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THOS. E. WATSON
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

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Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. III. AUGUST, 1909 No. 8

Editorials

"Is the South Glad it Lost?"

SPEAKING at Gettysburg on Memorial Day, Secretary of War Dickinson declared that "there are in the South but few, if any, who would not turn swiftly, *with sentiments of abhorrence*, from any suggestion that it would have been better for the South if it had succeeded in establishing an independent government."

Caught up into the Cabinet of a Republican President, the dazzled and delighted Dickinson is very, very happy; and he naturally feels that Uncle Sam is the best old thing on earth, and that had the Southern Confederacy made good, he, the dazzled and delighted Dickinson, would have remained an obscure Democrat in Mississippi or Tennessee, instead of attaining the dizzy heights from which he now contemplates *with abhorrence* the mere suggestion that it might have been better for the South had she *not* been overpowered, devastated, Reconstructed and subjected to all the humiliations, outrages, insults and spoliations of a conquered province.

We of the South never find fault with Northern writers and speakers when they glorify the Union, the Union army, and the Union heroes. We think it natural that they should do so. But when a Southern writer, or Southern speaker caters to Northern sentiment by "throwing off" on the Confederate soldier or Southern people, his conduct excites a profound feeling of disgust and indignation.

There was no reason why Secretary Dickinson, addressing a Northern audience upon the battlefield where the hopes of the South were buried, should have "slopped over," as he did in the sentence which we have quoted. He could have delivered himself of an address that would have met all the requirements and conformed to all the proprieties, without virtually declaring that the brave soldiers of the Confederacy who fell on that fatal field gave their lives to a cause which the South now regards with abhorrence.

Secretary Dickinson's statement is utterly false. We Southern people have accepted the results of the war in good faith because we had to, but, at bottom, we don't love the North much better than France loves Germany. *How well does Ireland love England?* Get *that* measure of affection, and you will be mighty close to the feeling of the South for the North.

All the world, excepting England, believes that it would be better

for Ireland if she could achieve her independence. Her people are so different from the English that the government of the one by the other has been a long story of barbarous oppression and savage retaliation. But there is no wider difference between the Irish and the English than there is between the South and the North. Ireland is a subject province of the British Empire, and the South is the subject section of this Union. *We* don't make the laws, and *we* don't administer them. The North rules us, in substantially the same manner that Great Britain rules India. Just as the English maintain their conquest of India by taking into copartnership with themselves a certain per centage of Hindus, so the North holds the South in subjection by enlisting Southern capitalists and politicians. They put their money into our daily newspapers; they subsidize such organs as *The Manufacturers' Record;* they buy up our railroads; they capitalize our mills; they finance our street railways; they supply our banks,—always taking Southern men in with them to a certain extent—and they appoint some of our politicians to good positions. United themselves, the Northern capitalists divide the Southerners, and thus rule and despoil the South. *Bleak New England*—poverty-cursed by nature—*has been enriched beyond the dreams of Croesus by the plundered wealth-producers of the South.* There has never been a day since the Civil War when the North did not rob us of more than half of our cotton crop, with her infernal and insatiable tariff system. We pay at least $40,000,000 per annum of the pensions drawn by Union soldiers,—have been doing it for twenty years and will have to keep on doing it for the next fifty years. The war indemnity which Germany wrung from France staggered the world: it was a billion dollars; but the South has already paid a greater indemnity than that, and *the heaviest part is yet to come.*

When Great Britain crushed the South-African republics, *she did not pin the Boers down with bayonets and set black heels on white necks*, as the North did with us. She did not compel the Dutch to swallow any bitter pills like the Fifteenth Amendment to our Constitution: she left the conquered people to adjust their own domestic affairs, and offered no objection when the conquered whites adopted laws which debarred the blacks from all political privileges.

The North refused to allow us the same freedom, *after our guns had been stacked. HAD THE CONFEDERACY BEEN GIVEN THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR US, THE FLAG NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN FURLED AT APPOMATTOX.* Leaders like Forrest would have brushed the West Pointers aside, would have taken to the swamps and the mountains as Marion and Sumpter did in the Revolutionary War, and the fight would have gone on until every gray-beard and every school-boy in the South had been sacrificed. Had our people dreamed of the horrors of Reconstruction, had they known that an everlasting Negro Question would be the heritage of the conflict, had they been gifted with the foresight to see that the day would come when no white woman would dare to get out of the reach of the protecting arms of white men, and that the black rapist would overshadow the land with an awful fear—the sword

of Lee would *NEVER* have gone back into its scabbard so long as there were living men to throw the line of resistance between the South and that frightful doom.

ABHORRENCE at the suggestion of Southern independence? Pluperfect bosh! Sickening servility! The quintessence of apostacy! The high-water mark of truckling self-abasement and lick-log propitiation!

Mr. Dickinson did not believe what he said, and the Northern people know that he did not speak the truth. They would respect him a great deal more if he had not kow-towed so low.

We are quite sincere in saying, as we have done before, that it would have been vastly better for the South had the Confederacy succeeded. We were a homogeneous people, and our Constitution was a great improvement over that of the Union. To maintain our independence, and our army and navy, would have required far less than we now contribute to the Federal treasury. Had we succeeded, we would have had no greater enmity for the North than we now have, because we would not have had Reconstruction and the Fifteenth Amendment to rankle in our hearts. We would have had no constant irritant, such as we now have in the social equality blacks, the office-holding coons, and the niggerite white people of the North who are eternally putting the devil into the heads of the "Afro-Americans." The Western States would be far better off in a separate government of their own. *It will come some day.* Those imperial States will grow tired of New England pillage and will throw off the yoke. The Southern States would be far better off in a confederacy of their own. *It will come some day.* With just such laws as Aldrich and Lodge and Gallinger and Hale—all of New England—are forcing through Congress at this time, the Union will be split into four grand divisions, and this hemisphere will be all the happier for it.

The Path of Glory

IN SIR WILLIAM FRASER'S book, "Disræli and His Day," we find this passage:

"Like all men who have a real knowledge and appreciation of true poetry, Disræli was a great admirer of Gray. He said to me with great fervour, 'Byron visited Greece; he walked on Olympus: he drank from Castalia; there was everything to inspire him. Gray never was in Greece in his life: yet he wrote finer lines than Byron:

> "'"Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep:
> Isles that crown the Aegean deep:
> Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
> Or where Mæander's amber waves
> In lingering labyrinths creep."'"

"He pronounced the last line very slowly.

"On another occasion I asked him which he admired most of the stanzas of

'Gray's Elegy'. He replied, 'That will require a good deal of thinking.' He added, 'You have made up your mind'? 'Yes.'

> "'"The boast of Heraldry; the pomp of Power:
> And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour:
> The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave."'"

I have often heard this stanza from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" used for the purpose of discouraging ambition. In my judgment, the poet had no such intention. He meant merely to give expression to that thought which the Romans had in mind when they placed in the chariot of the conqueror on the day of his triumph an attendant whose duty it was to repeat from time to time in the ear of the victor, "*But remember that you are mortal*". The same thought was in the mind of the Orientals who stood up a mummy case in the banquet hall where revelers were feasting.

Properly understood, there is in all this no discouragement to honorable ambition. True, the paths of glory lead but to the grave, but whither leads any other path? The law-giver, after all his toil and all the splendor of the civic crown, sinks to the dust; but equally so does the thoughtless, aimless boor, who had no care beyond his pig-stye.

The warrior, after the battles have been fought and won, after the dash of onset, the thrill of contest, the hot wine of triumph, sleeps coldly and alone; but equally dismal is the fate of the coward cur who wounded himself with an imaginary bullet, shirked the fight, and lived, the scorn of mankind.

There was once an Indian chief, celebrated in the mountains of North Georgia. Some one asked him the way to his home. The red man haughtily answered, "*I go home along the mountain tops*".

To each one of us comes the hour when we meet

> "The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,
> Who bears the key of all the creeds".

To me, it seems far more noble, far more inspiring to have the inevitable meeting *somewhere in the pathway that leads us home along the mountain tops.*

Foreign Missions and the Needs of the Home Field

IN A RECENT issue of *The Christian Index*, appeared a communication from Rev. William H. Smith, of Richmond, Va.

The opening paragraph laid down the law in the following flat-flooted way:

> *"There can be no question* but that the great masses of the people in Catholic countries need the Gospel. It is the testimony of missionaries and others that for the most part *the people in Catholic countries are as ignorant of the saving truth of the Gospel as they are in heathen lands. We are as much obligated to give these people the Word of God and the knowledge of the way of salvation as we are to give it to any other people in the world.* No Protestant, and certainly no Baptist, could deny the need and our responsibility for preaching to the people who do not know the Gospel."

I consider *that* a fine specimen of self-complacent ministerial dogmatism. The learned Doctor opens the discussion of a very big question by saying there is nothing to discuss. It reminds me of a Trust magnate, like Divine-right Baer, saying to a lot of strikers who propose arbitration, "There is nothing to arbitrate".

Well! *well!! WELL!!!*

So we Protestants have not only got to buckle down to it and give 800,000,000 pagans a heave-up,—materially, mentally, morally, and spiritually—but we must shoulder the responsibility for a couple of hundred millions of Catholic Christians, also. My! That's a whopping contract!

But "there is no question" about it,—Dr. Smith settled the whole thing in his very first paragraph.

We Protestants of the United States are sending missionaries to Austria, Italy, France, Portugal and Spain. As everybody knows, the nations enumerated constitute an integral part of Christendom. From these countries went forth the Crusaders, under the banners of the Cross, to wrench from the infidels the sepulchre of Christ. Yet, although these countries were converted to Christianity hundreds of years before the white man ever put his foot upon the American continent, we are now asked by the foreign missionaries to supply them with money, in order that they may go to Europe and establish schools, open churches and convert these Catholic Christians to the Protestant faith.

Those nations are able to take care of their own children. They have systems of education quite equal to ours. Their church work is thoroughly organized. Every man, woman and child in Continental Europe who wishes to attend school and become converted to Christ, is afforded the opportunity. Why, then, should we put upon our necks,

and the necks of our posterity, the tremendous burden of responsibility for Catholic Europe?

The ground upon which this policy is based is, *that Catholicism is tantamount to paganism.* Missionary literature describes the Catholic religion as idolatrous and debasing. In the book entitled "What God Has Wrought", published recently by the Church and Mission Alliance, page 151, I find an interesting reference to conditions in Anam:

"Here are twenty-two millions of immortal souls for whom our Saviour died, and no one to tell them the story of His love. Are the Anamites a degraded heathen people? Yes, even more so, if possible, than the Chinese, and not only so but *doubly damned by the blight and curse of Romanism.*"

In another place this book refers to Roman Catholicism as "that degrading superstition."

In the book called "Foreign Missions after a Century," by James S. Dennis, D. D., page 162, the author says:—

"It is unhappily true that Romish, and especially Jesuit missions, are not content simply to push their own work side by side with evangelical agencies, but *they wage war upon Protestant missions and seek with unscrupulous zeal and bitter determination to destroy them.* The missions of the Romish Church are active, vigorous and extended. Upon almost every field of Protestant missionary activity we have *these cunning and implacable foes crowding against us* and seeking through every channel of influence to stay our progress."

The author then proceeds to show that in Japan, China, Tonquin, Cochin China, Ceylon, Malaysia, the Caroline Islands and the Punjab, as well as in Syria, Mexico, and Uganda, *the Catholics are making alarming headway.*

The Rev. J. H. Eager, under the auspices of the American Baptist Publication Society, has given to the world a most valuable work called "Romanism in Its Home". From this book we make the following extracts:

"To my great surprise, I found people bowing before images and actually praying to them, and to my horror I learned that Catholicism not only sanctions and encourages this practice, but strictly enjoins it upon the people, promising a special blessing to all who comply therewith.

"A visit to Naples and Southern Italy, in 1881, increased my surprise and sorrow, for there I found not only refined, respectable idolatry, but a low and gross form of it, worthy only of uncivilized pagans. I began to feel also that just in those places where the priests have most power over the people, there ignorance, superstition, and vice seem to abound in greatest measure."

"On entering another church in Rome I found three images, all of which were supposed to possess miraculous powers. Seeing a very ugly, repulsive-looking head, crowned with thorns, and blood trickling down on the face, and the features all distorted and disfigured, I asked the old sexton what it meant, and he informed me that it was an ancient head of Christ. 'Do people come here to pray to this head?' I asked.

"'Yes, indeed,' he replied.

"'But why do they pray to it? Does it perform miracles?' I inquired.

"'Why, certainly; do you not see the many votive offerings which have been brought by those who have received a blessing? *Every church has an image that works miracles.*'

"I once said to an ex-priest: 'Is it true that image worship exists in the Catholic churches of Italy?'

"He replied without a moment's hesitation: 'Yes, pure and simple. Perhaps,' he added, 'the more intelligent make the distinction between the image and that represented by it, but *thousands fix their thoughts on the image alone*, and actually pay their devotions to the piece of wood or stone which is before them.'

"Once convince the people that these images work miracles and confer great spiritual blessings—and many of the priests leave no stone upturned to accomplish this purpose—is it not natural for them to conclude that they are worthy of veneration and adoration?

"I have in my possession a remarkable book published in Rome in 1797, '*De Prodigi Avvenuti in Molte Sacre Immagini*', etc., with the approval of the Vatican authorities and written by the 'Apostolic Examiner of the Clergy'. On page 87 I find the following words:

" 'In the new series of marvels which the providence of God had reserved until our times, it seems that He also wished to confirm the faith of the Catholic Church and to animate and authenticate the pious custom of the faithful in preserving and *offering worship to the Most Holy Images*, not only in our churches and oratories, but also in private houses, and especially in the public streets, and in the presence of all.' "

From Mexico, the West Indies, and from South America come similar accounts of the degradation into which Roman Catholicism sinks its votaries. Take Bishop H. C. Morrison's description of a typical home in Brazil:

"Go in the average Brazilian home and see what Romanism has done for family life. No Bible nor any other book to drive out ignorance and superstition. Hardness and apparent hopelessness on every hand. A miserable crucifix on the bare wall, with faded pictures of traditional saints. A pole twenty feet high erected at the front of the house, with a flag at the top, bearing the picture of some particular saint, on whom they depend for protection against certain ills or evils. Sometimes, there are from two to six of these saint flags in front of the same cheerless abode. (It is only a lodging place and not a home.) One saint protects against storms, another against disease, and so on ad infinitum. The wife of the ordinary Brazilian in the rural districts is the woman who stays at a man's house, takes care of the children, does the washing, feeds the pigs, cooks his beans and rice and waits on him while he eats. Hopelessness and dejection are stamped upon the face that seems as if it never knew the blessing of a smile. The children in these homes are to know what the parents know and leave the same legacy of soul slavery and superstition to their children. Such is the work of Romanism in Brazil and in all South America."

Such facts as these are set forth to justify mission work in Catholic countries.

Necessity compels the missionaries to prove to us that Roman Catholicism is a degrading paganism,—else they would have no excuse whatever for asking us to incur the expense of sending the Word of God to those who already have it. But if that be the Protestant viewpoint, *why go abroad to combat the Pope?* He can give us all the fighting we want, right here at home. He rules our cities. He has been the mightiest factor in our politics, ever since the priests of New York beat James G. Blaine. Cardinal Gibbons is the power behind the throne. The Catholic hierarchy is so powerful that both old parties fear it and obey it.

We dare not claim for the state *the right to know what*

is going on in Nunneries, where young and healthy women are taught obedience to young and healthy priests. We can send missionaries to Italy, and *these* can publish books about the scandals that attach to the priests and the Nuns. They make no bones of telling us that *in Europe* when a man becomes a priest he does not cease to be a man, nor lose the passions of a man. Therefore, we learn that there is always a good looking housekeeper at the priestly residence, and that the prurient curiosity and sexual appetites of girls and women are tickled, stimulated and blown into flames by the licentiously suggestive questions asked at the confessional.

Our Protestant Missionaries dwell indignantly upon such inherent ills of the Roman Catholic system, *as seen in Europe;* but where is Protestantism forming its line of battle against the papal legions *in this country?*

Will Catholicism be different in America? *Will not the fruits of the tree be the same here, as in Italy?* If priests and nuns have the frailties of men and women in Europe, how do they get rid of them in America? If superstitious practices are abhorrent to common sense when seen in Spain, Portugal and South America, why do they excite no loathing in the United States? *If in Europe, Roman Catholicism has sunk its votaries in idolatry, vice, ignorance, mental and spiritual darkness, why, in the name of God! are we not bending every energy to arrest its swift advance in our own country?*

Of recent years an almost incredible change has crept over our people. The sturdy independence of mind which in earlier days mocked the priest and defied the King has been superceded by a grovelling flunkeyism which prostrates itself before the altar and the throne. The highest ambition of our Society people is to be "presented" to the bloated voluptuary who wears the English crown: the loftiest aspiration of fourteen millions of American Catholics is to be permitted to kiss a cardinal's ring or a Pope's foot. The spell of superstition has laid hold of the land. We are becoming idolatrous pagans. We believe in "miracles" worked by the touch of old bones, by a bath in sanctified water, by prayers offered to some "Saint".

Just one example!

There is a monthly magazine, *Bethlehem*, published by the Catholics. Its chief object seems to be to propagate "the devotion to St. Anthony of Padua".

This Saint, we are told, has great influence in the councils of the Most High, and prayers to him are always answered when those who seek favors are willing to pay for them. The payments are made to the priests, of course. Concerning the reality of the thing, Pope Leo XIII wrote:

"It would seem as if *this image invites and* so to speak, *provokes the faithful to ask the Saint for favours, binding themselves as soon as they shall have received them to give a sum of money* settled by themselves and which is employed in buying bread for those in want. * * *"

Here we have the holy Papa himself giving a certificate of good

character to St. Anthony and declaring that the Saint invites and provokes the faithful, who are willing to pay for the favors, to ask for them. No matter what favor may be desired, the Saint is ready to take the case, provided the faithful are willing to pay the fee. The good and powerful Anthony invariably gets what is wanted. Is it a lost pocketbook? Is it a good husband? Is it escape from fire or sickness? Is it a servant? Is it relief from pain? Is it a tenant for a vacant house? St. Anthony is the most versatile and accommodating Saint on the calendar,—he attends to all such matters as those mentioned, as you can learn from letters written to *Bethlehem* by the grateful devotees. The following are fair samples:

(1)

"I am sending you an offering in thanksgiving for a favour granted through St. Joseph and St. Anthony.—*I lost an article and at once commenced a novena,* and promised to have it published in the Bethlehem. *On the second day the article was restored to me. Surely St. Anthony is a miracle worker.*

(2)

"I send you an offering in thanksgiving for the favour granted through the holy intercession of St. Anthony. The intention for which I requested your prayers was *that I might get a good and suitable husband* and happy home, and *thank God my desire has been granted, much to the surprise of everyone.*"

(3)

"I promised an offering to St. Anthony for your School, *if he would help my sister recover a pocket-book, containing money and jewelry, which she had lost.* My request was granted, *the book being found in a mysterious manner.*—T. O'B., Brooklyn, U. S. A."

(4)

"I enclose an offering in honour of St. Anthony and for a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. *I promised this offering to St. Anthony, if he would get a tenant for a house that was vacant for months,* so now it is rented and I hasten to fulfill my promise. I also enclose an offering for a mass of thanksgiving in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for all the graces and blessings bestowed on us.—M. B., Louisville, U. S. A."

(5)

"Enclosed find an offering to Dear St. Anthony, the Infant Jesus, His Holy Mother and St. Joseph for favours received.

"We had a contagious disease and two members of the family escaped after invoking our patron. The others had a safe and speedy recovery. We were also assisted in a former sickness which I failed to mention. *Dear St. Anthony never fails to help when I invoke him.*—B. M., U. S. A."

(6)

"You will find enclosed herewith my offering, in payment of a debt to St. Anthony, who has helped me in a most providential manner to find an object which I value very much and which I thought I had left behind me, when traveling, in the train. *Now after making a promise to St. Anthony, I have found this object in a trunk where I have no recollection of having put it.*"

(7)

"I had recommended myself to St. Anthony and to the Souls in Purgatory, promising a Mass and insertion in 'Bethlehem' *if I found a sum of money which was wanted. My prayer was granted* so I hasten to fulfill my promise and recommend myself to the prayers of the Institute."

(8)

"I had promised an offering *if my son obtained the situation he wished for. The prayer was granted* at the very moment we least expected it. *Thanks to St. Anthony.*"

(9)

"A great forest-fire threatened our land. *We appealed to St. Anthony, who has preserved us from the scourge we feared.* Thanks to this good Saint.—H. L., Saint-Esprit, Canada."

(10)

"I was suffering a great pain in my eyes for several days. Then *it occurred to me to apply to the painful part, the blessed medal of St. Anthony* and Our Lady of Lourdes. *A great relief followed.* I thank my holy patron-Saints and beg you to publish this favour in 'Bethlehem'.—E. R., U. C., Canada."

(11)

"A relation of mine *had some payments to meet* and had not the necessary sum to fulfill the engagement at the appointed time. *She promised a mass in honour of St. Anthony, for the Souls in Purgatory, if work arrived in time.* She had no cause for disappointment in St. Anthony."

(12)

"I request you to have three masses said in honour of St. Anthony, *through whose intercession I have found two good servants* and have obtained another temporal favour.—A CHILD OF MARY."

Would you have believed that a modern Pope could encourage such idiotic superstition as these letters disclose? Did you know that there were people, outside the lunatic asylums, capable of writing such letters? Could you have imagined that there were magazines being published which are crammed, month after month, with such imbecile drivel, such nauseating nonsense?

That kind of thing carries one back to the Dark Ages, fills one with shame and disgust, and causes one to fear that, after all, it is a hopeless undertaking to strive to free mankind from priesthoods and aristocracies—the twin curses that have destroyed so many a state.

If it has not recently been taken down, you may see, just inside the main entrance of one of the oldest and most beautiful cemeteries in America, a box, *with a slot for the coin*, under a placard worded in large letters:

"AH, HOW I SUFFER IN THESE FLAMES, AND YOU FORGET ME."

