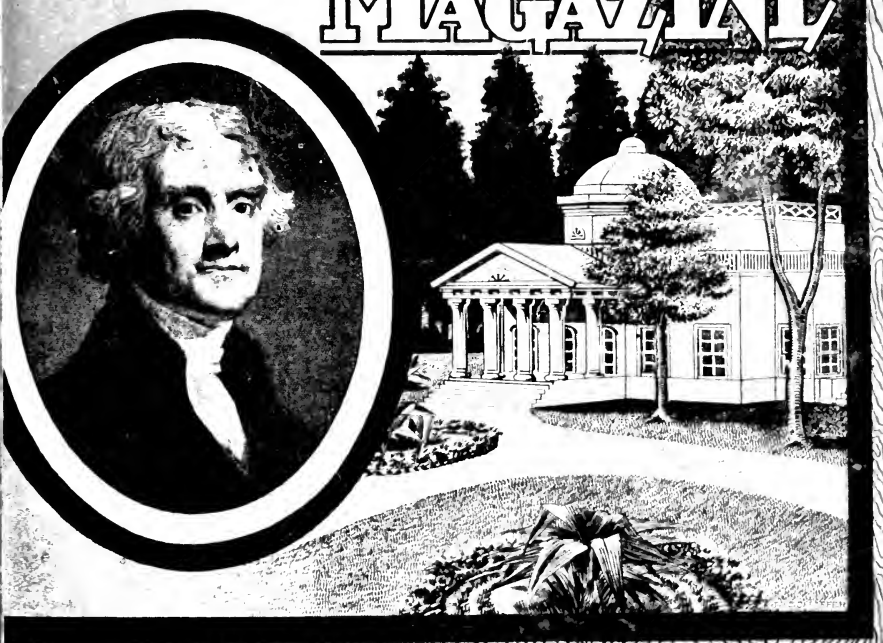
.00 Per Year SEPTEMBER, 1910

Hrs to Julian Harris - 719 (25¢)

WATSON'S MAGAZINE



"EQUAL R
"SPECIAL

WATSON BOOKS

Story of France, 2 Volumes, $4.00

Premium for 6 Subscribers to either Jeffersonian at $1.00 ea.

¶ In the Story of France you will find a history of Chivalry, of the Crusades, of Joan of Arc, of the Ancient Regime, of the French Revolution.

Napoleon, $2.00

Premium for 4 Subscribers to either Jeffersonian at $1.00 each

Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson, $2.00

Premium for 4 Subscribers to either Jeffersonian, at $1.00 ea.

¶ In the Life of Jefferson you will learn what Democratic principles are, and you will learn much history, to the credit of the South and West, left out by New England writers.

Bethany, $1.50

Premium for 3 Subscribers to either Jeffersonian at $1.00 ea.

¶ A Study of the causes of the Civil War and the love story of a Confederate volunteer.

THE THIRD AND LARGER EDITION OF

FOREIGN MISSIONS EXPOSED

By THOS. E. WATSON

Will be ready in the next two or three weeks. This will be a book of more than 150 pages, with new matter, and many new illustrations. The unprecedented demand for this book is shown by the fact that the second edition was exhausted in two months. The book will be given as a premium for one new subscription, not your own, to Watson's Magazine or The Jeffersonian, if called for at the same time money is sent. PRICE: 25cts.

Book Department, THE JEFFERSONIANS, Thomson, Ga.

IN A SEALED PACKAGE

Kennesaw Biscuit

5 CENTS

Free From Dust, Dirt and Moisture

FRANK E. BLOCK COMPANY

ATLANTA, GA.

SHARE OUR PROFITS

The Business of magazine publishing is a profitable one, if conducted with due regard to WEALTH, FASHION, and the POWERS THAT BE. Editors and publishers who write advertisements for so much a word, and sell their space and their souls to the highest bidder in cash, retire rich.

•

WATSON'S MAGAZINE, fighting trusts, unearthing rottenness and exposing crookedness, while others are whispering "HUSH!", cannot expect to make a fortune. But we shall make a little money each year, and that we will divide with you.

•

To publish our weekly paper, THE JEFFERSONIAN, and WATSON'S MAGAZINE, we have recently purchased one of the best equipped printing plants in the South. We are going to put up our own building, and give THE JEFFERSONIANS a home they will be proud of. All the machinery, presses, cutters, folders, binders, stitchers, linotype, electric motors, and thousands of dollars worth of type, belong to THE JEFFERSONIANS.

•

Now, if YOU wish to belong to THE JEFFERSONIANS, and become a part owner of this great property, you can do so, to the extent of ten dollars or a thousand dollars, and we will pay you SEVEN PER CENT. interest for every dollar you put into it.

•

If you are interested in two good, clean publications; if you believe in a better government and a higher standard of political righteousness; if you are opposed to graft and robbery; if you want the money you have saved to earn a fair rate of interest, and yet be perfectly secure, join THE JEFFERSONIANS, and help us to make them a power for good in this trust-ridden land of ours.

•

Write to us at once for information about our PROFIT-SHARING BONDS.

THE JEFFERSONIANS.

Thomson, Ga., July 15, 1910.

EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY: THE DEADLIEST MENACE TO OUR LIBERTIES AND OUR CIVILIZATION

[For the individual Roman Catholic who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father". If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter II.

IS it peculiar that some nations, like some individuals, should win from the world a greater share of sympathy and commiseration than others whose situations and sufferings are as great? Whether peculiar or not, it certainly is a fact that such is the case.

Greece and Rome are the two words that almost pall on the ear, so often are they mentioned; but the interest which we feel in ancient Rome bears no comparison whatever to the sentimental appeal which is made to us by the more melancholy story of Greece.

Take Poland and Hungary for instance; they more profoundly interest us than any other of the Continental countries. Poland especially arouses compassion, because she, more unfortunate than her sister country, has been divided among the spoilers.

But, however much we feel for decadent Greece, however much we may deplore the failure of Hungary to achieve separate National existence, however much we may commiserate Poland upon the unhappiness of her fate, there is another country whose story is so varied, so strange, so sad, that, in power to excite sympathy, it eclipses even Poland.

Of course, Ireland is meant.

Speaking of her one night, after his removal to New Orleans, and when famine was stalking throughout the highways and by-ways of the Emerald Isle, Sergeant S. Prentiss—the most versatile, richly endowed orator that ever thrilled an American audience—said truly and beautifully: "There lies upon the other side of the broad Atlantic a beautiful island famous in story and song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been rich in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its

brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles except its own. In wit and humor it has no equal, *while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet and mellow pathos.*"

There was a time when it might have been truthfully said that the torch of learning blazed more brightly in Ireland than anywhere else in Europe. In the mediaeval ages she was a beacon. In the third century after Christ she was not only Christian herself, but her devoted evangelists were bearing the banner of the Cross throughout Continental Europe. In those days not only Britain went to school to Ireland, but when Charlemange was planning educational institutions throughout his immediate Empire it was to Erin that he looked for scholars. Throughout the Highlands of Scotland, Columba, the Irish soldier of the Cross, carried his conquest. Against the heathenism of Gaul, and Germany, the great Irish Columbanus made dauntless headway. In Italy, the chief educational instructor was an Irishman, chosen by Charlemange's grand-son, who established him as Superintendent of the entire system of Italian schools and universities.

Peace as well as learning blessed the Emerald Isle, between the sixth and tenth centuries. No country could boast of a government more orderly or of a civilization more progressive.

Then came the Danish invasion, and long wars, which left their curse in depleted population and national exhaustion. But the necessary men arose, as they did in Scotland and England; and the Danes were driven out. But the struggle left the afflicted Island spent and divided, with no chieftain predominating above the others, to unite his country, to reorganize it, and prepare it for self-defense.

Across the narrow channel, which separates Ireland from England, was a crafty, cruel, greedy and powerful Norman King, Henry the Second. He looked upon bleeding and divided Ireland with the eye of desire. He determined that he would seize her for his own. As cunning as he was grasping and powerful, he determined to commit one more crime in the name of religion—the holy name under which so many wicked deeds have been done, the sacred name under which so many sordid lusts are gratified, so many subtle deeds are worked out, so many bloody acts done and so much suffering inflicted upon humanity.

From the very beginning when the heartless Roman Emperor Constantine, made his bargain with the heads of the Roman hierarchy, one great wrong after another has been inflicted upon people by churches and kings in the name of God and for the pretended advancement of His Kingdom, a greater amount of human blood has been poured out than was ever shed in all the ages that went before. Henry the Second knew perfectly well the nature of the papal hierarchy. He was thoroughly familiar with the bargains that so often before had been made between kings and popes. He knew the pride, the rapacity, the callousness to human suffering, of the many who have posed as the personal representative of Christ on this earth; therefore he proposed a devilish bargain by which he was to have increased power, Rome was to have additional revenue, and the people of Ireland a heartless task-master.

For eight hundred years Ireland had been a loyal Catholic country, passionately devoted to the Roman hierarchy. No country under the sun had given such great and touching evidences of its devotion to the arrogant Italians who claimed to be "the successors of St. Peter". It would seem that if there was ever a time when the papal hierarchy would spurn a damnable proposition, could be true to their sacred calling, would prove that there was sincerity and purity in their purposes,

that they were really devoted to the calling of their Divine Master on this earth. *it was when the Norman King proposed to buy from the Pope the right to invade and subjugate such a pathetically loyal people as the Irish had always been.*

At the time that the Norman proposed to buy Ireland from the Pope, there was no pretense of provocation from the people who were to be victimized. It was not contended that Ireland had in any way offended the Pope. Nevertheless as a manifestation of his power to pull down and set up rulers, he imposed upon the people a government which was revolting to every racial and national instinct. Pope Adrian the Fourth issued a decree which was to mean the ruin of a devoted Catholic people, the setting over them a detestable tyrant, the overthrow of Irish law and order, and the bringing upon them centuries of misery, oppression, anarchy and starvation.

.It the appearance of the first article in the August number of this magazine the Catholic hierarchy of New York smote our news-stand circulation with a blow that destroyed it. How soon they may induce the pliant Republican administration to throw us out of the mails, we do not know. On the 4th of August they compelled this Government to deport, as an undesirable alien, Bishop Miraglia, of the Independent Catholic Church of Italy, when that ecclesiastic had been in this country for some months, and when he had committed no greater sin against law and order in this country, *than to preach a few sermons within doors*, exposing and denouncing the Roman Catholic hierarchy. He himself having once been a priest, could from the inside view its workings at close range; and although an Italian himself, with the natural predilection towards the church of his own country, he renounced it and became a member of the Independent Catholic Church. Coming to this country, he dared to believe that speech is still free among us, just as I have dared to believe that freedom of press is still among us. That cruel, intolerable, unscrupulous hierarchy, which absolutely controls the City of New York, and which seems to control this administration, had Bishop Miraglia arrested, like a common criminal, conveyed to Governor's Island, *and from there shipped back to Italy, as though he were infected with some contagious disease, or were an enemy to society.*

Since these Roman wolves have pulled down Bishop Miraglia, and have boycotted to its death the news-stand circulation of my magazine, it is only a question of time perhaps when Falconio and "saponacious Jim" Gibbons will apply to the Department at Washington and have this magazine thrown out of the mails.

As I dictate this article, one can almost hear the clash of arms in the mountains of Spain. The government wishes to divorce itself from the Catholic Church. The State wishes to assert its independence. Heretofore, a sum of $8,230,000 has been taxed out of prince and peasant alike in Spain, and this royal revenue has been turned over to the modest and unselfish followers of Christ. Of course, the Vatican is in an uproar. The monks and the priests cannot bear the idea of losing that amount of money. The very thought of not being able to govern Spain from the Vatican, is hateful to the hierarchy. Consequently, Merry del Val, the prototype of Loyola, is scheming to overthrow the reigning dynasty, and replace it with another which will grovel at the feet of the Pope. This fanatical Spaniard, Cardinal del Val, has intrigued in every possible way to incite the peasantry of Spain to Civil war. *From the Vatican itself, he telegraphed to the Biscayans, encouragement to bloody strife. Dropping their Bibles, the Priests and*

Monks gathered up guns, by the shipload, to send to the Spanish rebels. Evidently the Vatican would be willing to see the entire Peninsula running with rivulets of blood, rather than have the hierarchy lose one dollar of its income or one iota of its power.

