 per cent of the population is illiterate, where the church is so bigoted, so besotted, as to regularly curse the greatest of all living Russian patriots and lend all its strength to injuring the cause of liberty and enlightenment, where the only hope of success for any citizen lies in allying himself with the forces of cunning, corruption, hypocrisy and brute force, the marvel is that there is any leaven of good at all in the sodden loaf.

These things being so, until Russia changes her methods so as to conform at least to those of Hayti or other semi-civilized section, all dealings with her in matters concerning life and liberty should be based upon the excellent conclusion that "*Any extradition treaty is unsafe.*"

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#### CANVASSED.

"Will my painting make a hit?"

"No." "You chronic croaker!"

- Too much ochre?" "Not a bit; Too much mediocre."

# The Leave-Taking of Capt. Burke

By LEA WATSON WALKER



AMONG the divers haps and mishaps that befell the Newells during Reconstruction days, there came Captain Robert Emmet Burke.

A redder-headed, ruddier-checked, six feet of ugliness had never obtruded itself at their door,

but the permission he craved to pitch his tent in the stretch of woods below the house, in order to study the flora of the section, was couched in English so choice, it was readily granted. Had he stuck to this ostensible purpose, too, he would have been free to roam their fields and woodlands over all his days, but when he fell into the habit of spending the better part of his time on their piazza, they repented them of their generous consent.

The ways of the time had acquainted them with the odd human vulture, who, coming from anywhere and everywhere in one guise or another, had preyed upon their neighbors. So, putting this with the frequency of his visits and the neglect of his business, they suspected that he had singled them out. Whenever he came in and settled himself in an easy chair, nevertheless, it seemed childish to doubt he had any other motive than to talk the day out.

In fact, the act of snuggling down in a comfortable position seemed to set the doughty deeds Burkes living and Burkes dead had done to rolling off his tongue. Hints but served to pique him into recounting proof, and interruptions merely gave him a chance to recall things more mettlesome. The tiresomeness of it to them

concerned him not at all, and, unable to decide whether he was a knave or a fool, the Newells began to cast about for some means of getting rid of him.

"Don't despair; there's an end to all things," admonished Esther, the only daughter, at breakfast one morning. "We lived through the War, we stood the Freedman's Bureau, we survived the measles and the small-pox, and my prophetic soul assures me that Providence will bring even the Captain's leave-taking to pass."

"Huh! Yer better set de dogs on 'im," warmly advised Sukey, as after handing hot waffles around she bustled out for more.

And, half an hour later, he plagued Esther to the point where she felt like doing it. Peaches were ripening fast, and the day was to be spent in preserving. On running to the front door to get her sunbonnet she met the Captain coming in, and incidentally asked if her costume—faded calico dress, rusty gloves, bonnet, splint basket and all—would not be fetching at a masque ball. Whereupon he proceeded to narrate the masquerade adventures of the whole line of Burkes, rounding off with one of his own.

"You never saw anything like it," he declared by way of conclusion. "The girls wondered and they guessed, and they'd scarcely believe their own eyes when the valiant Ivanhoe unmasked and they saw he was none other than Capt. Burke himself. The Burkes are gifted at such, don't you know, and I'll wager you'd never recognize me in disguise. Think you could?"



"Oh, goodness, how do I know?" snapped Esther. "You'll have to try to find out, I reckon, and as to a wager—why, let me see? A basket of peaches to a specimen of that new lily you found that I'd know the one only Captain Burke in any get-up anywhere?"

"Done," he agreed, too elated at the prospect of showing himself off to see she was making fun of him. "Look out, the peaches are as good as mine."

"Well, I don't care."

"Eh? Don't talk that way. I can prove it to you whenever I choose to," he touchily insisted, running down the steps and looking at her over his shoulder, so beside himself that he was hurrying off unconsciously.

Glad to accept almost any say-so as his last word, Esther took care to stave off the afterthought he usually turned back to deliver by going down the hall, calling first to her small brothers, Bob and Will, and then to the little darkies lazing around the kitchen to make haste.

"Ya—ah! Yer all better hus'le 'roun," grumbled Sukey, poking her head out of the kitchen door. "Dat air Cap'n be back here d'reckly. No sich good luck ez gittin' shet o' 'im dis soon in de mawnin'. Ya—ah! Make 'aste. He be here fust news yer kno', en den de whole crap o' peaches'll be gone 'fo' he take 'is ol' cyarkuss off."

Having hied himself away, obsessed with the idea of playing off a prank on Esther in the garb of some personage or other, however, the Captain plunged into the woods in an opposite direction from the peach orchard. Plants a-bloom scented the atmosphere, but he had no eyes for them. Plan after plan was running through his mind, yet the proper costume was not to be had for the bare thinking it out, and the more he racked his brain for ways and means the more difficult it seemed and the fast-

er he forged on. In cutting across an old field the contrast between the discomfort of the scorching rays the July sun was sending down and the delightful coolness of the Newell piazza began to woo him back. Then he recollected that the shortest course lay through the quarter, and instantly he set his face in that way.

All the negroes were in the fields at work, and every cabin was closed except Sukey's. Her household belongings were sunning around her door, with not a soul in sight beside John The Baptist, her year-old baby, asleep on a pallet under a mulberry tree close by. Door and window were wide open for the freshly scoured floor to dry, and he took it for granted Sukey had gone to the house to cook dinner. Her Sunday dress, hoop-skirt and bonnet lay on her bed airing, and on spying them he clapped his hands as gleefully as though a fairy gift had fallen into them.

Sukey was big of bone, broad of shoulder and of a height equal to his own. It would be asy to don her go-to-meeting bravery, then slip through the back yard and into the orchard where Esther was gathering peaches. He could make up a tale to fit the occasion on the spot, and imaginings of the fun he could have at her expense, with the picture of a much-surprised Esther on recognizing him, put his fingers to tingling.

He snatched up the things and darted into the cabin. Having put them on behind the door, by the help of grease from a frying pan on the hearth and soot from the chimney, he soon emerged as black as any Ethiopian the sun ever shone on. John The Baptist was still sleeping the sleep of a healthy little ducky, and he decided to complete the make-up by taking him along. Gently lifting him up he held him more carefully than Sukey would have herself and cautiously set off.

Not a dog ran out to bark at him,

and he reached the row of smoke-houses and storerooms without glimpsing one of the swarm of pickaninnies usually to be seen playing about. John The Baptist lay in his arms as peacefully quiet as a little black lamb, and he had gotten by the last building when Sukey popped out of a fowlhouse with a brush broom in her hand, demanding:

"Hey! Who yer is, nigger?"

Not daring to answer for fear of waking the baby, and believing it would frighten her into running the other way, to play ghost, he turned toward her and gravely motioned to her to be off.

Sukey stood looking on with bulging eyes and mouth agape.

His ruse took so well the Captain sorrowfully shook his head from side to side and began to inch off in his best imitation of gliding movement, expecting to quicken his gait the instant Sukey broke for the house.

And so she might have done had John The Baptist not waked up and, recognizing the strangeness of the grasp he was in, begun to cry with all his strength of lung.

It might be her spirit, conjectured Sukey, but no ghost baby could lift his voice like that, and she made for the Captain with her brush broom poised ready to swoop down on him.

The full force of his predicament swept over the Captain, and the ominous look about Sukey and her broom left no choice of courses to follow. Grabbing up the skirt with one hand he held John The Baptist tight with the other and dashed for the orchard.

On came Sukey.

"Stop dere, yer triffin' hussy. Gi' me dem clo'se en dat chile 'fo' I buss yer open."

The faster went the Captain.

Esther and Rob and Will were in the milk house peeling peaches, and on hearing the commotion they came tearing out, followed by the whole gang of little darkies.

As soon as Sukey spied them she shouted the louder:

"Lawd, honey, come he'p me! Run, chil'n, run. Dat critter done tuk mer clo'se Ol' Miss gi' me en Jawn De Baptist!"

No sooner were they appealed to than they joined in the chase. With a grown woman, two small boys and a dozen or so little negroes bearing down on him also, the Captain saw only one chance of escape. Doubling on his course he headed for the kitchen. If he could set the baby down on the kitchen floor, he surmised, it would stop Sukey until he could dodge into some corner in the house and get out of her clothes.

Every step increased the fears of John The Baptist. Squirming and wriggling like a thing possessed, he squalled louder and louder. After them pressed Sukey, Esther, Rob and Will, and the little darkies.

"Le' me git holt o' yer, nigger," yelled Sukey, "en I'll bruk de las' bone in yer cyarkuss. Put down dem clo'se en dat chile, yer hear, 'fo' I stomp yer in de yeth."

The nearer sound of his mother's voice moved The Baptist to kick and howl as never had a yearling negro before. One hand no longer sufficed to hold him, and the Captain dared not take time to set him down. To give him the undivided grip of both, he was obliged to let go his skirt.

Old Caesar came from behind the kitchen rolling a kegful of slop in a wheelbarrow. Easing down the handles he stretched out both arms, as if he were going to head off a pony, and jumping one way and then the other, shouted loudly:

"Hey, dere! Ketch 'er! Ketch 'er!"

The flapping of the skirt around his ankles was impeding the Captain's progress, and his arms were numb from the strain of preventing the wriggly piece of humanity in them from slipping out. The strings to his bonnet had also worked loose, and

the big sky-scraping thing came bobbing down over his eyes. At the moment he was dodging from Caesar. Blinded by the bonnet, but determined to keep a-going, he lurched gropingly against the handles of the wheelbarrow, and fell sprawling, bringing down every drop of slop in the keg on him and The Baptist.

Instinct sent the youngster scampering off on all-fours. That minute his brother Solomon grabbed him up, Sukey descended upon the Captain, and her brush broom came swishing down on his shoulders so fast where one lick left off another began.

By dint of jerking and pulling the Captain succeeded in twisting the bonnet around on the back of his neck. A strenuous lunge brought him to a sitting posture, gasping for breath, with the sloppy wet skirt distended over the hoopskirt like the half of a balloon around his limbs.

The sight of the red-headed, black-faced body of a woman joined to some length of trousers which terminated in a goodly portion of sole leather standing upright stayed Sukey's broom, and she backed off in wide-eyed surprise.