Beneath this appeal, *from the soul in Purgatory*, comes the request for money,—

"Contributions placed in this box will be used to provide for saying masses for the souls of the faithful who are buried in this cemetery."

You feel like rubbing your eyes, don't you? You have been smiling indifferently, as you read of superstition *in Europe and South America*, —but is it not time for you to realize that religious blindness knows no geography, halts at no frontier, draws no color line, wields a sceptre,—old as the human race,—which will never be broken as long as fear-enslaved mothers shackle their children with the dread of death, making them *cowards to the Unknown?*

* * * * * * * * * *

While Missionary literature is flooding the country and every min-

ister of the Gospel is practically under orders to make a specialty of collections for the foreign field: while the demand for the annual expenditures for the work has been advanced to $80,000,000, and one of the great churches has definitely assumed as its "share" the training, education and conversion of 40,000,000 heathen, *let us take a glance over the home field.* Let us see what Americans are doing for America. Before we lose our minds entirely in the fine frenzy for the poor benighted heathen, let us endeavor to get an intelligent comprehension of *our own national conditions and tendencies.* Before we go daft about the "Uplift of China", let us be certain that we don't need an uplift ourselves.

In the United States we are spending $600,000,000 yearly in the effort to punish crime, and everybody knows that crime was never so rampant. Only the weak and clumsy criminal gets caught and punished. The cunning and the great cannot be handled at all. Within the period of a few months there were more than a hundred murders in New York City which were classed as "mysterious," because the assassins could never be identified and arrested. *Beneath the shelter of some Secret Society, the red-handed criminal ducked and disappeared.*

While engaged in correcting the type-written copy of this article, the following item of news appeared in the N. Y. *Globe:*

"I was hungry—starving, your honor. I did not want to die, so I took that meat so I might live," pleaded nineteen-year-old Harry Rosenberg to Magistrate Breen in Essex Market Court when arraigned today on a charge of burglary of the butcher shop of Max Lent, at 73 Norfolk street.

The young man did not get out of the shop with the half-liver and three pounds of chops he had taken, however, as Butcher Hyman Sargon entered and found Rosenberg there.

"I'm sorry for the chap," said the magistrate, "for I believe his story. But I can do nothing for him in the sight of the law, except to commend him for telling the truth.

"I hold him in $1,500 bail for trial."

As Rosenberg could not produce bail, he will eat in jail pending trial.

On the same day, the papers were telling us how Federal Judge Hand, *of the same city*, declined to require bonds of the indicted Sugar Trust magnates and released those self-confessed but powerful criminals to *the custody of their own lawyers!* The starving youth who grabbed a piece of raw beef is in jail and will be punished: the thieves who were caught stealing nine million dollars from the Government walked smilingly out of court without having to even sign a recognizance. Items similar to these could be listed by the score. There is one law for the rich and another for the poor,—we see it all over the land.

In 1850 there was in the United States one prisoner to 3,500 of population; in 1860, one to every 1,600; in 1880, one to 900; in 1890, one to every 800. And the shame of it is that thousands who ought to be prisoners, never are. We have some crimes and some criminals that we find ourselves utterly unable to punish.

The most alarming feature about the increase of the law-breaking

class is the heavy proportion of juvenile offenders. Boys of tender age commit every variety of crime, from petit larceny to assaults on girls.

Did it ever occur to you that 1,752,187 of the children in this Union, under the age of 16 years, are at work in factories, mines, quarries, and sweatshops? *In this frightful haste is the Saturn of our Christian civilization devouring his own children.*

Do you realize what it means to our future when the census reports prove that the disgrace of illiteracy hangs like a mill-stone about our necks?

Is it nothing to you that your colleges sneer at your creed, and the Socialist vows the downfall of your state?

Does the despair of the suicide,—the wretch who took his own life because he could get no work and his children were crying for bread amid riches such as the world never knew before,—strike no terror to your soul?

When you ponder upon the sordid Commercialism which counts human life as naught and dollars as all; when you see how the laws rob those whose labor brings forth the wealth; when you reflect that *the Moloch of profits and dividends is demanding the annual sacrifice of a larger number of human lives than fell during any year of our Civil War—have you no sickening doubts about the integrity of what we call our Christian civilization?*

Have you no doubt of the success of our system when you are told by such men as Dr. Alexander McNicholl that,

"Conditions in the New York public schools rival those of ancient Sodom. The degeneracy, mental deficiency and other drawbacks to the proper education of youth have increased at a pace that threatens the future of the Republic"?

When you learn that the tentacles of the white-slave traffic enfold and drag down 50,000 white women of our land every year, does your optimism find no difficulty in wearing its patent-leather smile?

When a New York physician like Dr. W. W. Sanger, and a Government Commission like that appointed by President Roosevelt indict our Christian commercialism for the degradation of our fallen sisters, do you feel no distrust,—no fear that the soul has gone out of our civilization and that its own heartlessness will break it down?

In the report of the Roosevelt "Homes Commission" (page 301 and those following) is a study of wages and the cost of living. It is found that the prices of the necessaries of life have advanced and that wages, *measured by their purchasing power*, have decreased. That is, the workman who is paid more than in 1906, is unable to purchase now as much food and clothing as he did then with his smaller wages.

The Commission carefully investigated the cost of living in the cities and found that it was $768.54 per family per year. It then took up the matter of the weekly earnings of 3,297,811 toilers, and found that *the average* was $10.06. The males of 16 years and over averaged $11.16 per week; the women, $6.17; the children under 16 years, $3.46. Of the men, 1,215,798 (or 46½ per cent. of the whole number) *earn less than $10 per week.*

The Commission reports that "*it is utterly impossible*" to support a family on those wages.

Therefore, what happens?

Men take to drink, crime and suicide: women go to the sweatshops, the factories, the brothels: the children go to the dividend-mill, to the House of Correction, to the Potter's Field.

And this in a Christian land, where we have the Protective System in all its glory, levying the highest tariffs ever known, *for the purpose of insuring good wages to Labor!*

After this final chapter on missions was written and while it was being typed, came a startling corroboration to the testimony tending to prove that our churches are not doing right by our own people. Rev. Loomis O. Black, one of the most popular clergymen of New York State, refused to continue doing ministerial work, *although his congregation offered to double his salary.* He abandons the ministry and states why. He says:

"The Church has absolutely no desire to wield any influence to help the common people to get fair play. It is not back of any organization of men to get their rights. The moneyed classes of today control the attitude of the Church toward any problem. The Church is more interested in righting men's little faults and inconsistencies than it is in dealing with the great faults that are undermining society.

"The Church will find fault with a vaudeville performance or a baseball game on Sunday, but it will say nothing against a system which year after year degrades and starves millions. Why, today in this country there are four millions of persons starving and the Church, while it has a sympathetic spirit and deals out charity, is doing absolutely nothing to remove the causes that produce that unfortunate condition.

"In the days gone by the Church has wielded a tremendous influence, but it has undeniably lost its hold on the people because for many years it has had no definite policy on any vital problem. It has been interested in its theology, discussing its creeds and attempting to build up its denominations, rather than to minister to the real needs of man."

Within trumpet call of the palaces of such detestable Pharisees as Andrew Carnegie, John Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan and John Wanamaker you may find the needle-woman bent over her work in some foul, pestilential dungeon of a tenement stitching white aprons (requiring, with the band, six long seams) *at 15 cents per dozen.* She has to pay expressage on the finished aprons as they are returned to the Christian firm which employs her, and the net earning to her on 120 aprons is $1.35. She cannot average more than 36 aprons per day: consequently, *if she has no illness herself, and has no sick child to nurse*, she can earn a wage of *40 cents per day*, out of which must come food, clothing, rent and all other living expenses for herself and children. The Christian firm, which pays her a little more than a cent apiece for making the aprons, sells them at 25 cents each. The cloth perhaps cost five or six cents.

Go to another reeking, stinking room and you will find a widow and a little brood of children. The mother is making trousers for a clothing firm. These pantaloons are sold out from New York as *custom made*, and are intended for fashionable summer use. The woman gets

10 cents a pair for making those trousers which sell at from $5 to $10. Unless she puts an extraordinary strain upon herself, she cannot finish more than three pairs a day.

The hideous annals of the sweat-shops are strewn with details equally heart-rending. For knee-pants of the grammar-school size, the sewing-woman gets *16 cents per dozen*. For cheap *overcoats*, she is paid *four cents* apiece; for the finer quality, *lined with satin*, she gets *eight cents apiece!*

For men's ordinary coats, she is paid *six cents* each; for fine pantaloons, 13 cents a pair. For the uniforms, worn by U. S. mail carriers, the sewing-women get *nine and a half cents a pair*. For overalls, with straps going over the shoulders, and with *thirty distinct seams to be stitched*, making in all 32½ feet of sewing, the seamstress is paid five cents, from which is deducted the cost of carriage both ways,—from the Christian firm to her sickly den, and from her den back to the magnificent store. To add to the agony of this work, the cloth is stiff, hard on her sewing machine, and breaks about 10 cents' worth of needles every week.

Yet our misguided people are going crazy for cots in Chinese hospitals, gymnasiums for Korea, and kindergartens for Jaan! Great God! Why have we no eyes and ears and hearts for the suffering, toiling, perishing millions here in Christian America?

President Roosevelt appointed a Commission to investigate the *homes* of our people,—not the homes of heathen, but the homes of Christians. The official report of that Commission was so appalling that the Government suppressed it. I am indebted to the courtesy of Senator A. O. Bacon for a copy of so much of that report as was put in pamphlet form. This document, prepared by national officials and published by national authority, furnishes terrible testimony against the foreign missionary fanatics who are acting upon the theory that all is well with us in our Christian republic.

The array of evidence relating to poverty, to vice, to the social evil, to drug fiends, to the deadly nostrums of quacks, to the health-destroying conditions under which our working-people labor, to unsanitary dwellings,—to adulterated food, to infant mortality, to diseases due to vice, to the drink evil, to illiteracy, to the horrors of the slums—ought to be sufficient to whip the conscience and torture the soul of every Christian and humanitarian in America.

On page 222, the facts are given touching 2,000 prostitutes who were asked how they came to be in that business. Nearly all of them were girls or young women: only 96 were over 40 years of age. The majority of them were natives of New York and the New England States.

And one-fourth of the number of these fallen angels, when asked to tell why they were leading that kind of life, answered, "*From inclination!*" Merciful heaven! What is the matter with Christianity, *in Puritan New England*, when 513 out of 2,000 harlots, mainly from our self-righteous section, will brazenly tell investigators, "*I came into a brothel because I wanted to live that way?*"

And *we*,—smug, conceited, Pharisaical in the perfunctory performance of the ceremonial of religion—are mightily concerned lest the Korean boys should not have a splendid gymnasium, and the Korean girls should not have a boarding-school where they can be protected and nurtured until they marry!

But why did the other three-fourths of the 2,000 American women become inmates of houses of ill-fame?

Five hundred and twenty-five declared that *destitution* drove them to it: 258 said that they had been seduced and abandoned: 181 owed their ruin to drink: the ill-treatment of parents, relations and husbands was the cause assigned by 164; bad company and the persuasion of bad women victimized 155; idleness and the wish to have an easy life misled 154; while 24 were seduced on board emigrant ships, and 27 were violated.

The greater number of these unfortunate creatures had been wage earners, but 534 had been paid only one dollar per week; 336 had earned $2 per week; 230, $3; 127, $4.

This brings us to that awful suggestion made to poor white girls by their Christian employers, "*Get a gentleman friend to assist you.*"

Investigation has shown that the wages of women in the great Northern cities average less than $5 per week. For doing the same work as men, they are paid much less. What chance has a girl to escape temptation and ruin? The conditions which we self-conceited Christians tolerate *literally drive our people into poverty*,—and poverty tends to make sots of the men and strumpets of the women. As one of the heart-broken victims cried out in her shame and bitter resentment, "*Let God Almighty judge who's to blame most—I that was driven or them that drove me to the pass I'm in.*"

With more than a million of our girls and boys ground up in the industrial hopper to produce dropsical dividends: with more than six millions of illiterates clogging the wheels; with ten millions sentenced to perpetual servitude by the laws which license the banking and manufacturing class to despoil the agricultural class of all it produces, excepting a living wage; with tens of thousands of prostitutes contaminating the stream of national life with syphilitic infection,—to the woe of wives and the death or decadence of the offspring,—and with a drink bill and a drug bill which almost stagger belief, who is it that escapes intense concern for our future?

In the New York *American*, Mary Shaw, the actress, has an interview from which the following is taken:

"Think of a room where a mother worked at baby robes which rich people later were to buy. She was surrounded by her own three children, whimpering and crying and longing for a little childish joy. At every effort on their part to laugh or talk or prattle they were warned by a 'Hush, children, hush,' from the mother. For four men slept at one end of the room on the bare floor, and unless the children kept still so that the men were not disturbed, they would not come to sleep here the next day and the woman would lose the five cents paid by each man for the sleeping privilege. The men worked at night, but were too poorly paid to get any better lodgings than these. The room, of course, abounded in disease germs."

In the Atlanta *Journal* there recently appeared a letter from which I quote:

"Editor Atlanta Journal:—I am the widow of a newspaper man and I am reduced to absolute beggary. I have not a dollar and I have three children. For God's and humanity's sake, won't you help me? This is a prayer as much as if I were kneeling before you and speaking. I have tried and tried, perseveringly, steadily, desperately to find work that will enable me to support my children and myself and I meet with nothing but failure. Won't you, through your paper, ask the newspaper fraternity to help me? It is bitter, so bitter, to me to do this, and for myself, I think I'd much prefer death, but for my children who are in misery and want, I must. If I can get enough money to supply their present needs while I go on trying for work, it may be that I can find it some time, for surely somewhere there must be work for one so willing and so anxious as I to find it."

President Taft's brother owns a newspaper in Cincinnati which reported the case of Wm. B. Pettus, accused of counterfeiting. When arraigned in court, he said:

"I plead guilty to everything. * * * When a man is starving he has got a right to do anything to get bread and butter. I was starving and I did this, either to get something to eat, or to break into jail where the state will have to feed me. The state is humane and will not let me starve in prison. It is my misfortune that, in order to get food, I have to commit a crime. I would rather work for my bread and butter, but I have not been able to find work."

In the *Commercial-Appeal* of Memphis, Tenn., appeared, Sunday morning, May 2, 1909, this advertisement:

"SITUATION wanted by young man to keep him from starving; salary or character of work is immaterial; is shoemaker by trade, but is quick with his hands and is willing to do anything to make an honest living; best of references. Address E 29, this office."

I could fill this magazine with similar items, things happening around us every day.

Along with these clippings, taken almost at random from the papers which come to my table, there is another,—a letter written by T. O. Hearn from Pingtu, Shangtu, China. Brother Hearn wishes to stimulate contributions to foreign missions, and he tells the story of a Texas woman who found herself possessed of a somewhat ferocious determination to furnish a five-dollar cot to the Oxner Memorial Hospital. This good Texas lady had no means of her own. How, then, was she to give the poor heathen that cot? The lady herself says that she prevailed upon some of her neighbors to buy a few of her books (Christmas presents from her friends), and that she extracted a dollar from a gentleman whom she calls "our county missionary;" but, after all her efforts, she still lacked fifty cents. I will let the Texas lady relate in her own words how she secured the final contribution:

"*We have a neighbor, a poor widow woman, in ill health and living on rented land.* She ran in to see me a few days ago, saying she knew what being sick meant, and that she had been wanting to give me something for a long time. Handing me a little package, she ran away. I opened it, and *there were five yards of embroidery, a*

handkerchief, and fifty cents. That poor widow! I could not keep the tears back, and we all cried. I told sister I did not feel worthy to touch it, but she said that it would not be right to hurt her feelings by returning it; and *I said I would add it to my cot, which would make the five dollars.*"

Did you ever read anything that gave you a queerer feeling than the above? A Texas woman, presumably of sound mind, so hypnotized by the influence of missionary propaganda that she believes she has won applause in heaven and on earth when she, a poor sick woman, has taken from another poor widowed and afflicted woman her handiwork and her money to buy a cot for a hospital in China!

* * * * * * * * * *

Stung by the revelations which the JEFFERSONIANS, monthly and weekly, have been making, the missionaries, and those who uphold the present system, have begun to publish articles defending it. One of these articles was written by the well-known journalist, Frank G. Carpenter. He takes up Korea, and he maintains that American money invested in Korean missions will earn larger dividends than when placed anywhere else. What does he mean by "dividends" upon mission investments? Does he count as dividends the *numbers* of those who join the Christian churches? Apparently, that is his meaning. But how can he, or any one else, judge by such a criterion? After a century of missionary work among these simple-minded, indolent and effeminate Koreans, only 150,000 of them have pretended to be converted. Of these, the Catholics have 50,000. How many of the converts which the priests coralled *joined the Christian church to escape the crushing burden of Korean taxation? THAT WAS THE BAIT* which tempted these very inferior people to become Christians,—*why did Mr. Carpenter omit the mention of that fact?* Is it not a most material fact to be considered, in passing upon the sincerity of the "Converts?"

The Christian religion has carried millions of dollars to Korea, where the money was sadly needed. These Christian dollars have built splendid churches and schools for the decadent, immoral and almost helpless natives. Their children have been clothed, fed, housed and taught. In a variety of ways, they have received the benefit of European and American charity. Of course, they like it. Of course, they want more of it. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia and New York, gave the Koreans nearly $40,000 to put up a Y. M. C. A. hall. They are pleased with it. They now ask that we send them $15,000 for a Gymnasium, and $10,000 "to complete the equipment of the industrial establishment."

They also need "a few thousand dollars more to employ native men who have graduated from the American colleges."

The closing paragraph of Mr. Carpenter's article, after mentioning the amounts desired for the gymnasium, the industrial school, and the native workers, ends with the sentence, "I know of no place where any investment will bring better results."

I had no idea that Mr. Carpenter was so unconscious of the exist-

ence of thousands of places in his own country where an investment of $15,000 would produce better results than in building a gymnasium in Korea, and where "a few thousand" wisely expended would do more good than when used to employ Korean college graduates to give a college education to Korean boys and girls.

John Wanamaker, magnificent business man and advertiser, gave $40,000 for a Korean Y. M. C. A. hall, and got space worth four times the money in all the papers! And the calculating Pharisee dwells in Philadelphia!!!

Mr. Carpenter says that such sums as we send to Korea to build gymnasiums, industrial schools and Y. M. C. A. halls cannot be better invested. The Hon. John Wanamaker appears to be of the same opinion. And yet the money ostentatiously sent to heathendom might find immensely more profitable employment in Christendom—yea, even in the city of Brotherly Love, wherein John Wanamaker resides.

There are some thousands of children who go hungry to school in this opulent city of Brotherly Love: some go without having had a mouthful of breakfast, and some go who have had but a piece of bread. And there are other children who cannot be sent to school at all: some because they lack clothing, and some because *their help is needed in the sweat-shop.*

Has John Wanamaker, the Christian millionaire, ever tried to organize relief for the poverty-cursed children of his home city—children who are foredoomed to ruin, children who have no chance to be good, children that never heard of the Christ who loved the little ones? Rich Pharisee that he is, John Wanamaker, like many other millionaires, would rather donate his money where it will redound to his glory in the columns of newspapers than go quietly into the purlieus of Philadelphia, Boston and New York and rescue some of the thousands who are lost in the Inferno of the slums.

There is a mountain territory in the Southern States that is much larger than New England. It embraces about 200 counties and contains a population of 2,500,000 people. These mountain folks are cut off from the outside world, and civilization has not lifted them in its upward march. They are poor, unprogressive, illiterate. They have no learning, and they do not even have the modern knowledge of how to live. A large majority of these neglected whites occupy one-room cabins, miserable little shacks, not nearly so comfortable as the cow-house of the average cotton-grower. Their food is scanty and poor, consisting of beans, coarse bread, with now and then a piece of hog-meat. It is a region in which some barefooted, and almost barelegged, woman,—plowing an ox while the man of the house has taken his pack and gone off for a trip to the still or a hunt in the woods,—will add as a commentary to the traveler's remark, that "*the scenery is glorious,*" —"*YES, IT'S A FINE COUNTRY FOR MEN AND DOGS, BUT IT'S HELL ON WOMEN AND STEERS.*"

In these wretched mountain hovels are sad-faced mothers, and crowds of dirty, ragged, ignorant children—sometimes a family of fif-

teen living in one room, with a dirt floor and no window, an abode of squalid poverty, degradation and sin.

Christians of Georgia! What are you thinking about when you neglect these white people of your own State, and trapse off to Mexico, Brazil and Japan to endow sumptuous boarding schools for foreign boys and girls?

The same reproach falls upon Alabama, and Tennessee, and the Carolinas, and Kentucky, and the two Virginias. It is an amazing thing that we can gloat over the magnificent and costly colleges, dormitories, hospitals, churches and schools which we are erecting in heathendom, *where wealth abounds and where the people are abundantly able to help themselves*, and can be so cruelly unsympathetic toward the poorer classes of our own great Caucasian race. *With the millionaire philanthropists of the Northern States dumping their donations on negro schools, TO PREPARE THE BLACKS FOR INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION AND SOCIAL EQUALITY WITH THE WHITES OF THE SOUTH, how can we Caucasians of the South ignore the danger to our future?* What will be the conditions of our posterity, if we divert to secular education in the Orient the funds needed for the uplift of our own? *For God's sake, give THIS ASPECT OF THE CASE a serious thought!*

Who is it that knows to a certainty that a single Oriental has ever become a sincere Christian? Who is it that *does not know* that if these Eastern people will live up to their own religious creeds they will be good men and women—just as good as we are?

Let us have no narrow-minded foolishness about this: ask any honest scholar and he will tell you that these Eastern peoples had a beautiful, refining and inspiring code of morality, long before Christians met in convention to vote the adoption of these separate writings which constitute our Bible.