Now, when I begin a series of chapters under the heading which you see at the beginning of this one, why should an American Catholic be so profoundly enraged? Are we to understand that they are willing to see this country carried to that state of subserviency to the Pope, which the Pope is struggling to maintain on the peninsula? The clash comes because the Liberal administration wishes to separate the Church from the State, just as our Constitution requires of us, there being no question of the confiscation of property as was the case with France. The Spanish government proposes that every religious denomination in Spain shall have the right to build its church, so that it will be known as a church: to have their emblems placed upon their doors, if they so desire: to display the symbols of their faith, just as the Catholics do; and to parade the street whenever they like—just as the Catholics have so long had the *exclusive* right to do.

The Catholics ask us to believe that if they should ever get in the ascendant in this country, they would never persecute and claim special privileges, as they have so long done in Spain and Portugal. On the contrary, those who believe as I do have been warning our people that unless the spread of the power of the hierarchy is checked, we will find that the same old spirit which erected the Inquisition, preached the Albigensian crusade, and brought on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew will bring night upon our own country.

With Portugal rocking with the clash of contending factions; with popes, cardinals and arch-bishops inciting war in Spain, *the American who fails to see in these occurrences an illustration for the need of such a warning as I am giving them, are as unwise as the Trojans when they mocked at the prophesies of Cassandra.*

Now, let me illustrate the truth of everything that has been charged upon the Roman hierarchy by following the history of the fearful consequences of the sale of Ireland to the Norman King. Some of my American correspondents claim that the bull of Adrian the Fourth, authorizing Henry the Second to take possession of Ireland, is a *forgery.* It is easily believable that these American Catholics are sincere. They go to Catholic schools where they are taught in books that have been carefully doctored. Historical facts which show the true nature of the Catholic hierarchy, are omitted. If mention is ever made of them at all, they are either distorted or falsified. No Catholic child, no Catholic man or woman can get, *out of Catholic literature*, the true story of the trade made by Constantine or that made with Charlemange. In none of their books will you find a veracious narrative of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the atrocity of the Torquenada and of the Alva, the ferocity with which the Roman wolves hounded the Vaudois in the Alps, or of the true secrets that were walled in and kept hidden from view within the torture chambers in Rome, in Avignon and in almost every other European city.

To say that the bull which Adrian the Fourth granted to Henry the Second is a forgery, is as impudent a falsehood as human lips ever uttered. You will find it referred to in all the standard histories of England. Macaulay omits it in the rapid summary which precedes what is really not much more than a history of the great struggle of 1688. You will find it in Aubrey's history of the British people. You will find it in Hume, in Knight's great work, and in every other book which claims to be

a full history of Great Britain. The bull of Adrian the Fourth is a document as genuine as the *Magna Charta*.

Why should it be so hard for the American Catholics to believe that the Pope signed away from a people the right to choose its own rulers? *It is a part of the Catholic creed that the Pope has such power.* It is claimed to be his by virtue of his being the personal representative of God, in the hollow of whose hand rests all lands and all peoples. Here is the wording of the most cruel document that human brains ever conceived and human hands ever signed:—

"As for Ireland and all other islands where Christ is known and Christian religion is received, it is out of all doubt, *they do belong to the right of St. Peter and the Church of Rome.* You have, our well-beloved-son in Christ, so adverti-sed and signified to us that you will enter into the land and realm of Ireland to the end to bring them into obedience to law, and in your subjection to root from among them their foul sins and wickedness, as also to yield and *pay yearly out of every house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter.* We therefore grant that you do enter to possess that land. *And further, we do strictly require that all the people of that land do with all humbleness, dutifulness and honour accept and receive you as their liegelord and sovereign.*"

The order which sent the troops into Highland glen, to commit the awful massacre of Glencoe, is a wicked document. The order which sent armed men into the south of France to slaughter off and to desolate, is a wicked document. But by the side of this devilish bull, which Adrian the Fourth granted to the Norman King, these other two papers might almost seem virtuous. The document, which was the death warrant to the dwellers within the glen, carried at least the excuse of having been issued against those who had sprung up, with arms in their hands, to resist the goverament. The order which sent the ruthless warriors against the peace-loving Albigenses, could have at least have claimed that the Pope considered the victims to be heretics. But the papalbull which sent Ireland to chains and slavery, which time again and again has caused her precious life-blood to flow in torrents, and which has caused her people to be smitten by famine until wide areas were absolutely bereft of human inhabitant, was directed not against those who had been in rebellion, not against those who were heretics, *but against those who regarded the Pope as the Holy Father, and his church as Holy Mother.* Of all the dark deeds born of malice and greed, that have cursed the human race, this was the most diabolical, and the crime was committed, by the so-called *Vicar of Christ*, in the sacred name of *religion.*

To let loose upon his faithful children the hell-dogs of Norman and Saxon ferocity and lust—the enormities being given the express sanction of God's representative upon the earth—was a more frightful crime against God and man than was ever committed by Attila, by Alaric, by Tamellane, or by Herod himself. In the butcheries which followed the granting of that papal bull, the burning of homes, the outrages upon helpless women, the ruthless slaughter of children, the desolation which blighted the commerce, agriculture and education make, to my mind, quite *the most horrible chapter in the history of the world.*

When the Norman invaders landed in Ireland, in the year 1170, they brought *no weapon so effective as the papal bull.* That command from their Holy Father paralyzed the Irish. They were thrown into a state of stupefaction and despair. While some said "*we must resist the Norman*," others said, "*we must*

obey the Pope." One hundred thousand Saxons were hurled against the Scots, only to be rolled back in discomforture. Scotland never was conquered, although assailed from generation to generation by the Saxons and Normans. The Irishman has proved on a hundred fields of battle throughout the world that a better soldier than he has never gone to the firing line. Why is it, as Prentiss said, "The brave and generous sons of Erin have fought all battles successfully, except their own?" *It is because they have been kept in a state of division and half-heartedness by the papal command, which enjoined obedience upon them to their liegelord, the British King.* Conscience, which makes cowards of us all, was against the Irishman in fighting for his own rights and liberties, and hence his struggle for Ireland has been hesitating, fitful, and devoid of that unity and confidence which is essential to success. Educated to believe that the Pope has a right to impose rulers of his own choosing upon his own children, the Irish have never resisted the English with anything like the national spirit and persistence of the Scots. Only 7,000 soldiers were sent to subdue the unhappy Island, and Henry the Second was so certain of success, *because of the papal bull*, that he did not deign to lead these troops in person. He sent his brother; and that brother with only a handful of troops was successful in effecting a conquest. Awed, divided, superstitiously afraid, the Irish almost held out their arms to the shackles. Following the conquest there came to the Irish the loss of their estate, their liberty, their commerce, their manufactures, their system of education, their law, and their civilization. *Yet with submissiveness and docility, hard to understand, the sons of Erin continued to lick the hand which struck them down. The cowl of the monk having been stretched before the brain of the child rested upon the mind of the man. The priest taught the children of Erin, not to see with their own eyes, but with the eyes of the priests.* They continued to obey the priests; they continued to adore their holy pap; and they dutifully and regularly send the Peter's pence to Rome.

As an evidence of the state of mind which is the logical result of the priestly teaching in parochial schools, consider the words of some Irish chieftains who, in the 14th century, were addressing to the Pope a remonstrance full of pathos. In the remonstrance these monk-taught Irishmen *did not deny the Pope had* the right to give them a ruler who was *revolting to them; did not deny that the Holy Father had kept well within his prerogative when he sold them to the Norman king: but, on the contrary, admitted that the Pope, as a representative of God upon the earth, possessed the supreme over-lordship of Ireland.* On the ground that the English had not complied with the terms of the papal decree, and on that ground only, was the remonstrance against the Norman king founded. The Irish chieftain claimed that the English had set aside their laws, corrupted their morals, seized their lands, and had committed all kinds of enormities against the Pope's children—his poor faithful children—and for this reason, and no other, the Irish claimed a right to revolt against the Brtish and Normans. But it was too late. The fatal division and dissensions that the papal bull had brought into the country—some saying that they should submit, and others saying they should resist—caused the desperate revolt of the Irish chieftains to have no other result than to stretch 10,000 Irish stark and gory on the field of Athunsee.

"*Though He slay me, yet will I serve Him*"! In like spirit these distracted, oppressed, suffering Irish, during all the years of their suffering and subjection, might have gathered up the na-

tional voice into the one expression in cry to their Holy Father, "*though he cause the death of my children, the desolation of my country, yet will I love him and obey him.*

When Henry the VIII smote Rome with that heavy battle-ax of his, the Irish remained true to the Pope. The English king, filled with wrath, could not reach the Vatican to wreak his vengeance there, but he could reach the Irish, and he did it, in a way that makes the reader of the record shudder. Upon those devoted people was inflicted by Henry, by Elizabeth and by James the First such a code of laws as this sin-cursed world has rarely known. One of those frightful statutes made it high treason, punishable by the death penalty, for an Englishman to marry an Irish woman.

After centuries of ceaseless struggle in which she has often been chained to the ground and pinned there by the bayonet, her voice of protest choked by her own blood, Ireland is at length winning back her soil by the sword wrested from her: and the time may yet come when this green isle may have the description, "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

It is related that when that effeminate but intelligent king, Louis XV of France, visited Brussels he was shown the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy. Among others there was the sepulchre of Mary, the daughter of the last of that great house. Pointing to it the French King remarked to his courtiers, "there lies the cause of our wars." The great but unscrupulous King Louis the 11th had seized upon the inheritance of that orphan girl. She married the Emperor of Germany, and her cause was espoused along the Rhine. Many a long devouring struggle followed, as ages dragged along, and the remark of the French monarch was well made.

With even stricter accuracy, the Irish could point to the bull of Adrian the Fourth, who sold them to the Norman King, as the cause of centuries of strife, misrule, spoliation, illiteracy, starvation and despair.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." What of the Ireland of today? She is still controlled by the Pope, as she ever was. What of her actual condition and progressive tendency? To what goal does she seem bound? What has been the harvest of a thousand years of blind fidelity and service to the cause of Rome? In answering this no Protestant report, pamphlet or book will be used. I am depending upon a book recently issued from the London Press entitled "*Priests and People in Ireland*," by Michael J. F. McCarthy. The first volume appeared in the year 1902. I am using an edition of 1906.

The author is an eminent Barrister at Law, formerly a member of the Catholic church, and still a Catholic, though *he has been ex-communicated for telling the truth about the Catholic hierarchy.*

In the appendix of his book there is a table of statistics that ought to set the American world to thinking. Bear in mind, as I quote these figures, that this is *Roman Catholicism at work in one of its own countries where its movements are unhampered, its growth unobstructed, and where it exercises its power without interference.* According to this publication there was in the year 1861, 4,505,265 Catholics. The priests, monks and nuns numbered 5,955. Forty years later (1901) the Catholic population had *decreased* to 3,308,661, and the priests, monks and nuns had *increased* to 14,145. In the forty years there had occurred a diminution in the Catholic population of 27 per cent. *During the same period the number of priests, monks and nuns had increased 137 per cent.*

In 1861 the total clerical establishment was 9,294. In 1901 it was 16,871. *In other words the faithful children outside of the various clerical orders, are not so numerous as they were forty*

years ago, but they are taxed to support an establishment which is almost twice as large and almost twice as expensive.

During the same period, (1861 to 1901) the Protestant population has diminished very slightly (7½ per cent.), whereas the Protestant clergy of all denominations has decreased 15 per cent. To be exact, in 1861 the Protestant population was 1,243,299. Ministering to these about 3,239 clergy. In 1901 the Protestant population was 1,150,114, the clergy numbered 2,726.

A more amazing proof of the growth of the hierarchy, at the expense of the people who support it, could not be found, than is afforded by the cold figures presented in the appendix to McCarthy's book.

On the 16th page of this volume this devout Catholic (McCarthy) speaks of "the stagnation, decay and hopelessness" that have settled on Catholic Ireland, and asks, "Who are the enslavers? Who keep the Irish Catholic mind in subjection? Who denounce a 'free mind' and 'free thought' as if they are diseases?"