Close behind her stood Esther, eager to see which one of the negroes had chosen so odd a way of paying off a grudge against Sukey, but the unbommeting of that shock of red hair put a blanker look on her face than the Captain had fancied he would bring to it.

"Why, Captain Burke!" she exclaimed, then smothering a giggle added: "Why, er—er—you succeeded admirably."

"Ya—ah, you's er purty genterman," stormed Sukey, rushing up and shaking her fist at him. "You's er purty genterman, totin' 'round' er nigger young on' en p'radin' 'ound in er

nigger 'oman's clo'se."

In saying "clo'se" a full sense of the injury done the cherished gift of her loved mistress, who had gone the way of the earth, swept over her. Throwing down her broom she pounced on him and cluffed and banged and clawed at him with all her might. As she put in a lick to right or left, Rob and Will ran from one side to the other, urging her to lay on her best, and this set her children to crying and the other little darkies to ha-ha-ing their loudest. Hampered as he was by the mussy clothes, the Captain could do little more than try to ward off her blows, but each one redoubled Sukey's desire to deal him another, and the mix-up turned into a sound drubbing before Esther could persuade her to let go and Caesar could pull her off.

"Ne' min', sah," she muttered, stepping aside and rolling up her sleeves. "Better git up frum dere, yer awdacious scoun'l, 'fo' I makes sossiwge meat out'n yer."

He took her at her word and scrambled to his feet.

"Eh—hey! Eh—hey! See the lady! Eh—hey! Eh—hey!" chorused Rob and Will before a syllable of the explanation he endeavored to make to Esther could leave his lips.

A motion of advance from Sukey, with a glance at her brush broom, put it completely out of mind. Flinging off the bonnet he took to his heels, shedding dress and hoopskirt as he went, to the accompaniment of a very babel of mocking yells.

He was still heeling it in hot haste at the last glimpse of him as he disappeared in the woods. On the following morning it was found that he had folded his tent and stolen away by night, and the Newells knew him no more.

# Today

Man oped the portals of Today, and stood  
Upon its threshold. To his soul he said:  
"Lo, I have emptied from my pilgrim's scrip  
The dust and ashes gathered yesterday!  
Before me lies Today, it is mine own  
To spend, to hoard, to barter, if I will.  
From joyous morning unto peaceful night  
I have the Hours to be my servitors;  
I'll send them to the storehouse of Today  
To gather pearls of thought, and golden deeds,  
And jeweled words, to flash their light abroad  
With diamond radiance to the hearts of men.  
Lilies of friendship grow along my path,  
Roses of love bend, wine-sweet, to my lips,  
For me to pluck, to keep or cast aside  
Even as I will—they are my own Today!  
I care not for Tomorrow, yet unborn,  
I grieve not for a buried Yesterday;  
Today belongs to me, and I, a king,  
Will spend its revenues right royally!"

Lo, even as he loitered by the way,  
Planning achievements, as a silent ghost  
Today departed, and he stood alone  
Before Tomorrow's door; within his scrip  
Naught from the treasury of Today he bore.  
The lilies all had withered by the path,  
The roses drooped unplucked—nothing had he  
But dust and ashes gathered yesterday!

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# Furl Sails

Furl sails, dear heart, and let us anchor here,  
The night is falling and the sirens call;  
The first star glimmers and the day is sere,  
A softened twilight hovers over all.

See yonder bird wings fast across the bay  
Eager to reach the welcome, waiting nest;  
Home-longings come to all upon the way:  
Day kisses "good night" from the ruddy West.

Furl sails, dear heart, the day was long and sweet,  
But sweeter still will be our dreams to-night:  
Home longings satisfied, then hours are fleet  
And fast, where Love's warm flame sheds mellow light.



Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 4, 1908.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure I have read your publications, and as I consider you an authority on the political science of government, I beg to ask your consideration of the questions below. These are a few of the questions which we have under consideration in our class work:

1. What do you consider to be the political, social and economical problems of today?

2. What do you consider necessary to attain an ideal government?

3. Is government a positive good or a necessary evil?

4. How do you define "Right," "Law," "Justice," "Equity," and how are they differing from each other?

5. Why should the majority rule? Is any other arrangement possible?

Thanking you for your kind consideration, I beg to remain, sincerely yours,

E. G. LARSON.

**Answer.**

(1) a. Direct Legislation, Public Ownership of public utilities, the Money Question, the Tariff Question, Income and Inheritance tax, abolition of National banks. b. Child labor abuses; the Whiskey and pernicious drug evils; Traffic in women and girls; adulteration of foods; the growth of the drink habit among girls and women, a prolific source of immorality; Rottenness of municipal, state, and national politics. c. Legislation to protect lives of those employed in dangerous work. Legislation which will class speculators in the necessities of life **WITH BURGLARS AND HORSE THIEVES**, punishing them as felons. State insurance. Strict enforcement of vagrancy laws. County constabulary to

police the roads. Laws to compel all Secret Societies to take out licenses from Ordinary or Prothonotary.

(2) Just laws and honest administration. If our Government were to do what the Preamble of our Constitution declares that it was established to do, we would have an ideal government.

(3) I don't know. Never knew a national experiment made to test the matter, but, personally, prefer a bad government to none at all. The man who thinks that we would all be angels if there were no laws and no government and no private property does not know human nature—has never paid a security debt; never been swindled; never been lied to, or lied about; never been hated for working hard and getting on by the fellows who won't work and don't get on. It seems clear to me that government of the right sort must always be a positive good. The people, as a whole, constitute a distinct entity, and without some form of government the people, as a whole, could not act with unity of plan and purpose.

(4) Consult Bouvier's **Law Dictionary**.

(5) Because a **democracy**, even when it takes the Republican form, can not rule in any other way. A different principle would make an aristocracy, a limited monarchy, or a one-man despotism.

It would be practicable to allow minorities representation in proportion to their size, and that would seem to be fair.

Nobody who takes the pains to keep track of our public affairs can believe that a majority of our people rule. A small minority of rich men run the Government. Therefore, our Republic has degenerated into an Aristocracy, and will, in time, become a monarchy, if class-legislation is not checked.

Faceville, Ga., Dec. 15, 1908.

Dear Mr. Watson: I enclose P. O. order for The Jeffersonian. Will you kindly tell me where I can get the state and county tax rate during Bulloch's administration in Georgia? I see you have said nothing about the high tax in Georgia. I think you would touch a tender cord among the people to show it up. Yours truly,

JOE. H. GRAY.

Answer.

Write to Maj. C. E. McGregor, Warrenton, Ga.

Hucal, Texas, Dec. 25, 1908.

Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please answer the following questions, either through the Jeffersonian, or by letter, as you see proper.

(1) What is the date of the law authorizing the issuing of government bonds, under Lincoln's administration?

(2) What is the date the first bonds were sold?

(3) The date the exception clause was put on the greenbacks?

(4) Were the first bonds bought up with the depreciated greenbacks?

Yours in a just cause,

F. S. TAYLOR.

(Answer.)

(1) July 17 and Aug. 5, 1861—6 per cent bonds, \$189,331,400.00.

(2) These were put upon the market at once.

(3) March 18, 1869.

(4) They were. The Banking oligarchy first bastardized and depreciated the Greenbacks by having Congress to impair their value as money, and thus got them cheap. Then they exchanged them for bonds, dollar for dollar. These bonds, as issued, were payable in "lawful money." This was changed to "coin." Then this word "coin" was changed to "GOLD."

By this raid on the people the Banking oligarchy cleared about one billion dollars of dishonest profit. Both the old parties helped the robbers, all along.

St. Augustine, Fla., Dec. 18th, 1908.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir: Kindly pardon the presumption of a stranger (nevertheless an admirer) in asking information of you.

I desire to know what Alexis de Tocque-

ville, of France, was by profession, and what important part, if any, he took in French politics, and how long since his activities there.

I would like to know, also, something of John Pym, of England—what his profession was, and what degree of prominence he attained in politics, and about what time he lived.

Trusting that this is not asking too much of you, and thanking you heartily in advance for the information, I am, very respectfully yours,

MRS. CHAS. C. ARCHBELL.

(Answer.)

Alexis de Tocqueville was born in France in 1805. He studied law and became a magistrate (1825), but resigned (1831) to pursue his studies, researches and travels. Visited the United States (1831), carefully examined our system of government, and published his famous book, "Democracy in America." The work was instantly and brilliantly successful.

De Tocqueville served as member of the Chamber of Deputies, also as member of the Constituent Assembly. In 1849 he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, which position he lost, in 1851, by the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon,—the half Dutch illegitimate son of Queen Hortense. De T. died in 1859.

In his political career, de T. vigorously opposed Socialism and "Divine Right" monarchism, being a whig in principle, rather than a democrat.

#### THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Brittany, La., January 2, 1909.

My dear Mr. Watson:

Herein I enclose to you two clippings from "The Donaldsonville Chief," a weekly paper published in this (Ascension) county. In my feeble way, I have taken the position upon the subject at issue that you have taken. My statements were denied and as you will see by reading the enclosed "articles," I have used your name for authority. I trust that you will give the matter your consideration, and if I have misrepresented the facts, I will appreciate your correction. If I am wrong, I ask that you kindly inform me by private mail. On the other hand,

should you see fit to comment upon any statement of the "Society" of New Orleans, kindly mail the article to me with your permission to publish same and I promise, with pleasure, to do so in said paper.

At all events, will you please favor me with a reply?

Your devotee in the cause of reform,

(Signed) J. F. ARCENEAUX.

(Answer.)

My dear Sir:

Your favor received. The good Catholic who answers your statements in the newspapers, and who signs himself "Society of the Holy Spirit," proves that one may wear a very religious name and yet have a most unchristian temperament.

In effect, he seeks to discredit my historical statements by reference to the well-known fact that I am a Populist, who, having the courage of his convictions, is willing to stand with a hopeless minority. If it be a crime to have this sort of fortitude, and if being in the minority puts one in the wrong of itself, then Christ and his Disciples would have been swept away by ridicule and contempt, for they were not only in a hopeless minority at the time that he was on earth, but the Christians are in a minority today, just as they have been for nineteen hundred years. If the gentleman who signs himself "Society of the Holy Spirit" has such a scorn for minorities, and such a cowardly admiration for majorities, he ought, by all means, to leave the Catholic Church.