John Wesley maintained that a heathen, who lived according to the best light he had, would be saved. Is it not the general belief, in this age of intellectual freedom, that a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, or a disciple of Confucius, who honestly believes in the religion of his fathers and who does his utmost to live according to its teachings, will not be damned to everlasting punishment? The creeds of these people, when faithfully observed, *make good men;* and have not our very best preachers declared that our Christian religion means, "*Being good and doing good?*" Will the Father of us all send *good people* to broil in an eternal hell? John Wesley said, "*NO*"! Who will say, "*YES*"?

The case of Elsie Sigel murdered by Chinese "converts" among whom she had been working, has created a profound sensation, and has encouraged a number of churchmen to speak out in loud condemnation of prevailing methods.

Speaking to a reporter of the New York *World* the Rev. Charles F. McArthur said:

"If the *World* would employ its great facilities for gathering news to obtaining a list of the mission girls ruined by Chinese whom they were teaching it would per-

form a service for which all the churches would be supremely grateful. There have been enough cases of that kind to fill an entire page in the paper. That list would be read everywhere as an awful object-lesson in depravity. I believe its publication would so shock the country as to correct the evil at which it would aim. Nothing short of some such exposure will stop it. The people need to be horrified. I shall be in sympathy with any measure, however shocking, to save our young women from a continuance of this infamy, and with what feeble force I have I will speak for it."

Dr. Paul Wakefield, of Springfield, Ill., concurs with Dr. McArthur, and makes the astounding admission that "*We Missionaries have known this for a long time and were not surprised when we heard of Miss Sigel's tragic death.*"

What was it that "We Missionaries have known for a long time", and would not tell until one poor white girl was brutally choked to death by Chinese "Converts"?

They *knew* that mission work among these Oriental heathen was fraught with peril to the virtue of the Christian girls who were detailed for the work. They *knew* that Chinese men were pretending to study the Bible *to get the chance to seduce the Christian girls.*

They knew it—"We Missionaries" did—and they did not tell it! They did not warn the girls, did not warn the parents of the girls, did not alarm the great Christian world where Public Sentiment, once aroused, might have applied the hot iron to the evil.

Said Dr. Wakefield: "*There are more women missionaries degraded by Chinese men than there are Chinese converted.*"

"We Missionaries have known this for a long time".

AND THEY WOULDN'T SPEAK OUT!

That is the most abominable feature of the whole ghastly business. *It makes the Christian Missionaries parties to the crimes.* They knew that lecherous Chinamen were posing as Bible students for the purpose of degrading the women Missionaries. *They knew that these wolves in sheep's clothing were devouring Caucasian girls.* Yet these Caucasian Ministers of the Gospel were so fanatical for mission work, and so afraid that a knowledge of the truth might lessen the Missionary contributions of American dupes, that they were silent while a system *which might have put your daughter in Elsie Sigel's place*, was in full blast. How do you know what secrets they are concealing in the foreign work? If they hide such terrible conditions from you, *here at home*, what is it that they could not hide in China, Japan and India? Oh, the horror and the shame of it!

Miss Helen Clark, Director of one of the Missions, said:

"For seventeen years I have urged the folly of white women endeavoring to Christianize Chinamen. All about me I have seen the ruin and wrecked homes. Case after case that parallels Elsie Sigel's, with the exception of its tragic termination. But even so, death is better than some things. I have believed from the very beginning that it was impossible for white women to properly influence Chinese men."

The Elsie Sigel case, like the lightning flash in the dark, revealed the whole world of mission work among the heathen in the home field.

How is it, abroad? Are the Orientals in the East different from the Orientals who come West? Is a Chinaman in New York or San Francisco any worse than a Chinaman in China? Do these Chinese "Converts" ever use the religious cloak to do wrong in China? *You do not know.* A lightning flash may come some day which will cause "We Missionaries" to let *that* cat out of the bag, also.

Men who are so fanatical, so dead to the promptings of right, that they deliberately concealed from us the knowledge that Chinese "Converts" were systematically corrupting the women Missionaries, *are capable of concealing anything.* You are left to believe that "We Missionaries" *never would have revealed the hideous facts*, had not Elsie Sigel's murder been discovered and traced to several of her Chinese "Converts".

Concerning Third Parties

MR. THOMAS L. HISGEN, late candidate for the Presidency of the so-called Independence League party, declares his realignment with the Democratic party. In a formal statement he says: "The campaign of 1908 demonstrated that the battle for national reforms must be fought out within the lines of the two largest national parties." This well-known truth is never obscured except in the minds of self-seeking politicians and their deluded followers.

We clip the above paragraph from the Macon *Telegraph*. The last line contains just about as much error as a trip-hammer could possibly drive into so small a space.

In the first place, politicians of the self-seeking sort are very much more apt to stay inside a dominant party than to lead a revolt against it. The *rebel* always takes a risk. If he is a Robert Emmett or a Nathaniel Bacon, or a Jefferson Davis, he finds Jordan a hard road to travel. If he happens to be a Robert Bruce or a George Washington, he will be honored in life and immortalized in song and story. It is the same way in politics. He who loves an easy time will go with the crowd and vote as those around him vote. *To rebel, is to court trouble.* No man will do it without a strong motive. This motive may not be unmixed patriotism, but it usually is. Certainly, selfishness has little to do with it. When such men as Luther, Calvin, Huss, Zwingle, Wickliffe, Roger Williams and John Wesley break away from dominant churches, people don't ascribe their action to self-seeking ambition. Erasmus believed pretty nearly as Luther did, but Erasmus loved his scholarly ease too much to rebel.

Had it not been for the men who led religious revolts, Kings and Popes would still be burning heretics at the stake or feeding them to vermin in foul dungeons.

Had it not been for the men who led political revolts, tyrants would still be resting thrones on the backs of slavish millions.

If I were an artist, gifted with the genius of Michael-Angelo, I would carve from purest marble my ideal of the grandest type of man and, throwing into the work all the strength and beauty and daring

and rectitude that it is possible for human hands to embody, I would name the statue "*THE REBEL*".

By the splendor of God! he's the noblest figure on the stage of Time. Whether he fought and bled with Wallace on Scotland's moors and hills, or resisted papal tyranny in some Vaudois mountain vale, or rallied to that sublime Dutchman who first won for us the fight for liberty of conscience, or was one of those who brought King John to his knees at Runnymede, or sped to the bugle-call of Hampden and fought the good fight that brought on the Revolution of 1688, or bore the fearful hardships of the campaigns of our Revolutionary War:—no matter whether he died, as Huss, did for religious freedom; or laid his head on the block, as Sidney did, for civil liberty; or was burnt, as Bruno was, for freedom of thought, *The Rebel* has been the mainspring of the progress of the Universe. In literature, in art, in the sciences,—in the world of ideas and the world of deeds,—the *avant courier* of all improvement, of every discovery, has been *The Rebel.*

No great reform has ever been the voluntary work of an established church or of an old political party,—*never!* The Protestant rebellion *forced* the ancient Church to live a better life; and, *right now*, the whole world of organized Christianity needs *the purifying storm* of another Great Rebellion.

In Continental Europe, in Great Britain and in the United States, *the pressure from the outside* of insurrectionary movements has forced each change for the better. The small groups in European politics wield tremendous influence. Who has not seen this exemplified in the legislation of Germany, France and England?

Human nature is the same in this country as elsewhere. The division of our people into but two political parties is most lamentable. If we had a dozen distinct groups, Wall Street would not find it so easy to control legislation. So long as we have but two parties, the plutocrats will easily manipulate them both—as has been the case ever since the Civil War. *In national affairs, we have no party of Opposition.* This is a national misfortune. The great problem that confronts us today is,—"How are the people to get fair and equal treatment from the Federal Government?"

Both the old parties have had the chance to do right, and neither will do it. What, then, is the hope of the people?

We would be glad to have the *Telegraph* tell us:—

(1) What are the evils which the Republicans have inflicted, and are continuing to inflict, upon the country; and

(2) What reforms are needed to set things right? and

(3) *How* are we to get these reforms?

The Planters' War

in Tennessee and Kentucky Against the Tobacco Trust

By Harriet Parks Miller

WHEN wealth is used to oppress, without warrant of law, then it is time for self-respecting freemen to defend themselves. Tobacco is one of the most important crops that enters into the commerce of nations, and is used by the human family more than any other articles except tea and salt.

Located in Western Kentucky, and Northwestern Tennessee, are thirty tobacco growing counties constituting what is known as "The Dark Tobacco District," or "Black Patch," so called because of a dark, rich type of tobacco, which, for body, color, and texture, surpasses that grown on any other portion of the globe.

For these qualities it is sought by nearly every foreign market, and everywhere is used as a basis upon which the lower grades are rendered salable.

The annual production of this much desired tobacco grown in Kentucky, and Tennessee, approximates 130,000,000 pounds.

It is used in the domestic manufacture of snuff, and some grades of plug, but most of it is exported to England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland, Africa, and South America.

It is bought by agents representing the tobacco manufacturing monopolies of those countries.

Until 1894, the tobacco growers of the Dark District were pleased with conditions. They prized their own crops in hogsheads and delivered them to convenient warehouses, from which the tobacco was sampled, and sold at public auction.

Competition was lively, and the grower had the right to reject, or accept the good living prices offered, usually from $10 to $15 per hundred pounds.

But there came a change. The old time tobacco buyer, with his honest prices, was driven to the rear, and in his stead came the Trust agent.

Trust building is not a new art, and its builders are so strongly fortified, that they can annihilate competition, regulate prices, and recklessly reap the rich harvest they had no hand in sowing.

A famous phrenologist has declared that the typical Trust Builder must have a head with only three active bumps, Force, Greed, and Cruelty.

Men who build Trusts are not in the business for their health, and while only a few of them have the courage to say—"*The public be damned*", they loudly speak of it in every action.

Of all the Trusts,—and there are many,—the Tobacco Trust is said to be the worst, James Buchanan Duke, of New Jersey, is the

cruel monarch of the Kingdom of Nicotine.

Of his wealth, listen,—

Mr. Duke's riches, if run into gold, would require four hundred horses, a ton to the horse, for their hauling.

Carts and horses of those Duke riches would make a procession two miles long!

C. H. FORT
President of the Planters' Protective Association of Kentucky and Tennessee

No wonder at this, when this money monarch controls every question of American tobacco: snuff, cigars, cigarettes, smoking tobacco, fine cut, etc. His tobacco rule is absolute in Cuba, in the Philippines, in China, and Japan.

* * * * * *

But to return to our little "Black Patch", over which Mr. Duke's dominion has been broken.

So persistent were the Trust agents in their efforts to swindle the farmers out of their hard earnings, that it was not unusual to see them in the tobacco fields, examining and making bids on crops before they had fairly started to grow.

Later on, in the late fall, or early winter months, when the cured crops hung in the barns, ready for stripping and marketing, the agents began their second round—first assuring the planter that he need not expect much, giving as a reason, over-production, or supply greater than demand.

Statistics show that it costs six cents per pound to raise tobacco.

It is a trying crop on men. Not only does it require close attention and cultivation throughout the fiercest heat of Summer (for it is a sun plant), but after a season of nearly four months in the field, the end is not near.

So dependent is it on weather conditions, that often it hangs in the curing barns several months before it can be handled, and often we see an old crop hanging on the heels of preparation for a new one. The continued decline in prices, under Trust rule, the average being $3.50 and $4 per hundred, farmers became discouraged, and dismantled their prizing outfits; warehouses were no longer needed, and warehousemen driven out of business.

Trust agents were buying loose at the barns.

But their audacity reached a

climax, when they began to divide the "Black Patch" into sections. First by county and district lines, and even public roads!

For instance, an agent rode up one day to a farmer's barn, made a low bid on his tobacco, and said, "If you don't take this, it will be your last chance, for no other buyer is coming this way."

As he started to ride off, without closing the trade, the farmer said, "Hold on, Mr. Buyer, I have other barns full of tobacco; I would like for you to examine them all."

"My good sir, I have no right, for they are on another buyer's territory."

"On another man's territory!" exclaimed the farmer—as the buyer mounted his well groomed horse, and galloped away.

"*Trust division of my farm, what next?*"

Starvation prices had been reached, and the laboring class, principally negroes, were leaving the farms, to seek public work—and those left behind had to steal, or starve.

Thrifty farmers were mortgaging their homes, for the once prosperous Black Patch was in desperate straits, and in its desperation the people sought relief in organization. The "Boston Tea Party Spirit" had fired the blood of patriots, and the people of two great commonwealths were not slow to act.

Felix Grundy Ewing, a great captain of industry, gathered around him at Glenraven, his palatial country home in Robertson County, Tennessee, a small band of thrifty, intelligent farmers, tobacco growers, and laid before them his ideas of organized effort against the American Tobacco Trust, and its allies.

Mr. Ewing's father-in-law, the late George Washington, owned 11,000 acres of land, and was, in ante-bellum times, ranked the largest tobacco grower of the world.

From this little meeting of farmers, at Glenraven, a portion of the Washington estate, the enthusiasm spread.

Three months later, September 24, 1904, several thousand representative tobacco growers gathered at Guthrie, Ky., a little town of two thousand inhabitants, and organized The Dark Tobacco District Planters' Protective Association of Kentucky and Tennessee, which was duly incorporated under the laws of Kentucky. Guthrie was chosen from the fact that it is the strategic center of the Dark Tobacco District, lying on a line between Kentucky and Tennessee.

At this great gathering of tobacco planters, Felix G. Ewing was chosen General Manager, Chas. H. Fort, a successful tobacco grower of Robertson County, Tennessee, was made President, George Snadon, a financier of Southern Kentucky, Treasurer, and Mrs. N. E. Green, Secretary. They then organized in every county separate bodies under the same name as their charter bore, presided over by county chairmen, and on down to district organizations.

After being well organized, campaign speakers were sent out to lay the Association plans well before the people, principal of which was the pooling of their tobacco to a central committee, known as the Executive Commit-

tee, to be held in warehouses until the Trust was forced to pay reasonable prices for same.

It was while soliciting the tobacco planters to join in this great revolution, that the notorious "Hill Billy" was evolved.

Hill Billy being a cant name for one who refused to join in the fight against the Trust.

A selfish, unpatriotic class of farmers, lured to remain on the outside by Trust agents paying them higher prices for their tobacco than the Association had, in its experimental stage, seen proper to fix on the pooled crops, weak-kneed members were induced by the Trust agents to sell their crops outside, thereby forfeiting their pledges, which ended in lawsuits; but the latter fortunately brought about legislation giving the Association standing in the courts.

Thus we see that while the "Hill Billy" was reaping the full benefit of the Association, he was still its bitterest foe. Since tobacco is the poor man's money crop, and the planters already depleted from years of Trust oppression, they could not wait long for returns on their crops.

Realizing their need, General Manager Ewing went to New York, hoping to get financial aid by which they could tide over the crisis, but he was coldly received by the financiers of that city, who regarded the revolution as wild, and speculative.

With strong faith in the cause, Mr. Ewing returned to Tennessee more than ever determined "not to give up the ship".

By persistent effort he succeeded in arranging with forty or fifty local banks to advance money to the amount of three-fourths the value of the pooled tobacco, and the farmers were safe.

From this time on the Association grew in favor.

The Trust agents began to buy the pooled tobacco, but still at prices lower than they paid the "Hill Billys".

Just here the famous Night Rider Klan, more desperate in its methods than the Ku Klux, of the Reconstruction period, was evolved; its mission seeming to be that of forcing the Hill Billys out of existence.

The disturbance first began in Tennessee, when Trust buyers were visited at midnight by masked mounted men, who warned them to cease buying Hill Billy tobacco.

Not finding this effective, plant beds were scraped, salted, or sown with grass seed.

Just anything to destroy the future of an Independent tobacco crop.

Farm hands, both white and colored, working for Hill Billy or Independent tobacco growers, received notes of warning, often accompanied by matches or switches.

The receivers of such usually left between suns.

During the fall of 1905, Night Rider depredations began in Southern Kentucky; in this case, directed more toward the Trust and its agents than Hill Billys.

In December, 1905, a large Trust warehouse was burned at Trenton, Ky., and the same week one was blown up with dynamite at Elkton, and masked men held up a local train between Elkton and Guthrie, and went through the coaches looking for Trust buy-

ers. Failing to find any, they disappeared in the darkness.

But the master stroke of the great Night Rider raid opened in Kentucky on the night of November 30, 1906, when a masked and heavily armed body of two hundred men rode into Princeton, the capital of Caldwell County, and fearlessly applied the torch to the warehouses of J. G. Orr, representing the Imperial Tobacco Company, and J. A. Stegar, agent for Thomas Gallagher, of Belfast, Ireland, widely known as "The Tobacco King."

The plans for the Princeton raid were laid by some one skilled in military tactics, as the raiders showed soldierly precision in the execution of their work. The first detachment that entered the town captured the police, fire department, waterworks, telegraph and telephone offices, and stationed guards on every important street corner, ready to drive the citizens back into their homes, as fast as they appeared.

Their work of destruction completed, they left the town marching two abreast, in military formation, firing hundreds of shots into the air, and leaving behind them a mass of ruins representing a property loss of over $100,000!

Warning of this raid had been received two months before by an anonymous letter addressed to the New York Underwriters' Agency of New York City, advising them to cancel their policy on Orr's warehouse.

The letter was mailed at Princeton, and read as follows:

"GENTLEMEN:—

"We are determined to put John Orr, of Princeton, out of the tobacco business.

"The scoundrel has bought, and put up tobacco for the Trust long enough.

"Stegar, and Dollar, or any other tobacco buyer in Caldwell County, who buys for the Trust, will be treated the same way.

"We do not wish to damage parties not concerned in buying. This letter is to notify you to cancel insurance immediately. NIGHT RIDERS."

F. G. EWING
General Manager and Great Captain of Industry

Following the Princeton raid, several insurance companies canceled their policies on warehouses and tobacco, in Tennessee and Kentucky, many of which were later restored.

Minor depredations continued

throughout the Black Patch, but the smouldering embers burst forth with renewed fury on the night of December 6, 1907, when without warning, between two and three hundred Night Riders swooped down on the flourishing little town of Hopkinsville, in Christian County, Kentucky, took charge of the telephone and telegraph offices, stopped traffic on two great railway systems, and applied the torch to three warehouses filled with Trust tobacco.

Among them, one belonged to John C. Latham, a New York banker, and former resident of Hopkinsville. The loss from this raid was estimated at $200,000.

Following close on the heels of the Hopkinsville raid, was one on Russellville, Ky., in which the same systematic method of procedure was observed. The loss of the Russellville raid was estimated at $100,000.

Such terror followed in the wake of the Night Rider, that in no instance, during a raid, was his stern command disobeyed.

Governors A. E. Willson, of Kentucky, and M. R. Patterson, of Tennessee, were equally active in their efforts to suppress lawlessness, while the Executive Committee of the Dark District Tobacco Association held meetings for the purpose of adopting resolutions denouncing outlawry, but the Night Rider, for nearly four years, refused to be checked.

An able writer, in dealing with the subject said:

"The Night Rider does not hold himself either a ruffian or a felon, however much he may play their parts, the rather a crusader fighting against long odds a battle in which victory spells the common good. He is not in himself the root of trouble, only the sign radical of something deeper, whose ultimate result is alike beyond foresight, or prophecy."

Hon. Joel B. Fort, of Robertson County, and one of the brainiest men of Tennessee, is a Trust fighter, who has made ringing speeches over six tobacco growing States of the Union within the past four years.

In a recent interview with Mr. Fort, he said:

"I take the position that we are in an evolutionary stage of finance and business industry, that evolution is always at work, but revolutions only come when wrongs reach the stage beyond which that spirit of justice and fair dealing, as is known of all men, will submit no longer."

Senator La Follette, in his speech in the Senate, classified the men of wealth who owned and controlled the whole Government, and dictated the absolute terms on which the business interests of the country should be conducted; and the result is that numerous fortunes accumulate, while hundreds of thousands fill the hunger line.

"We are now in the midst of a financial and business revolution, and methods which a few years ago were considered *shrewd* in money dealings, are now regarded as disgraceful.

"When this tobacco fight first began, because I advocated measures four years in advance of the common herd of people, the Trust agents accused me of making inflammatory speeches, and called me an anarchist.

"When men, or corporations, combine to fix the price of the farmer's tobacco, they stand in

good morals, and in the eyes of the law, on the same plane with a common negro who steals tobacco at midnight from the farmer's barn.

"The courts are gradually coming to my position. The Supreme Court of the United States has lately affirmed a decision of Judge Lurton in the case of the Paper Trust, in which it decided that a Trust could not collect a debt by law.

"But the courts are too slow in reaching these advanced positions, and the result is an open conflict between the wolves, and the great flock upon which they have been so long feeding.

"Hence the Night Rider, the mob, and the labor riot.

"It is nothing new, it is as old as the Anglo-Saxon race.

"When the people lose confidence in the enforcement of the law, a mob is the result.

"We appealed to the law, and no answer came.

"We went before the Senate Committee and asked relief, and what happened?

"We were met by Aldrich with half a million dollars of American Tobacco stock in his pocket, and when the farmers knew this they were rebellious and the muttering, 'If the law won't protect me, I will protect myself', was heard everywhere.

"When I spoke before that committee, I said if the law did not give relief, it would break out in open rebellion, and Senator Aldrich called me down, but I would not down. I made it hotter, and hotter, while Stanley and James of Kentucky, Senators Daniel of Virginia, and Carmack of Tennessee, were egging me on, by propounding such questions as would give me latitude.

"For years the hired Trust agents rode through our tobacco fields, during the summer, and reported the condition of our crops to Trust headquarters. I called these agents *Day Riders*, and proclaimed from every stump that had there never been a *DAY RIDER*, there never would have been a *Night Rider!*

"Let the rich and the poor stand equal before the law, and the trouble will cease."

With an organized force of something over 30,000 members, and 75 per cent. of the tobacco pooled, and selling at good prices, prosperity is coming back to the Dark Tobacco District of Kentucky and Tennessee. This is the planter's march of progress. If, in the past, he has too long ignored his possibilities, he is now thoroughly awake to them.