Arguing that the difference between a stagnant Catholic community and a thrifty Protestant community is due entirely to the hierarchy, McCarthy says that it can not be due to a lack of capital, for *three hundred thousand dollars can be raised by subscription for a new Catholic church anywhere in Ireland.* Then he says "we find in this very diocese (Louth) that *Cardinal Logue was able to clear over $150,000 at a single bazarr, for the interior decoration of his cathedral.*" He asks concerning this "stagnation, decay and hopelessness" in Catholic Ireland, "Is it not caused by the up-bringing of the lay Catholics, *because of the timidity and want of self-help implanted in their minds?* Is it not the result of their up-bringing that they are prepared to expend millions of money in the building of churches and convents, and endowing priests and nuns, and *thus leave themselves without a ten pound note to start a fresh industry?*"

Quite at random I will take some of the descriptions of priestly devices for separating the Irish from their money. The first is the marriage among the poor. The priest comes to the wedding-feast, after he has performed the ceremony. That he should be so condescending, is a great honor to those present. He seats himself at the head of the table; fills the tumblers with wine, which he hands to the females, each of whom make a courtesy as she takes the tumbler of liquor from his hand. To the men, the priest hands cups or tumblers of whisky. Now, I quote McCarthy, just as he writes.—"*After the company had imbibed freely*, the priest arose and went around with the bride-cake, *which he sold in pieces to the men and women.* Each one paid him for his or her slice, taking the pieces of cake and dropping the money on the plate instead of it. When the priest had gone the entire round of the company he took the proceeds from the plate and put them in his pocket, *and he shortly afterwards took his departure from the house.* This habit of selling the bride-cake is very prevalent at weddings of poor Catholics throughout the North of Ireland". At this particular wedding the sale of the bride's cake to these poor people yielded $25.00 to the priest, who had already been paid a fee for performing the ceremony.

From the marriage feast we go to the funeral, and there we find the priest again raking in the sheckles. Again let me quote,—"If the priest comes to the funeral *a collection is made up for him before the dead body leaves the house for the cemetery.* In some instances this is done in a particularly offensive way. *The coffin is laid on chairs outside of the door, and a large dish or plate is placed upon it, and all of those*

JULIAN HARRIS "DRAPS" INTO STATESMANSHIP

THE seriousness with which Julian Harris takes himself is becoming a national menace, seriously endangering the public eye. He has been using the widest license in the discussion of public men and measures. He not only holds *post mortem* examinations, but practices vivisection. He took me to pieces, the other day, in the most complacent manner imaginable. He weighed me in his mental balances, adjusting the indicator with nicety, and then left us in doubt whether he considered me a statesman or a mental bushwhacker.

On page 13 of his magazine for August, 1910, appears a picture of an old woman with a shell comb at the back of her head a pair of large spectacles (pre-umably of the horn-rim variety) over her eyes, and her mouth opened out to an alarming extent. In her hand is a spoon, from which she is pouring powdered soap. We are expected to believe that she is saying something which everybody ought to hear, and which it pleases her to say.

Directly opposite the open mouth of this old woman, appears the name of Julian Harris, in big black letters. Above his name appears the headline, "A Message to Georgians on Compulsory Education." The editorial which follows these preliminaries is a condemnation of those members of the Legislature who voted against that particular compulsory education bill which was before the Georgia Legislature at its recent session.

Julian first refers to Japan, which has a compulsory education law, requiring each child to be given six years of schooling. Of course, Mr. Harris contrasts Georgia and Japan, to the great disadvantage of the former.

Julian should remember that Japan has no such terrible problem as our race question. In the second place, no School-book Trust, leagued with the State authorities, plunders the Japs as mercilessly as our School-book Trust robs our people. An investigation of the Japanese educational system would probably show that the text-books are published and furnished by the State, and that the children are fed while at school. That's the way they do in Europe!

Selecting Legislators Hardeman and Baker, Brother Harris calls them "assassins". Says Julian, "Hardeman harried the patience of the weak-kneed Legislators and mouthed them into silence or flight, after Baker had bellowed inanities at tiresome length." If I had been there, there would have been at least one more man to "bellow" and "harry". Any compulsory education bill which fails to furnish text-books as a part of the paraphernalia of the school-house would, in many cases, make poverty a crime. The State furnishes the teacher, the school-house, the desks, the blackboards,—why should it make an exception of the most necessary part of the outfit? My friend Julian Harris will rack his brain in vain to find a good answer to that question. The School-book Trust—and very nearly every other truts—has such a strangle-hold upon affairs in Georgia, that it has not only exacted the most outrageous prices, but has secured a change in the books required with such frequency that the burden has been most oppressive to the poor. Before the Georgia Legislature,—or any other,—should adopt compulsory education, all the "incidental expense" graft should be swept away, and the State should furnish the books as a

necessary part of the equipment of the schools.

Brother Harris is so extreme in his denunciation of the sixty-eight members of the Legislature who defeated the bill, that he utterly repudiates the idea that they could have been both intelligent and honest. He says in so many words that they were either ignoramuses, or demagogues, or foes to education, or enemies to Georgia's growth and development; and that they should stand outlawed. That's pretty rough, isn't it?

General Robert Toombs was the most progressive statesman of his day. His great brain shaped our Constitution of 1877. He favored and advocated public schools, but he did not approve of compulsory education. Had he done so, our Constitution would have borne evidence of the fact. The question is not by any means a new one, and General Toombs must have studied it during his long sojourn in Europe.

The gentlemen who are denounced by name in the *Uncle Remus's Magazine* are standing now where the great Georgia statesman stood in 1877; conditions have not materially changed; and therefore, in attacking Baker and Hardeman, the irate editor has assailed the memory of such sages as the Judges Reese, ex-Gov. Charles J. Jenkins, and ex-Senator Robert Toombs. Even so earnest a man as Julian Harris should think twice before he puts his opinion before that of the Statesman who framed the Constitution under which we are now living.

Taking up the statistics which show the frightful illiteracy that exists in the South, Brother Harris refers especially to the home Counties of Messrs. Hardeman and Baker. In 1908, according to Brother Harris, 13 per cent. of all the children of school age in Lumpkin County were illiterates. Out of the 196 illiterates of the school age, all but ten were white.

Those last five words were put in capital letters by Brother Harris, for the sake of emphasis.

When you remember that there are no negroes to speak of in Lumpkin County, you will realize that these five words need not have sprung up in capital letters. A mountain county which can show so good a record as Lumpkin, where the percentage of illiteracy is only 13 per cent., certainly does not deserve the indictment which Brother Julian presents against it.

Next: Jefferson County, the home of Legislator Robert N. Hardeman, is taken up. By the School Census of 1908 it is shown that the percentage of illiterates of school age was 19 per cent. When you remember that Jefferson County has a heavy negro population, and that the greater part of the illiteracy is among the blacks, you will see that Brother Julian's indictment against Hardeman's home County will have to be quashed.

One by one Brother Harris takes up the objections to the Bill for Compulsory Education, as it was framed and presented at the last session of the Georgia Legislature. If in disposing of these objections Julian had used more argument and less hysteria, the space which he filled from his fountain of invective would have been occupied with reading matter more valuable than that which now fills it. He was peculiarly unfortunate in contrasting the conduct of the Hardemans and the Bakers with that of Bob Toombs. For, as I have already shown, Bob Toombs did not favor compulsory education under any circumstances. As to Alexander H. Stephens, he was such a champion of personal liberty that he always opposed all such measures as the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors. That Ben Hill would have favored the Compulsory Education Bill, which would have put a penalty upon the moneyless man, no one con-

versant with his speeches and writings will readily believe.

Now, let me say a friendly word to Julian Harris, and to other well-meaning but mistaken Atlanta faddists, who *are building up an entirely new kind of lobby in our State House*. When a sane Editor can deliberately write and publish such a wild editorial as that of Julian Harris, and when a most excellent Atlanta lady can go before a Committee of the Legislature and claim an appropriation for the purpose of teaching *farmers' wives how to cook and how to become good wives and mothers*, it is high time that common sense should deliver its message to the people of Georgia.

The most excellent lady who declared she desired aid from the Georgia Legislature in order that the country women can be taught by the city women how to cook and how to become good wives and mothers, unwittingly insulted the womanhood of the country side. It is to these women that we are looking, to a large degree, for the manly boys and the pure girls who are to be the hope of our future. As everybody knows, too many of the city ladies go in for fads and fancies. They will not deny themselves the pleasures of society and devote themselves to the rearing of large families. Many of them drink, some of them smoke. Instead of staying at home, the beautiful sphere for which God created them and where the Woman is the Queen of her own domestic world, they too often chase rainbows, devoting themselves to impractabilties, talking visionary stuff that has nothing substantial to it. I say this in all kindness, for many of these ladies are known to me and I respect them highly. They mean well, but they take up the wrong things instead of the right things; and some of the right things which they do take up, they get at in the wrong way and at the wrong time.

When a splendid gentleman like Bob Hardeman, of Jefferson County, can be pillored in the *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, and hissed by the society ladies of Atlanta, the case calls for heroic treatment. Our Legislators are not sent to Atlanta to take orders from Lady Lobbyists, any more than they are to take orders from masculine Lobbyists. Whatever these ladies have to say about compulsory education, or other subjects, should be given to the press, or put out in pamphlets, books, or circulars. There is danger of a great public evil growing up, if a lot of women should besiege every session of the Legislature, rewarding with blandishments and flattery the weaklings who yield to them; and assailing with hisses on the streets and on the street-cars and in the Capitol Lobby, those stalwart men who stand by their own convictions.

If Julian Harris will but direct his undoubted ability towards a deeper study of this subject, he will realize that the true reason why so many white children are not sent to school is a discredit, not to the parent, but to the State. As a matter of fact, we have not offered free education to our people as it was intended by the framers of our Constitution that the State should do. We have allowed a system of petty, but burdensome, graft to grow up within the system. The parents have to pay unjustly and excessively for the privilege of keeping their little ones in schools which are almost mockingly called "free". They are taxed with "incidental dues", many items of which will not bear searching investigation. They are burdened with the everlasting exploitation of the School-book Trust; and many a time an arbitrary Board of Education or the arbitrary teacher confiscates the rights of the child to an education without giving the child or the parent a right to be heard before the door of the school-house is shut in the face of the child.

Again, abject poverty has much to

do with illiteracy in Georgia. Some of our people are miserably poor. They can not send their children to school in rags and with nothing but a crust of bread to eat for dinner. All of the other children would ridicule the shabbily dressed child, would ridicule the contents of his dinner-bucket, and would practically expel it by that cruel treatment, of which children are so often guilty.

Away back yonder, is the beginning of our troubles in the National Legislation which allows the beneficieries of special privileges to take for themselves the entire national increase in wealth. To say to the poor man, who is unable to properly clothe and feed his children, and who is unable to pay tribute to the School-book Trust—after having been robbed by so many other Trusts—that he must buy the high-priced books, pay the incidental fees, and send his child to school for at least sixty days in the year, or go to jail, would be heartless. I hope that the Georgia Legislature will never pass an act which would make a criminal out of a destitute parent because he could not "squeeze blood out of a turnip."

What could a City chap know about the actualities of Country life? What could my friend, and respected friend, Fred Seely, know about it? What could Mrs. John K. Ottley, a most admirable lady, whose friendship I am glad to possess, know about the inner home life of a country plantation? These earnest citizens, desiring to do something for the betterment of the community, have read books, pamphlets, magazine articles and newspaper comments upon rural conditions until they feel absolutely certain that they are masters of the subject. But they are mistaken. Honestly mistaken, I grant you, but nevertheless grievously mistaken.

Having lived among this poor class of our people, having sat around their fire-sides talking with them, having eaten at their tables month after month, having taught their boys and girls in humble school-houses in remote rural communities, having studied them Sunday and Monday, I can conscientiously say that all this talk about unnatural parentage in rural districts is the merest bosh, and the most cruel misrepresentation.

Ninety-nine fathers and mothers out of every hundred are talking, or thinking, or dreaming or struggling for the education of their children. I have scarcely ever talked to a father or mother concerning some child, who attracted my attention, but that the parent would immediately respond, "If I can just give him a good schooling." That is the thought which occupies the first place in the average parents' mind, that's the wish that is the dearest to the heart of the average Georgia farmer who has a son or daughter.

As to asking the aid of the Georgia Legislature to make better wives and mothers of the country women of this State: I have rarely known a subject more difficult to discuss patiently and within the bounds of moderation. There are thousands of devoted and absolutely admirable wives and mothers in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages, and it gives me pleasure and pride to testify to that fact; but if you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and the true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children, one who is the first to rise in the morning and the last to retire at night, one who is always at her post of duty, and the one who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both her husband and children, one who is the keeper of the household and the good angel of it, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy, with no thought of seeing her name in the papers, no thought of besieging the Georgia Legislature, no thought of fashionable pleasure, perfectly content in a quiet home life, in which she

does nobody harm and everybody much good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battles of life, smoothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door some day for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life's continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor's wife and to be to him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all toils are done and her strength is departing, will sit calmly in the doorway watching the setting sun with a serene smile upon her face and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where *this* woman lives, where *this* type is to be found, and I will make a bee-line for the country.