If this gentleman with the pious name knows nothing more about the Massacre of St. Bartholomew than he does about my own record, he is not fit to discuss any kind of question in any forum, whatever. He alludes to me as "Where am I at Watson." If this means anything but mere scurrility, it means that the modest follower of the meek and lowly Jesus who signs himself "Society of the Holy Spirit," actually believes that I was the intoxicated member of Congress who lost the thread of his discourse on the floor of the House and inquired of the presiding officer, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" Every well-informed person in this Union knows that I was not the person who used that famous expression. The gentleman who did make use of it was

the Honorable James E. Cobb, of Alabama, and my connection with the phrase was that of the historian and satirist who preserved it.

As to the massacre of St. Bartholomew—this gentle disciple of Christ who signs himself "Society of the Holy Spirit," seems to think he demolishes my position by showing that the Papal representative at the French Court made a report to His Holiness, the Pope of Rome, stating that the butchery grew out of the failure of the Queen Regent to have Admiral Coligny shot dead in the Streets. She did have him shot, like a dog, but the wound was not mortal. Your opponent says that because the perpetration of this dastardly outrage fired the natural indignation of the Protestants, the Catholics began the butchery known to history as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Mr. "Society of the Holy Spirit" argues that the Court of Rome had no knowledge that such a thing was contemplated and that it was a purely local and almost accidental occurrence. Suppose you ask him why it was, then, that the massacre, even in Paris, showed such unmistakable evidence of previous design and careful preparation?

Ask him why the bells of the Catholic Churches pealed forth from their towers the signal for the massacre, and why it was that immediately after the ominous tones of deep-mouthed bells had resounded throughout the entire limits of Paris, **the murderers simultaneously began their bloody work?**

Ask him why it was that the Priests of Paris, crucifix in one hand and sword in the other, ran through the streets adding to the thirst for slaughter, meeting with all of their holy influence the maddened fanatics who were slaying with guns, slaying with pistols, slaying with swords and spears and daggers and clubs and stones—pitilessly slaying men, women and children, of all ages and all conditions?

Ask him why it was that this high-tide of religious bigotry and assassination ran throughout the kingdom of France, and that in nearly every one of her cities similar scenes as that in Paris made shambles of the streets?

Ask him why it was that the attitude

of the Holy Papa at Rome was that of expectation, and why it was that immediately upon receipt of the news of this ghastly series of massacres, the bells of the Catholic Churches throughout Rome pealed forth their joy. Why it was that solemn processions wended their way to the churches, where exultant Te Deums were sung?

Ask him why it was that the representative of Christ on earth, his Holy Papa at Rome, was in such a state of ecstasy upon receiving the news of this monstrous crime that he ordered the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo fired, and gave Rome over to demonstrations of gratitude and delight.

As to the dignity, value and accuracy of my historical works, I will content myself by saying that both in America and on the continent they are accepted as standard authorities by men who would probably not consent to associate with Mr. "Society of the Holy Spirit." Not only have the books from which you quoted run through two editions per year, upon an average, ever since they came from the press; not only are they sold as standard works in Paris, but even now the Department of Education of the French Republic is considering a translation of "The Story of France" into the French language, in order that the book

may be used as a text-book in educating the young people of France.

Very respectfully and truly yours,  
THOS. E. WATSON.

Eureka, Kan., Dec. 14, 1908.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find P. O. Order for \$2.00, for which please send the two Jeffersonians.

I think more of your publications than of any others that I read. Is it possible to get a true history of the Panama deal with France? I hope you can give us the truth in the matter. I think Senator Morgan could give a good deal of information on the subject if he were alive.

Yours truly,

C. M. NOBLE.

Answer—Senator Morgan was thoroughly convinced the Nicaragua route was altogether better than the Panama route, and he was also convinced the proposition to have this government pay \$40,000,000 for the rusty machinery, rotten buildings and surface trenches of the bankrupt Panama Canal Co. reeked with fraud and graft. William Nelson Cromwell knows all about it, but when on witness stand refused to tell.

**This Panama business will cost us A BILLION DOLLARS before we are through with it.** Mark the prediction.

(Senator Morgan has been dead two years.)

## LOST.

Like a star, with your radiant face,  
Like a star in your glorious grace;  
A laugh from the Master Jester, and—  
Star dust in space!

Through the fathomless void I seek you,  
In the depths of a measureless night;  
Dare the heart of the Master Jester  
Deny me one trace?



# An Old Fashioned Rose

By EDITH TATUM



GEORGE often says he has Miss Rose to thank for my changing my mind and marrying him after all. I suppose sooner or later I would have come to my senses without any assistance from Miss Rose, but it might have been too late. George might have gotten tired of waiting for the day of my illumination and married someone else.

You see, George and I grew up together, and we had always loved each other (only I hadn't the sense to know it) from the time we wore pinafores, and fought over the wish-bone on Sundays. Then we grew up and went off to college. It is strange how differently college affected us; George came back the same dear old chum of a boy, all ready to open his law office, and with his heart set on marrying me; while I developed into a very dignified, sedate young person, deeply impressed with the high mission of woman. I tilted my nose very perceptibly whenever matrimony was mentioned. I was determined that I would not follow in the steps of the foolish women of my acquaintance and hamper myself with a husband and children—a woman's life should be broader, higher; I would choose a profession and lead a free, untrammelled existence.

It was about that time that father accepted a call to the church at Westbridge and we moved away from Trenton and George. Deep down in my heart I was sorry to leave both, though one was a sleepy country town, and the other—well, some-

times disconcerting. We had not been in Westbridge long before I found out Miss Rose; I had always helped father look after his parishioners, and still managed to sandwich a few visits between the hours I devoted to my "profession."

They were two sisters, Miss Violet and Miss Rose Brereton; their home, The Cedars, was one of those quaint old places that always suggest dead and gone romances or ghosts or something equally fascinating and out of the ordinary; it had a look too, that to a close observer, told its tale of poverty and pride.

Miss Rose was like a figure from an old time miniature, or an exquisite cameo; her hair was snowy white, though she was only forty; her face was thin and worn by suffering, but sometimes when she talked, such a pretty pink flush came to her cheeks, and her soft brown eyes lighted up until I thought her positively beautiful. She was an invalid; there had been some accident in her youth—they would never talk about it—and she could not walk at all.

Miss Violet was about five years older than her sister, and so different; she was very plain, and gave one the impression of strength, both in character and physically. It seemed so incongruous that her name should be Violet; she laughed at it herself.

"When one names a baby, my dear," she would say, "one should imagine it an old person and see if the name would be suitable."

But on the other hand, Miss Rose's name seemed in perfect keeping, for she reminded me of nothing so much as a dainty, old-fashioned tea rose.

They were poor, very poor; there were so many comforts they had to do without and Miss Rose was so sweet and patient about it; they did fine needlework for a living, but Miss Rose was often too ill to sew.

Besides being deeply interested in these two, I gloried in them! Here were two gentlewomen who had eschewed matrimony and who were nevertheless happy; they were poor, but they were independent—they had not married for a home or a man's arm to come between them and the world. True, their lives were neither broad nor high—Miss Rose's state of health was no doubt responsible for that—but they were their own lives; neither had merged her individuality into some man's. Thus I reflected with the crude philosophy of youth; but I had no occasion to discuss such subjects with Miss Rose until one day George came over from Trenton to see me, and I sent him home unsatisfied.

It was nearly sun-down one soft spring afternoon, and I watched him go down the walk and close the gate behind him; he did not look back at me as he always had, and somehow it hurt. How strong and manly he looked! But was I not strong too? Besides I had my work to do in the world; I turned resolutely towards the studio, but on the threshold I hesitated—it was too late to work and I was not in the mood; I was out of harmony, for the time, with my well-planned existence—tomorrow I would be myself again. George was so trying—why could he not be satisfied with a nice, orderly, platonic friendship? A sigh that was half a sob escaped me when I thought of how he had looked at me when he said goodbye, the dear—I would go to see Miss Rose and take her some of Ellen's fresh cake and a bottle of home-made wine. It would do me good just to sit and watch her sweet placidity.

Miss Rose was in her invalid's chair on the veranda, a soft white shawl thrown around her; there was an after-glow in the sky and a lingering reflection on the delicate, patient face that gave it an almost unearthly beauty.

Miss Violet was feeding the chickens, so I put the things I had brought in the dining room and went back on the veranda. I took my favorite seat on the step at Miss Rose's feet and tried to talk as usual, but in a little while she interrupted me.

"Jacqueline, dear, what is it?" she asked, a little anxiously. "Are you sure you are quite well?"

Her brown eyes looked so troubled and tender, that I just put my head against her knee, and I believe I cried a little, anyhow, I told her all about it.

"You see, I want to be independent and fill a high sphere in life—I want to do my share in elevating woman," I explained in conclusion.

"God has made no higher sphere than that of wife and mother, Jacqueline," said Miss Rose with a little break in her voice. I sat up suddenly and looked at her. Her eyes were full of tears, and her cheeks a little flushed.

"*You—you*, Miss Rose?" I cried in amazement.

"Listen, Jacqueline," she answered solemnly. "I want to tell you something; I believe I ought to tell you, though I have not spoken of it in twenty years."

Then in a few hesitating sentences she told me the pitiful tragedy of her girlhood.

She had been loved by two men who were cousins, and one of them she had loved in return; they were to have been married but there was a misunderstanding—a "little rift within the lute": her pride was wounded, and for weeks she repulsed all his efforts at reconciliation; then one day love conquered, and she wrote to him

asking him to come to her—in a few days she wrote again, but she never saw him again nor had an answer to her letters.

"I spoiled my life, Jacqueline, so foolishly, so uselessly."

"But did you care very much, Miss Rose?" I asked breathlessly.