The time has not yet come when the full effect of this great war on the Tobacco Trust can be fully estimated, but enough has been shown to warrant the feasibility of its plans, and the necessity of its preservation.

"We Don't Know Where We're Going, But We're on Our Way."

—Boston Herald

A Survey of the World

By Tom Dolan

The Tariff—What Is It?

Of all the conglomerate messes of economic hash, the tariff revision has proved to be the worst on record. There was a time in the early stages of prospective revision, when the public generally felt that such reductions would be made as would prove not only of help to every citizen in his daily living, but clear proof that the silent pressure of honest, non-partisan opinion, was of decisive weight in determining legislation. One just felt that the Republican party *had* to make good its campaign pledges because the strength of its excessive majority in both houses, together with the repeated declarations of Mr. Taft himself, left not the shadow of an excuse that their will could be thwarted; and since their express will was to revise the tariff *downward* to the relief of the consumer, a decent self-respect would seem to have prevented any actual default in their promises. True, nothing extraordinary was expected, nothing radical; but certainly a distinct lowering, even if a slight one, in the tariff wall.

As the schedules became more thoroughly understood it was plain that the revision in toto was an upward one; but even then Indignation felt and hoped that it would be appeased by the actual results when debate had battered the schedules down. *This* was not done. Democratic opposition has been so inferior to that presented by the radical reform Senators, such as LaFollette, Cummings, Dolliver and others, that it was puerile at best, and the insurgent Republican wing was not strong enough in numbers to control the situation. Of the treachery of the Democrats who deliberately upheld Aldrich in every emergency, much has been said. Their infamy will go down to history. Altogether, after weeks of debate, the country simply stood aghast at the cynical corruption, the open knavery of the revisionists led by that coterie of rascals, Cannon, Payne, Aldrich and their immediate understudies.

There isn't a solitary argument for protection that hasn't long since been absolutely dissipated. There is hardly a protectionist who is silly enough to make himself ridiculous by repeating the ancient gags about "European pauper labor," etc., which were so pat upon his oily lips in past years—there remains but the protectionist who is softly lining his own pockets during the carnival of graft, while every necessity of life is going to cost *more*.

Mr. Taft's tardy demand for reductions and his suggestion for the corporation tax is probably in

the interest of his second candidacy, instead of the people. First of all, he is anxious to make it clear that he is the "titular head of his party," rather than President of the American people, and he desires to do just enough toward downward revision to obtain the support of the insurgent element of his party in the middle West, while offering to the standpatters a way out of the income and inheritance tax blows at the tariff through the expedient of a corporation tax, which, while on its face looking like a jab at the trusts, would, in reality, be their eternal salvation.

Taft, "Fore!"

Still, the President certainly seized the psychological moment for getting into the tariff game when he sent his recommendation for "an amendment to the Tariff Bill imposing upon all corporations and joint stock companies for profit, except national banks (otherwise taxed), savings-banks, and building and loan associations, an excise tax measured by 2 per cent. on the net income of such corporations. This is an excise tax upon the privilege of doing business as an artificial entity and of freedom from a general partnership liability enjoyed by those who own the stock. I am informed that a 2-per-cent. tax of this character would bring into the Treasury of the United States not less than $25,000,000.

"Another merit of this tax is the Federal supervision, which must be exercised in order to make the law effective over the annual accounts and business transactions of all corporations. While the faculty of assuming a corporate form has been of the utmost utility in the business world, it is also true that substantially all of the abuses and all of the evils which have aroused the public to the necessity of reform were made possible by the use of this very faculty. If, now, by a perfectly legitimate and effective system of taxation, we are incidentally able to possess the Government, the stockholders, and the public of the knowledge of the real business transactions and the gains and profits of every corporation in the country, we have made a long step toward that supervisory control of corporations which may prevent a further abuse of power."

This caps the climax of the tariff complexities and absurdities, though it indicates that Mr. Taft is a shrewder manipulator than had been suspected. When an inheritance tax was beautifully framed up, to the satisfaction of the equitable sense of the people, the protectionists saw danger in it. Adequate revenue coming from any direct source, would be the death knell to the "interests" which must thrive upon indirect taxation. Therefore, an income tax measure was suddenly brought to the front, because it appeared at that time that irreconciliable elements in the House and Senate would prevent the passage of such an Act. Lo, even that seemed to stand some show when the Bailey and Cummings forces harmonized so as to insure a majority vote in the Senate for their joint amendment, and many of the apparent difficulties were seen to be not insuperable. An income tax would likewise ter-

ribly damage the interests, and so an excise tax upon corporations is now proposed! Mr. Taft never showed himself friendlier to the trusts than by this suggestion. Such a tax upon net earnings would result in:

Granting virtual Federal licenses to the corporations;

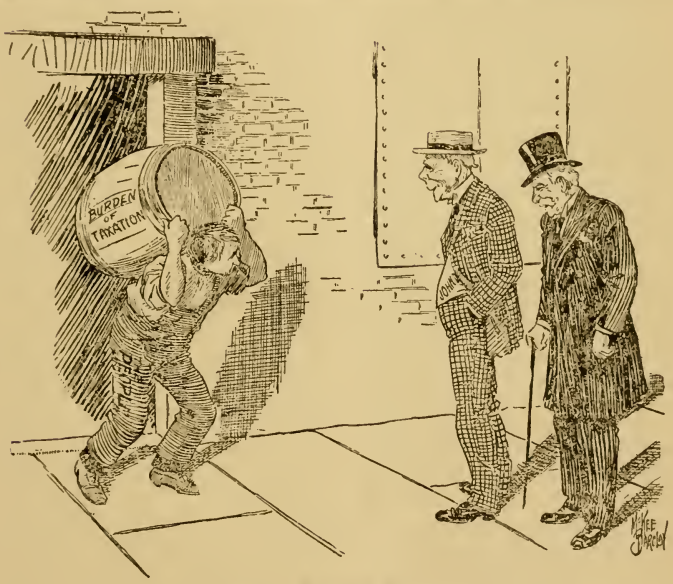
Practically nullifying State control of any corporation;

Perpetuating the protective tariff, and giving to each and every incorporated business the right to demand increased protection; for, if the Government is to have any per cent. of the net earnings, it would be even more pliant than now to the plea of every "infant industry";

Placing it in the power of the trusts to raise prices on the ground of increased taxation;

Wholly leaving it to the concerns themselves to declare such dividends, appropriate such salaries, claim such expenditures as they might please to reduce the *net earnings* to an absolutely negligible quantity.

But, more vicious, perhaps, than any of these clearly seen results,



Doctor Aked's Precept

JOHN D.—Be happy, my friend—"be glad that others are rich," as my pastor so wisely puts it!

ALDRICH—That's true philosophy, my good man. We all feel that way in the Senate!

—Baltimore Sun

would be the fact that it would require an additional army of inspectors and accountants *to be paid for out of the public treasury.* What per cent. of the tax itself would be consumed by this increased body of office-holders? And how it would simplify the distinction to be made between "bad" and "good" trusts—especially when the campaign funds were to be raised!

Wickersham Would Be Statesman

The address of Attorney-General Wickersham before the State Bar Association of Kentucky has been widely quoted and commented upon, but really presents nothing new on the subject of controlling the corporations. His suggestion of a federal license has already been made. Mr. Taft implied this, as a matter of fact, in his idea of a corporation excise tax. That part of Mr. Wickersham's speech which deals more specifically with the evils of the "holding company" is deserving of particular mention, however, because it emphasizes from an authoritative source the need to abolish such forms of charter as are granted to these concerns. For a decade or more the Delaware and Rhode Island legal trust hatcheries have been condemned by the bar, though the individual lawyer was pretty apt to take advantage of the latitude possible under a "holding company," where he had clients who stood in need of a chance to do lawfully those things which were inequitable and unjust. To organize a "holding company" and get a charter in these famous States which were most favorable to them, was a simple and direct means of evading many of the Acts of other States which had been designed to protect their citizens, such as limiting alien ownership to land, etc.

Wickersham again points out the fact that the States have the power to control corporations doing business therein. The Federal licenses, therefore, which he advocates, would only tend to increase the present friction between State and Federal authority, and with the exception of those public utilities which must do interstate business, Federal interference is unwise and should be wholly superfluous.

A Very Dead Debt

Rumors that Spain is about to demand of Cuba the payment of its proportional part of the Spanish national debt have been current for some time; in fact, since the end of American occupation left Gomez administration in control of Cuban affairs. Approached in reference to the matter, Senor Velez, Secretary of State, said that at the present time he could only say that "Spain had courteously expressed to his government its desire to take up the discussion of certain matters in connection with the national debt prior to the recognition of Cuban independence." This hath about it the legendary Castilian elegance and suavity of diction. To request a nation to pay indebtedness incurred by its oppressors in prosecuting a war for its subjugation is indeed naive, but the exchange of polite notes between the polished representatives of the

governments will doubtless be so delicately elaborate as to escape becoming a farce of the roaring variety. It will be refined vaudeville dialogue throughout.

Labor Up in Arms

About 5,000 employees of the Pressed Steel Car Company, at the McKees Rocks Plant, near Pittsburg, are participating in one of the most serious strikes seen in this country in some time, and the situation daily grows more perilous. Each side is determined to *win*, and the presence of the State constabulary to guard the car works adds the element which makes for fury. The affairs of the company are being managed by President Hoffshott, who has insolently declined to yield to the plans of the sheriff of the county to bring about arbitration. He is bringing in as many strike-breakers, and troops to guard them, as possible, and his bull-headed refusal to attempt to adjust the difficulties by peaceful means proves that he is precisely the kind of man who has no business to be at the head of any large industry. The time has passed when laborers can be treated as culprits whose grievances are in nowise bound to be heeded.

As one of the very good reasons for the strike, it is said that the men were in many instances forced to pay $5.00 to $10.00 to obtain their jobs, which afterwards proved much poorer in wages than represented.

The company claims to have paid 17 cents an hour, when, in truth, it is shown that as a result of the company's manipulation in paying for piece work under a system which the vast majority of the men could not understand, and were powerless to dispute, many of the workers spent long days of toil only to receive in the end what amounted to 50 or 60 cents per day. Of course, the oppressions did not stop here; there are always company houses, company stores, etc., which still further impoverish the employee.

There ought to be in this strike an object-lesson, however, for American laboring men. They should begin to comprehend that the beneficent system of protection permits such industries to steal from the public at large, while the Poles, Slavs, Italians, and so forth, who are too ignorant to protect themselves, are preferred at *half a dollar a day* to the intelligent American workman who would demand living wages, together with his other reasonable rights.

The region around Pittsburg presents the appearance of an armed camp, and any moment may usher in a crisis.

The Sutton Case

The loyal determination of two women to prove a son and brother innocent of suicide, has resulted, after twenty-one months, in forcing an official probe into the death of Lieutenant James N. Sutton, of the U. S. marine corps, of Annapolis. Nearly two years ago the young man was found shot to death, and a verdict of suicide rendered. This verdict his mother and sister refused to believe and the disclosures now being dragged from his fellow officers go to sustain their faith that the Lieutenant did not take his

Pure Philanthropy, That's All

"Sure! Roosevelt and Bonaparte were right. There was no evidence against me! I'm just givin' these ten millions to those Philadelphia fellows because I believe in the distribution of wealth!"

—Baltimore Sun

own life. Apparently, Lieutenants Adams, Roelker, Bevan and Osterman, whose testimony is now to be taken, have been concealing facts of the utmost gravity. Whether murder was committed, or whether Lieutenant Sutton was killed in a fight between himself and certain of his fellow officers, it is evident that a "conspiracy of silence" has been carefully carried out.

The caste motives which lead officers of the army or navy to conceal crimes and defeat justice are cropping out pretty plainly in such cases as this and the Hains case of some time ago. A military aristocracy, which treats civil justice and civilians with contempt, is *not* what the tax-paying public desires to foster, and deserves stern rebuke.

The Calhoun Trial

The disagreement of the jury trying Patrick C. Calhoun on the charge of bribery and corruption in connection with street railway franchises in San Francisco was most disheartening to the

prosecution, ably and indeed heroically led by Attorney Heney, and to the public. The case was of National importance as an object lesson, and an acquittal or conviction would have in many respects been less discouraging than a two years' *seance* followed by failure of verdict. Money has been spent like water to bring the case to a conclusion, and on both sides the adventures encountered in getting evidence and witnesses on the one hand, or doing away with the same on the other, transcend romance. The case will again be tried, and justice ought to be at the end of the long road; but whether it is or not remains to be seen.

The Red Badge in Persia

The Nationalist forces have made tremendous strides within the past few weeks, invading Teheran and drawing to themselves daily greater strength through deserters from the Royalists' ranks. Not only has the Shah been deposed in favor of the crown prince, Ahmed Mirza, but he has also been excommunicated by the Shiite faith, which puts the seal of the Church's approval upon the rebellion. Russia is pouring troops over her southern borders into Persia, and Russian Cossacks are making the final stand to uphold the Shah. Fighting is general over the Empire, but the Red Badge of the Nationalist cause is apparently in the ascendency.

In many respects the Persian revolution is akin to that through which Turkey has just gone. In both cases there has been a loyalty to the ruler till that ruler's persistent treachery to constitutional pledges made his deposition imperative if a liberal form of government were to prevail. Turkey has managed thus far to escape at least foreign interference on behalf of despotism. With Russia as its ally, the Royalists of Persia may yet overthrow the general determination of the Nationalists to restore the constitutional government once inaugurated, and then defeated.

The willingness of the Orientals to suffer and to die for ideals heretofore considered purely Western is indeed as a Star in the East, for the Western world seems sinking to the level of the sordid, and few there be who appear to care, in other than a superficial, perfunctory way, for the essentials of democracy, being content to drift further and further from the spirit of '76. The tenacity of the Moslem to a purpose is traditional and it apparently requires only a different angle of view to make him as willing to wage a *jehad* on behalf of democracy as heretofore he has done for the sake of his religion or his ruler.

Georgia Railroad Strike Award

The Board of Arbitration, composed of Hilary A. Herbert, of Montgomery, representing the railroad; Congressman Hardwick, of Georgia, for the firemen, and Chancellor Barrow, of the Georgia University, umpire, appointed to consider the case of the striking firemen on the Georgia Railroad, found what, in its ultimate effect, will be against the white firemen, in brief:

Negro firemen to be continued, white firemen to have no prefer-

ence as to runs. Seniority, however, not to control, which leaves some room for other qualifications. *Pay to be equal for equal work.* This is the only point in which the white firemen might gain ground, but since the employer, not the employe, fixes the rate of wage, there is just as much opportunity to lower the wage of the white firemen to the level of that heretofore paid to the negroes, as to raise the negroes' pay to the level of the white. So long as negroes are to be continued in undiminished numbers as employees of the road, they will be used to beat down the price of labor and the self-respecting claims of the white man.

The merits of the case have been presented in the *Jeffersonian* before and it is most regrettable that the award is of such nature that continual friction is apt to result.

Socialist organs, the Northern press generally and, unfortunately, some Southern papers, have raised a great hue and cry over the "negro's right to work", which is not involved in the case at all. The negro does not want the right to work where he is effective and where his presence occasions no racial troubles or danger to human life. He is the eternal Buttinski where neither efficient nor desired.

Major Cummings, attorney for the railroad, expressed the attitude of his company frankly when he said of the firemen: "They charge that we employ negroes because they work for less money than the white men. What if we do? Is it a crime to practice economy on a railroad?"

It *would* be a crime to economize by reducing the salaries of high officials, expert legal counsel or cutting down dividends upon watered stock. But it is *not* a crime—not even a misdemeanor—to economize at the expense of human life and limb. The army of railway cripples, and the untimely graves made by railway wrecks due to the miserly greed which overworks and underpays men, lets the physical property go on to ruin, unrepaired, and seeks *cheapness*, regardless of safety, answer

Investigate!

—New York American

Major Cummings' agitated query better than words.

The Seal Fisheries Again

Without indulging in "Yellow Peril" talk, so far as war is concerned, would it not be a curious commentary upon our boasted civilization if international complications were really crystalized

into definite antagonism as the ultimate result of sheer vanity?

The announcement that Japanese warships will be sent to Behring Sea, to protect sealers from Yokohama, Tokio and other ports, brings up again the vexed fisheries question.

Japan is not a party to the International Treaty proclaiming a closed season in the early summer months. Japanese sealers are therefore enabled to disregard the breeding season. That this will disturb both England and the United States is clearly apparent and the presence of Japanese warships in Behring Straits will not be relished.

With the whole question, really enlightened humanity can have no patience. The brutality unavoidable from obtaining the seal-skins is so revolting that there remains only disgust for the selfish, cruel and virtually sensual love for this

The Roll of Honor

—New York World

fur which creates an insistent demand that the slaughter continue. So much has been written on this subject it is discouraging that any refined woman should not turn in horror from the wearing of furs. Yet the finished product is in itself so beautiful, and those who engage in the horrible industry of sealing are so remote, that the sensibilities are spared any realization of what it all means. Instead of treaties designed for no purpose except to give fair chances at the killing to all parties, an international ban on the whole sickening business would be vastly more to the credit of so-called Christian nations.

Less Carnage on July 4th

While slaughter is still general all over the earth, from grim combat in Persia to the pastime of butchering Filipinos by the United States troops, it is gratifying to note that there is, each year, an appreciable advance toward a saner 4th of July. This year but 52 deaths and a larger, but indefinite, number of lesser casualties have been reported, as against 1,311 *killed* and 28,000 *wounded*, the record of the preceding six years. The American people are criticized by most foreigners as erring on the line of too great kindness toward their children, and in most respects, the average American parents live in nervous terror of ill befalling the children. Yet papa will lug home several dollars' worth of dynamite, and mamma will patiently prepare lint and bandages in expectation of the inevitable accidents. To put cannon crackers and other deadly devices into the hands of small boys and girls, and even inexperienced adults, is an insanity which it is hard to reconcile with the ordinary cautiousness that parents and guardians exercise. However, the present year showed a decrease in horrors and the campaign for a truly inspiring and patriotic Holiday is gaining very rapidly. Parades, pageants, and fireworks at night in the hands of skilled men are all suggestions in the interests of a better Fourth.

England Shocked By Political Murder

The Indian disaffection was carried into the heart of the enemy's country itself when Lieutenant Col. Wyllie and Dr. Calas Lalcaca were assassinated in London by a Hindoo student, Madarlal Dhinagri. This follows closely upon what the British had conceived to be a very conciliatory policy in opening the Indian counsels to natives. Of course, one or two Hindoos could do little or nothing materially to bring about relief of the conditions abhorrent to their countrymen, and the plan, in impartial eyes, at least, appeared a mere sop thrown to the political aspirations of certain of the more ambitious Indian subjects. Possibly the Hindo student so considered it, and his act, while in itself regrettable, merely follows the world-old series of tragedies which are inseparable from a situation in which the conquered race desires to throw off the yoke of a conqueror. From time immemorial the attitude of the dominant parties toward

those at their mercy has been, in homely phraseology, "Them as asks shan't have: them as don't ask, don't want". Grievances, petitions, and so forth, pursue their weary way for ages till revolt crystalizes into acts of violence.

The Black Hand

THE quiet little town of Marion, Ohio, would have been the last place in the world to have been suspected of harboring that outcropping of Italian *banditerri*, the "Black Hand," yet recent disclosures from that city seem to prove that a nest of this association, if not the actual headquarters thereof, has been found at that point. Those who have believed that the blackmailing and other outrages were disassociated crimes are now taking the view that there is a criminal organization in this country which works as a unit, and the alleged discoveries by the Federal Secret Service men at Marion have brought forth many letters from persons who claim to have been regularly under tribute, but heretofore afraid even to call upon the police for protection. If such an association *does* exist, of course individual imitators of its methods would spring into being; but that there must be some organization operating throughout the East is almost indisputable, and if too much for the local police of any city to eradicate it must fall to the Government detectives to be dealt with.

Labor Troubles in France

THE French postal strike which occasioned some apprehension during the recent past, has just about played out, and the departments are now running pretty smoothly. Much alarm was felt that the discontent prevailing among the employees might lead to serious complications. It seems apparent now that the French Federation of Trades first gave unwise counsel, and then, when weakness on the part of the government employees ensued, was quick to wash its hands of something destined to be a failure. Premier Clemenceau's policy was again sustained by Chamber of Deputies, he declaring that the occasion was one in which France choose between revolution on the one hand and progressive evolution on the other, or between work under republican law and order, and a spirit of adventure calculated to disorganize and rend the republic.

It is to be trusted that the turbulence subsiding, the adjustment of all grievances will be speedy. France is a nation facing serious perplexities, not the least of which is the shriek of the Roman Catholic priesthood, in every crisis. Since the determined separation of Church and State, there has been bitter hostility and no chance is lost by the Church to cry "Ruin." Says one M. Boucher, passionately:

> "The expulsion of the religious orders, the closing of the Catholic schools, the separation of Church and State, the rupture of all ties between France and papacy, the driving of bishop and priest from their homes, the seizure of theological colleges, the carrying off of ecclesiastical goods—such things, from the reign of Mr. Combes to that of Mr. Clemenceau, were held to constitute the ideal of justice. The State, once separated from the Church, was to take on a lease of new life. The Republic was certain in that ease to flourish. The nation,

delivered from clerical domination, would quickly become a democracy, free, sound, and strong, as well as happy.

"Has this dream been realized? The State at present is threatened by a social revolution. Is it the Church that roused up this revolution? The State is perishing from the disaffection of some classes and the disgust of others. Is it the Church that has destroyed the authority of the Government? Is it the Church that renders our rules so weak and pusillanimous? The Parliament is unpopular. Is it the Church that contrived the income tax so distressing to rate-payers?

"The Army groans under the loss of numerical strength and discipline caused by playing petty politics. Has the Church desired this state of things? The Navy seems as if it were falling to pieces, from blundering stupidity, or scandalous niggardliness. Does it owe its disorganization to any action on the part of the Church? Antipatriotism, antimilitarism, insult the flag of France, and incite to desertion. Does the Church preach such doctrines? Trade-unions are harassing the State by their revolutionary confederations and their encouragement of riots. Does the Church condone or encourage these things?"