Any description of fashionable life among City people, who being rich are devoting themselves to what they call pleasure, would fit any American City about as well as another. In New York, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Atlanta and Washington City the fast life, meaning the life devoted to fashionable pastimes and pleasures, present about the same features.

Is it not true that at every social function in the Gate City, whiskey and wines are provided for the guests? Is there not smoking among the women as well as among the men?

A few years ago when I was visiting Colonel W. D. Mann for the purpose of launching the New York Magazine I discovered, to my amazement, that it was the proper thing to offer to every Sunday morning caller, male or female, a drink of liquor. Some of the ladies took a High-ball and some preferred a Cock tail.

In the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, of August 8, 1910, there is a Washington special defending Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, the daughter of Roosevelt, in the matter of smoking cigarettes. The substance of the defense is the familiar old phrase among politicians, "They all do it."

According to the writer of this article, "the practice of smoking is not confined to any special few, but is quite general among fashionable women as a regular feature of practically every ultra-fashionable dinner party is to supply cigarettes for the women.

"The old-fashioned idea of having the men at the table to smoke their cigars is almost entirely discarded, for the men have their cigars and liquors in one room and the women in another.

"Where the occasion is informal and the company is intimate, it is not extraordinary for the women to smoke at the table with the men."

Now, as a picture of the times and the customs, what do you think of that?

If the Legislature is to make any appropriation to send out teachers who will train our women in the gentle arts of cookery and of being good wives and mothers, had we not better send missionaries to the Smart Set, where the women and men booze and smoke together?

Would you ever find such a state of affairs as that in a rural community of American, or of any other country under the sun?

THE MOST ASTONISHING THING THAT I HAVE YET DISCOVERED ABOUT FOREIGN MISSIONS

HAVE you analyzed the report handed out by the "World's Missionary Conference," which was recently held in Edinburgh, Scotland? If not, it would be worth your while to do so.

By adding up the figures, which are given in four separate statements, you will discover the astonishing fact that there were 117,243 missionary workers on the pay-roll last year. The result of their labors, as reported by themselves, was the "conversion" of 127,875 "heathen". Thus you will see that even the missionaries, who, of course, have every motive for making the best possible report, expose the futility of their efforts to Christianize the Oriental world. Practically, it was a case of *one convert to each missionary*. Each of the converts whose name they enrolled, cost Christendom *more than a thousand dollars*.

But the most significant confession of the rotteness of the whole existing system is evidenced by the fact that the white missionaries from Europe had to employ and pay 98,000 black, brown, and yellow natives to corral those 127,000 alleged converts. Did you have any idea that they were hiring 98,000 negroes, Japs, Chinks, and Hindoos to call themselves Christians and to help the white missionaries persuade about an equal number of their own people to forsake their native religions, and to accept a share of such material benefits as free medicine, free schools, comfortable homes, industrial teaching, music lessons, board and lodging from kindergartens up to colleges,—to say nothing of the dentist and his gold leaf, or the trained nurse or the traveling doctor?

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

IN preparing to make the speech at Thomson on July 23 last, it became necessary for me to ransack various receptacles in which have lain, for many years, those clippings, college reports, private letters, and other souvenirs of the past. In this search for biographical data, I came upon an article written by ex-Governor William D. Jelks, of Alabama, and published in the Eufaula *Times* during the year 1896.

Inasmuch as my personality, as well as my public career, is under the fiercest criticism, and will probably always have that to bear, I will ask you to consider what kind of impression was made by me on one of the very finest characters who attended Mercer University.

As I understood it, Willie Jelks belonged to one of the fine old aristocratic families of Alabama. At all events, he wore fine clothes; had the look of a typical thorough-bred; and

was understood to be one of the rich boys of the College. On the contrary, I was known to be one of the poor boys, unable to pay the tuition fee of sixty dollars; was very plainly dressed; and was shy and awkward in manner. Consequently, being of a retiring disposition anyhow, I did not seek especially the friendship of Jelks, but rather avoided him.

At the time he paid me such a generous tribute in the Eufaula *Times*, it would have been good policy on his part to have held his peace. It would have been still better policy for him to have abused me. But he was writing about his school-days and his schoolmates; and, being a true man, he wrote his honest convictions.

The clipping, which was sent to me by my old school-fellow, has been treasured for fourteen years. You will please pardon me for incorporating it in one of the pages from my old diary.

"And there was Tom Watson, upon whom my eyes have not rested in an age. Tom was a class-mate of mine and in the society we chased the ball of argument on many Saturday mornings. He was a great debater and my voice was loud and strong. I had the pleasure of going up against him a thousand times. His figure, slight and wiry, filled my mind as I dallied with the red-crested tomato. He was red and I was inclined to be. He swaggered across the campus, the dear fellow, the admiration of less forceful natures, and in his wake followed Dan. I wonder what has become of Dan? Dan furnished a shadow for Tom. He was large and red and Tom was small and red. They were inseparable, though having little, it would seem, in common. Dan's shadow fell across the bright Tom and kept the too fierce rays of the sun from marking him; and the brilliance of the smaller man—as marked then as now—drew the good Dan and kept him constantly in its rays. I have often thought that if Tom should get to be President, Dan would fill a Cabinet place, and I am not sure if I should not amount to something myself. I loved that boy as much as he would let me, and my admiration has constantly grown for years. He is a true man and an honest man. I believe he is as true to his convictions of right as the sun itself, and brave he always was. He would swagger in the old days and he swaggers yet, conscious of power. He was sometimes, I thought, bitter in the olden times, and he gives one that impression to this good hour. But a purer piece of grit never inhabited a slight frame. The appearance to him of the Devil in a graveyard would not have moved him a fraction of an inch. He would have marched up to the Devil and tweaked his nose. We know what has become of dear old Tom, but Dan, his ever-present companion,—what has become of Dan?"

[The reference is to Dan Proctor, of whom I have never heard since we were in College together.]

* * * * *

"Then tell us, please, how it is that Mr. Watson can be alluded to contemptuously, his character spat upon? If we were a free silver Democrat we would throw ourself at his feet and embrace them. We would caress his auburn and too-free hair, look upon his gray eye, and even press our lips to his strong, honest face and would bless him in our feeble way.

"You kept the light burning, Tom, you kept the faith, dear boy, and have become the refuge for a weary people. You have borne the cross continually, and now wear the crown and blessing of all good men. If we were a free silver Democrat we would shower blessings upon the eloquent Georgian until we had drowned him out with the very sweetness of them. Let Tom Watson live in song and story forever and forever!—Eufaula *Times*."

* * * * *

While teaching school in Screven County, my spare time was devoted to reading and study. Many beautiful poems were committed to memory, and I could recite "by heart" such thrilling

passages as "The Stag Hunt", in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and the weird night picture with which *Rokeby* begins. Professor Steed, my youthful mentor, had given me a volume of Burns' Poems. The "Epistle to Davie", and his matchless "A Man's a Man for A' That", were as familiar to me as A, B, C. Speaking to me of Byron one day, Professor Steed said that the opening lines of "The Bride of Abydos" were the most musical conglomeration of words in the English language. Of course I committed them to memory,—in fact, when in my teens, I could spout Byron by the hour.

Whether some teacher advised it, or whether it was an original impulse, I am not able to say; but it was a regular habit of mine to paste in scrapbooks such beautiful prose or poetry, and such apparently valuable data of all kinds, as attracted my attention. Were it not for the fact that my purpose is to encourage ambitious boys and girls, who are poor and at the foot of the ladder, as I once was, such details would not find their way into these pages.

If the impression can be indelibly made upon their minds, that there is no royal road to success—no getting of something for nothing from Fate—the time spent upon these early struggles of mine will not have been wasted. I mean to make the impression on every boy and girl who will read after me, that they can travel to the goal of success, just as I did, if they will pay the same price for the ticket.

Diligent in the collection of useful facts, eagerly filling my memory with great thoughts and elevating sentiments, I spent much time strolling over the wire-grass, under the tall pines, listening to the solemn music which the wind made in their tops, and composing speeches and poems of my own. As fair samples of these youthful compositions, the two which follow are submitted:

THE FARM.

They talk of the joys of the city,
  Its palaces lofty and gay,
Where Life on the billows of Pleasure
  With rapture is passing away;
And many a heart is enchanted
  By its wild and bewildering charm,
But give me the open-aired pleasure
  That dwells on the old-fashioned farm.

There's a pride in the wide-waving corn-field,
  With its stalks like a party of girls,
Where the light breeze pauses a moment
  To play with their gossamer curls;
And a murmur steals low from their bosoms
  As the wind floats lazily by,
As sweet as the echo of music
  And as soft as a tremulous sigh.

There's a joy in the low of the cattle
  As homeward they wander at eve
By the paths which through the green forest,
  Like silvery rivulets weave.
There's a joy in the far-rolling forest,
  Its vista, savannah and dell,
Where the Dryads hard by the brooklet
  'Mid primeval quietude dwell.

At eve when the shadows are stealing
  O'er the depth of the slumbering glade
Like travellers wandering lightly
  From the regions of Silence and Shade,
O list to the song of the farmer
  As home from the harvest he wends,
How it rings out over the meadows
  And with Nature echoing blends.

In the country the stream sings sweeter
  Than the notes of the harp or the lute.
In the country the musical warble
  Of the mocking-bird never is mute.
Then who could ever relinquish
  The mountain, the valley, the glen,
This Paradise made by Jehovah
  For the town which was fashioned by men?

Then weave all your love round the farm, boys,
  Drive away from it idleness, sloth,
Be as proud in your honorable homespun
  As the nobleman's son in his cloth.
And Georgia will, by your endeavor,
  "Hard times" from its pedestal hurled
Be the Empire State of the nation,
  And the Empire State of the world.

THE TORN LOVE LETTER.

June, 1876

As I came from my school one beautiful eve
  By the path which winds through the bay,
I came to the brink of the musical brook
  And paused for awhile on my way.

And there as I loitered I happened to see
Besmeared by the dust and the rain,
A letter all torn into fragments and shreds,
Where perhaps for a month it had lain.

I knelt to the ground by the side of the brook
And gathered the remnants with care,
And thought as I brushed the splotches away
How on earth it came to be there.

I see it commences, "My Dear Little Friend,"
And "Jennie's" the maiden addressed,
And through the whole letter, with titles of love
That name is fondly caressed.

Perhaps 't was a coquette who loved him awhile
Then tossed him aside with a frown,
And reading his letter by the brook one day
Threw it carelessly, cruelly down.

And here it has lain beat down to the earth
Like a thing that was loathsome or mean,
Yet it breathes of a love as radiantly pure
As the moonbeam's silvery sheen.

So it is with the world which loves us awhile
And fondles our high-flown pride,
Then caught by an eye more brilliant than ours
Relentlessly throws us aside.

And travellers oft on the highways of life
Will pause while journeying by,
And viewing the wrecks of Hope and Resolve
Turn away with sympathy's sigh.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

(The story of the visit to the cousin, Lillie Jones, brings the letter which follows. Those are remarkable facts: my half-aunt is yet living, the cousin is in good health and spirits, her children are married, her grand-children are on the stage with her, and the four generations form a congenial, happy group in old Columbia County.

If Cousin Alma will have the four generations photographed, you shall see the unusual picture for yourself.

I hope they will find that small album in which was the best "likeness" of Toombs that I have ever seen. He had the dark, dishevelled appearance of a popular tribune; and was standing by a little table, on which rested his left hand. His hair flew loose over his forehead, and there was no stereotyped smile on his face: his features bore an expression of fixed resolution, and his eyes were almost fierce.

I will be hooranging Old Man Peepul somewhere within reach of these relatives before long, and I certainly hope to renew acquaintance with the old and to make that of the young.

T. E. W.)

MARTINEZ, GA., August 7, 1910.

DEAR COZ. TOM:—I guess that I will have to introduce myself to you, as I know that you will not know who I am. I am your Cousin Lillie Jones' daughter, and after reading your poem in THE JEFFERSONIAN dedicated to Mamma, I feel that I would like to write you a few lines and tell you how much I appreciate them.

We don't take THE JEFFERSONIAN, but my sister from Albany, Georgia, brought it to Mamma, and we have enjoyed it so much. My husband, who is a great "Watson man", says that he wants to subscribe to it. He likes your pieces so much. I think that it did Mamma a lot of good to read it and to know that you had not forgotten her. I have heard her speak of you often, and I have always had a desire to meet you. I heard Mamma say not so long ago that she would like so much to see you.