"Care?" she repeated, with a little laugh. "One day I was standing at the top of the steps, waiting for the boy with the mail, hoping for a letter saying he was coming, but there was no letter, only a paper, and on the front page I read where he had sailed to Europe." She paused, her thin hands clasped tightly in her lap. "I fainted, I suppose, and fell; I have been like this ever since."

The after-glow faded in the west, leaving the sky gray like burned-out ashes, and with it, the light went from Miss Rose's face. There was silence—my throat ached so I could not speak.

"I have told you this, dear," she went on presently, "because I think deep down in your heart you love him—that you will never be happy nor truly useful except as his wife."

I shook my head. "No, no," I cried mutinously, "I can't give up my freedom!"

"Ah, you poor, foolish little girl!" she said patting my head, "and I—I could not give up my pride without such a bitter struggle, and then it was too late."

After that afternoon I saw Miss Rose in a different light; I had to re-adjust myself to this new conception of her, and somehow I found her more attractive than ever. But I would not relent towards George; I spent hours in my studio, working feverishly—trying to crowd all thought of him from my mind.

Several weeks passed in this fashion, then Miss Violet became anxious about Miss Rose; she seemed weaker and more fragile—the warm weather wilted her like a flower. One after-

noon, Miss Violet had to go across town to see about some sewing and she sent for me to stay with Miss Rose.

We sat on the lawn in the shade of a beautiful arbor of climbing roses, and while I read aloud from "The Idylls of the King," Miss Rose lay back with her delicate hands folded in her lap. I glanced at her anxiously from time to time; what would become of Miss Violet if Miss Rose were to die? My thoughts wandering unrestrained, I read on, scarcely knowing what I read.

"A rose, but one, none other rose had  
I,  
A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair,  
One rose, a rose that gladden'd earth  
and sky,  
One rose, my rose, that sweetened all  
mine air."

A little sobbing laugh interrupted me.

"Jacqueline, can you conceive of anyone having written that to me? It was in the last letter he ever wrote me. Ah, foolish me!"

I looked at her in sorrowful silence.

"My dear," she continued, her eyes bright with unshed tears, "I believe my heart is young yet. Don't read any more," and she reached over and took the book out of my hands. "Sing to me!"

I began singing one of her favorites, and was half through when I saw someone coming towards the gate; it was a man about middle age, a very distinguished looking man, a stranger to me. I sang on, wondering all the while, who it could be. Miss Rose did not hear the gate click but lay with closed eyes listening to the song.

"Miss Rose," I said at last, "here comes a gentleman across the lawn. I don't know"—

My sentence died on my lips. Miss

Rose had looked up and seen him too; the expression on her face was indescribable—she leaned forward watching him, scarcely seeming to breathe, a life-time of conflicting emotions in her wide brown eyes.

He came up to us, hat in hand, handsome, courteous. "Is this where Miss Rose Brereton lives?" he asked.

Neither of us answered for a moment, then "John!" she cried piteously. "Don't you know me—have I changed so much?"

I turned and fled, but not before I had heard his deep voice, keyed to tones of vibrant tenderness, saying, "So I have found my Rose again!"

In the side yard, out of sight and hearing of those two, I wandered up and down like a crazy thing. It was all so wonderful—almost past belief! How could they have kept the embers of love live and warm through all these years? Was love really like that—something that distance nor time nor silence could kill—was it in truth of the soul, and not to be denied? George's face as it looked when he said goodbye that last time, rose up before me. I covered my eyes with my hands to shut it out.

"Miss Jacqueline," said a voice behind me, "Rose is asking for you."

I glanced up and met the quizzical glance of a pair of very blue eyes. Too embarrassed to know what to say, I left him looking at Miss Violet's flowers and hurried across the grass to Miss Rose. Looking at her, as she smiled up into my face, it seemed to me that this Rose had bloomed again.

"Is he there, Jacqueline, truly there? It is so like a dream—I am expecting to wake any moment to the old pain."

"How did it happen?" I asked as I dropped on the grass at her side. "What made him come after all these years?"

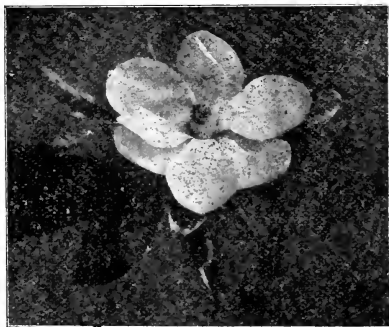
"It was that cousin, dear, who got all the letters I wrote him, and made the trouble between us. He died a few weeks ago, and confessed it to John in his last illness."

He came back to us just then, his hands full of roses.

"They have always seemed to belong to you," he said as he laid them in Miss Rose's lap. The look that passed between them was a revelation to me.

I went home through deepening shadows; the after-glow had faded slowly from the western sky, and one star was out to comfort the world.

That night I wrote to George.



# A Glance Into the Future

Time: 2000 A. D.

Scene: An aerial general station.

Characters: Superintendent of the Aerial System, and General Contractor. Conversation addressed to Contractor.

"You may make surveys for a shorter route on the main line of the Mid-Air and North Pole Division by removing the Dipper, then proceeding along the Milky Way, tunneling the aurora borealis and bridging from the highest point of the Milky Way, to the third point of the North Star. You will thus reach a place where you will have a straight down grade to the Pole.

"You will find plenty of beams for the bridge at the moon and it will be necessary to get a couple of rainbows for side arches. Inspect carefully when completed and see that no curve shall be unsafe when ships are moving at a rate of one hundred thunder storms per star twinkle.

"Install a huge magnet at the pole and a negative at the fore of the over cloud limited. This will serve as power, by magnetic attraction, on the northward trip. Then place a large magnifying glass at the rear so that upon reaching the pole the machinery may be reversed and the sun's rays shining through the powerful glass, may be brought to a focus at one end of an air tank, in which must be placed a giant wind wheel. The air becoming heated at this point will rise rapidly and the cold air rushing in from beneath may be utilized to turn the great wheel, thus furnishing power for the return trip. Try to have the line in operation by the first of March, as the man in the Moon wishes to attend the inauguration ceremonies at Mars, at which time, it is announced, he will speak at length upon 'How to Maintain a World Without Standard Oil.'"

C. H. MEIERS.

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## TRAMPS

A gnarled and knotted trunk afire. . . . . each flame,  
A blue and golden lizard, up the bark  
A-crawling; crouching o'er, three things of shame,  
Into the light forth leaning from the dark,  
Spread brutal hands. All honest men they curse  
But women praise. . . . . Than oaths, their praise is worse!

Behold them there, on charcoal etched in red. . . . .  
Each face half-hid in shaggy beard and locks;  
Their clothing, thin and tattered rags a-shred,  
Agape from fast'ning thorn and string; no socks  
To save from bruise their feet in broken shoes. . . . .  
(Can God so far from sight His creatures lose?)

Behind, the pines, whose chink-reft branches reel  
Beneath the weight of shiv'ring midnight dark;  
In front, two rails of gray and glitt'ring steel. . . . .

Hark! To the sound of distant thunder, hark!  
 The Mail, all light and motion, plunges by,  
 Its locomotive shrieking to the sky.

They leap for stones. They scream and, cursing, throw.  
 A crash of jingling glass; the noise of brakes  
 On whirring wheels; the rush of feet below.....  
 Each tramp the shadow of the thicket takes  
 And, chuckling, prone upon the leaf-strown ground,  
 Hears harmless pistol-shots resound around.

## II.

Brutes? Be it so! But whose the fault? These men  
 Were in the image of their Maker made.  
 Each, clean and rosy, once a child has been  
 Beside his father, as in church he prayed,  
 And each has felt.....(No holier thing than this!).....  
 The morning greeting of a mother's kiss.

To Ishmael, who changed our Isaac? You  
 Have met him oft: the thieving millionaire,  
 Who filches riches from his fellows through  
 The laws he buys.....His dollar-mark they wear,  
 Grave Solons, godly men, who, Sabbaths, teach  
 And penitence to humbler sinners preach!

A thousand tramps each thieving millionaire  
 Costs to the country. Is he worth the cost?  
 Wine, cards and wenches, clothes, are all his care,  
 To ev'ry high and lofty feeling lost.  
 Of all their millions stolen, does he give  
 The owners aught? He has no right to live!  
 Of politicians, Patriots, take the place!  
 Snatch bleeding poverty from riches' jaws!  
 To save the dying honor of the race,  
 Bid all be equal in their country's laws,  
 Or Revolution, red with righteous wrath,  
 Will smite the State from Glory's shining path!

FRANK E. ANDERSON.



# Clippings from Exchanges

## PRESIDENT'S ELECTION DUE TO A PIG.

### A Refractory Porker Started a Queer Series of Circumstances That Sent Andrew Jackson to the White House.

There are times in close elections when a single vote may turn the scales and decide the result. One of the most remarkable instances in American history was the State election in Massachusetts in 1840, when Marcus Morton defeated Edward Everett by his own vote, and thus prevented what would have been a deadlock in the vote for governor.

Mr. Morton was unwilling to vote at all because he was one of the candidates, and it was only at the last moment that he yielded to the solicitations of party workers who knew that the contest was an extremely close one. It was closer than any one had suspected.

It was a single vote cast in a town election in Rhode Island, in 1811, which led to the declaration of war with England in 1812, and later resulted in the election of General Jackson as President.

In the spring of 1811, at the annual election in Rhode Island, in one of the towns the voting between the Federal and Republican parties had been for years very close, not more than a majority of one or two votes. The polls closed at six o'clock, and a Federal farmer, delaying voting until late in the afternoon, hurriedly crossed his fields to reach the polls.

In passing his last fence, he found one of his valuable pigs fast between the rails, and stopped to get it out, but found it more difficult than he expected.

Succeeding finally he started on a run for the voting-place, but when within one hundred feet of it the town clock struck six, and the polls closed without his vote.

The result was that a Democrat, or war representative, from that town was

electd by one vote. When the General Assembly met a few weeks later a Democratic, or war, United States Senator was chosen on joint ballot by one majority.