No, M. Boucher, the Church has never desired anything like trades-unions, or betterment of laboring classes, or an income tax or other such things, but if the secret of letting a navy fall into decay and diminishing militarism could be imported, England, Germany, and America would be deeply indebted to France.

In happy contradiction to the dire prophecies of such as M. Boucher and the clergy, as well as those ridiculous creatures that call themselves "royalists" is the lecture of Viscount George d'Avenal, a French political economist, in which he makes the statement that,

"France today is six times richer than she was under the old monarchy, and ten times richer than in the Middle Ages. Her total fortune amounts to $46,000,000,000, as compared with $9,000,000,000 only recently.

"Moreover, her present wealth has been built up almost solely in the last fifty years. Of the great fortunes of the eighteenth century, either in estate or movable property, almost none survive today. In particular, the few large landed estates of today have been all formed during the past half century."

This is, of course, the country where property is most evenly distributed, and the Viscount gives some remarkable figures in this connection. Only 5,000 persons in France who own capital yielding $20,000 a year.

"Present incomes, in spite of the equalization of property, are far greater than those of past centuries. Thus, the total annual revenue of the crown under St. Louis never reached an amount the purchasing value of which today would be $900,000, and the Queen's privy purse was equivalent only to $9,000 a year."

While the present pay of civil servants is low, the Viscount's prediction of the future of France in every respect was splendid, while he at the same time ridiculed the threat of socialism.

Series of Letters to Aaron Burr

Describing the Horrors of St. Domingo, When the Negroes Drove Out the French

Letter I.

Cape Francois.

WE ARRIVED safely here, my dear friend, after a passage of forty days, during which I suffered horribly from sea-sickness, heat and confinement; but the society of my fellow-passengers was so agreeable that I often forgot the inconvenience to which I was exposed. It consisted of five or six French families who, having left St. Domingo at the beginning of the revolution, were now returning full of joy at the idea of again possessing the estates from which they had been driven by their revolted slaves. Buoyed by their newly awakened hopes, they were all delightful anticipation. There is an elasticity in the French character which repels misfortune. They have an inexhaustible flow of spirits that bears them lightly through the ills of life.

Towards the end of the voyage, when I was well enough to go on deck, I was delighted with the profound tranquility of the ocean, the uninterrupted view, the beautiful horizon, and wished, since fate has separated me from those I love, that I could build a dwelling on the bosom of the waters, where, sheltered from the storms that agitate mankind, I should be exposed to those of heaven only. But a truce to melancholy reflections, from here I am in St. Domingo, with a new world opening to my view.

My sister, whose fortunes, you know, I was obliged to follow, repents every day having so precipitately chosen a husband: it is impossible for two creatures to be more different, and I foresee that she will be wretched.

On landing, we found the town a heap of ruins. A more terrible picture of desolation cannot be imagined. Passing through streets choked with rubbish, we reached with difficulty a house which had escaped the general fate. The people live in tents, or make a kind of shelter, by laying a few boards across the half-consumed beams; for the buildings being here of hewn stone, with walls three feet thick, only the roofs and floors have been destroyed. But to hear of the distress which these unfortunate people have suffered, would fill with horror the stoutest heart, and make the most obdurate melt with pity.

When the French fleet appeared before the mouth of the harbor, Christophe, the Black general, who commanded at the Cape, rode through the town, ordering all the women to leave their houses—the men had been taken to the plain the day before, —for he was going to set fire to the place, which he did with his own hand.

The ladies, bearing their children in their arms, or supporting the trembling steps of their aged mothers, ascended in crowds the mountain which rises behind the town. Climbing over rocks covered with brambles, where no path had ever been beat, their feet were torn to pieces and their steps marked with blood. Here they suffered all the pains of hunger and thirst; the most terrible apprehensions for their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons; to which was added the sight of the town in flames: and even these horrors were increased by the explosion of the powder magazine. Large masses of rock were detached by the shock, which, rolling down the sides of the mountain, many of these hapless fugitives were killed. Others still more unfortunate, had their limbs broken or sadly bruised, whilst their wretched companions could offer them nothing but unavailing sympathy and impotent regret.

On the third day the negroes evacuated the place, and the fleet entered the harbor. Two gentlemen, who had been concealed by a faithful slave, went in a canoe to meet the admiral's vessel, and arrived in time to prevent a dreadful catastrophe. The general, seeing numbers of people descending the mountain, thought they were the negroes coming to oppose his landing and was preparing to fire on them, when these gentlemen informed him that they were the white inhabitants, and thus prevented a mistake too shocking to be thought of.

The men now entered from the plain and sought among the smoking ruins the objects of their affectionate solicitude. To paint these heart-rending scenes of tenderness and woe, description has no powers. The imagination itself shrinks from the task.

Three months after this period we arrived and have now been a month here; the town is rapidly rebuilding, but it is extremely difficult to find a lodging. The heat is intolerable and the season so unhealthy that the people die in incredible numbers. On the night of our arrival, Toussaint, the general-in-chief of the negroes, was seized at the Gonaives and embarked for France. This event caused great rejoicing. A short time before he was taken, he had his treasure buried in the woods, and at the return of the negroes he employed on this expedition, they were shot without being suffered to utter a word.

General LeClerc is small, his face is interesting, but he has an appearance of ill health. His wife, the sister of Bonaparte, lives in a house on the mountain till there can be one in town prepared for her reception. She is offended, and I think justly, with the ladies of the Cape, who, from a mistaken pride, did not wait on her when she arrived, because having lost their clothes they could not dazzle her with their finery.

Having heard that there were some American ladies here she expressed a desire to see them; Mr. V. proposed to present us; Clara, who would not walk a mile to see a queen, declined. But I, who walk at all times, merely for the pleasure it affords me, went; and, considering the labor it costs to ascend the mountain, I have a claim on the gratitude of Madame

for having undertaken it to show her an object which she probably expected to find in a savage state.

She was in a room darkened by Venetian blinds, lying on her sofa, from which she half rose to receive me. When I was seated she reclined again on the sofa and amused General Boyer, who sat at her feet, by letting her slipper fall continually, which he respectfully put on as often as it fell. She is small, fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. Her face is expressive of sweetness but without spirit. She has a voluptuous mouth, and is rendered interesting by an air of languor which spreads itself over her whole frame. She was dressed in a muslin morning gown, with a Madras handkerchief on her head. I gave her one of the beautiful silver medals of Washington, engraved by Reich, with which she seemed much pleased. The conversation languished, and I soon withdrew.

General LeClerc had gone in the morning to Fort Dauphin.

I am always in good spirits, for everything here charms me by its novelty. There are a thousand pretty things to be had, new fashions and elegant trinkets from Paris; but we have no balls, no plays, and of what use is finery if it cannot be shewn?

The natives of this country murmur already against the general-in-chief; they say he places too much confidence in the negroes. When Toussaint was seized he had all the black chiefs in his power, and, by embarking them for France, he would have spread terror throughout the Island, and the negroes would have been easily reduced; instead of which he relies on their good faith, has them continually in his house, at his table, and wastes the time in conference which should be differently employed. The Creoles shake their heads and predict much ill. Accustomed to the climate, and acquainted with the manner of fighting the negroes, they offer advice, which is not listened to; nor are any of them employed, but all places of honor or emolument are held by Europeans, who appear to regard the Island as a place to be conquered and divided among the victors, and are consequently viewed by the natives with a jealous eye. Indeed, the professed intention of those who have come with the army, is to make a fortune, and return to France with all possible speed, to enjoy it. It cannot be imagined that they will be very delicate about the means of accomplishing their purpose.

The Cape is surrounded; at least the plain is held by the negroes; but the town is tranquil, and Dessalines and the other black chiefs are on the best terms with General LeClerc.

We are to have a grand review next week. The militia is to be organized, and the general is to address the troops on the field. He has the reputation of being very eloquent, but he has shocked everybody by having ordered a superb service of plate, made of the money intended to pay the army, while the poor soldiers, badly clothed, and still more badly fed, are asking alms in the street, and absolutely dying of want.

A beggar had never been known in this country, and to see them in such numbers, fills the inhabitants with horror; but why should such

trifling considerations as the preservation of soldiers, prevent a general-in-chief from eating out of silver dishes?

We have neither public nor private balls, nor any amusement except now and then a little scandal. The most current at this moment is, that Madame LeClerc is very kind to General Boyer, and that the husband is not content, which in a French husband is a little extraordinary. Perhaps the last part of the anecdote is calumny.

Madame LeClerc, as I learned from a gentleman who has long known her, betrayed from her earliest youth a disposition to gallantry, and had, when very young, some adventures of *eclat* in Marseilles. Her brother, whose favorite she is, married her to General LeClerc, to whom he gave the command of the army intended to sail for St. Domingo, after having given that island, as a marriage portion, to his sister. But her reluctance to come to this country was so great, that it was almost necessary to use force to oblige her to embark.

She has one child, a lovely boy, three years old, of which she appears very fond. But for a young and beautiful woman, accustomed to the sweets of adulation, and the intoxicating delights of Paris, certainly the transition to this country, in its present state, has been too violent. She has no society, no amusement, and never having imagined that she would be forced to seek an equivalent for either in the resources of her own mind, she has made no provision for such an unforeseen emergency.

She hates reading, and though passionately fond of music, plays no instrument; never having stolen time from her pleasurable pursuits to devote to the acquisition of that divine art. She can do nothing but dance, and to dance alone is a *triste* resource; therefore it cannot be surprising if her early propensities predominate, and she listens to the tale of love breathed by General Boyer, for never did a more fascinating votary offer his vows at the Idalian shrine. His form and face are models of masculine perfection; his eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, and his voice is modulated by a sweetness of expression which cannot be heard without emotion. Thus situated, and thus surrounded, her youth and beauty plead for her, and those most disposed to condemn would exclaim on beholding her:

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

I suppose you will laugh at this gossip, but 'tis the news of the day, nothing is talked of but Madame LeClerc, and envy and ill-nature pursue her because she is charming and surrounded by splendor.

I have just now been reading Madame DeStael on the passions, which she describes very well, but I believe not precisely as she felt their influence. I have heard an anecdote of her which I admire; a friend, to whom she had communicated her intention of publishing her memoirs, asked what she intended doing with the gallant part,—"Oh," she replied, *je ne me peindrai qu'en buste.*"

(CONTINUED.)

THE DARK CORNER

By Zach McGhee

AT DUSK one evening, in the front room of an old-time country home, with big white pillars in front, set back in a grove of red oak trees, surrounded by woods and fields and red hills, a ten-year-old boy sat writing at a desk. It was not a desk either, come to think of it; in the Thompson family it went by the name of "the secretary." It was of mahogany, one of these old tall combination arrangements, half book-case, half writing desk, and half—for the secretary was not like ordinary things, confined to two halves—a cabinet of great, heavy drawers. And broken knobs were on some of the drawers, some of the knobs now inside the drawers, where they had been for generations. One of the drawers was locked, had been locked for generations, and the key lost, so that to "get" into it the drawer just above had to be taken out. Inside of this drawer, besides the broken knobs, were some odd papers, bundles of letters with quaint-looking stamps on them, some carpet tacks, odd stockings, bits of "fiddle rawzum," a few tintype pictures of grandmother when she was a little girl, or of Uncle Joe and Aunt Ethel when they went to town one day to the county fair; also a box of old pills, two or three disintegrated door locks, some strings tangled with picture wire, old buttons, nails, tooth brushes, and a few other things. You've seen them. No one wanted any of these things; yet nobody thought of throwing them away, or would have dared do so if he had.

No, there was no secret drawer or blind receptacle in the secretary, containing hidden treasure or a lost mortgage or a purloined will, which affect the course of family history. There was no great mystery about it; at least none to be revealed in this story. It may have had its mysteries; it doubtless did, for it had been in its same place in the front room there before even Aunt Tildy could remember. Aunt Tildy had lived in the little log cabin in the back yard ever since she was a little girl; now her hair was snowy white, and she could not walk without a cane. Yes, traditions clustered about the secretary, but the only real mystery which could not be easily solved was what was on top of it; for even standing upon the highest table in the room or upon the window ledge next to it, no one in this generation had ever been able to see over the quaintly carved and broken edge of the "top piece." Great-grandmother's portrait, with a hundred cracks across the face, hung just

to the left and above. As if with her dim, cracked eyes she were watching there day and night, she alone seemed to know for certain what was up there.

Here sat the ten-year-old boy in a big arm chair. With his feet resting on the round of the chair, his knees pushed up against the underside of the straight mahogany writing-board of the secretary, and his little chest, shoulders, and head bent far over above, he looked not unlike a great clamp clasping the edge of the writing-board. As he sat thus, a little dark-complexioned girl, a few years younger than he, with rosy cheeks, silken brown hair hanging in ringlets down upon her plump little shoulders, came and looked up into his face with a pair of big blue eyes and pleaded with him to come out into the yard and play.

"You said you was comin' wight after supper," she said. "Now you sit'n down here witin' in that old book again."

He looked up at her and smiled, twisted one of the curls around his pen staff, revealing a red scar on the side of her left temple, and thought with a little feeling of regret of the time when he had accidentally burned her there with a hot poker, and of his mother's saying the scar would be there always. He played further with the curl by putting his lips to it and catching some of the hair between his teeth. Then, after first glancing over his shoulder to see if the man in the far corner of the room had his newspaper between himself and them, he reached over and was about to press his lips to hers, but she ran away. She stopped, though, in the doorway, and shaking the curls at him, said, "ain't you comin'?"

"All right," he said. "Wait a little while longer. I'll be there directly."

She went back crestfallen. He went on writing with his big pen in his big book, dipping frequently into a big bottle of faded brown ink before him, pausing now and then, his inky forefinger pressed against the side of his big little nose, his big gray eyes fixed steadily upon the shelves in front, while his little brows were knit in what he thought was thought.

During one of these pauses let us peep upon his page and see what he has written:

"I have about come to the decision that this thing you call common sense is mighty scarce among women. they talk & talk about things what they don't know nothing about, and the worst thing about them is nobody can't tell them nothing about them. But Uncle Joe says boys will be boys and I reckin women will be women."

Then after the pause—he puts stars where he pauses,—is this:

"And they ain't no difference between women they are all alike even to little girls."

Here are some more stars, probably representing the interruption made by the little girl with brown curls, for just underneath them is this:

"But there is one little girl which ain't. that is, she is different now but there is no telling when they grow up. I won't write what her name is cause I want to wait and see."

This was Jim Thompson. "James Carlton Thompson" it was in the big Bible on the center-table

in the parlor, but everywhere else it was "Jim." Even on the torn and dirty fly-leaf of the book in which he wrote, amidst some much older writing—his father's name and sundry memoranda—now scratched out, was written in a large, uneven, unformed hand, this sign:

"Jim Thompson
Strickly Private
The man what reads in this book ain't a gentleman except the arthur."

It must have been that some female member of the household, coming across the book in some of her dusting expeditions, had considered that the injunction did not apply to her, for a little lower down on the page, some scratched out name between, the "arthur" had made a short addendum reading, "and no lady neither."

It was still early in the evening. The little girl with the brown curls came again, and this time looked at him with what she meant for reproach.

"I fought you was comin' to play. Mrs. Thompson says we can't play but a little while longer. Then we have to wash our feet and go to bed. And you haven't played with us at all to-night. Please come on, Jim. I go'n to wait wight here on this twunk till you shut up that old book and come on."

Jim hastily threw down his pen and shoved the book into the back of the secretary, and the next minute, to the delight of all the children, particularly the little girl, whom they called "Amy," he was in the yard playing "I spy" with them.

Annie, Jim's sister, two years older than he, was counting. After calling "All hid!" several times and getting no answer to her last call, she began stealing around among the shadows of the trees and the outhouses.

"I spy Joe behind the well." But Joe, running very fast, got "home" before Annie. Joe was a little seven-year-old pickaninny. There was another negro boy, twelve years old, a fat, bow-legged boy of a "ginger-bread brown," whom the children all called "Ole Simon." As Annie was looking the other way Ole Simon slipped out from under the piazza steps and, running as fast as his fat duck legs would carry him, he slapped the tree, which was "home," before Annie saw him.

All were accounted for except Amy and Jim. Annie peeped under the steps, then around the big tree just beyond the well-house, behind the hen-house, under the edge of the kitchen piazza; but she could find them nowhere. Venturing further from home, she was full thirty feet beyond the well, when, hearing a scampering behind her, she turned to find Jim letting Amy down from the shelf just under the eaves of the well-house.

"Run, Amy, run," cried Jim. "That's fine! Whoopee! That's fine!"

"Home fee!" cried Amy in ecstasy.

But in his enthusiasm for Amy, Jim had forgotten to run himself. Annie espied him and touched the tree for him, so that he was "It." Amy was disappointed, for now she had to hide for herself. When Jim put his face up to the tree and began to count, she looked about for a place to hide, finally slipping

into a wooden box on the piazza. Soon afterwards, as she loosed her skirt from a nail on the edge of the box, the negro boy, Ole Simon, with a broad grin on his face hopped into the box with her.

"Now you git out o' here," she said.

Instinctively she shrank from him, and her eyes flashed in such a way that even if the negro boy could not see them there in the dark, he felt their effect. But he only grinned and said, "I ain' gwi do it."

"Git out, I tell you, you black nigger. This is my place. I was in here first."

Jim would have heard her this time, but he was singing out at the top of his voice: "Five-ten-fifteen-twenty," and so on. Simon made an ugly face at her and sat down in the box with a sullen look.

"All hid?" cried Jim.

"Make Ole Simon git out o' here. He ain't go no business in here. I was in here first."

Amy stood up in the box, while Simon crawled slowly out, making another face at her, and saying something to her which Jim could not hear. She began to cry.

"What's the matter, Amy?" asked Jim, climbing up upon the piazza and lifting her out of the box. She drew her sleeve across her face.

"Ole Simon," she began, but broke out into violent sobbing. Jim turned to the negro boy, who usually was a great favorite with all the children, except Amy, and said hotly:

"What did you say to her, Simon?"

"Oh, nothin'. Come on, Amy, I'll give you de box. I never meant nothin'."

"What did you say to her?" demanded Jim.

"Oh, nothin', I tell yer. She knows I wuz jes funnin'."

Here Amy, in the midst of her sobs and with her flushed little face covered with her sleeve, sobbed out:

"He—made—faces—at—me."

"I never," declared Simon stubbornly.

"What did he say to you?" asked Jim, looking angrily towards Simon.

"I never said nothin' to her," said Simon, going sullenly toward the well. Jim's eyes followed him till he saw him sit down on the edge of the well platform. Then Jim turned again to Amy, and tenderly putting his arm around her waist, tried to soothe her.

Don't cry, Amy. He sha'n't play with us any more."

"He called me—"

She stopped again and sobbed.

"Go on, Amy, I'll fix him. You tell me what he called you."

Then reassured, and soothed by Jim's tender embrace, she finished her sentence, though she still sobbed between each word.

"He —called—me—poor—white —trash."

Jim rushed toward Simon, who stood up and protested with a show of indignation, "I never done no sich er thing."

But protestations or denials were not in order. Jim dealt him a blow square in the nose, and the broad, flat organ emitted blood while it assisted another organ just below to emit a loud bawl. But Ole Simon had a little game in him as well as blood and bawl. He was larger than Jim and stronger, though Jim was lither of body and more active, so that

when Simon grabbed at him and they clinched, Jim tripped him and he fell, pulling Jim on top of him. Then they rolled over, kicking and scratching and tearing at each other, until Jim caught Simon around the neck with his left arm and began to pound vigorously with his right fist. But in a moment Jim himself yelled as he felt the negro's teeth pinching him in the left side. This little bit of strategy added considerably to the fury of the fray. Jim loosed his hold around Simon's neck, and, wrenching himself away, concluded that he, too, would introduce a new instrument of warfare, and proceeded to make a vigorous and most effective attack upon the enemy's left flank with his right foot. This brought a wild yell from Simon, who grabbed a brickbat which lay near him, and slowly rose to his feet. Jim stood coolly watching him and looking him in the eye, daring him.

"What's this? What's this?"

The boys looked up and saw the fiery eyes of Mrs. Thompson on the porch. Annie and Amy had run in a fright into the house and told her.

"We wuz jes playin'," said Simon, breathing very rapidly and looking frightened.

"No, we weren't just playing," spoke up Jim, also breathing rapidly, but looking more angrily at the negro. "He called Amy 'Poor white trash,' and I mashed his nose for him."

"Naw you never nuther, an' ef you did I bit you till you hollered."

Jim glared at him and moved toward him. Things looked threatening again, but Mrs. Thompson ordered Jim to go into the house, and gave Simon to understand that she and his mother would attend to his case on the morrow.

"I'm ashamed of you that you cannot play without getting into a fight with negroes," said Mrs. Thompson to Jim when they had got inside.

"Well, Mamma," he replied, "you turned off Betsy 'cause she called Amy 'white trash,' and I ain't goin' to let any nigger call her that, or treat her mean. Amy's as good as any girl in the world."

His little face flushed deeply, and his gray eyes, for the first time, became moist. His mother looked at him calmly for an instant, then stooped down and kissed him on the brow. He looked towards the little girl standing in the door, who just then turned and stepped back into the hall so he could not see her, for she was crying again; and this time she did not know why.

The next morning, as the autumn sun streamed through the tinted trees of the lawn, a man wearing a white hat, in a white-top wagon, with a white, bony horse, drove up to the front gate. The man, the wagon, the horse, the hat, seemed much the worse for wear, much worn from a weary journey. It was Saturday morning, and Jim was sitting on the steps waiting for Amy, whom he had promised to take to gather nuts in the woods across the way. The man was a tall, thin man, very pale, slightly stooped, and he coughed violently several times as he slowly walked up to the steps and asked for Mrs. Thompson. That was the beginning of a day that Jim never forgot, and pages and pages about it are written in

the big book which he kept in the secretary.