She has only two children and we are both married, and have children, so you see she begins to feel a little old, although she looks real well. She is living with her mother, who is quite old now and feeble. She does not remember having Toombs' picture, but anyway we are going to try to look it up and if we can find it we will certainly send it to you.

Mr. Gardner (my husband) says tell you if you are in Augusta any time and would like to come out here to see us, he will come to meet you, if you will let us know. We live just in front of Mamma. Mr. Gardner is very anxious to meet you.

Mamma is going to keep the Magazine with the piece about her in it, as she prizes it very much.

Will stop now, hoping that I may in the future, some day, see you, to speak to you.

With best wishes, I am Your cousin,

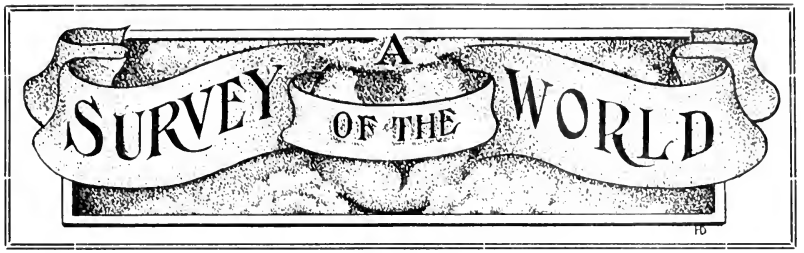
(Signed) ALMA WEST GARDNER.

The Call of the Age

Charles W. Hubner

Be wise, waste not the unreturning years,
Oh, grasp the golden hours and hold them fast!
Time is man's workshop, wonderful and vast,
In which the dreams of poets and of seers,
Into realities are daily cast.
'Tis Mind that rules the age; the world's his throne,
No boundaries of space or time he fears;
He dares the depths and heights of the Unknown,
And plants his flag even on the starry spheres—
Who would not follow where this conqueror leads?
This sovereign Genius of our age demands
Men of great dreams, and doers of great deeds;
For mightier conquests still to come, he needs
Broad, schemeful brains, strong, executing hands.

Thus Science, Labor, decked and crowned by Art,
Out of what's best in human mind and heart,
Shall build the future's temple, fairer, higher,
With broader base, with grander dome and spire,
Than ever Seer of old in visions saw;
A temple dedicated to Love and Law,
Wherein the nations of the earth may meet,
To lay their hearts in reverence at God's feet;
Men of all races and of every name,
Shall gather there "good tidings" to proclaim,
And pledge their lives, till Time itself shall cease,
For brotherhood and universal peace.



By THE EDITOR

THE political situation in the United States presents a bewildering spectacle of local, State and national turmoil. In almost every county, in practically every city, in the State politics of every member of the Union, and in the broad field of national issues, there is difference, division, and struggle.

I, for one, am glad to see it. The indifference of the common people to their public affairs is the main reason why their condition is so bad. Popular self-government is necessarily a disastrous failure if the plain people permit the aggressive few to legislate themselves into an aristocracy.

* * * * *

The Insurgent Republicans, temporarily set back by the Taft-Foraker triumph in his home State of Ohio, have more than offset this set-back by the magnificent victories which they won in Kansas and Iowa. Mr. Taft will doubtless discover that the Ohio triumph cost him more than it was worth. He owes it to a combination between the very worst elements of his party. In securing the support of Standard Oil Foraker, and of Boss Cox (whom Taft himself denounced in his better days) our pleasure-loving President probably lost Theodore Roosevelt.

* * * * *

The Insurgent victories in Kansas and Iowa possess none of the Pyrrhic element. They are not stained by any compromise with wrong-doers or wrong-doing. They are clean-cut triumphs of the right. That the entire West will be swept by the Insurgent movement is my sincere prayer. Governor Folk makes a profound mistake when he urges the Democrats of the West to oppose these Insurgents. If I lived in Wisconsin I would certainly take the stump for such a man as La Follette. Every Democrat and Populist in Iowa should hold up the hands of Cummins and Dolliver. Every Populist and Democrat of Indiana should throw his vote to Beveridge. The very thought of there being any Reform zeal in the Taggart-made Kern is ridiculous.

* * * * *

In Texas a Presidential boom for Senator Joseph W. Bailey has been launched. This is to be deeply regretted. The Morgan-Rockefeller-Guggenheim syndicates see Judgment Day coming, and they are resorting to desperate methods to keep the people divided. It was a woeful day for the South, as well as for the country at large, when Joe Bailey allowed Dave Francis to lead him up on the mountain. Little by little, Bailey himself was compelled to admit that he had been paid about a quarter of a million dollars of Standard Oil money. There were no legal services rendered, and no legitimate fee paid for such legitimate serv-

ice: it was a clear, sordid case of buying and selling political influence. God knows how I hate to say this; but Bailey's tardy and reluctant admissions force me to it.

S. Senate, with such an utterly corrupt old scoundrel as Aldrich of Rhode Island. I would have given him the lie. Yet, at the last session of Congress, he was voting with such Republicans as

N. Y. *American.*

Senator Bailey, the Standard Oil's Protege

When Bailey and I were colleagues in Congress, we were fond of one another. In the main, we agreed on all public questions. I greatly admired his magnificent intellect and personalty. Had any one told me that he would have been found voting, in the U. S. Senate, with such an utterly corrupt old scoundrel as Aldrich of Rhode Island, I would have given him the lie. Yet, at the last session of Congress, he was voting with such Republicans as Aldrich in the interest of the Railroad Corporations, to defeat the absolutely just and equitable amendments offered by Cummins and La Follette.

It is a literal fact that Senator Bailey is unable to show that he has done a single thing for the good of the coun-

try during the twenty years that the people have kept him in office. He not only cannot prove by the Record that he has done anything more than make speeches and win a reputation as being a great debater,—but he has not even persistently tried to do anything for the common people; nor does he tell the masses what he will do for them if they continue him in office another twenty years.

In my judgment, the time has come in the South when the people who elect men to represent them in Congress will emphatically demand that these Representatives produce results. This thing of staying in Congress on the reputation of being a good speaker, a good mixer, a good glad-hander, a good distributor of questionable garden seed,—has gone far enough.

IS President Taft right when he says everybody ought to take at least three months vacation every year? I cannot think so. The vacation of the

Chicago *Tribune*

Our Pleasure-Loving President

real worker is a change of work. The men who have made the world what it is, never took vacation in any other way. Wise men never work when they are tired. When fatigued in mind or body, take your rest right then and there. Thus each day gives you the indispensable vacation. Do the people who go off for a vacation ever find it? Don't they return home with the most fagged-out faces that ever you saw? Isn't the kind of life led at the resorts and seasides, where people go to seek rest and recreation, one of the causes of our decadence in manners and morals? Mr. Taft doesn't set a good example when he devotes so much of his time to personal pleasure-seeking on land and water.

IN Tennessee the Ham Patterson machine has been smashed. The combination between the worst element of the Democratic Party and the worst element of the Republican Party, was an utter failure. By a majority of forty thousand, respectability won. The man who pardoned the notorious lobbyist, Dune Cooper, is morally as guilty as the assassin himself. There can scarcely be a doubt that Governor Patterson knew that Carmack was to be killed. This guilty secret was probably the cause of the pardon. The attempt to prove that Cooper killed Carmack in self-defence, was an insult to common sense.

Briefly, the facts are these: Ex-Senator Carmack, running for Governor on a prohibition platform, was defeated by as corrupt a combination as ever was made. Afterwards, Carmack began to ridicule the three chieftains of that combination, doing so in the columns of his paper, the *Tennessean*. After the appearance of a particularly brilliant editorial against Cooper and his principal associates, Cooper threatened to kill Carmack if his name was mentioned again in the *Tennessean*. Heedless of this threat against his life, Carmack wrote another article against the corrupt combination—an article which Junius himself never excelled. Immediately following, Cooper and his son armed themselves with the latest improved and deadliest revolvers, and went out hunting for Carmack. Mak-

ing inquiries as to his whereabouts, and following him on his way home, they came upon him from behind, where he has stopped to speak to a lady acquaintance, and is standing with his lifted hat in one hand and his cigar in the other. That the Coopers cried, "We've got you!" I believe for two reasons: 1st: The lady swore to it. 2nd: You cannot otherwise explain why Carmack whirled and drew his pistol. He had heard of Cooper's threats, but his admitted actions prove conclusively that he did not know he was being pursued. He had agreed to carry the pistol, which his friends insisted that he should take; but his leisurely way in going home, his loitering to chat with a lady, and the utter failure to take any precautions against a sudden attack, prove that he was not expecting one.

The mere hearing of footsteps, approaching on the sidewalk, was nothing unusual; and there was nothing in that alone to cause him to whirl, drawing his pistol as he did so. I have no more doubt that he heard that ominous "We've got you!" than if I had heard the words myself. On no other hypothesis can you reconcile what was done by the Coopers and what was done by Carmack. The Coopers armed themselves to get him: they went out hunting for him, as the doomed man was peacefully wending his way homeward; and they began to shoot at the very moment they came upon him. In other words, they got the man whom they prepared to get.

It doesn't make the slightest difference who fired first,—the Coopers or Carmack. It is a sound principle of the criminal law that he who brings about the necessity for a blow, is the aggressor. In this case, Carmack did not make it necessary for the Coopers to pursue him with deadly weapons, and to come upon him in a menacing manner. If he shot first, he shot in self-defence, in the eye of the law. Cooper's statement that he merely wanted to reason with Carmack, is as brazen a falsehood as ever sullied human lips. The Coopers were two against one: and if their purpose was not deadly, they would never have gone hunting for Carmack at that particular time, and in that particular manner.

Patterson is every bit as guilty as the Coopers; and for crimes less foul, many a trio has been hanged by the neck until they were dead.

IN Spain, conditions continue to be turbulent, and the priests are doing all in their power to precipitate civil war. Of course they get every encouragement from the Vatican. They are distributing arms among the people and wildly preaching sedition. Between the Spanish Pretender, Don Jaime, and Cardinal Merry del Val, a perfect understanding seems to exist. If Alfonso can be pulled down, Don Jaime will be set up. In the meantime, the Liberal Ministry, which is divorcing Church from State and endeavoring to introduce modern freedom into priest-ridden Spain, is proceeding with firmness to carry out its program.

SENATOR ALDRICH of Rhode Island furnishes the latest and best evidence of the strength of the Insurgent Movement within the Republican Party. For thirty years, he has arrogantly ignored all public criticism. No amount of newspaper denunciation was sufficient to make him take notice. But when the Republican Insurgent, Senator Bristow of Kansas, accused him of legislating money into the pockets of himself and his family by increasing the duty on rubber manufacturers,—the situation of the Republican Party being so critical—such pressure was brought to bear upon his own party that the great and silent Aldrich has to publish a defence of himself.

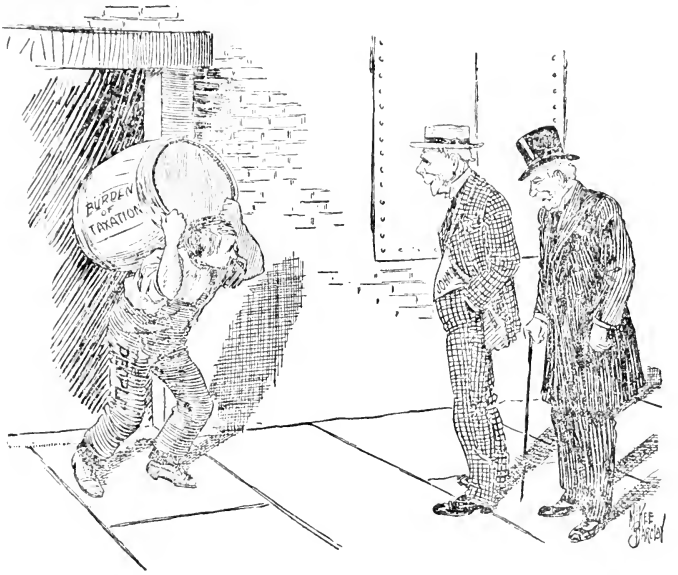
The charges which Bristow makes against Aldrich are as clear as they are specific. In brief, Aldrich is accused

of having caused to be substituted in the Senate a 35 per cent. tariff where the House had made one of 30; and that Aldrich and his son in combination with the Morgan interests, the Guggenheim interests, and the Thomas F. Ryan interests, already deeply interested in rubber, formed a gigantic rubber trust, and immediately put up prices on everything from the tires of automobiles to the child's rattle; thereby earning enormous dividends.