In 1812 the declaration of war with England was carried in the United States Senate by one vote. General Jackson was nominated as major-general and confirmed by one vote on January 8, 1815. He commanded the army at the battle of New Orleans, gained a victory, became a popular military hero, and as his reward was elected and reelected President of the United States, turned out all the Whigs, removed the deposits, vetoed the national bank bill; and all on account of that pig in Rhode Island that got fast in a rail fence.—The Scrap Book, N. Y., September, 1906.

## THE "KIDS" AND THE WOMEN.

### How They Whipped the Denver Bosses by Re-electing Judge Lindsay, of Juvenile Court Fame.

Out in Denver there's a wiry, harmless-looking, black mustachioed little individual who has more enemies than a mongrel cur has fleas. One and all they hate him "with the best blood that is chambered in their bosoms," but when I tell you that these enemies are grafters, neither the best blood in their bosoms nor their hatred cut much of a figure.

"I wish to h—— the Rocky Mountains would topple over and crush him, for nothing else can," was an illuminating and kind-hearted little remark that some politician who had his claws in the people's pockets, once made.

The politician was right; nothing short of Pike's Peak falling on top of him could put "Ben" Lindsay, the famous Juvenile Court Judge, out of the running. For the people are behind him, have three times fought his battles for him—and won. And the best fighting regiment he has is composed of the "kids" and the women.

When it comes to boss-ridden cities Denver, you know, sits smiling in the front row. She's got organizations that can give Tammany Hall three laps to the mile and then win out in a walk. All these powerful, pirate interests, the Judge has coolly tackled. He has uncovered "steals" of some of the party leaders, defied the bosses, exposed ballot-box frauds, and checkmated the graft gang at every move. He has even put a bank president behind the bars; was in fact the first judge who ever had the backbone to do this.

With such a fine array of knivers lined up to give battle you can imagine that every time the Judge comes up for reelection there's plenty of excitement lying around loose. The last campaign was the hottest yet. The machine captains, having in mind past throw-downs, had been sitting up nights for a year planning his defeat. They had it all doped out to perfection—on paper. But one little matter of importance happened to slip their mind—in Colorado the women have a look-in at the ballot boxes. The bosses had overlooked the female vote. So the Judge is in office for another term, and his good work can go on.

"Every Denvery boy," to quote from a western writer, "knows that he will get a 'square deal,' that the 'Kid's Judge' will stand by him long after others have given him up, and so long as he has a shred of honesty left in him. This intense loyalty calls forth a responsive loyalty on the part of the boys. It is this fealty that holds true ninety-five per cent of the boys in the juvenile court. It is this same instinct that has led thirty of the most persistent of these little law-breakers to take their writs of commitment to the industrial school, go down to the depot entirely without surveillance, board a train for Golden and deliver themselves to the superintendent of the reform school 'to take what was comin' to them.'"—Success Magazine.

#### ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

The world is feeling out after better ways of caring for its needy. In no direction is this better exemplified than in recent developments in connection with the care of homeless children.

The institutional plan is gradually being discarded by those who have come to learn its evils. Years of experience have shown that child nature does not respond to the atmosphere of institutionalism with the same spontaneous and natural growth that is the happy portion of the child in the home. Unavoidably there is the tendency to press the individual into a common mould where children are dealt with in the aggregate. Only the most vigorous and dominant characters survive this repression. Others suffer in an abnormal shaping of native traits.

The ideal place for the child is the home. Practical efforts are being made by various agencies to provide this environment for those children deprived if it by the death or misfortune of parents. In many cases there has been a ready response from the public. Homes that are childless have been opened to children that are homeless, and mutual delight and benefit have followed. Careful investigation and supervision prevents the obvious dangers to which such a system is exposed.

The plan deserves encouragement. While we have nothing but praise for the many excellent institutions that are now seeking to care for the neglected little ones, those in charge of them will be first to admit that their work can be better done in a family circle where love and sympathy and practical help are centered upon individual needs. The institution must stay, but its co-operation in the new and better plan may prove one of the most useful factors in solving the problem of civilization's responsibilities to "these little ones."—Louisville Herald.

#### HOW GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON DIED.

(John P. Broome, in Arkansas Gazette.)

I am the only living man who saw Albert Sidney Johnston die. On Saturday, the day preceding the battle, I was detached from my company of the Georgia Hussars and made courier to General Johnston. About noon on Sunday, the day of the battle, I was riding with General Johnston, Dr. Yandell, and Governor Harris of Tennessee, when we came upon a group of wounded Federal prisoners. General Johnston ordered Dr. Yandell to





THE FRESH AIR FIEND

*Washington Herald*

look after them; but Dr. Yandell objected, stating that he should stay with the General, when General Johnston replied: "These men are suffering. I command you to stay here and attend to them." So the Doctor stayed with the wounded prisoners.

About two hours after that, when we had been fighting all the time and the bullets were thick, General Johnston turned to Governor Harris and said: "General Hurlburt is mighty stubborn." Then he rode around in front of the brigade, and when only about one hundred and fifty steps from the Illinois men under Hurlburt he took off his hat—a soft black hat with the sweeping plume in it. He was the handsomest man that ever wore uniform. While the bullets flew thick about him he smiled quietly and spoke to his men. "Boys," he said,

"General Hurlburt seems to be mighty stubborn. We'll have to see what we can do with the bayonet. I don't tell you to go, but I ask you to come with me." And he went thirty or forty paces ahead of his men.

Nothing could have withstood that charge. Hurlburt's Brigade was broken into tatters. But those Illinois troops were good soldiers, and they gathered in little groups as they ran and loaded and fired while running. It was a shot from one of these groups that hit General Johnston. The first I knew that he was hit was when Governor Harris remarked that General Johnston was wounded, and General Johnston replied: "Yes, fatally, I believe."

Under Governor Harris' directions I lifted General Johnston from his horse and laid him upon the ground. But he never said another word, dying two min-

utes afterwards. When Dr. Yandell came, he broke down and cried. If the Doctor had been where he should, instead of with those Federal prisoners, General Johnston would never have died. Dr. Yandell said the wound was not necessarily fatal.

I stayed with the body until Governor Harris sent me to the rear with a message to General Beauregard, who succeeded to the command.

**"WATKINS, NEW YORK EXPRESS,"  
ON ROOSEVELT.**

Really, when you come to think of a man's buying a costly outfit and journeying five thousand miles in order to kill things which he doesn't need and just for the joy he finds in tearing them to

pieces with bullets, it makes one wonder if, after all, man has got very far away from the savage from which he sprang. Last week the German Emperor killed thirty deer because he loved the sport of killing them, and President Roosevelt is going to Africa because it gives him joy to match his man's intellect against that of an animal, overcome him and put him to an agonizing death. He will probably have a hundred natives to help him and altogether they will drive the poor bewildered, terrified beast into a corner and then the big man of the party will plump lead into him until he can make no further fight but dies moaning with pain, and wondering in a vague animal way why they are all so bent on killing him. Great achievement; telegraphed all over the world.



*The Louisville Herald*  
A SUSPICIOUS FLIRTATION DOWN IN DIXIE LAND

# Laddie

Dear little Laddie of bronze-brown hair,  
What shall I do with the toys and things  
That you left behind when you went  
away.  
Down where the daisy sways and  
swings?  
You remember the brand-new rod and  
line,  
And the big tin fort, with its soldiers  
brown?  
And the top that was mended and went  
again?  
They're there—all there, where you  
threw them down!

Laddie--oh laddie of bronze-brown hair!  
The winds are keen where the daisies  
blow!  
And what shall I do with the broken  
heart,  
And the tears that never have ceased  
to flow?  
For I long for you and the daisy-land,  
And I say, "'Tis the charm of a magic  
song  
And a sight more fair than the dreams  
of man  
That has kept my laddie so long--so  
long!"

—Boston Herald.



## TWO DIMES

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THE JEFFERSONIANS, THOMSON, GA.



# COMMUNICATIONS

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY.



## A VERY THOUGHTFUL LETTER.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 21, 1908.

The Jeffersonian:

The post-election letter of the President relative to certain objections to Mr. Taft on religious grounds was a remarkable one in some particulars, yet thus far, it has evoked but little comment from the common people, of whom the writer, as is apparent, is a poor representative; nevertheless the communication must needs interest all who favor the complete separation of Church and State; insofar as it relates to them, it surely meets the approbation of the Jews, than whom no superior race, if indeed its equal, was ever created by our common Father; nor is it likely that any adverse criticism of it will arise from the laity or clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, (in fact it appears to have been submitted to Cardinal Gibbons prior to publication, for the latter declared, that he knew such a letter was to be published), while with equal certainty the representative men of all other religions will welcome the coming of the day when all can "behold how pleasant and how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The president's letter stands for a spirit of tolerance and fair treatment that are characteristic of the American people, born of their system of education, the Christian influence of the American home and the divine blessing of the divided power of the religious denominations of the land—a system of education whose maintenance is provided for by the states. The common school system is the most effective force extant for assimilating the offspring of foreigners with the people of this country, and it is little short of a na-

tional calamity or crime that any influence should be able, or permitted, to cause the country's adopted citizen to spurn the opportunities surrounding him for the education of his children. By many the public school is deemed a corner stone of the Republic, and is in such universal esteem that our public men, by common consent, as it were, are regarded as a matter of course favorable to and advocates of it; the Jewish people with practical unanimity support the public school and the Roman Catholic people—laity and clergy—with practical unanimity oppose the public school. An unfriendly president might use the prestige and influence of his high position, openly or covertly, to weaken their efficiency and encourage a disregard on the part of the masses of the people for them. The Catholic church and the Catholic people should square themselves on the public school question long before a "practical" Roman Catholic is elevated to the high office of President of this country.