It was a quiet day. There was no noise, nor the pall of death, nor the excitement that usually attends domestic turnings. Few realized the meaning of that day. Jim did not till upward through the years of his life it crept steadily and fatefully over him. It was the beginning of one of those quiet tragedies in life which extend through many, many years, and the culmination of which is attended with no demonstration save in heaven alone.

Jim had no conception of this, not even the vaguest suggestion of it. Yet in his little breast there was a strange feeling he was deeply conscious of. That afternoon he stood leaning against a tree with his forefinger pressed against the side of his nose and watched the white-top wagon with the horse pass slowly down the hill beneath the spreading branches of the great oak trees which shaded the road. He saw the man get out at the end of the lawn, open the big green gate upon which he and Amy had used to swing, then get back into the wagon; and wagon and horse, and father and daughter moved on. Little Amy had gone.

Jim went into the house and began writing in his book, but the pen was scratchy, the ink was too pale, and his fingers had the cramp. He got his hat, took a book from the shelf, the first one his hand touched, and walked down to the spring. He drank some water out of the cracked gourd that hung on a forked stick beside the spring, then sat down on the grass, leaned up against the great poplar tree which shaded the spring, and opened his book. He read about three pages, but for some reason he could not get interested in the book. It was Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. So he walked up the hill and out into the woods. Wandering a long time amongst the big trees, Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy under his arm, he decided to make some visible record of the thoughts and feelings within him, some living testimonial to future generations, calling these big trees and the squirrels and peckerwoods and jay birds to witness. He sat down a long time and considered. At length he tore out one of the fly-leaves of the Synthetic Philosophy and wrote on it with a blunt pencil he took from his breeches pocket:

"I solemnly declare in the presence of this vast forest that I, James Carlton Thompson, age 10, do love Amy Cannon so help me God."

With this inscription on it, the fly-leaf of the Synthetic Philosophy was carefully folded up. After nervously looking around in every direction to be sure there was nothing else in the presence save the vast forest, he concealed it in a hole in a large hickory tree. Then he walked around and in the "vast forest" before going out, so as to confuse the minds of any chance observers. The testimonial was for future generations, not this one.

But that night in the big ledger was described the exact position of the sacred tree, which would now go down into history, alongside the Charter Oak, the Wash-

ington Elm, and the Appomattox Apple Tree; though in order that no other of the household should discover his secret, the big ledger was taken out of the secretary and kept in the bottom of his trunk under his clothes for the next three weeks.

Chapter II.

"Professor Tilson is coming, Pa," said little Alice King to her father one evening just after supper. This announcement caused something of a commotion in the family. Mr. King was reading the paper and Mrs. King was giving some directions to the cook.

"Run and light the lamp in the parlor," said that lady to Alice. "Go to the door, Frank. Come here first, let me straighten your collar—there! Button your coat—now—that's right. Now, Son, see how nice you can bow when you meet him. Ask him into the parlor and say 'Excuse me, Professor, and allow me to go and tell Father'—Wait! say it over before you go. What are you going to say?"

"Excuse me, Mister, and let—"

"Excuse me, *Professor*," corrected his mother.

"Excuse me, Professor," repeated the apt pupil in the polite art, "and let me go and tell Paw."

"Go and tell *Father*," again corrected the careful mother.

"Go tell Father," repeated the boy. This was not exactly correct and the mother showed a slight disappointment, but she said, "All right, that will do, I suppose. Be sure you say it that way, now, when you get out there. Run ahead. He's about to ring the bell. Wait!"—She whispered now—"Don't be too quick. Let him ring the bell first. Now."

The mother, father, and sister then took their positions behind the door and peeped through the crack upon the scene between the two heroes, their distinguished visitor and the promising young exponent of the King family.

Now, come with me, Ladies and Gentlemen, just a little way apart, and I will introduce you to Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson. To be perfectly frank, though, it puzzles me to know where you have been all the time that you do not know him. I much fear me, you argue yourselves unknown, but let us not parley; we are in the presence of greatness. He stands at the door waiting. He has on a blue Prince Albert coat, a vest cut low in front so that two large diamond studs can be seen on the bosom of his white shirt. They may be paste, but that matters not; they sparkle. Rather tall is he, though it is only on occasions that he assumes his full height. Who is he? Why, the professor of the school at Hollisville—no, not that either; if you had read the circulars or the advertising sections of the county and church papers, or if you had kept up with what is going on in the world, with who's who in America, and who's "It," you would know that he is the President of the H. C. M. I.

H. C. M. I!

It is not possible you do not know what those illustrious characters stand for? when there are 7 professors, 139 students, and 14 counties represented, each student wearing on the visor of his cap

these letters wrought in gold? Do you live so remote from civilization as not to be reached by mail, that you have not received circulars and "commencement" invitations, each bearing two full-page pictures of the celebrated Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, one dressed as we have seen him, and the other in full military uniform with gold cords and tassels? But, perchance, you do not live in any of these 14 counties. You live, peradventure, in western Pennsylvania, and have in mind the famous Pushtown Institute. You have had time only for the perusal of the literature of that renowned institution, where there are students from 19 counties. Or do you live in Kansas, where your time has been absorbed with the literature of the far-famed Blowburg Military Academy? Then, after all, you must have some information about the distinguished gentleman who has now stepped inside the hall with little Frank King. But I have introduced you. Get acquainted with him yourself. You may watch him, if you like, with the three members of the King family, through the crack of the door. You need not fear that you will not be able to get a good idea of him by merely looking at him; for as Ed Oldham, who lives in Hollisville and who came to know the great man passing well, was wont to remark, "The biggest part of him is on the outside."

The Professor walks in, hears with becoming and impressive dignity Frank's neat speech, hangs his hat—his silk hat—on the rack, places his cane, his gold-headed cane, in the rack, and takes a peep into the glass. Frank turns and goes to tell Paw—I stand corrected; I mean "Father"—but just at this moment the Professor notices something interesting in the looks of the dining-room door, and an idea occurs to him. Ideas frequently occur to the Professor. He lays a patronizing, benevolent hand upon the promising head of Frank, and observes, in a tone somewhat louder than absolutely necessary for the tender ears of the awe-stricken youth below him:

"Why, Frank, my boy, you deport yourself like a little man. You will be a man, too, after a while, and I hope when you are you will be a great man."

The Professor took pains just here that his pupil, and those other pupils close to the crack of the dining-room door, should have an opportunity of seeing a good example of a great man. Accordingly, he straightened himself up, buttoned the lowest button of his Prince Albert coat, and struck an attitude.

"Your father is a great man, too, Frank."

With this, the great man meant by the little word "too" walked impressively into the parlor. Frank was smothered with congratulatory kisses when he reached the dining-room.

In a few minutes, Captain King came into the parlor and the two great men entered first into a conversation on the weather. After they had agreed that it was a pleasant night and both had expressed an opinion as to whether or not it would rain and whether or not if it were to rain it would help or hurt the crops, Tilson took from his pocket a letter which he handed Captain King to read.

This letter was from Miss Hall, Tilson's "confidential secretary," and read as follows:

"Mr. Thompson came to see me tonight, and I know you are anxious to hear at once about him. He is rather tall and well proportioned. He looks young, and a good many, besides himself, think he is handsome. I judge by his conversation that he is much older than he looks, for he is very serious-minded and dignified. He has deep gray eyes, which at times are very penetrating, and he appears to look right through you when you talk to him. He has a very amiable expression in the mouth. I think there is more real expression in the mouth than in any other feature. He goes clean-shaven, and has a very interesting face.

"He talks a good deal. You asked me to notice especially if he talks slowly, saying that no man of brains drawls out what he has to say. Well, he does not exactly drawl, but he does speak very deliberately at times. At other times, though, he seems to talk very rapidly, as if he were in a desperate hurry. This is when he seems to be talking through you as well as looking through you.

"He is very bright, I think, but I am afraid he knows it. He is a little bit conceited, some say; but I would not say so, exactly. I do fear, though, that he is somewhat impractical. Some of his ideas about school work are very theoretical. This may be because he has been teaching in the graded schools here. You remember you said the graded schools in all such towns as Glendale were very impractical. Still he may be all right when he gets into our ways.

"He is a pleasant man socially, and has an agreeable though a somewhat awkward address. I think he is a great reader and likes to talk about books. I believe he likes to be thought learned.

"I have made careful inquiries about him from the people I know who know anything about him, and they all say he is an excellent young man, although I have heard one or two of the boys say he is somewhat of a crank. I asked him what was the least salary he would take, and he said he had not thought about that at all, but he finally said he would expect about $60 a month."

Captain King, when he had read this letter, ran his eye carefully over it again. He turned it over, upside down, and sideways, inspecting the margins all around. He was looking for something which he could not understand the the writer's leaving out. He took up the envelope, felt inside of it, then opened it and looked inside. He glanced over the letter again, turned it over and upside down again. Finally, looking with a puzzled expression at Tilson, he stroked his beard, scratched his nose, and opened his mouth.

"Is he a Bab-tis?"

He did not say "Baptist," but "Bab-tis."

"Well, I tell you," began Tilson in an apologetic tone, drawing up his chair so as to get squarely in front of the chairman in a more confidential position, as if they had reached the real business of the evening. "You see, I have been thinking we ought to have one Methodist in the school, because

we can then get the Methodists to send to us."

Captain King gravely stroked his beard.

"I don't like to see them get a foothold."

"Do you think one out of seven will make much difference?" replied Tilson, adding very quickly, "Of course, now, you know best; but you see, our school is bound to be Baptist. At the same time, I don't want to miss getting students from Methodist families."

Captain King continued stroking his beard, and slowly nodded.

"He's a good man," urged Tilson. "He graduated with honors and has a good reputation. It would sound mighty well to have his name on our circulars. The only thing is the pay. What do you think we ought to pay him should we decide to take him?"

"I don't know," answered Captain King. "How much had you thought of offering him?"

"Oh," said Tilson, "I haven't thought of that, knowing that you know so much better than I do about these matters."

Captain King was the richest man in Hollisville, and the foremost citizen. Yet, he was very modest in the presence of real greatness. He drove to church on Sundays in a carriage, paid liberally to support the church, lived in a comfortable house, and always sent his children to school. Hence he had all the attributes of the leading citizen of the community, for there were no others that did all these things. Hence he was the best qualified man in the community to be chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute — Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President. Yet none of these attributes, nor all of them, are in any way inconsistent with Captain King's being a man easily twisted around the little finger of Mr. Jefferson Marquinius Tilson; for in the first place, Mr. J. Marquinius T. must be accounted an expert in the finger-twisting business; in the second place, it happened that the most prominent and most highly respected man in Hollisville was, outside of the immediate and narrow sphere of trade, one of the weakest of mortal men. It was some five or six years before this that Captain King bought his gold brick, for $5,000, it being worth in the neighborhood of five cents, as gold. But there is no use to tell that story on the Captain here; he knows better now; that is, when it comes to material gold bricks; he is just as gullible as ever when it comes to human gold bricks. Tilson did not really care a fig, or two figs, for the Captain's advice; he wanted the Captain's influence and as much of his money as a gentleman possessed of much wealth and the ordinary human vanities could be persuaded to part with. Nothing flatters a man, especially a great man, more than to be asked advice by another great man. Tilson had a board of trustees mainly that he might flatter them, and get their influence in return, being always sure to let them know what advice he wanted; and he always got it. He made each one feel the most important man in town, a feat easy of accomplishment, especially with Captain King, who drove two horses to his

carriage when other people drove but one. Before the interview closed, the Captain was arguing that it would be the very best thing for the school to employ this young man Thompson, for several reasons, though particularly because he was a Methodist. Tilson was a little uncertain on this point, but if the Captain thought it best, why, of course, he would yield. He was, in the end, also willing to yield to the Captain's most excellent judgment as to the salary. In parting the Captain said to him:

"Yes, Professor, I believe if I were you I would write to him at once and make him the offer at $500 a year and board"—which is exactly what Tilson had already done the day before.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

—Baltimore Sun

The Syren

"We love the People—but *Oh you Sugar!*"

The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson

BOOK II.—Chapter VII.

"I SWEAR, SO HELP ME GOD," said Washington, in a voice which could hardly be heard by the Chancellor who administered the oath or by the Revolutionary companions-in-arms who stood near him: when he straightened, after stooping to "kiss the Book," Livingston waved his hand and shouted, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States,"—and prolonged cheers rang out from the enthusiastic multitude which had collected in the streets of New York to witness the first inauguration of the Chief Magistrate of the *third* "perpetual Union" of the North American states. Washington was elected President by the unanimous vote of the electors; but New York was not represented in the colleges, and neither North Carolina nor Rhode Island had yet adopted the new Constitution.

The Federalists organized the government and for twelve years controlled it. Hamilton was the masterful mind of Washington's administration, and his political ideal was the English system. To draw power from the states, to centralize and consolidate, to attach the wealth of the country to the Federal authority, to evolve a moneyed aristocracy out of Special Privilege, were his objects; and before he had been in the Cabinet two years he had taken giant strides toward success by the assumption of the state debts, by issuing bonds for the national debt, by the enactment of a protective tariff act, and by having the Government go into copartnership with the rich in the establishment of a national bank.

The opposition to these plans, which Mr. Jefferson started in the Cabinet, was organized by him and his lieutenants after his resignation, and, while the Federalists were able to elect John Adams, Jefferson, a close second in the contest, became Vice-President. Mr. Adams made the natural but fatal blunder of retaining Washington's Cabinet, and upon this official family of the Chief Magistrate, Hamilton wielded a controlling influence. Since Adams was too independent to be Hamilton's puppet, and too courageous to be afraid of him, and too sagacious not to penetrate the selfishness and danger of some of his schemes, and too jealous and suspicious not to harbor dislike,—Hamilton turned against his chief and assailed him savagely. This feud, together with the immense unpopularity of the Alien and Sedition laws, caused the Federalist party to go down in irretrievable defeat.

The "Virginia House" came in with Jefferson and for twenty-four years remained in the ascendant. So thorough was the organization and discipline of the Jefferson Republicans that it was practically a national "machine". To antagonize it meant loss of power in national politics—as such insurgents as John Randolph discovered. So well in hand were matters kept, that the chiefs of the party knew in advance how the Presidential succession was to go. It was "understood" that Mr. Madison was to succeed Mr. Jefferson; and it was "understood" that Mr. Monroe would follow Mr. Madison. The nominations were made by a caucus of Congressmen, and over such a nominating body the Administration naturally had great influence. The Federalist party being dead, and the Jefferson Republicans in full control, a caucus nomination was equivalent to an election.

Had William H. Crawford gone into a struggle for the nomination at the time Monroe got it, there is little doubt that the great Georgian would have reached the White House. As it was, he received a very large vote in the caucus. He was a much abler man than Monroe, and would perhaps have made a magnificent President; but he deferred to the Virginia House and to Revolutionary prestige, and, saying "I am young enough to wait," declined to actively oppose Monroe. He could not foresee that by the time eight more years had gone by, his own health would be hopelessly shattered, that the Republican party of Jefferson would be breaking up of its own weight, and that aspirants for the Presidency who had no chance in the Congressional Caucus would denounce the machine and make a direct appeal to the people. According to "the gentlemen's agreement", Crawford got the nomination, after Monroe had served his second term, but by that time the nomination was not only worthless, but a positive handicap. The Jefferson Republicans were no longer a disciplined army; they were split up into clashing squads, and other Richmonds were in the field eager for the crown.

Long-headed politicians, such as Aaron Burr, Edward Livingston and William B. Lewis, had realized, soon after the close of the War of 1812, that Andrew Jackson's popularity could be utilized to overthrow the House of Virginia, the Congressional Caucus, and the office-holding clique that was in control. When the subject was mentioned to the old General, however, he pooh-poohed it. Totally lacking in false modesty, and not burdened with any other sort, Jackson had told LaFayette that he thought himself worthy to be the donee of Washington's pistols, and in his speeches and proclamations had given evidence of sufficient self-esteem: but when the calculating politicians mentioned the Presidency, the General said, most positively, that he wasn't fit for it. He said, in substance, that he had a talent for handling troops, "in a rough sort of way", but that he was not cut out for the position of Chief Magistrate of the United States.

Nevertheless, he at length consented to make the race. And, of course, after he got into the fight, the old warrior developed his usual determination to win. His competitors were John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford and Henry Clay. Like himself, the other candidates had been known as Jefferson Republicans.

Crawford has almost become a myth in our national history. Few facts about him are told in any of the books. Yet his public career was long and distinguished, he served his country prominently at home and abroad, and he was recognized as the heir apparent to the Presidency at the opening of Monroe's administration. Himself a Virginian by birth, he was in his eleventh year when his father, Joel Crawford, after living in South Carolina several years, crossed the Savannah River and settled in Columbia County, Georgia. Young Crawford attended the Academy of the celebrated Dr. Waddel, at Mount Carmel. After completing the course of study there, Crawford acted as usher in the school and received one-third of the tuition money for his services. This position he held until April, 1796, when he became one of the teachers in the Richmond Academy, Augusta, Georgia. He not only continued his academic studies while in Augusta, but read law and was admitted to the bar (1798). Removing to Oglethorpe County in the spring of 1799, he worked his way up, from the bottom, as so many of the eminent men of this country have done. In a very short time, "Billy Crafford", as the people called him, was the "bull of the woods" of his part of the state. Tall, big, well-made but not graceful, handsome, genial, fearless, with kindly blue eyes which blazed fiercely when he was aroused, Crawford was a delightful companion in private circles and a natural leader in public affairs. An able and successful lawyer, he soon went into politics and was the chief of one of the factions of the bitterest feud the State of Georgia ever knew. He himself was drawn into duels, killed the Attorney-General of the State in one of them, and had his left wrist shattered in another. General John Clark, who was his antagonist in this fight, labored earnestly and persistently to make Crawford meet him again, but Crawford as earnestly and persistently refused.

Sent to the State Legislature for four years in succession, he was elected to the United States Senate in 1807. Thus at the age of thirty-five, he had become a recognized leader of the bar and had reached one of the proudest pinnacles in national politics.

In Washington, his extraordinary ability won immediate recognition. He was easily the peer of such men as Giles and Benton and Clay and Adams. No Senator in his set speeches spoke with greater clearness, conciseness and force. In the debate in the national bank, he shone to better advantage than Clay. Each afterwards took the other side of the question,—Clay when he embraced Hamiltonianism, and Crawford when it was shown him that the Convention of 1787 had voted down the proposition to give Congress the authority to charter corporations.

Elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate, he occupied the chair during the debates which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain,—a war which he heartily favored.

It was perhaps a great mistake in Crawford to decline the Secretaryship of War offered him by President Madison. Instead, he ac-

cepted the mission to France (1813). The Emperor Napoleon was impressed by his gigantic stature and manly bearing, and spoke of his simplicity and truthfulness as being the peculiar products of a republic, but it does not appear that any important consequences were realized or expected from the mission. Crawford could not speak French, and the Emperor spoke no English; and therefore Napoleon said somewhat querulously that the United States had sent him two ministers, one of whom was deaf and the other dumb. Mr. Livingston, who was hard of hearing, was one of the two,—Crawford, the other.

In 1817, Mr. Crawford entered Monroe's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury and he held the place until 1825. His administration of the affairs of the office was so generally satisfactory that when John Quincy Adams became President, he tendered the nomination for Treasurer to Mr. Crawford; but, on account of his being paralyzed, the latter declined the offer.

Of John Quincy Adams, it is a matter of some delicacy for a Southern man to speak. His name is so inseparably connected with the virulent sectionalism of which the South was the victim, that the son of a slave-holder cannot pretend to love Mr. Adams very much.

The historian must, however, do his duty, and must say, with all proper emphasis, that John Quincy Adams was as honest and conscientious a man as ever occupied the Presidential chair. His natural capacity was of a high order, and he was decidedly the best educated statesman of his day. No diplomat could draw up a better state-paper. No politician had a loftier conception of public duty. In that respect, he was absolutely Washingtonian in virtue. He judged every applicant for office by the rule of *fitness for the place.* If his warmest supporter was lacking in the necessary qualifications, it was useless for him to apply to Adams. On the contrary, he kept his bitterest opponents in office because of the fidelity and capacity with which they were performing their duties.

But it was not in John Quincy Adams to fire the imagination and warm the heart of a people. Even in New England he was admired and supported without being loved.

In physique, he was unprepossessing. His figure was short and not well formed; his head was bald and his eyes watery. Temperamentally, he was unmagnetic. The politicians of today would say that he was "not a good handshaker,—did not know how to mix and mingle". To the common herd he appeared unsocial, ungracious, unsympathetic, and his manner was so unfortunate that he sometimes offended those whom he obliged. In his family, however, he was most amiable; and in a circle of private friends, free and easy and even facetious.

In his private correspondence, he does not appear in a lovable light, and his "Diary" is an ocean of malevolence. Much is to be allowed to John Quincy Adams on account of heredity. His parents were a unique couple, and little John Quincy never could have been a boy like other boys. I have often lingered over the letters written by members of this Adams family to each other, and wondered if that epis-

tolary style was to any extent epidemic in New England. Was it a sporadic case? or did the Puritans, generally, fire miniature essays and diminutive state-papers at their wives and husbands and sons and daughters?

In uxorious epistles to Mrs. John Adams, her lord and master always addresses her as "My dearest friend". In one of the letters, the husband describes his inauguration as President, and tells her that a man of the name of Mason had declared that he had never heard such a speech in all his life (Adams' speech), and that Mason said the country would lose nothing by the change from George Washington to John Adams. In a concluding line, Mr. Adams states that "all agree that it" (his inauguration) "was *the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America.*"

The letter of Mrs. Adams in reply to her spouse, starts out with a couplet of poetry, is illustrated by historical allusion, is enriched by Scriptural quotation, and is altogether one of the primmest, stateliest, most rhetorical epistles that a wife ever wrote to a husband.