In reply to these cruelly clear charges, Senator Aldrich makes the lamest possible defence. He admits that he and other members of his family own heavy blocks of stock of the Intercontinental Rubber Company, but claims that it has no monopoly and does not control prices. Not until Senator Aldrich can demonstrate that a tariff of 35 per cent. on foreign manufacturers of rubber is not a greater obstacle to foreign competition than one of 30, his defence of that extra 5 percent. will not amount to anything.

THE country received with a shock the news of the attempted assassination of the Mayor of New York. As he was about to start upon his summer vacation, he was shot in the face at close range by James J. Gallagher, a discharged employee of the city. The motive was revenge. While the wound is extremely dangerous, the physicians pronounce it to be not necessarily fatal. In the latest bulletins, handed out as we close our forms, it is stated that his chances of recovery are excellent.

Since he was inaugurated, Mayor Gaynor has accomplished more reformatory work than any other mayor, in any other city, has accomplished since the Civil War.



Baltimore *Sun*

Senator Aldrich Responsible for the Workingman's Tax

SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES OF JOHN C. CALHOUN

F. B. DOYLE

IN "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson", May JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, you speak of the "broad, foresighted statements" of John C. Calhoun. This reminds me of some things I heard Senator Joseph E. Brown talk about in 1892. I remember calling with a friend at the home of the venerable Senator and hearing him discuss many interesting events in his life. His remarks about distinguished men were particularly entertaining. I asked him of all the great men he had met who of them was the most intellectual man. Without a moment's hesitation he said: "John C. Calhoun."

Senator Brown gave an instance of his own experience and knowledge of the wonderful foresight of the great statesman. He said that soon after he was admitted to the bar at Canton, Georgia, he made a trip to Washington, where he met for the first time Mr. Calhoun, who was then in his prime. Mr. Calhoun was noted for the friendly interest he took in young men and invited Mr. Brown to come to his apartments at a certain hour. Our host told us that this invitation was a great surprise to him, as he could not imagine what the great Calhoun could want with a young and unknown man like himself.

But he went at the appointed time and soon after his arrival Mr. Calhoun asked young Brown where he was going to locate. "At Canton, Georgia," the latter replied. With a peculiar twinkle in his eye the great man said: "Mr. Brown, take my advice and locate at Atlanta. The railroad from Augusta is completed, the State Road is now building, and soon other lines from Macon and West Point will converge there. I shall not live to see it, but in your day a great trunk line will be built from Washington City to Atlanta, which is destined to become one of the greatest inland cities of the South." In this prophetic strain Mr. Calhoun mapped out the Southern and other great roads, foretold the future of Atlanta and incidentally that of Joseph E. Brown.

At this point in the conversation the Senator reminded us of what Atlanta was at that time, he had passed by it on his way to Washington. Half a dozen log cabins, two of which were used as whiskey-shops, was about the way Atlanta looked then. He said really when Mr. Calhoun first mentioned Atlanta he had to study a moment to locate it, so insignificant was the Gate City at the time. Young Mr. Brown was not favorably impressed with the future of Atlanta, but on his return home he noticed a number of substantial houses going up there and then he thought of what Mr. Calhoun had told him. Well, in the evolution of things he did finally locate at Atlanta, and when we look back and consider the growth and expansion both of this city and of Joseph E. Brown, we are impressed with the sagacity and foresight of John C. Calhoun. Why did Mr. Calhoun invite this young man to his room? Because his judgment of men was such that he saw there was something good and big in young Joe Brown. Mr. Calhoun felt a peculiar interest in the young man of promise.

Senator Brown related another incident which showed Mr. Calhoun's accurate knowledge of an almost endless variety of subjects. To illustrate, Sen-

ator Brown said that during his first interview with Mr. Calhoun that another distinguished South Carolinian, Mr. McDuffie, brought in and introduced three gentlemen, a farmer, shipbuilder and lawyer. Mr. Calhoun turned his attention first to the farmer and gave him some advanced ideas on the subject of farming. Next he turned to the ship-builder and discussed the construction of a ship from keel to mast-head. He then directed his attention to the lawyer who wanted information on a point of constitutional law. The lawyer was not disappointed, he got what he came for in a clear and masterly style.

Senator Brown told us that to his young mind at the time it was an inspiration to hear Mr. Calhoun even in private conversation.

The Wilderness Way

Stokely S. Fisher

Out of thick night the stumbling pilgrims cry,
Worn watchers for the dawn, for lost are they
Where wandering paths bewilder all the way;
They cry to heaven! If a voice reply,
The sacred word is lost in clamour nigh
Of foolish tongues. The modest star's far ray
By nearer glow-worm drowned, the tired feet stray,
And souls in quest of life fall down and die.
Oh, he who serves, with sordid tasks at odds
While he assumes them, having sacrificed
The individual for the common need.
His humble toil is holy—it is God's!
And he is very brother of the Christ,
Fulfilling love's one law, the Masters creed.

PINE BURRS

EUGENIA ESTELL

"DO go with me for a walk somewhere!" a sweet voice exclaimed, and the speaker put her head within the half-closed door of the parlor. The only occupant of this room was a man over forty, six feet in height and of a fine physique. He was reading a magazine, but at the sound of Daphne Sims' voice he put the book down, walked into the hall for his hat and overcoat, joining her on the piazza where she stood waiting for him.

"Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere," she replied. Then correcting herself she said: Let's go to the old family cemetery. I have never been there, and I hear that there are some interesting old tomb-stones to be seen. Besides it suits my mood this morning to visit such a place."

He looked at her inquiringly, but she made no further explanation.

They were old acquaintances. Ten years before this, every one who saw them was speculating on the nearness of their wedding. Suddenly, one day, he left his home, and nothing was heard of him for a year. Then a relative received a postal card from him saying that he was working in a salt mine out West and expected soon to become a partner. That was all. Rumors were heard occasionally of a life not moral in all respects, but exciting no comments in the rough country where he had settled.

He was a "queer mixture," as some of his friends expressed it. He did the kindest, bravest and most unselfish things in the most simple way. Again, he loved fun as much as a boy does, only with a man's idea of what fun is. If it came in contact with the moral law, why, the latter suffered.

It was the day before Christmas. One of those cool, but not cold, bright days in December, so often felt in the South. It was warmer out doors than within.

Daphne had come to spend the holidays with a married friend, Mrs. Barnwell. Jacques Simonton, Daphne's escort, was her brother. She had known nothing of his coming until he was in the house. She had no time to inform Daphne of his arrival. Daphne, who was noted for her tact, met the returned prodigal as if they had only parted a few days before. It was not to be expected that a "girl bachelor" of thirty would blush and simper at an unexpected meeting with a former sweetheart.

For a short time after he left, she had felt angry that he should have gone without one word of farewell to her. But gradually she came to understand his mood, and, while not agreeing with his mode of behavior, she sympathized with his feelings in this matter.

She knew that he loved her, although he had never said so in words. She reasoned that he knew that she had every comfort at home. It was almost luxurious. He liked the same, but did not have the means to afford it. He was too impatient and restless to make money by slow degrees, and unwilling to make it by unfair business (?) transactions.

Of course many young people had married and worked together, and in an old age had a good income. There was a strong vein of sentiment in his character which many people overlooked on account of his somewhat rough conduct. But Daphne understood that he wanted her far more for a companion and sweetheart, than for a wife or servant. Love could not be bought, and servants could be paid.

During all his long absence no one had heard her speak a word against him. Now that he had returned she intended never to speak of the past, but to treat him merely as an old friend.

They had a full mile to walk over old fields and across ditches before they could reach the now unused family burying ground, and Daphne's pretty, expressive face became more so by the cool air and exercise.

Mrs. Barnwell had married a man who owned hundreds of acres of land. Like so many other plantations in the South, they were worthless because there was no capital to work them. The land had been in the possession of the family for generations, and pride prevented them from selling any part of it. Pride and Poverty! What wrecks they have made of many good people! Mr. Barnwell had been accustomed during all the early years of his life to be waited on by slaves. After they received their liberty he hired out his land to them on shares. But he had never worked himself. For this reason, there was never much in the family treasury, but Mrs. Barnwell managed with the help of one servant to keep everything around the house in order, besides attending to the dairy, farmyard, and garden. She never complained, but every one knew she would have had everything better had she the opportunity. She was one of those typical Southern women who would be better off without a man. He was a type of man supposed to exist only in malarial districts. In the early part of the year he apportioned the land to the different tenants, sowed a little corn and cotton himself, with the help of a hired hand, looked after the horses every day, and dug some potatoes if he specially wanted them. During the summer he slept in the cool piazza between meals, and in the winter sat over the fire and quenched it with a solution of the tobacco weed.

The house was a plain wooden structure containing four rooms, with a pantry, dining room, and kitchen attached to one side. A wide entry entirely separated the four rooms. They were all built alike except the parlor, that had a bay window. This room contained all the comfortable chairs the house owned.

Jacques told Daphne some months later how picturesque she looked the first night he met her after his return; she was sitting in a large, straight-backed armchair, its blue trimming forming a pretty background for her brown hair.

The guests had been there several days. On this particular morning the children, of which there were two, had shut themselves up in a room, where they were making something to surprise their parents with on Christmas night. Mrs. Barnwell had some extra household duties to perform as it was Christmas eve. She would not permit Daphne to assist, although the latter would have been glad to do so. Having nothing particular to do, she put on her hat and cloak and picking up a book sat on the steps of the piazza in the sun and tried to read. It was a sad but short story that she read. When she finished she hastily put the book aside and took several turns on the piazza. It was then that she entered the house and asked Jacques to walk with her.

"Elisabeth is busy with household cares, the children are intent on some Christmas arrangements, so there is no one to go with me but you."

This seemed a very ungracious invitation, but Daphne wished him to understand that only necessity made her do what he ought to have done first.

They came to a narrow stream and sat on a fallen tree near its bank. Years before this stream had fed the pond where once stood a mill. It was almost filled up now, and the water with difficulty made its way through

the rubbish. Red berries almost covered the shrubbery on its banks. The tree on which they sat had been recently cut down. The resinous odor of the newly cut pine still filled the air. Only the trunk of the tree near its roots had been taken away. Its tall branches still clustered around its trunk, though some of them had been broken off in its fall. The green branches with their broken cones, formed a lovely bower under which they were sitting. It was a pretty picture to look at, at least Jacques thought the central figure so, and was selfish enough to be glad that he was the only spectator. He had an artist's eye for color without knowing it. He could not have told why it affected him, but he felt it.

Daphne's costume of tan, with a large hat of the same color, harmonized well with its background of green, brown, and red, the only bit of color about Daphne being a small bunch of red berries she held in her hand.

The brisk walk and bracing air had somewhat restored her spirits, but the effect of the story had not worn off altogether. She nervously pulled the pine leaves from a bough near her. She knew that he had no intention of asking her what troubled her, that if she intended telling him the reason, it would have to be done by her own free will.

"I wonder why people will write such sad stories. I have just read one that made me feel sad and angry at the same time. I suppose, though, such stories are true to life. I will give you a synopsis of it.

"A man of strong will, which the sequel proves was often misdirected, was in love with a girl. Nothing unusual in *that*. He was too poor to ask her to marry him, and because he misunderstood her, supposed that he must possess nothing less than a gold mine to make it possible for her to accept him. Remember, now, he had never asked her. That is man's consistency. She felt a certain resentment against him and showed it in her manner for this very reason.

"If he had told her of his love and of his hopes and plans, she would have then had a right to show an interest in what he intended doing. But he had not given her the right to share his thoughts and she could not thrust hers, unasked, on him. True to life, he goes out West to seek his fortune, expecting her to trust and wait for him until he was ready to return again. Because she did not show that she understood all this, he thought she did not love him. He was in company with several friends and for ten years they met with no luck. Some of them returned home.

"One day during their travels they had rescued a Mexican boy from the Indians. This boy became the devoted companion of Tom, which was the name of the hero. Tom was smitten with fever, and but for the faithful attention of the Mexican would have died. He awoke one day to consciousness, to hear a woman's voice praying for his recovery, and telling her love for him in the most child-like fashion. The Mexican boy proved to be a girl of about sixteen. When the party reached the place where they were again to try to find gold, this girl took up her abode with Tom. You can guess the rest. A few years later there were three children in the household.

"One day they struck the gold vein, and they found themselves after years of toil rich men. The same night the miner brought a letter to Tom's cabin. It was from his sweetheart in the East, and it read:

"'We've both made a mistake, but I will wait.' This other one watched his face anxiously while he read characters that she could not understand. She was never good looking and, being ignorant, age and hard work had not improved her looks. But Tom saw the

love light in her eyes and those of the children.