It is a well accepted fact that the black race, unlike the white and yellow races, is neither constructive nor aggressive. History shows that the negro for many centuries lived close to, if not actually amongst, the Egyptians, who attained an advanced degree of civilization while the negro imbibed none of the spirit of progress and profited naught thereby as a race. Mankind otherwise, Caucasian and Mongolian, are much the same in their primary instincts—susceptible of the same progress and development, and history shows that it is environment, or education, religious practices and government that are to account for the differences between the inhabitants of the several states of the world, or of the communities of a state—hence an investiga-

tion and comparison of environment, or the effect of any particular form of government with another, in connection with the religious practices therewith and thereunder, upon the people, as manifested by the degree of liberty enjoyed—their general intelligence, moral status and material prosperity—should enable a wise people to adopt that form of government, enact such laws and by the rectitude of their dally lives foster those religious practices calculated to conserve the public good and develop that which is best in man, as did our Revolutionary forefathers, who with the torch of history above them and the love of liberty and the flame of freedom within them, when they determined to sever the political bands which bound them to the Mother-country that they might assume "among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station, to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitled them." Nature's God—the God of Nations—blessed their handiwork and their wisdom abundantly and it devolves upon the people to say whether or not the result of their labors shall be perpetuated, impaired or permitted to fall by innovations, greed for gold or the selection of rulers out of harmony with the genius and spirit of American institutions. If conclusions are to be drawn from the past it is undoubtedly clear that this government (our Constitution and Declaration of Independence) is not in accord with the Roman Catholic conception of what government should be. In this country we believe in the separation of church and state. The Catholic Church has not so believed in the past, in continental Europe she is a recognized political power and holds to the doctrine that the church is ever over and above the State. The practical Catholic's first allegiance is to the (Roman Catholic) Church, or the Pope. In this country we believe in free public, non-sectarian schools and the education of the children of the common people, or the masses; the Roman Church, when her influence was all-powerful in the Christian world, did not herself disseminate the blessings of education, nor did she use her influence toward the education of the children of the masses, and evidently today, her activity along those lines in this country is born

of the desire to offset the efforts of the State or Government—the public school—more than is her love for, or real wish to uplift the poor of those who follow her teachings.

Fully a century ago the great Napoleon declared that the ignorance of the people was the condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church. In this country we believe in the liberty of conscience, whereas Pius IX is quoted as saying, "The absurd or erroneous doctrines, or ravings, in defense of liberty of conscience are a most pestilential error—a pest of all others most to be dreaded in a state." We believe the Reformation, the parent of Protestantism, has blessed humanity and accelerated the progress of the race, whereas the Popes, the Church and the princes thereof, consider that the Reformation was conceived in sin and nourished with error and its leading spirits, Martin Luther, John Calvin, the Knoxes, etc., (particularly Luther), as schismatics—discontents, who, if they had been prompted by real love of mankind and a desire to confer real blessings on humanity, would have adjusted all differences within the Church of Rome, and presumptively to permit affairs to wag along as before. Protestantism stands for progress, while Catholicism boasts of being unchangeable—the same now as at the time of the Nicene Council (A. D. 325), and as a matter of fact, Pius X, the present Pontiff, has laid his heavy hand upon his progressive (?) prelates—the "Modernists."

Annually a special prayer of the "faithful" (practical Catholics) is for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, who is declared to be amenable to no earthly power, to be above kingdoms, principalities and governments, and the practical Catholic owes him first allegiance.

Progression is the law of Nature, or of God, alike with the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and Protestantism is simply an epoch of progression, the liberty of the individual, the increased breadth of his vision by the development of his mind and the conception of his rights and power.

In reciting the means of defense bestowed by nature on man and beast, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea, Anacreon, 450 years before Christ, asks:

"What for helpless woman has she more?" and he answers his own question thus:

"Beauty falls to woman's share,  
Armed with this she not fear  
Flame, nor sword, nor dart, nor spear."

But this age of progression has demonstrated the fact that woman must have further protection than that afforded by her natural charms, and justice and reason, thanks to Protestantism, have made it possible for woman to free herself from such rakes, for example, as De Castellane, even though united to him in the bonds of matrimony in front of an altar erected by dispensation of ecclesiastical authority (?) and the day will come when all of an intelligent woman's rights will stand before the law of this land. Woman's brain has always been the seat of brilliancy, and a pure woman is the essence of all that is true and good, yet the Roman Catholic Church would consider it an act of pollution for woman to raise her voice, even for humanity's sake, in her temples while Protestantism on the contrary encourages her in the field of mental activity, and the result is that her trenchant pen and eloquent tongue are today recognized forces in the cause of philanthropy, morality and the uplift of the race.

During the Dark Ages, in fact throughout medieval history, deep down into modern times, Roman Catholicism was a powerful force, or the dominant factor in the various governments of the times and oppression, intolerance, persecution and wholesale slaughter of dissentients marked the reigns of Catholic rulers and the Catholic people. With such a record against it, when with the power to have written a different one, expressing no regrets for the past except its loss of earthly power, and with pride claiming to be the same now as then, would it be an omen for the peace, security and happiness of the people, who believe in the doctrines and principles of Protestantism, for a practical Roman Catholic to be elevated to the Presidency of the United States of America?

J. W. FOSTER.

January 12, 1909.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson: It has never been my practice to write commendatory letters to, or obtrude my views upon literary or public men, for the reason that I have never felt that they would care what I thought. I am going to break my rule, however, in this instance to commend your article in the January number of your Jeffersonian Magazine on Abraham Lincoln. I do not know when I have ever been any more delighted. It has seemed to me for years that somebody ought to tell the truth on this subject.

I think you know something of Col. John C. Reed, a man who—despite the disparity between our years and attainments—has been one of the warmest friends and closest companions of mine for many years. Some two years or more ago he was very enthusiastic over Rothschild's "Lincoln: Master of Men." Having heard me say on a number of occasions that I thought Mr. Lincoln was overrated and placed in a galaxy to which he did not belong, Col. Reed sent me Mr. Rothschild's book and asked me to read it carefully and then to write him my opinion of the book and of Mr. Lincoln. I did so under date of October 1st, 1906, in a letter, copy of which I send you, merely to show you how thoroughly and sincerely I agree with the views expressed in your recent article.

Permit me to say that, while I can not always agree with your views, I have read all of your books with the very highest degree of pleasure and in writing them I think you have performed a great service to the people of this country and have done honor to your native state.

WALTER McELREATH.

Copy.

October 1st, 1906.

Col. John C. Reed, City.

Dear Col. Reed: I have finished, with very unusual pleasure, Rothschild's "Lincoln." This is the first extended work on Lincoln which I have ever read. Of course I have read his biography in sketches in the magazines, encyclope-

dias, etc., and had formed an opinion of his life and character.

I think that Mr. Rothschild's book is one of the most readable, entertaining and instructive books I have ever read. My commendation of his book, however, applies to his clear and entertaining statement and presentation of facts, as I disagree with Mr. Rothschild in most of his conclusions with regard to Lincoln, and, therefore, it seems that for almost the first time on such a matter, I find myself disagreeing with you.

Mr. Lincoln was not an ordinary man we all agree, but, greatness is a relative term and considering the opportunities and responsibilities and station which Mr. Lincoln occupied he must be judged by the standards of greatness by which such men as Washington, Bonaparte and Caesar are judged. Judging by these standards I can not see how Mr. Lincoln was at all a great man, or how he can be said to possess the second order of greatness like Lee, Jefferson Davis, Andrew Jackson. How a man can be considered great when the men who associated with him for four years in such an enterprise as the Civil War and were not impressed with his greatness until the enterprise was over, is more than I can understand. McClellan had known him for years before the war and McClellan did not consider him great. If Chase, Seward and Stanton ever concluded that he was a great man, they did not do it until the war was over. It seems strange that a great genius could live as close as Lincoln did to such men as these and they not recognize immediately his genius. I cannot see anything great in his choice of men and generals. His ministers were chosen mainly because the position would remove opposition. There is nothing remarkable in his "mastery" of men. He held the power to depose. In the few instances of his triumph in his cabinet, he did not overcome by reason, but simply by the exercise of unlimited authority. It seems to me that Seward largely "humored" him, instead of Lincoln's mastering Seward. He seems never to have been able to make any sort of pre-judgment of a military man but to put up one failure after another and let the event determine whether he had made a mistake or not, and when we saw his mistake in the man, he never had the courage to assert himself until

the country was impressed with the unfitness of the man. The only exception is the case of Fremont, and political rivalry might have had something to do with Fremont's removal. He was undoubtedly magnanimous, good natured and a good story teller.

I want to talk the matter over with you some time, and possibly your riper study of the subject can convince me of my error. Any way, I thank you for the book. Very sincerely yours,

WALTER McELREATH.

50 Broadway, New York City,

December 26, 1908.

Mr. Thomas Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I was very much pleased with your article on "Is It Right?" questioning the justice of our sending millions of money to convert the heathen, when we have so much evil right at our doors. It seems to me in the midst of this great and wicked city wherein the powers of darkness appear to have exhausted their ingenuity in providing ways by which men and women can sin that we have a mighty big contract right here at home. I enclose a poem on missionaries, which, putting the case very strongly and testifying to the great common sense of that superb Southerner, Thomas Jefferson, is especially appropriate in connection with your editorial.

Thanking you for your courage in having pointed out the hypocrisy and complacency with which the duty to the heathen is placed before our obligations to our own and hoping that you will print the inclosed missionary poem, I am, with great respect, yours very truly,

WM. V. SIMPSON.

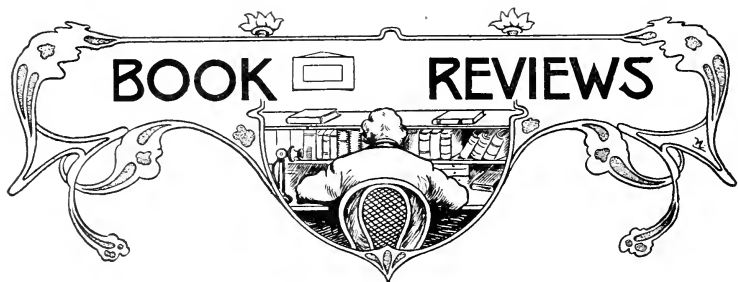
Osierfield, Ga., Dec. 30, 1908.

Hon. Thos. L. Watson.

Dear Sir: I see you have a good deal to say about George McDuffie. Do you know where he is buried? I have seen his grave, in Sumter county, S. C., near Wedgefield, out in the woods in what is known as the Singleton Burying Ground, and when I last saw it the grounds and graves were very much neglected, no care taken of them whatever.