Such formality governing the correspondence of the parents, we may not be surprised when the son, John Quincy, at the age of nine years, holds forth to his father in manner and form following, to-wit:

"BAINTREE, June 2nd, 1777.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I love to receive letters very well; much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition. My head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Rollin's History, but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. Mr. Thaxter is absent at Court. I have set myself a stint this week, to read the third volume half out. . If I can but keep my resolution, I may again at the end of the week give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me in writiug, some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me, and endeavor to follow them.

"With the present determination of growing better, I am, dear sir,

"Your son, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

"P. S. SIR:—"If you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind."

This remarkable missive contains no other intrinsic evidence to prove that it was written by a son to his paternal parent than the formal words, "Your son". The dignified little writer does not even unbend to say, "Your affectionate son",—much less to substitute "Dear Papa" for "Dear Sir".

In the foregoing, John Quincy makes a sportive reference to birds' eggs, but I think he assumed that his statement would be taken in a figurative or Pickwickian sense. I myself do not believe that John Quincy Adams ever played mumble-peg, ever skinned the cat, ever rode the bull-calf, ever pinched a pretty girl, or ever robbed a bird's nest. It ran in the family to be stilted, self-conscious, formal and somewhat

bombastic,—and when we come upon a letter written by John Quincy's sister, Abigail, we find her describing her own father to her own mother in these high-stepping terms:

"I discover a thousand traits of softness, delicacy and sensibility in this excellent man's character. I was once taught to fear his virtues; happy am I that I find them rather to love, grown up into life unknown to him, and ignorant of him. * * * How amiable, how respectable, how worthy of every token of my attention, has this conduct rendered a parent, a father, to whom we feel due even a resignation of our opinions!"

You can draw a mental picture of this starchy and prematurely mature little girl growing up into a stately dame, imposing and somewhat tremendous, and being wedded, after ceremonious negotiations, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or at least, to the Canon of Westminster Abbey. You feel taken aback and slightly injured when you discover that, after all, she married a man named Smith.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE.)

Reality

It used to be I sat alone,
And traced upon my youthful mind
Fair pictures of the place I'd own
As Paradise, for which I pined;
And, then, as tantalizing years
Would dim the splendor of my dream,
I often cried, through heart-born tears—
Things only seem—things only seem!

Oh, these maturer after-days!
What need is there to longer sigh!
How heaven in a thousand ways,
Since then has drawn so strangely nigh!
My Eden is a kindred soul;
And, ah, the love with which it beams
Is tenderer in its sweet control,
Than all my dreams—than all my dreams!

—Ralph Methven Thomson.

California, Japan, Treaty Rights and State Rights

SOLDIERS' HOME, LAFAYETTE, IND.

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE:

I have just read your editorial in April number, entitled, "The President Bulldozes California."

The second paragraph of Article VI. of the United States Constitution says, "This Constitution, and all laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the Supreme Law of the Land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

"We, the people of the United States", (not we the States), ordained and established this Constitution. We, the people of the whole United States, are vitally interested in seeing that no State shall wantonly violate a treaty with a foreign nation and bring trouble on the whole people of the United States merely because one State don't like cabbage. Roosevelt was right in that matter, but I have not been his admirer since late in 1906.

In 1853, when San Francisco was a little Spanish village, the United States sent her navy to Japan and broke into her port, running over her little ships of that day, and forced a treaty on her, which she did not want. She accepted it because she feared to resist us. In that treaty, we guaranteed to the citizens of Japan residing in our country the same rights as we guaranteed to those of the most favored nations. Nobody in that day, under the Pierce administration, dreamed that in fifty-five years that village would grow to such magnitude as to violate and defy that enforced treaty. Who are our most favored citizens? Great Britain, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain and several others. Do you suppose that California would think for a moment of barring the children of those most favored nations from the public schools? A nation, or a large part of it, which can and does disregard the constitutional rights of her own weak citizens is also ready to disregard the treaty rights of foreign citizens.

If California can exercise her right, and does so exercise it, as to defy that treaty, the balance of the United States have just as good a right to stand by and see Japan give California a decent and deserved thrashing. Were I President in such an emergency, I would permit such chastisement as I, as President, could not myself give. These states' rights fools need such a lesson. A nation that whipped China and Russia on land and sea is not to be trifled with.

Yours truly, JOHN T. CAMPBELL.

P. S.—In writing you yesterday, I had not carefully read your answer to Victor E. Lawson's questions on page 298, April number, 1909. You lose sight of one important feature of the case. There is no treaty with any foreign country as to what rights the negroes shall have in our Southern States. With the Japanese, it is different. There is a right guaranteed to the Japanese by the treaty of 1853. That treaty was approved by the United States Senate, which was then Democratic, and California had two Senators to vote on the approval of the treaty. The question as to the relative rank of the Constitution and a treaty cuts no figure in the case. The treaty is bigger than any State law that attempts to nullify it. To legally bar the Japanese from the schools, all foreigners must be barred.

J. T. C.

ANSWER.

Our friend Campbell is quite severe on "these states' rights fools"—one of whom is writing these lines.

It is high time that our public men, our school teachers, our children and our voters began to pay a little attention to the history of their country. A vast

amount of sheer ignorance on that subject prevails. Much of it finds its way into books and speeches. Also into Presidential fulminations. Some of it crops out in private letters, written for the commendable purpose of enlightening the editors of newspapers and magazines.

Each one of the original thirteen colonies was independent of the others,—each, *separately*, owing a loose, undefined allegiance to Great Britain. The moment that the mother country claimed from the colonies more than the colonies believed was her due, there was a row. The Revolutionary War followed. Each State, in that struggle, maintained its separate existence and sovereignty, a loose Confederation having been formed for national purposes. In the Articles of Confederation, it was declared that the *Union* of the thirteen colonies *should be perpetual.*

When the Declaration of Independence was published, the claim put forward was that each of the thirteen States, which were named, was an independent State. Great Britain recognized this claim, at the close of the war, and she named each State separately as an independent State.

Later it was found that the Articles of Confederation were defective, in that the Confederation could not act directly upon the citizen, and could not deal efficiently with foreign nations. It was proposed to *amend the Articles*, so as to give the Confederation these necessary powers. Delegates were elected for this purpose, but these delegates decided to make a new Constitution, out and out. No attempt was made to amend the old one.

So the Convention of 1787 met, *closed the doors*, shut out the public, *bound the delegates to secrecy*, and went to work framing *a new central government that would be as far away from a democracy, in spirit, as possible.*

In sending delegates to this Convention, each State had acted separately, *as a State.* In drawing up the new Constitution, the delegates first wrote the Preamble thus: "We the people of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Virginia," etc., naming each one of the nine States, would *secede from the old Union* and to set up this new Union should be an accomplished fact whenever *nine of the States* ratified the action of the Convention, and inasmuch as no one could foretell which of the nine States would *secede from the old Union* and set up this new one, the secretary was directed to leave off the enumeration of the names of the States in his final draft of the Constitution.

Upon this frail foundation, John Campbell rests his Constitutional argument,—following the lead of the late D. Webster. But after the Madison papers were published, and after John C. Calhoun had annihilated Webster, in the great debate of 1833, the New England Senator changed his mind and, *in his Capon Springs speech, admitted that the new Union WAS a compact between sovereign States*, just as the old Confederation had been.

The Constitution of 1787 could never have been adopted had not Hamilton, Madison, Edmund Randolph, and all those who were striving so vigorously to overcome *the popular instinct against it*, declared most emphatically that the new Government would be one of *strictly limited powers, and that the sovereignty of the States would not be impaired.*

States' rights men were not catalogued as "fools" in those days.

Eleven of the original thirteen States were dragooned into adopting the new Constitution. All sorts of trickery, wire-pulling and deception were employed before the separate *conventions of the separate States* would secede from the old "perpetual Union" and enter the new. But two of the States balked. North Carolina and Rhode Island refused to go in. For several years these two States maintained their separate, independent, sovereign governments. *They did not threaten to make war upon the seceding States, nor did the seceding States propose to coerce them into joining the new Union.*

Is there no significance in this?

In those days, "Implied Powers" had not erected the tyranny which violated the constitution from whose loins implied powers spring. Excepting those powers granted by the States to the Union, or denied to themselves in definite terms, *each State was admitted to have retained every attribute of sovereignty.*

The fact that the North waged a wicked, cruel war upon the South *because the South imitated the Northern*

example in the matter of holding secession conventions and of withdrawing from a Union of the States, is no reason why states' rights principles should be abandoned. They are necessary to the liberty of the citizen and the life of the republic. *Unless we are ready for a consolidated military despotism,* we had better begin to realize the importance of *encouraging each State to make a firm stand for its constitutional rights.*

When California seeks to separate the races in her schools, she is exercising powers which the highest court says are hers. The decision in the Berea College case applies. If Kentucky can legally separate different races in her schools, California can legally do the same thing.

The President can not by treaty give to a foreign nation any privilege greater than those enjoyed *by ourselves.* The Supreme Court has held, time and again, that the States have sovereign powers over their domestic concerns. My State can say to me, "Don't send your children to school with the blacks"; and it can say to me, "Don't ride in the Jim Crow car"; *and I must obey.*

Now, it should be clear to every one that if the President can deprive California of her right to separate the races in her schools, he can deprive Kentucky of it. If he can invade the sovereign rights of a State by making a treaty with Japan, he can do it by making a treaty with the Ethiopian King of Abyssinia, the Sultan of Morocco, or any other black ruler of black people. *If he can force Jap children into California schools, BY TREATY, he can force negro children into Southern schools by making a similar treaty with Liberia.*

From the Constitution, the President derives his authority to make a treaty, and the point is, that a power so derived cannot be greater than the instrument from which it issues. Congress and the President, acting together in making laws, can not deprive a State of her sovereignty over her domestic affairs. *That* has been decided, over and often. How, then, can the President, with mere Senatorial sanction, do something which he and both the Houses combined cannot do?

The supreme law of our land is the Constitution itself.

Next in order are Acts of Congress, made in pursuance of the Constitution.

After these two, come treaties; and *if these treaties are antagonistic to Acts of Congress they are null and void.*

How much more clearly are they null and void, if they are inimical to the law, which overrides Acts of Congress,—*the Constitution!*

But the question under discussion has been adjudicated.

It will be remembered that the first treaty between the United States and China was negotiated by Caleb Cushing in 1844. This was followed by the Anson Burlingame treaty of 1868. One of its provisions was:

"The subjects of China shall enjoy *the same privileges,* immunities and exemptions in respect to travel and residence as may be *enjoyed by the citizens and subjects of the most favored nation.*"

Under this treaty, the Chinese began to move over. So many of them swarmed on the Pacific slope, and they worked for such a low wage, that a great howl went up from American labor. Pressure was brought to bear on Congress and, in 1888, the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed. President Cleveland signed it.

Of course, it was in conflict with the Burlingame treaty of 1868. The Chinese government was mightily wrought up over the matter. A test case was brought, and the Supreme Court of the United States held that the Act of Congress must stand. *The treaty became waste paper.*

In other words, a treaty can not deprive the Union of the States, or the States of the Union, of inherent, inalienable, sovereign powers.

Following the wrong road which President Roosevelt took, Mr. Taft is asking Congress to extend the jurisdiction of Federal Courts, so as to enable them to take cognizance of disputes, arising under treaties, between States and foreign nations. *A most ominous suggestion!*

This country is already enduring just about as much Federal Court encroachment and usurpation as it can stomach. Any attempt by Federal authorities to force the Pacific States to grant social equality to the riff-raff of China and Japan ought to be resisted, *at all hazards;* and in that fight the South is ready to make common cause with the West.

If the Federal Government can whip

the devil round the stump and *compel California to admit the scum of the Orient into her schools,* we of the South may expect a treaty with Liberia or Hayti to present *our Negro Question in a shape infinitely more menacing than any aspect it has yet worn.*

Some things are worth fighting for,—worth dying for. Racial purity is one of them.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

—New York American

THE JUNIOR JEFFS

By DADDY JIM

SOME OF OUR readers may not know that each JEFFERSONIAN has its own department for the young folks. This is "The Junior Jeffs", and in the weekly JEFFERSONIAN we have "Our Post-Card Club", which was so named because it started in the interchange of post-cards. Now, here is the point: Daddy Jim receives many letters for both departments. Sometimes they are addressed to him, sometimes to Mr. Watson, sometimes to the JEFFERSONIAN. How on earth is he to tell whether these letters are intended for the Magazine or the Weekly? Please mark your letters plainly on the first page: "Junior Jeffs" or "Our Post-Card Club". If you wrote to the Magazine at any time, and have not seen your letter in print, don't jump to the conclusion that it went in the waste-basket, but look in the weekly JEFFERSONIAN. On the other hand, some letters that we have published in the Magazine may have been intended for the Weekly. If so, we apologize, and you must do the rest—be good, and mark your letters plainly.

HARRY AND RUSSELL SHIRLEY
Powder Springs, Ala.

Our Picture

This week we publish the photograph of two as bright and handsome little fellows as we have ever had the good luck to see, and they are the sons of as good a Jeffersonian as you will meet in many a day's march. They write a happy letter:—

DEAR DADDY JIM:—Once there was an apple-grower, who, when apple-picking time came, would say; "Now, boys, put the big apples in the bottom, so as not to fool folks." Well, they caught him turning the barrels over, and marking them, "This End Up". Papa says that Mr. Watson has never turned his barrel over. We are six and four years old. — HARRY and RUSSELL SHIRLEY, R. F. D. 3, Powder Springs, Ga.

The Lord on His Side

DEAR DADDY JIM:—In a country town there lived a very pious family. The mother had taught little Johnnie to pray, and he was a very obedient child. One day a large circus came to the town, something that little Johnnie had not seen, of course. Every little fellow was talking about it. At last Johnnie came running into the house, slammed the front door, and squalled: "Mamma! Mamma! there is a great big bear in the front shed!" His mother came and found that it was only a large dog. So she told Johnnie to go away and pray to the Lord to forgive him for telling such a story.

Johnnie retired, and returned almost immediately. "Has the Lord forgiven you?" asked his mother. "Yes, ma, He said He forgive me, 'cause when He first saw that dog He thought it was a bear, too."—Ruth Knight, Glenville, Ga., 9 years old.

Fishing in Georgia

I see you have given us a page in your magazine, so I thought I would write. I live on a big farm about seven miles from Glennville, and about two and a half miles from a big river, where I go fishing some times. I caught a big German carp on my hook one time, and thought it was an alligator. Sometimes we have a fish fry. My father takes the weekly and says it is a great paper. When anyone comes to see us, he gets the Jeffersonian and reads it to them.—Arling Tootle, Glennville, Ga.

Lasses and Molasses

I am sending you another joke, so here it is. Sambo had been working as a porter up North, and when he came home he tried to teach his home folks some "manners," as he said. One day they were all at the table, eating dinner, when his brother, whose name was Flin, said: "Say, Sam, pass the 'lasses." "Don't say 'lasses," Sambo replied, "say molasses." "How kin I say molasses," exclaimed Flin indignantly, "when I ain't had no 'lasses?"—Beatrice Lackey, aged 15, Bodga, Miss.

Wants to Be a Man

My brother takes the Jeffersonian and the Magazine. He reads them, and I read them, too. My pa owns a three-horse farm. He has one horse and two mules. I go fishing sometimes. I live near the Ochlocknee River, and I go in bathing. I want to be a man like Mr. Watson. I think he is the greatest man in the United States.—Eugene Heald, 12 years old, Thomasville, Ga.

A Hard Working Girl

Dear Uncle Tom:—I am a little girl, eight years old. I live in the country, and enjoy farm life. I help Mamma feed the chickens and carry in stove wood, and I help wash the dishes. I help Mamma in the garden. I like music, and can sing and play a few lines on the organ. I like the post-cards that I got as a premium.—Isa Bruce, Bruce, La.

Paid for it Herself

Dear Daddy Jim:—I am a little girl, 8 years old. I am taking music, and I hope to be a music-teacher some day. I have only been taking music three months, and I have paid for it myself by getting subscriptions to the Jeffersonians. I hope to make as good a woman as Tom Watson is a man, and as good a music-teacher as my teacher, Miss Rosa. —Gussie Lee Aaron, Lyons, Ga.

(This letter contains an object lesson for our other young friends. Any of you can write to us for samples and instructions, and we will start you out. There is not a boy or girl who reads this page, who cannot make from one dollar to five dollars a week by taking subscriptions for the Jeffersonians, selling magazines and books, and doing other work for us.)

May Be a Party Leader

Above all, I want to be a politician and party-rights advocate; because, if I am ever a party leader, I want to be on the right side; then I know that the whole world will speak of honor to me. I want to be a debater, to discuss leading questions that come before the people. When I get grown, I want to advocate the Jeffersonian principles with my utmost ability. If this is printed, I will come again.—Thos. H. Joiner, 15 years old, Tennille, Ga.

(Surely you would come again, whether your letter was printed or not, wouldn't you? If you are to be a politician and a party leader, you must learn to come again and again and again, with a smile on your face, even if you are kicked into the waste-basket ninety-nine times hand-running.)

Working for Subscriptions

Dear Sir:—I am a little boy, 12 years old, and am in the fifth grade. I am not going to school now, as my school is out, but will be glad when it commences again. I am working to get all the sub-

scriptions I can for you. I have got one subscription, and I want you to send me one of the knives that you are giving away as a premium. I will do all I can to get you subscriptions.—Tom Watson Cooper, Boston, Ga.

(Hurrah for you, Tom. Go ahead, and show the other fellows what you can do. One little twelve-year-old boy made about $25 in commissions on subscriptions, and won a $5 prize, not long ago. See if you can't do better.)

Another Munchausen Story

Dear Daddy Jim:—I will send you a story. My brother went a-hunting. He didn't have but one bullet, and he found a deer and turkey. The turkey was up in a tree above the deer. He tied his knife across the muzzle of his gun, aimed half-way between them, and fired and killed them both. He went on and found another deer; put his ramrod in his gun; got the deer between him and a tree, and killed him. The ramrod stuck in the tree. He pulled it out, and the honey came running out. He put his thumb to stop it coming, and reaching back to get something to stop the hole he picked up a rabbit that tickled him. Then he fell back over a covey of partridges and killed them all.—Lena Martin, 9 years old, Sargent, Ga.

Seven Years Old

Dear Sir:—I will try and write you a few lines today, as I have nothing to do at present. I live six miles from town. I live on the farm. I am going to start to school the first of August. I am an orphan girl. My mother has been dead six years. I saw several of your papers. I think they are awful nice papers. So I will close.—Your little friend, Rebecca Stephens, 7 years old, Cooper, La.

Daddy Jim wants to say one thing, and that is that when you write to this magazine, or to the paper, you should always do the very best you can. If your letter is printed, it may be read by 100,000 people, or more. Now, think for a moment. Most of you live in Georgia, and you know that Atlanta is a large city. Suppose that you could gather every man, woman and child in Atlanta —about 100,000 of them—into one great enclosure, where, through some huge megaphone, you could talk to them all at once,—talk to the big lawyers, the great bankers, the legislators, the business men, the society folks, the rich and the poor, the ladies in their automobiles and the working girls in the mills—all at once. What would you say? What could you think to say, when those 200,000 eyes were turned toward your small figure, and those 200,000 ears were opened wide to hear the voice of the little boy or the little girl who would address that enormous crowd? But, if you will consider it, that is exactly what you are doing. When your letters are printed in this magazine, you are talking, on that page, to about 100,000 people. Think it over, and then do your best. Try to write something that other people will be glad to read. Remember, too, that your audience is not only in Georgia, but all over the world, in every State of the Union, in Canada and England and Europe and Africa and India and South America and Cuba and the Philippine Islands. Do your best.

∴ ∴ A Good Man Gone ∴ ∴

RUFUS E. GUTHRIE was born in Walton County, Georgia, September 14, 1841, and was raised on his father's farm. He was married to Miss Lucy Vaughan in 1860, and enlisted in Company "H," 11th Ga. Regiment, in the war between the States, in 1862, during which he participated in the following battles: Yorktown, Malvern Hill, and Second Manassas. In the last named battle, August 30, 1862, he received six gun shots and was left on the field for dead, but later was taken to the hospital where one of his legs was amputated. After the surrender he moved with his family to Forsyth County. His marriage was blessed with twelve children, eight are still living. He has thirty-three grandchildren living. He was elected tax-receiver of Forsyth County in 1876, and was re-elected for five consecutive terms and made as able official as Forsyth County ever had. Politically, he was a Populist, believing in Jeffersonian Democracy. ¶ He had convictions ever backed up by his manly courage. He joined the Methodist church in early life and lived a noble, Christian life. ¶ He was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He died June ninth, 1906. ¶ By his death, the community in which he lived, has lost a good neighbor; the church a consecrated member; and the brotherhood of Odd Fellows, a noble brother. His death will be deeply mourned by all who knew him.

— A CLOSE FRIEND.

RUFUS E. GUTHRIE

Beloved Ghosts

By Mary Chapin Smith

DEAR silent ghosts of sounds that come no more,
The dying footfalls on the echoing floor,
Dear shadowy people ever gliding through
Deserted halls and fading from our view;
They wander in and out, finger on lip,
Dear forms inscrutable, that cannot slip
One little word, only a longing gaze,
For all remembrance of earth's tender ways
They dwelt among, those other happy years;
A tremulous sigh, thin gleam of pearly tears,
Light sorrow 'mid their joy that past all reach
Are human love, soft tones of human speech:
Then on through distance gray, through wavering wall,
They fade, like olden song with dying fall.

Fair spacious chambers stand in loneliness
Where sweet bells faintly tolled lure from duress
Those evanescent shades of filmy air
That crowd in weaving shimmering throngs, most rare
Presentment of the forms held safe apart
Within the close-shut petals of the heart,
Where we may keep the holiest and the best,
Those who have ceased from struggle and found rest.
Yet still they strive with tender wistful arms,
And longing look and quivering alarms,
To reach us, fold us in beloved embrace,
As we fold them and find but hollow space.