"He left the house and went out into the air to think, to decide which should be his choice. The next day he told his companions that he intended remaining where he was. They laughed at him, saying that they also were bound as he was, but that a few hundred would 'square matters up.'

"But he remained on the same spot. It was useless to move into a better place, as his household would only be the more unhappy in better surroundings. The night he returned to the house after reading the letter he said: 'Come, little woman, let's go to the priest,—something we should have done long ago.'

"The story ends some years later, after his wife and children are all dead, and he is left alone with his riches, his ill-spent life, and his love.

"What I can't understand in this story and in real life," continued Daphne, "is that so much trouble is taken to protect the 'other woman' from unhappiness, whereas the good woman in the case, the one he loved first, and still loved, who loved him as much and in a better way than tthe other, should be left to suffer in silence. That she would miss his presence, wish to hear from him, or be willing as his wife to share his trials and dangers, never seemed to enter his mind. And, after he had gained his freedom and had had enough of romance to last him for the remainder of his life, why did he not return and devote the rest of his life to the woman he really loved? Of course, I know, in reference to the story, the critics would reply that that would not be *artistic*. No woman should take to her heart again a man who had neglected her for an inferior woman and for money. But suppose this 'neglected woman', as the world called her, knew that there was a deeper meaning to all this, that below the surface it meant a high regard for *her*, a feeling of distrust and unworthiness of *himself*, then they would understand how it was that she could forgive him. We women are not like the feminine statues of stone and bronze that you men set up and call Purity, Innocence, Fame, and other poetical names. We are made of softer material. We are the obelisks of Egypt. Keep us in our native air and we remain the same for all time, but remove us to another clime and we crumble. It is not the lofty monument's fault, but the change of climate. It still retains its great height, though it loses its inscription."

As she finished speaking Daphne rose, stepped up on the log where she had been sitting, and reached up to break off a small twig on which there were several pretty brown burrs. Her foot slipped on the smooth bark, and she would have fallen had not Jacques caught her in his arms. He did not release her, but said hurriedly:

"Would you, too, forgive a man who had acted like that man?"

She did not reply, but gently releasing herself, she began to walk off toward the old field where lay the family burial ground. After going a few yards she turned around, waving the pine bough she had in her hand, and called to him to come quickly or they would be late for dinner.

Jacques soon overtook her and in a few minutes they were leaning over the low brick wall reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Some had been born in the eighteenth century. One was a girl of eighteen. Under a bright sky and with happiness again budding in her heart, it seems out of place to Daphne that one should die so young. They chatted over the brick wall for a short time, and then started for the house.

Daphne talked on all subjects, except the one nearest her heart. Woman-like, she could hide her thoughts. No one

seeing them together would guess that there had come a crisis in their lives. Jacques was quiet, replying only occasionally to her remarks. He did not know what to expect; he felt helpless, but not quite hopeless. She certainly was not vexed with him, he argued to himself, yet neither her words or manner encouraged him to repeat his question. But he watched her bright face and listened to her voice, without knowing what she had said. It was happiness for him only to be in her presence. No matter what the morrow would bring, he would enjoy the present.

By the time dinner was served he had partly recovered his cheerfulness.

They all laughed and joked each other, Mrs. Barnwell trying to find out what she most desired to hear.

Jacques said teasingly: "We had an awfully solemn time today. I don't think I'll ever take another walk with her. She first told me a dismal story, and then carried me to a cemetery. I thought at one time I would have to take *her* there. Did she tell you she tried to kill herself this morning by falling from a tree?"

"This is the first time I have thought that you objected to my experiment in that direction," Daphne replied. Her face was grave, but her eyes, when she turned them toward him, were full of mischief. Jacques said nothing to this, but walked from the room whistling.

All the afternoon was passed in assisting Mrs. Barnwell or in playing with the children, so that Daphne had not been alone with Jacques. They amused themselves during the afternoon by listening to the childrens' prattle.

Little Ellie, the elder child, had lived in the country all her life. She had now reached the age of eight years, and during that time had been to the nearest city, a distance of forty miles, once.

She was a "real child," loved dolls and mud pies. She and her brother John, aged four, were playing with her dolls. One doll was quite ill with sore throat. She had slept the night previous on the front steps, and was quite damp from the dew. Ellie had wrapped her throat in flannel, and was giving her some medicine from a bottle.

"Ess," said Johnnie, "that's the way ma does; gimme bad tasa oil."

"Why, Johnnie, it makes you well again," said Ellie, wrapping her doll in the end of her apron and trying not to lose her balance, as she swayed back and forth in a straight-legged chair.

"No it didn't," answered Johnnie, "it make me sicker. Me jus' froup."

"Johnnie, how can you talk so! Aunt Daphne mixed it so nice for you, and gave you candy afterwards."

John made no reply, but gazed out over the garden with his lips trembling and eyes moist at the remembrance of the indignities offered to his babyhood. Aunt Daphne had coaxed in vain, and then she and his mother had held his hands and feet and compelled him to swallow the fearful, old-fashioned castor oil. What if dear Aunt Daphne had knelt down by his bed, and begged him to taste the candy he had eagerly wanted a few hours before. He "didn't want ther ol candy." He was grieved and hurt that he was compelled to do what he hated to do, for John, although very lovable in many ways, had an exceedingly stubborn disposition.

But at length lured by the sweet tones, and the assurance that he need not touch the horrid candy, Johnnie had succumbed to a woman's influence, as many of his sex ten times his age have done, and fell asleep with the despised sweets in his chubby hand.

But the past was soon forgotten, childhood's tears are quickly dried, and Johnnie was soon assisting the dolls to get through with their lunch. Very often his sister reproved him for reaching across the table to get a sweet morsel; he broke a piece out of her very

best cracked plate, too, but she would not let him know how this grieved her.

"Let's have a wedding, Johnnie, like Cousin Lois. You be the bridegroom, and stand for Uncle Jacques, and I'll be the bride, and be Aunt Daphne. The dolls will be bridesmaids." Just as Ellie was endeavoring to make Johnnie stand still and the dolls to lean against the wall, her mother came out, having overheard the suggestion, and being also attracted by Jacques' laughter.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," she quoted, and during the screaming of the children, Daphne made her escape.

After the children had retired, the Christmas tree, consisting of the top of a young pine tree with its cones, was dressed with gifts. All retired to their rooms, and Daphne changed her dress for a fitted white wool tea-gown and sat down to write home of her safe arrival. The letter finished, she extinguished her lamp, leaving only the blazing pine knots to light her room. She sat gazing into its depths. All the joyousness had left her face. She had done all she could: self-respect would not permit her to do more, and after tomorrow—her heart almost stopped—she would never see him again. But what did it all amount to, she mused. She had borne it for ten years, another ten years, and perhaps she, like those she had visited that morning, would be gone. She looked at her watch. It was eleven o'clock; surely they must all be asleep by this time. She had waited to put on the tree a present for Mrs. Barnwell, so that she might be pleasantly surprised as well as the children. She lighted a candle and taking the package started for the parlor. Everywhere was darkness; she opened the door, holding the candle over her head. There were some oak logs still burning in the open fireplace, and this light attracted her in that direction. What was her surprise to see Jacques sitting there, his head on his hand, in deep thought. He rose as she stepped into the room.

"I thought every one was asleep," she said.

"And so they are, except an angel and the 'other party,'" he answered, turning his hand toward the floor.

"Oh, no," she answered smiling, "Satan does not walk the earth on Christmas eve."

She had tied her parcel to the tree and was turning to leave the room.

"Don't go yet. Sit here a little while with me," he said pleadingly. Taking her hand, he led her toward the fire. She stood thus a few moments looking at the glowing coals, then turned her face towards him. He drew her towards him, saying as he did so, "And have you no Christmas greeting of 'peace and good will,' sweetheart, for me?"

For answer, she lifted her face to him, and for one brief moment it was hidden from view.

Jacques did not return to the West.

THE WORTH OF THE TRUE POLITICIAN

WILLIAM W. BREWTON

OUR history offers examples of men in every walk of life who have won success. There are records left behind by those who have achieved distinction and honor in the political world; men who planned and schemed to bring about the adoption by the people of those ideas and principles of government which they knew were for the good of society. Many of those men were condemned by certain classes of people. It was true in our early history, and the same is the case today, that whenever a politician has advocated a system of government and has kept up a steady and continual fight for the same, he has received, without mercy, the unwarranted and thoughtless abuse of many of the people, as being a political agitator and a public nuisance. Yet an examination of this abused one's policies would often reveal the fact that his advocacy was exactly in line with what the people needed and were striving to obtain. Usually the only reason that men are able to give for not favoring some of our politicians, who are working for their immediate welfare, is that the means and methods used are not those that they prefer. Some men, who are good citizens, intelligent and upright, will let conditions of extremely minor importance prejudice them against supporting men whom they know to be advocating the principles of economy that they themselves love.

A man who has been in politics should be judged by his record. If he is running for re-election to an office, that re-election should be determined by his administration during previous service. It is not requisite that his term of office shall have been signalized by sensational deeds that gain him especial popularity; but his record should show an honest and successful endeavor, through integrity of character, and self-abnegation, if necessary, to perform his duties well and for the benefit of his people. Too often votes are cast for men without consideration of what they advocate. The modern political motto should be "Measures, and not men." Above all others, the public censor and political critic should stand firm for just such a sentiment, and should pass all judgments with this motto as a standard. For if you have a man who always fights for the right measures, you have the right man. By this statement it is not meant that he who simply advocates the proper principles is the right man—but he who fights for those principles until he sees them in practice. No politician will stand the abuse and odium that will be heaped upon him, for the sake of doing his duty for his people, unless he is made of the material of which great men are made. If a public man is corrupt it will tell in his record. He may be diligent and successful for a time in beguiling his supporters by using the unscrupulous arts of the "politician", but advancement in political thought and dogma will eventually banish him from a place in public affairs. The man who continually labors for the people with honest and beneficial measures is inevitably the right man.

But today people are denouncing the politician who keeps the measures he advocates ever before the public mind. He is an "old fogy", a back number, one who is not up to the requirements of his day. Just mention the name of such a man, and you see people begin

to laugh in derision. They must have a man in public life who changes his views every time they change; who agrees exactly with them in all the details of government; who exercises no initiative, but waits to see what public opinion happens to be, and makes himself immediately compliant. It is strange, but true, that many of the American people will run after the "sissy" politician. The politician who endeavors to lead them they inevitably discard. If he, with the eyes of a statesman, sees the needs of his people, and begins studying and laboring to produce a remedy, he is often branded as a meddler in other people's affairs. If he perceives that there are laws which should be on the statute books, and endeavors to bring about the passage of these laws, he is regarded as making suggestions upon a subject that he knows nothing about. If he discovers corruption and vice in politics and politicians, and begins an orderly and systematic campaign on these, he is immediately declared evil, insinuating, false, atrocious, obnoxious and vastly dangerous. Oh no, the "sissy" politician is the man who is benefiting the people. No need for a political satirist or a revelator of vice. He disturbs the peace by making himself odious. Let no attention be paid to him; let every ear be turned away from him.

Whenever the sentiment of the people is thus, deception is certainly extant throughout the land. If there ever was a time when "agitators" were needed that time is the present; and the true politician is that man who wisely moves in public life as such. There is today an idea that a politician is necessarily a scoundrel. The people have been deceived so often by men who have posed as politicians that they are prone to avoid to a great extent all those making a profession of politics. Thus the odium that often goes with the word "politician" attaches itself to the names of those men who are in public life for no other reason than from a desire to serve the people. Consequently it is vastly urgent that as far as possible those men who, by their records, have proved themselves unworthy of public trust should be driven into oblivion; and our true public men, who by statesmanlike labors, and unselfish devotion to duty have made records that count for political purity, should be rendered just acclamation, and be allowed to enjoy that degree of freedom which alone enables them to do their best work. The idea that a politician is necessarily an under-handed and scheming fraud, is largely responsible for the fact that many public men *are* frauds. There is a broad tendency today among numbers of men to count politics a legitimate field for graft and deception, and they enter public life with that idea in mind. Thus corruption is found on almost every hand. Many great and good men are afraid to enter politics on account of the danger of repulsive notoriety being attached to their names. Today if you mention the word "politics", you have at once suggested corruption. You will find in newspapers more accounts of graft than of efforts to obtain good laws for the people; more accounts of efforts to become popular with the moneyed classes than of efforts to perform duties toward the common people: in short, you will find more accounts of selfishness than of unselfishness on the part of public men. Do not these conditions suggest the need of a political censor—a true politician?