Wishing you much success in your work and a happy New Year, I am, yours truly,

A. D. CURRIE.



**The Law of the White Circle.** By Thornwell Jacobs. Taylor-Trotwood Pub. Co., Nashville, Tenn.

A book to stir the passions, a book that powerfully grips the very pillars of social life and indirectly challenges the Caucasian's view of the race question.

The scene is laid in Atlanta, to which metropolis comes a young man from the mountain country, Roy Keough, who was born of illiterate parents in a single-room, dirt-floor cabin; who serves a novitiate on a country weekly; and who shoots up, somewhat suddenly we must say, to the editorial staff of one of the Atlanta dailies. We would not, however, like to be understood as intimating that the editorial staffs of the Atlanta dailies would not be greatly refreshed and invigorated by the addition of an occasional country-weekly editor. Our private opinion is that a long range scatter-gun could hardly be let off, in any given direction, without crippling some country editor who is capable of putting new life, consistency, courage and information on the editorial pages of those precious Atlanta dailies.

Roy Keough, at any rate, was a country editor whose work on the Atlanta **Commonwealth** soon got people to actually read what was printed on the editorial page. They not only read it, but liked it, talked of it, and showed signs of thinking it over. Here were marvels, truly. So it came to pass that Roy was soon on the top wave, as Henry Grady used to be.

An Atlanta dentist, named Lawson, is

the father of a beautiful white daughter, named Laura. Also of a beautiful near-white daughter, named Lola. These two girls resemble each other closely, and it would seem that Lola is the more talented of the two.

Roy becomes acquainted with Laura in New York, and afterwards cultivates Lola, in Atlanta, in the belief that she is Laura.

Lola, infatuated with Roy, cleverly leads him on, until he makes the usual confession. An engagement to marry follows.

All this while Lola is pursued by the devotion of a full-blood negro, ebony black, professor in a college, deeply versed in ethnological lore, as Lola herself is. The girl gradually draws away from her negro suitor and, after the coming into her life of Roy, breaks with Kongo, the black.

The marriage of the lovers is about to take place, when the Atlanta riots break out. These are graphically described.

Roy and Lola, in an automobile, find themselves in the thick of the fray, and the mob, recognizing Lola, furiously attack Roy. He is badly hurt, and is taken to the hospital. Kongo appears on the scene, reproaches Lola, and predicts wretchedness for her in words which cause Roy to ask Lola for the truth.

Then it all comes out, and Roy, without hesitation, tells the miserable girl that he can not marry her. Loving him with all her soul, Lola offers herself to him **without the marriage**. This pitiful plea he rejects. He tells her to "Go back to your people. Is there none among them whom you may love?"



So ends the story.

Prof. Kongo, the negro suitor, had murdered Lola's father, Dr. Lawson, and had thereby made it almost impossible for her to marry him, even though he were still willing to wed the girl whom the white man had spurned.

That a book like "The Law of the White Circle" raises questions of the deepest interest is self evident.

Will there eventually be a dominant Third Race, representing the merger of whites and blacks?

Is it a historical fact that the hot sun of the tropics transformed Caucasians into negroes?

We think that both questions must be answered by a decided negative.

When we find that so mild and catholic a man as Charles Lamb, who never had seen the negro in mass, gives expression in one of his essays to the natural repugnance which the idea of social equality aroused in himself, we may take it to be true that the normal whites will always oppose miscegenation.

It is so well known that a mongrel race is an inferior race, that the future of mankind is at stake when mixed marriages are encouraged. The very idea of a nation of several hundred millions of mulattoes (a small estimate of the number of our people by the time hybridation could be effected) appalling.

As to climate changing types, nothing could be more unnatural.

The sun didn't take the instep from a negro's foot, slide the heel back. The sun did not take hair off his head and put wool on it. The sun did not flatten his nose and swell his lips. The sun did not give him his black skin, and the rancid odor which in a close room will nauseate a white person. The sun did not give him his small brain, his thick skull, yellow-streaked sclerotic-coat, and protruding jaw.

Nature did all that, not the climate. Living in regions where the sun is as hot as it is in the negro's native home, there are teeming millions of men who are not negroes, and not even black.

Indeed, the true negro is in a minority, even in Africa.

Just as we see the negro today, in these United States, so we see him pictured on the walls of Egyptian ruins that are nearly four thousand years old.

**Gilbert Neal.** By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.

In his former novels, Mr. Harben dealt chiefly with provincial types and local conditions. His "Georgians," "Abner Daniel" and "Pole Baker" as faithfully portrayed the mountain people of North Georgia as Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" pictures the High-



WILL N. HARBEN

landers of Scotland. Those books reflect the true characters and lives of a class of Southerners who are markedly different from the Georgians of the cities and the lower-lands. The good qualities and the faults of the mountain people are vividly presented in Mr. Harben's stories, and to the reader comes a revelation of the comedy and the tragedy, the hardships and the compensations, that round out the narrow life of the mountaineer.

In "Gilbert Neal" Mr. Harben has taken a bolder flight, and right nobly has he sustained it. He deals with conditions that are world-wide, and touches chords that vibrate to the deepest depths of human existence.

To the savage, his woman is his property. He will fiercely resent interference with his rights over her, just as he will tomahawk the robber who attempts to steal his pony. Savage life knew nothing of what we call Love. That much abused word, "affinity," could never have been explained to a savage. The whole surface of the globe preserves testimony of the devotion of the yellow man, the brown man, the white man to the woman who was his mate—mate in body, heart and soul. Whether it is a Caliph, like Haroun-al-Raschid, immortalizing his love and his grief in a monument to Zobeidah; or a Mogul, like Jehan, rearing the matchlessly beautiful Taj in memory of Armi-jand; or some poor heartstricken poet mourning for "Highland Mary"; or some unappreciated artist, like Romney, pouring into unfading colors his worship of Emma Hamilton; or a full-sexed man, like Jefferson, paying the tribute of twenty three years of a widower's loyalty to the sacred ties that had bound him to his wife,—we find everywhere the evidence of the sublime fact that with the lofty type of man the tie which binds him to the woman, who answers to the call of his soul for its mate, is one that outlives death and the grave.

The savage loses his mate and feels the emptiness. He fills it with another woman,—and it is filled. There is no heart-ache over an empty place, which can never be otherwise than empty. There is no soul-yearning for the companion spirit, whose like can never be found. There is no grief that lasts,—no haunting memories which gnaw at the life-chords. Therefore, the savage never thinks of the memorial which shall remind him, and all the world, of the passion which mocks time and would conquer eternity.

To find this mate,—that is the condition of earthly happiness. To wed a suitor, believing him to be what her soul calls for, and to then discover that he is not, is the very climax of feminine misfortune. For a man to find that another's wife is the mate for whom his whole being longs, is the most exquisite of torture.

That such frightful mistakes are constantly being made, cannot be doubted.

Mr. Harben deals with this species of

human tragedy, and his manner of doing so is masterly.

Gilbert Neal's pure and beautiful sister, a virgin, is infatuated by the preacher, Tidwell, who is, on the surface, a fascinating man. **But he is married.**

The wife of Tidwell has found him out by living with him. She has a contempt for her husband, and a **secret passion for Gilbert Neal, who is unmarried.**

Tidwell has a sister who is of the beautiful fiend sort; and Gilbert has a brother who is a handsome black sheep. Possibly, a correcter appellation would be, gay, handsome, unprincipled black goat.

The way in which Mr. Harden develops these human types, and moulds his intensely interesting story out of this complication of unfortunate circumstances, is wonderful.

The bad preacher elopes with Gilbert's sister, but nothing bad happens. Mrs. Tidwell rises to the occasion and rescues the girl. Mr. Harben may not have meant to be humorous when he located the scene of the rescue at a hotel in Atlanta.

Anyhow, she is saved, taken back home and, after another escape or two, she takes the pressure off her brother and the reader by marrying a man who has been loving her all the time, and who does not know how narrowly she escaped the bad preacher.

At the psychological moment, the preacher undertakes to ride a half-broken horse; and while doing so, Gilbert comes to shoot him, for running off with the girl. In the very nick of time, the horse flings the preacher and breaks his neck. Thus Gilbert is providentially prevented from becoming a homicide; and the way is left open for him to court and marry the preacher's widow. This, in due time, he does.

The preacher's bad sister and Gilbert's bad brother, after sundry vicissitudes, hastily marry and they "vanish away" in a burst of joy and riches and good luck.

We are left to infer that the beautiful fiend and the black goat are going to have just as good a time, "ever after," as the virtuous couples of the book.

In this, Mr. Harben proves himself to be a man of sound and disposing mind and memory.

He is a novelist after the manner of

Thackeray, and not of Dickens. And Thackeray was right. Bad people do not necessarily have a bad time in this life; and some of the hardest knocks, and the greatest number of them, the good people get.

If ever Will Harben evolves a greater work than "Gilbert Neal," his right to be called **the greatest American novelist**, will not be seriously questioned.

**On the Open Road.** By Ralph Waldo Trine, author of "In Tune with the Infinite." Published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by,  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish:—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,

Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

And be a friend of man."  
—Sam Walter Foss.

Mr. Trine's little volume is an elaboration of the sentiments expressed by the verse. It is wholesome, kindly, tolerant in its philosophy, wholly free from dogmatism of any sort. It is the book of one who would not harass mankind into an acceptance of any creed or cult, but rather lead the race away from the overearnestness of sentiments which time may prove to be wrong. In fact, the creed of the open road is, according to the author, a thing "to be observed today, to be changed tomorrow, or abandoned, according to tomorrow's light." To be righteous Mr. Trine thinks essential; but he has no place in his code for anything which savors of the "more righteous than thou" egotism. Rather unusual for a book so wholly religious in character we find the following striking paragraph which might serve as a literal text for many a helpful sermon by the preacher or teacher of advanced thought:

"It is only when you and I and all average men fully comprehend the moral obligation that is contained in the phrase, Independence in party action, that we will see the power of corruption that they (party bosses and political ma-

chines) now hold, slipping from their hands. It is when we not only make it known by quick and decisive action that we will support our own party when its platform is essentially the best; and when it is constructed for the purpose of being fulfilled and not for the pure purpose of deception, in whole or in part, and again when its candidates are the best men that can be named; but that we will as quickly support the opposing party when platform and candidates in it are the better, that we will give birth to a revolution of tremendous import in our political and social traditions and life," and, again,

"When we are able to get away from the idea that government is something separate and apart from us, but that in a very fundamental sense we are government so to speak, and when we set about doing for ourselves that which we now hand over to others to be done for us, and many times illy and treacherously done, we will have political institutions of which we and all men will be justly and unreservedly proud."