Far sounds of ancient harp, and, long-time mute,
The voice of spinet and of silver flute,
The song of maiden slumbering by the stream
Whose gentlest flow may not disturb her dream,
The sacred lullaby from mother-heart
Of heaven-born child in manger laid apart,
Fragments of prayer first said by mother's knee,
The little dreams, falling from dreamland-tree,
These lightly floating, trembling through the air,
Without, within, beyond and everywhere,
Are lost in night with fading forms so dear;—
Only frail cobwebs, empty doorways here,
Cold watery shafts of moonlight through the panes,
Dear footfalls vanishing like spring-time rains.

Agrees with Us on Foreign Missions

I read with much interest your article on Foreign Missions from a report in a Gainesville (Fla.) paper.

I will here state that when I was a young man I resided several years in the Orient. *I visited many mission stations and carefully noted conditions* and am, therefore, competent to offer an opinion, and can truthfully state that *you did not go far enough to place matters in the light of day before a bulldozed, confiding public.* I fully endorse all you said and could add a great deal of practical information to said article. I will say that the God of the Anglo-Saxon is "Get rich quick, no matter how". Some of the Sky Pilot tribe have a hankering for soft jobs, with good rations and pay, and the less work the better. *I have seen many able-bodied, loafing missionaries lounging on a rattan couch with a devout convert pulling a punkah over them, whilst on a near-by stand stood a water cooler and a bottle of Martels* * * * close by to aid his studies as to how the public is to be fooled, whilst dozens of so-called converts were loafing around the compound quarreling as to which should pick up a withered leaf or a stray piece of paper so as to appear busy. The political economy of this question would occupy too much space, but I will say that *Foreign Missions*, according to my personal observation, *is the most gigantic humbug ever put on a confiding public.*

Yours truly,

AN OLD QUI HI.

From a Great Historian

Editor JEFFERSONIAN.

DEAR SIR:—I have been enjoying so much your volume on Napoleon that I am sending to you a copy of a history of the American Revolution which I finished writing and published about a year ago. I like the American way in which you deal with facts; and I think that no one but an American can understand and take an impartial view of Napoleon. Certainly the English will never be able to understand him; and for some reason the French do not always seem capable of keeping their heads cool about him.

I have often been in Georgia and have most pleasant recollections of quail hunts down in the Southwestern corner, near Bainbridge.

All this pleasure from yourself and your State may hardly seem to justify me in inflicting on you two long volumes of history that you may not care to read. But for some sympathetic or telepathic reason when you enjoy a man's book you always want to send him one of your own.

Hoping that I have not been too indiscreet in this, I am,

Truly yours,

(Signed) SYDNEY G. FISHER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

(Mr. Fisher's works are so valuable that they were already in the Watson library, but we are happy to receive his letter, and a complimentary copy of his latest books. Whenever he comes to Georgia again he must single Thomson out from Thomas, Tomkins, Thomasville, Thomaston, and other outlandish towns, and pay his brother author a visit.)

The Money Question the Only Question

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:—In your May JEFFERSONIAN, in reply to H. W. Carter, who inquires about the National Bank Currency carrying the inscription, "This note is secured by U. S. Bonds or other security," you say, "This is the emergency currency authorized by the Aldrich-Vreeland bill of last year."

These notes are being issued all over

the country; I have seen one bill issued by a Colorado national bank and one issued by a Utah national bank.

The Aldrich-Vreeland bill authorized *two* kinds of currency issues by the banks, each individual bank can issue a certain amount secured on other than U. S. Bonds, but this is not the "emergency" currency, that is, to be issued by an association of banks and bear a higher tax and, so far as I know, none has yet been issued. The tax on this issue is supposed to soon amount to ten per cent. per annum, thus compelling its retirement. The "Joker" in the bill is the provision that permits an issue of currency on other than U. S. Bonds, but to my mind the "Joker" is the best part of the bill, for it permits an increase in the volume of tangible currency, thus relieving the "currency shortage," and as there is but a small tax on the issue it may remain out and do active service.

No tax should be placed on any currency issue, for it only handicaps its free use and the user must recoup the tax from the public in the way of excessive profits. My idea is that any kind of tangible currency is better than mere credit, but all our currency should be *money;* that is, *full legal tender created by the Government* (there is no other way to make money), and issued directly to the user without charge. The Pennsylvania Land Currency issue is the best ever tried, and it was a perfect success.

Yours respectfully,

RICHARD WOLFE.

P. S.—Your editorial on Foreign Missions was splendid, as is also "The Glory That Was Greece." Can I praise you more than saying, "You are doing the work I would like to do?"

Long live the JEFFERSONIANS.

WOLFE.

Denver, Colo.

Here's Another Rector

My Dear Sir:—Your editorial "Foreign Missions Again" in Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine for June, 1909, was of such interest to myself that I would like to write you about it. I note that in brief the practice of the primitive Church and of the Church today is touched upon, with reference to Home and Foreign Missions; that a divergence of practice is claimed; and that by attending to the needs of the needy about us and by letting Foreign field care for its own needs, the Church of today would be like the Church in primitive times.

Now it appears to me that the distinction between Home and Foreign with reference to Missions does not exist in fact for the Christian. Christ, after the beginning of His ministry, had no home that I know of. In the early times there was no home church that I read about. However, He did claim to be the Son of *Man;* He did teach His followers to say "Our Father." From this it seems to me plain that if God is our father, then we are all brothers and that brothers should help one another. If Christ is good for me, then He is good for my brother. Then let us make Christ co-extensive with man. If a man is hungry, let's feed him; if he has no clothes, let's give him some good ones; if he is sick, let's spare no pains to comfort him and to restore him to his health; if he is poor let's preach the gospel to him; if he is down in life, let's heal and bind up his broken heart. This is what Christ did; this is His work today.

Christ did not wait to build up any Church in one place. Wherever there was a need for Him, He was right there. Now I think this principle worked with St. Paul. And St. Paul was a pretty good hand to raise money for the Church, too, although he did not "pester" the people for it, as I am glad to learn from your editorial (p. 407). He worked up the offering at Corinth a whole year (2 Cor. chapters 8 and 9). What was the offering for? The Needy at the "Home Church" at Corinth? Look it up and see for whom the offering was made. I recall that the little Church at Philippi got up an offering once (Philip. 4, 18). Where was the man that they got up the offerings for? By-the- way, Philippi got up other offerings besides this one (4, 16). I notice in your editorial (p. 406) that you mention a town, Antioch by name. They made up an offering, too, one time, I believe, Acts 11, 27-30. Was it for their "Home Church" at Antioch or was it for their brethren, even if those brethren did live away off in the "foreign" city of Jerusalem?

So then, let us love man wherever he is. The field is the world. It's all home. Nothing that concerns man is foreign to me. If my brother has a need, let me supply it if I can. The world is too little to say he is foreign. Let's work for North Georgia and not neglect China. Let us work for China and not neglect North Georgia. Let us see how much and not how little we can give and do for the promotion of Christ in the world. Believe me, sir,

Very truly yours,
JAMES B. LAWRENCE.

The Jeffersonian keenly enjoys the letters which clergymen are good enough to write, upon the subject of foreign missions.

Among others, the Rev. James B. Lawrence came with an epistle which struck us as being peculiarly innocent and complacent.

The gist of our contention has been that the converts of the missionary ought to be self-supporting, not stipendiary dependents, pap-suckers of the Home-Church, and hirelings of the missionary.

Rector Lawrence quotes Scripture to refute us, *and every case which he quotes sustains us.*

Paul's converts at Corinth *did* respond to his appeal and make contributions. To whom? *To the Christians in Judea*, from whose midst the missionaries had gone forth to convert the world.

The church at Philippi *did* get up an offering on at least two occasions. Who received it? *Paul, the Missionary.*

The faithful in Antioch *did* make an offering also; but this like that of the Corinthians was sent to the Christians of Judea.

Brother Lawrence must be rather near-sighted if he fails to see that he has strengthened our position.

Commends Conservative Socialism

To the JEFFERSONIAN.

DEAR SIR:—I was glad to see your editorial, "Conservative Socialism," in the JEFFERSONIAN of April 8th. A fine, temperate, reasonable, common sense editorial which, if the Socialists will in reality "Appeal to Reason" and heed, will greatly aid in concentrating reform forces into one cohesive mass, having in view one purpose, viz.: to destroy special privilege of all forms and re-establish simple justice under our Constitution as it is.

Let Mr. Watson's words, "To Overthrow Special Privilege," be our shibboleth.

That is ample for a platform; it covers everything. The "People's Party" would be an appropriate name, for the masses must get together to redeem the country or soon the grip of graft will be so strong it can not be shaken off. Who will second this?

JOS. N. STEPHENS,
Sec'y U. S. Monetary League.
Denver, Colo.

The Necessity of a Cotton Planters' Trust

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN:

I read with much interest the article by Daniel J. Sully in the June number of the JEFFERSONIAN, and that article ought to be read by every cotton planter in every Southern State. He stated many facts which ought to open the eyes of every planter in the 1,400,000 plantations where that important staple is raised. Senator Gore of Oklahoma made the assertion in the discussion of the tariff that the cotton and woolen manufacturers of Massachusetts were declaring 66 per cent. dividends, and that assertion was qualified by stating that, "The Troy cotton and woolen manufacturers in 1907 declared a dividend of 67 per cent.; also that the Acushnet Cotton Manufacturing Company of New Bedford, Mass., the same year declared a cash dividend of 66 per cent., and the Dartmouth Cotton Manufactory of New Bedford the same year declared a dividend of 66 per cent. Did you, Mr. Cotton Planter, declare a dividend of 66 per cent. on the cotton you raised in 1907? If not, why not? How long do you propose to have those cotton manufacturers make 66 per cent. off of the product of your labor? In order to cover up your immense profits on your labor, do you increase the value of your plantations 50 per cent., as these cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts do on the stock of their company? Is it not about time you awoke to the fact that self-

preservation is one of the first laws of nature? They make that 66 per cent. profit off of your cheap cotton.

Mr. Sully states that:—"America grows the greater part of the world's supply, and the price of cotton can be fixed by the people that produce it". If that is true, and who can doubt it? why don't the planters unite and say to those Massachusetts manufacturers, "We propose to divide the profits with you and add 50 per cent. to the former price of our raw cotton. We propose also that no middle man shall handle a single bale of our cotton, and if you want our cotton you must send a purchaser direct from your factory, or you will not get a single bale from any of the cotton-growing states." You ask, is that merely a bluff, or is it possible for us to accomplish such a result?

I have personally lost ten thousand dollars of good money in the raising of cotton, and I can sympathize with the planter who works from year to year without profit. I say to you, Mr. Cotton Planter, take the advice of Daniel J. Sully and co-operate,—set the price of your cotton at such figures as will give you a fair price for your labor. But you say, many of us are in debt and must have an advance upon our year's crop. That may be true, and to avoid that, every county should have a warehouse where the cotton could be stored, and held until these cotton manufacturers paid you your price, and let that price be uniform all over the cotton states. But you say, how can we get the needed advance should we require it? Every warehouse should be established by local capitalists who could loan you an advance at a reasonable rate of interest until your cotton crop was sold. Those capitalists would be secure, and you would be able to hold your cotton until you received your price.

But again you might say, how could we ask a uniform price when some of our planters are farther from transportation than others? That could be remedied by every planter delivering his cotton f. o. b. to the nearest point of shipment. The first thing necessary to be done, would be to establish warehouses in every county or section in all the cotton-raising states, backed by a company able to make the necessary advances, and then you could say to these 66 per cent. manufacturers, pay us our price or shut down your mills. Are the Southern planters able and willing to unite for self-preservation? There is no other hope for you, and is it not about time you awoke to the situation? If those manufacturers can make 66 per cent. from your labor, why can't you take the bull by the horns and add 50 per cent. to your profits? You can do it, Mr. Planter, if you will. If you organize, you can accomplish all of this, and a word to the wise ought to be sufficient. If the patriotic Editor of the JEFFERSONIAN would publish on slips the article of Daniel J. Sully and this article, and send it to every cotton-grower in the Southern States, I am sure that in time they would rise up and call him blessed.

G. MAJOR TABER.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
3103 Hobart Boulevard.

Buddhist Temple at Seattle

DEAR SIR:—I am a constant reader of your papers, which my sons are taking, and beg to assure you that I enjoy and indorse what you say all the way through. Especially do I enjoy your skinning of those Sky Pilots, as Dick Maple calls them, on the Foreign Mission question. *Since those heathen Japs for whom we are paying out so much to Christianize have decided to build a temple at Seattle for the worship of Buddha, I presume that the tide will soon turn and we will enjoy the blessed privilege of having their missionaries build institutions of learning for our posterity here at home.* Maybe the poor little "breadliners" of our glorious country will be taken in tow by their missionaries, and at least get a square meal at Xmas.

I beg to subscribe myself as ever,

Yours sincerely,

T. B. R.

Nettleton, Miss.

THE GARDEN YARD. By Bolton Hall, author of "A Little Land and a Living," etc. David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia.

Oh you Bolton Hall! Why do you reach us, fagged and weary in the office and in the shop these dragging days, with such temptations as you depict in the garden yard? Why bring us visions of coolness, of comfort and independence —not without work, to be sure, but with that kind of earth-fragrant, fresh, wholesome toil that seems heavenly sweet? We who cannot get out into the oak-shaded country and fill our hands—and our hearts—full of the gossamer morning-glories that float upon dew-laden vines, blue and pink as the skies of the dawn they open to greet. *"Cannot?"* Perhaps,—perhaps,—we are, after all, but bound by imaginary chains to the city's tread-mill. Let us try to take it in slowly, these things he says. Let us consider.

That's what Bolton Hall wants us to do. Consider. He has met every difficulty the average family might raise to removal to the country, he has been as an evangel crying the way to freedom. And, when we have pondered heavily where his quicker mind has led, the plan clarifies. After all, the land-poor farmer has been working, perhaps, at the wrong side of his proposition. What he needed has not been more land, but more thorough cultivation of very much less. And we in town had been abandoning the idea of farming just because we couldn't buy or rent enough land to make us, in turn, land-poor and overworked and disappointed!

There is so much that Bolton Hall says about all this, that those who would like to see a path out of the dreariness of wage slavery, of precarious employment, of the dust and heat and noise of cities, ought to read this wonderful book for the sake of the ideas given, and for the further sake of the ideas they will suggest to any thoughtful mind The book's a good deal like the chicken Huck Finn's father stole, on the meritorious principle that "if you don't need a chicken yourself, you kin mighty soon find somebody that does." If you don't want any change in your own mode of life, there are dozens of families all around you who not only want, but bitterly need, an uplift toward the independence of a little country home. The Hall books are *NOT* for anybody's library shelves, they ought to circulate. Read "The Garden Yard" and, if in doubt as to whom to lend it to, select that man or woman too poor to buy it, for he or she is precisely the person who most needs the gospel of the *gold in the ground.*

"THE LIFE WORTH LIVING." (Reprinted by request.)

Under this title Thomas Dixon, Jr., publishes a handsome volume of 140 pages, illustrated by photographic views taken by himself. The publishers are Doubleday, Page & Co., to whose fine work and energetic advertising Mr. Dixon's books have owed much of their merited success.

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

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

Wearied with life in and about New

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

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

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

What more could the epicure demand?

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

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Dixon is a genius.

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

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

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

Here again he rises out of the class of such men as the Nebraska rhetorician. Bryan can't write. Give him a pen and he barely escapes being deadly dull. Note, for instance, the special articles which he wrote for *Public Opinion* recently; had not Bryan's name been signed to them no first-class magazine would have published them at all. They were not only prosy, commonplace, lifeless, but the remedies he suggested for existing abuses were impracticable to the point of imbecility.

In other ways Mr. Dixon's genius is manifest. When a steamboat corporation refused to establish a wharf at his ideal home, he prepared to establish a rival line of boats—and thus persuasively got his wharf. More than that, he built the wharf himself and earned the money involved in the job. More than that, he can build his own ocean-going boat and run it like a seaman after it is built. Better still, if he finds that one of his boats is a failure he can sell it at a profit, get a better boat for less money, and then crack a joke in his next book at the fellow-Christian who bought the unsatisfactory boat.

All of which proves genius—versatile and unconquerable.

* * * * * * * *

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

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

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

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

* * * * * * * *

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

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

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

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

* * * * * * * *

In "The Life Worth Living" the canvass in not filled out. The picture is but half done. This is to be regretted. Dixon is a deeply earnest man, and it is a misfortune that he should publish a book which leaves the impression, however erroneous, that "The Life Worth Living" consists of a fine house, lovely surroundings, open air sports, abundant hunting and fishing and a never-ending series of terrapin stews.

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

* * * * * * * *

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

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

"*What are you doing with the talent which God gave you?*" In what way do you construe the word Duty? What are you trying to do for your fellow-man? In what way are you trying to live for others as well as for yourself? What is your conception of your responsibility as a wonderfully-gifted, God-sent Messenger to the world?

* * * * * * * *

It is easy to say that we will cut loose from the jostling crowds of the cities and go away where the hurly-burly, with its noises and vexations, shall not affect us. But *can* we? Who can detach himself from the world, its crowds, its realities?

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

You see that the world needs the earnest worker, and you are ashamed to stand idle all the day. You hear the din which rises from the great battlefield of life; you see the lines waver and break; you hear the trumpet sounds which call you to enlist—enlist under the banner of the Right—and *you are ashamed not to go*. You cannot bear that evil shall triumph while conscience calls you "coward" because you would not strike. No; it may be folly, it may be madness, but wherever and whenever the Right throws out her flag and says, "Follow me!" you *must* drop all and march.

* * * * * * * *

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

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

Death were better than loss of self-

respect, and to keep *that* you and duty must walk the long path, hand in hand.

* * * * * * * *

What, truly, is the *Life worth living?*

It is to cultivate, expand, energize and consecrate all that is best within you; to search for Truth and Right and to lay your willing sword at their feet; to combat all shams and hypocricies and superstitions and frauds and errors and oppressions; to love the best interests of your fellow-man and to put your whole heart in the struggle for his advancement, in spite of his own cruel hatred and persecution.

* * * * * * * *

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

He knows, he *knows* that he has laid his course aright; and that if, when morning breaks, the harbor is not in sight the fault will not be his. He will keep his rudder true: no more is in his power.

* * * * * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

"To no man or woman have I knowingly done hurt: if I have not done some good, it is not because I failed to try.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Southland.

I am longing for my Southland
Where the roses blow and sway,
And the low winds of sweet June-time
Whisper songs of yesterday.

Where the soft breeze stirs the blossoms
Of the purple passion vines;
And the fragrant oleanders
Star the dusk-light of the pines.

Where the shafts of shimmering moon-mists
Fill the night with mystery—
And a mocking-bird's wild love-song
Throbs with yearning ecstasy.

Softly blow the Southern roses
In my Southland far away—
And the low winds ot sweet June-time
Whisper songs of yesterday.

—Jessie Davies Willdy.

Coca-Cola, a Drug Drink

MRS. MARTHA M. ALLEN

SOME GOOD PEOPLE seem to be very much puzzled because the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has for years been opposed to the use of Coca Cola, although it is not an intoxicating beverage. These people do not understand that the W. C. T. U. is seeking to protect the children of its own households, as well as the public generally, from all habit-producing and injurious drugs, whether hidden in beverages called harmless, or used as medicines. Coca Cola until a few years ago contained two harmful drugs, cocaine and caffeine, the former only in very minute quantity. The manufacturers of this drink always maintained that their product did not contain cocaine, but in a suit which the Coca Cola Company brought against the United States Government in 1902-3 for a refund of taxes charged upon their product as a patent medicine during the Spanish-American war, Government chemists showed the presence of cocaine.

Since that time chemists analyzing Coca Cola have rarely found cocaine in it. However, the report for 1907 of the North Dakota Pure Food Commissioner says of the examination of this drink, "Gave a reaction for cocaine." The Coca Cola thus reported upon was purchased in the fall of 1906 in Atlanta, Georgia, where the company has its headquarters. This would seem to indicate that the company's efforts to produce a coca extract without cocaine are not always successful, for the Coca Cola manufacturers claim that they have found a secret process by which the flavor only of the coca leaves will be extracted. It is said upon high authority that this so-called coca extract is made from the residue left in the manufacture of cocaine.

It may be asked, "Why are coca leaves used since the cocaine is no longer desired as an ingredient of the drink?" It is because without some use of coca the company would lose the right to the trade name Coca Cola.

It is well here to explain that coca leaves, from which cocaine is extracted, bear no relationship whatever to the cocoa bean from which cocoa and chocolate are derived. These leaves are obtained from a Peruvian shrub known as Erythroxylon Coca. The fresh leaves, as used in South America, have an exhilarating effect for a time, but medical writers say this is not true of the dried leaves imported into this country. Some people, ignorant of the fact that cocaine is the active principle of coca leaves, are chewing them thinking they are stimulating and strength-giving. All such are in danger of addiction to cocaine, the most enslaving and degrading drug yet known to mankind.

The drug which is now the main constituent of Coca Cola is caffeine. Caffeine is the active principle of the kola (also spelled cola) nut, and is found, too, in tea and coffee. The general sales-manager of the Coca Cola Company told me that they get most of their caffeine from tea. With only the flavor of the coca leaves, and with the caffeine taken from tea, how does the company justify its advertising statement: "To the invigorating properties of the coca leaf are added the sustaining qualities of the cola nut"?

The advertisements state that Coca Cola is no more harmful than tea and coffee. But every intelligent person knows that tea and coffee are injurious to children and weakly persons, and to any one if indulged in immoderately. Yet children and young people not infrequently drink five to ten and even twenty glasses a day of Coca Cola, and some buy and drink it by the bottle and pitcher.

Has anyone ever been injured by Coca Cola? Many travelers in the South, and people living in Southern States where this drink is much more commonly used than in the North, have assured me that young people who become addicted to this drink develop nervous disorders and some are wrecked by it. One W. C. T. U. woman of high standing wrote me, "The sanitariums are full of its victims and they are just like drunkards." Newspaper clippings have come to me with notices of boys going insane, and the physicians in attendance said the trouble was caused by cigarettes and Coca Cola. Some W. C. T. U. women in New York State, who have been making

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