These are inspiring words. When well-meaning people do arouse themselves to a complete realization that they are morally bound to do as much toward preventing poverty, crime and suffering as they now do toward charity and reparative measures generally, the tide of genuine freedom will soon sweep away political rotteness and legalized wrongs.

**Oklahoma Civil Government**, including "Constitution and Enabling Act of the State of Oklahoma," by Charles Evans and Clinton Orrin Bunn. Published by Bunn Brothers, at Ardmore, Oklahoma. Price, to bona fide school children in Oklahoma, 60 cents; outside the state, 90 cents.

Territorial dwellers in New Mexico and Arizona should take notice that our authors evidently deem that the Constitution of their new State is not only quite the best ever contrived, but likely to remain superior to all similar handiwork on the part of law-makers of any future state. After seventeen years of eager expectation of statehood and nearly four dozen other constitutions to serve either as models or horrible examples, it would have been inexcusable if Oklahoma had not evolved a creditable document. Many

features are commendable—a few disappointing. The Initiative and Referendum promise much for the rule of the people, but it is distinctly discouraging to find that women have been granted no larger share in the civic affairs of the freer Western state than their sisters have long been accorded in more conservative New England.—merely the right to vote in matters pertaining to the schools and the rather amusing privilege of becoming notaries public. In contradiction to all this, however, is the special provision that the office of Commissioner of Charities and Corrections may be of either sex. The present incumbent of this office, as is well known, is Miss Kate Barnard, who is establishing such a record for efficiency in the work as will be hard for any successor, male or female, to equal. This in passing.

Together with reasonably fair regulations as to child labor, goes its natural supplement—a compulsory education measure. The latter guarantees to each child at least three months' schooling in every year. This is not apt to cause any parent or guardian hardship, and yet it will mean the salvation of many an unfortunate boy and girl from hopeless ignorance. White and negro children are to be educated in separate schools, the term "colored" being construed to apply only to those of African descent.

One agency for the sale of liquor under the supervision of the State is allowed in each incorporated town of not less than 2,000 inhabitants, or in any county in which there are no towns large enough to be entitled to such agency, the sale of intoxicants being confined to druggists or to persons with physicians' prescriptions therefor. These, in brief, constitute the "prohibition law," which is to remain in force for twenty-one years from date of statehood.

The two-cent passenger rate and other railroad and corporation regulations appear to be in harmony with public interests, so far as regulation without ownership can make them so.

These and many other features will interest the student of political economy both within and without the class room. And it has been wise on the part of the authors to insert the Constitution of the

United States in the volume, that quick comparisons may be made between the features of the State and Federal documents. The question of states' rights was never more vital than now, when inter and intra-state commerce is being considered, regulation of liquor traffic and a host of other questions cropping up to be solved.

Future generations will scarcely look upon the Constitution of our latest State as an "inspired" document, but as the effort of painstaking men to cover all features of government as best they could according to their lights. And perhaps newer commonwealths may profit much from a study thereof. Something more radical is at least expected in the far Western states just on the threshold of the Union, even to the extent of not absolving all property used for religious purposes from taxation—the survival yet of the ancient theory that the government must pamper the Church above all other things.

Oklahoma Civil Government is worthy a careful and unprejudiced perusal.

**Alexander H. Stephens.** By Louis Pendleton. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Some time ago we made brief mention of the above biography of the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

To Georgians, at least, Mr. Stephens will always be a historical character of the high type, for we know that he was both good and great.

The fact that Mr. Stephens decided to go with his state when she went into the Confederacy, doubtless caused him much loss of prestige in the Union states, for he had combated secession so bravely that, as a matter of principle, it did not seem possible for him to take office under the Jefferson Davis administration.

Therefore, when he made his "Corner stone" speech in Savannah, proclaiming that the new federation of states was built upon slavery as its corner stone, he gave a certain shock to his Northern admirers, and perhaps, did harm to our cause everywhere. Mr. Stephens' blunder is the more remarkable because no one has argued more strongly than he to prove that the Southern Confederacy was built upon the principle of Home Rule.

The effect of this "Corner Stone" having injured the great Commoner's reputation, beyond the South, his opposition to the Davis administration, during the Civil War, hurt him throughout the Confederacy.

Indeed, we remember quite well, as a boy, how cold the people of Mr. Stephens' own congressional district were to him at his first election to Congress, after the war. General Toombs had used all of his influence and diplomacy to persuade other candidates not to enter the race, but even then, Mr. Stephens' vote was painfully small. We remember how his friends would call out to passersby, to come to the court-house window and vote. "Come on, and give 'Little Ellec' a vote!" But almost invariably the entreated citizen would mutter some objection, and pass on.

The aged statesman made a speech at Thomson during the campaign, but the small church in which the meeting was held was not filled; and when he made an allusion to the old Whig party, some elderly men walked out. He drew applause but twice, as we remember,—once when he repeated the "Ezekiel vision" part of his Oregon speech, and once when he exclaimed in his loudest voice, "No matter the consequence, you shall always know what Ellec Stephens THINKS!"

He had lifted his right hand at the beginning of the sentence, and at the end of it, the hand came down with an emphatic smack on the other. Then, he was cheered.

Afterwards, we heard comments on the speech, and there were those who said, "Judge Thrasher could have made a better speech." Judge Thrasher was the ordinary of McDuffie County, one of the best of men, but laid no claim to oratory.

The fact of the business is, the Stephens of the 50's was not the same man as the invalid who clung on to public life in the 70's. Maj. Geo. T. Barnes once remarked to a group of attorneys during court week at Appling, (1886)—

"You young men, who have only heard Mr. Stephens since the war, can form no conception of what his power was, in his prime." This was true. Mr. Blaine, in "Twenty Years of Congress," makes much the same assertion.

The "Life of Alexander H. Stephens," by Henry Cleveland, is out of print, and never did amount to much. It was too frankly a eulogy. In fact, Benj. H. Hill, in the course of one of his virulent controversies with Mr. Stephens, characterized it as "a biography of himself prepared through one Cleveland." This is near enough to the truth to have stung Little Ellec,—who was extremely thin-skinned.

The biography by Browne and Johnson is a valuable store-house of material, but is not properly a biography.

Therefore, the work of Mr. Pendleton supplies a real want, is truly a biography of a great, pure and true man, written by one who has gathered his data painstakingly, digested them thoroughly, and used them with good taste, good judgment and impartiality.

The style of the book is admirable. It draws attention not to itself, but to what it is trying to tell. A style which distracts the reader by its own peculiarity, of any sort, while one is reading, is a bad style. The truly good style is that which rivets the reader to the subject matter.

As a member of the Georgia Legislature, Mr. Stephens was largely instrumental in having the state build the railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga.

In other ways he left his imprint upon our statute book. In Congress he was a power, and Mr. Pendleton gives the facts. In breaking up the Know Nothing Movement, his success was brilliant, but we are by no means certain that he was altogether right. After the war, he tried to teach the New-South freaks what genuine democracy is, but here his failure was complete and disastrous. He established a daily paper in Atlanta, and rebelled off Jeffersonian democracy and Constitutional liberty, in editorials which were from three to seven columns long. Even ardent admirers quailed before that kind of editorial paragraphing, and Mr. Stephens, after sustaining a loss of \$30,000, left this field of vain endeavor.

After Mr. Stephens got disgusted and quit the job, no big city daily has attempted to teach the faith of the fathers. We get our democracy now from editors who don't know what it is, and who wouldn't be permitted to talk about it even if they did know.

## “Kings’ Treasuries.”

“Did you ever stop to analyze the impression the literature of a home gives you?” said a physician of large practice, in an informal chat with some of his confreres. “I used to feel over-awed very often, in making first calls where huge book-cases seemed to emphasize my woeful ignorance and inexperience. They were veritable hob-goblins until I began to observe the kind of terms upon which they were with the family. Sometimes I discovered that they contained huge, brand new tomes—and then I was perfectly at ease, for I realized at once that those people were either pretenders, or else had made a start toward acquiring knowledge too late to render them very formidable. Sometimes the kind of books themselves gave a pretty thorough insight into the literary predilections of the family. Where they were scientific and historical, in the main, I knew the owners sought the truth and were necessarily very humble in their opinions, no matter how cultured the world might consider them. That is, where the books showed *use*. Even in this, however, I was often deceived, as I found that the shams had learned all about second-hand shops and were merely giving the look of age and usage, while Pater read nothing, in reality, but the dailies; Mater clung to her trashy novel and the children paid no more attention to the rows of books than if they had been a frieze on the wall. But one indisputable sign of the people-you-like-to-know is where you discover quaint bound volumes of old magazines. They show unmistakably that at least a generation or so have been readers who cherished what they read. Show me a home where search will bring forth an array of worn, but clean, volumes of ‘Peterson’s’ or ‘Godey’s Lady-Book’ and I can almost paint a picture of the dear, refined old lady who read them as a girl. We have outgrown lots of the stilted and the ridiculous in those old publications, but they represented the best that was to be had in those days, and you can depend on it that a line of reading descendants is having the best in literature today, and cherishing it, in turn. Magazines are not perfect, there’s something too all-round human about them, but they give the best thought and history of the hour in which they are printed. How much more reliable in compiling history are the bound volumes of a magazine, than partisan, one-sided books! It’s a hobby of mine to preserve the magazines I like, so my children and children’s children may know how history seemed to us when it was in the making, and get a thorough knowledge of the fashions, modes and customs which prevailed in my time. Besides, I never know when a striking editorial, or an exquisite poem may be called for again by some circumstance—and I can always turn to it in my bound volumes, whereas otherwise the gem would have been mislaid. And a thing that is mislaid at the psychological moment, might just as well be lost forever.”

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