As already stated, the true politician is often branded as corrupt. The accumulated abuse of all classes of the people is heaped upon him, generally because of his radical tenacity in fighting for a principle until it is accomplished.

Yet history shows that all important measures have been brought about by wise radicalists. All reforms, important laws, and steps in civil progress

are the work of those men who were willing to bear censure while they stood staunchly for what they knew to be right, and bore their unpopularity in nobleness and silence. The politician who is over-conservative is a hindrance to society. The wise one will ponder and study long before he advocates a system of government, but when he has decided on what he believes is best, it is certain that he will not be moved by the foolish and thoughtless ideas which others will bring to bear upon him.

One of the strangest facts in modern politics is that people attach more importance to the means and methods of bringing about certain measures than to the measures themselves. The politician who perceives that he must change his methods of endeavor often sees, at the same time, that he sacrifices a portion of his popularity when that change is made; but if he is devoted to the cause for which he labors and knows that this move in technical change will aid in accomplishing success in principle, he is certain to act accordingly. Regardless of charges that will be brought against him as one who "flops" from one thing to another; regardless of the fact that he is being continually accused of tampering with the affairs of others for selfish purposes; heedless of the turmoil that calls him a menace to political and civil rights, this man of worth stands firm in his aim to reform the political thought of society and to accomplish a true order of civic righteousness.

Of all men in public life none is more necessary to the welfare of the government than the politician. He is the mainstay of pure government. He is the political educator of the people, the visional medium between the common people and the high-handed measures of a corrupt government. The politician is the Nemesis of hounding corporations; and the revelator of wrong actions at law. He is feared by corrupt office-holders, and is thus a check on selfish administrations. Let the people reflect who are the true politicians —the purgers of politics; and let them remember that when the politician has been driven into oblivion, a death-blow has been struck at the Republic.

The Miracle

Ralph M. Thomson

"Lift, Lord, my cross," in prayer, I cried,
"Remove this thorn-wreath from my brow;"—
In sore distress my spirit sighed,
And said unto my heart,—"But how?"

The night was spent;—when crimson dawn
Began in beauty to unfold,
There was a rose for every thorn,
An halo round my cross—of gold.

THE SERGEANT'S COURTSHIP

(A TRUE TALE)

VAL

Chapter I.

ON a lovely morning in the spring of 1813 a young woman, accompanied by a little girl, approached a number of men standing on the roadside near a military camp at Dorchester, S. C. They were riding in a rather dilapidated wagon drawn by a small horse of the "marsh tackey" description. Everything in the appearance of the two girls indicated they were country raised; but their dresses, although of coarse cloth, fitted well and were scrupulously clean. As they came near the group the smaller girl called out:

"Milk, milk! Buy any milk?"

"Well, stop a moment and let us see what you have," said one of the men.

The wagon was stopped and the men came to the side and asked the price. Being satisfied on this score, two or three men started to the tents to bring vessels to hold the milk. While they were gone one of those who remained at the wagon asked:

"Who are you, and how does it happen that you are out selling milk?"

"Please, sir," said the young woman, "my name is Martha Stevens, and this is my Sister Nancy. We had more milk than we could use and my mother thought we might find sale for a part of it here."

"But haven't you a brother who could have brought it?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we have two brothers, but they are at work in the field, so we thought we'd come. I hope it was not wrong for us to do so, sir."

"No, no, my dear; I didn't mean to find fault. But how far is it to your home?"

"Only three miles, sir."

"Very well; sell all the milk you can and when you are ready to go back I will accompany you."

"Thank you, sir; but I don't like to trouble you."

"It will be no trouble. I am off duty until evening and I will be pleased to see you home."

In a very short time the milk was all sold and there was a demand for more. The girls were urged to come again next day.

Their friend went with them to their gate and was about turning away when Martha asked:

"Will you not see my mother, sir? I think she will be pleased to meet you. Here she is now."

"Mother, this gentleman came from the camp with us to protect us."

"Your name, sir?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"My name is John F. Breaker, a sergeant in Captain Izard's company of Dragoons, madam. I thought I ought to see that this beautiful daughter got home without any annoyance."

"Thank you very much, sergeant, for your kindness; and won't you come in awhile?"

"Not now, thank you; but with your consent I will visit you before long."

The consent was given cheerfully.

As he rode away he said: "Send the boys with anything you have to sell, and they will find a ready market."

That there was something more than a special care for the girls' protection will be readily guessed. The fact is, he was greatly smitten with her and he did not want to have a rival, as he might expect if her charms were exhibited too freely.

A few days later found the sergeant on his way to the home of the Widow Stevens. His approach was discovered by Nancy, who, not having much to do at the moment, was looking down the road. She was bidden to meet him and to entertain him until her mother and sister could come. She ran to the gate and invited him in; then she brought him a drink of cool water and taking a seat near him, said:

"My mother and sister are getting vegetables for dinner—mother told me I must entertain you until they could come, which they will do presently. I don't know exactly what 'entertain' means, unless it is to talk to people."

"Very well, my dear; I love to hear you talk, and I shall be well entertained if you will just talk to me. And the first thing I reckon you better tell me, your name again, for I am not sure I got it just right. I have been thinking all morning whether it is Fancy or Nancy, or Pansy."

"Nancy, sir, please. Sometimes they call me 'Baby'; but I guess they'll have to stop that soon, for I am a large girl now, nearly ten years old. I can card and spin, and milk and churn, sweep the house and make the beds and do lots of things. And when I get a little larger I am going to have a sweetheart, like sister."

"Really, you are a smart girl. And so sister has a sweetheart?"

"Yes, sir, a Mr. Mills, down on the Salts, but I don't think she likes him as well as she does you."

The sergeant had given quite a start at mention of her having a sweetheart; but her preference for himself was very gratifying. He felt sure that something had been said to justify Nancy's opinion.

Just at this moment Mrs. Stevens and Martha were heard coming up the back steps and Nancy clapped her hands with delight as she said: "I tried my best, mother."

After the usual salutations Mrs. Stevens said: "I hope my little girl succeeded in entertaining you."

"She certainly made things very pleasant," replied the sergeant.

"Oh, mother," said Nancy, "I didn't tell him about the darling little biddies we took off this morning. I didn't get to that."

"Never mind, honey, you may show them to me before I go."

Nancy was sent to see after some domestic concerns, while the mother and older daughter kept him company.

"I have been thinking since you were here the other day that I met a brother of yours once. Did you have a brother Jacob who married Susan Platt?"

"Yes, ma'am; he was my brother, and I have another brother, Lewis, who is in Key West, Fla., and a sister who lives about 19 miles from Charleston.

"Is your father living?"

"No, ma'am; he died last year. I am now practically alone in the world. The old homestead is broken up, and when this war is over, if I am spared, I will want to start a home of my own."

At this last remark the daughter was seen to drop her head and blush. She was thinking, no doubt, how it would do for her to help him to make that home, and girls have a right to think of those things.

Just then Nancy came rushing into the house with a frightened look on her face, exclaiming: "Oh, mother, there are some men out there and they are trying to drive off one of our cows!"

In a moment all was in confusion. The sergeant jumped to his feet and said: "Show me the way."

All parties proceeded to the back porch from which point two of the worst looking specimens of sand-lappers mounted on very poor ponies, were seen trying to "cut out" a fine cow and make her go from the others. This she refused to do, although they had turned her calf with her.

As soon as the sergeant took in the

situation he said: "Blow the horn for the boys, while I mount and go around."

This was done promptly and two ringing shouts answered the summons. Meantime the sergeant was on horse and his sabre dangling from his side. Beofre the maraunderswere aware of his approach, he was in a few yards of them and demanded to know what right they had to interfere with the cattle?

"And I'd like to know what right you've got to meddle with our consarns," said one of the men with a drawl.

"Just that right which every honorable man has in the interest of defenseless women."

"Well, we wus sent fur the cow," was answered in a more submissive tone.

"Tell me who sent you," demanded the sergeant.

"The Boss, sir."

"Who is the 'Bos?' Come now, no trifling. I want the name."

"Well, sir, it is Smith. John Smith, if you like it better."

"See here: you are trifling; there are hundreds of John Smiths, and that name does not designate any one in particular."

"Well, Capin, that's the best I kin do as to name. He is about your size, has sandy brown hair, gray eyes, an's two teeth out in front."

"Well, that's a little better; perhaps I will run upon him some day. Now, give me your names."

"My name," said the one who had been doing the talking, "is Jeems Wilson."

"And what is your name?" said the sergeant, turning to the other.

"Bud Waters, sir", he answered.

"Now, tell me where you live."

"Near Drayton's causeway," they said. "Kin we go now"?

"If you will promise me not to come back here to trouble these folks, or any thing they claim I will let you go, but if you meddle with them or their property I will arrest you and take you to the military post and you'll swing. In fact, I've a good mind to hang you right now. I'll let you go this time; but look out for the next."

As they rode off the sergeant turned to the boys, who had drawn near, and asked if they knew anything of them. Jim, the oldest, a sturdy lad of 18, said:

"I think I have seen that Wilson fellow. It was when I was driving the cows I met him; but he was alone then except that he had a mangy cur following him that seemed to be ashamed of himself and the company he was in. He had a fishing pole on his shoulder and a string of pollywog catfish and he talked about buying that same cow and calf. I told him they were not for sale and drove on."

"I thought as much," said the sergeant. "That fellow came on his own account; he was not sent as he claimed, but I don't think he'll come back. Life to such folks is not worth much, but they don't like to part with it—especially they don't like hanging."

The calf was put back in the pen and all parties returned to the house, where Mrs. Stevens soon had a bountiful dinner provided.

Chapter II.

Shortly after dinner the sergeant bade the happy family adieu. The irrepressible Nancy followed him to the gate and held his hand until he promised to come again soon, then turned up her rosebud mouth, seemed to invite a kiss, which he was fain to grant her. As he rode off he heard Mrs. Stevens tell her she was afraid he would think her bold.

"No, mother, he knows I am only a child and he knows that as a child I love him."

"Well, well, I hope he appreciates it that way."

Then she and the boys talked about

the cows and the men who had tried to take one away. It was resolved that a close watch should be maintained and that if anything of the sort occurred again it should be reported to the camp.

During the evening a basket of vegetables and a large roll of butter were prepared to be sent to the captain. These were put in a cool place and next morning a jug of rich milk was added. These were sent by one of the boys and reached their destination safely. They were thankfully accepted and the captain had the basket well laden with such things as he thought she would like of camp fare.

We now return to the sergeant. We left him riding along the road with a peaceful mind, little dreaming of a severe trial to which he was about to be subjected. He had not gone a quarter of a mile till he met the surliest fellow he had ever seen. Extending to him the usual salutation of "Good morning," he met the following rebuff:

"To hell with you; I want none of your good morning!"

"Why, what's the matter, friend?"

"I am no friend of yours, nor you of mine; so stop that foolishness."

"Well, who are you, anyhow?"

"I am Jerry Wills, and I'd like to know what in the devil you are doing in these parts so much?"

"And suppose I don't choose to answer your impertinent question?"

"Then I shall regard you as a low-down, dirty scoundrel, trying to undermine another and take away his rights!"

"See here, ain't you mistaken in your man? You are surely taking me for someone else."

"No, I'm not; you are hanging around the Widow Stevens', trying to get her girl to give me up for you."

"So that's what you are after? Now, let me tell you, I have never in any way hinted such a thing to her. If she wants you, that's her business, and if she doesn't, that's her business."

"I demand satisfaction. Meet me here day after tomorrow at 3 o'clock and bring a friend. I will bring one and we will fight it out."

"With broad swords?"

"Yes, with broad swords."

On the morning of the day appointed for the battle the sergeant rode over to Mrs. Stevens, and had a private interview with Martha. He told her the whole affair just as it was, and then said:

"You know that I have never said a word to influence your affection, but the time has come when I must speak, and you must answer. I really love you. I am to fight for you. If I fall, I want the assurance that you love me. If I win the battle, I want you for my own; now what say you?"

"Yes, I am yours now and forever!"

He folded her to his bosom and kissed her raptuously.

Everything was soon understood at the home and so far as the contract between the parties was concerned, was hastily approved. Nancy climbed on his lap and said: "Mother was afraid you'd think me bold, but I guess they'll have to let me love you now, because you are my brother."

"Yes, precious, you may love me just as much as you like."

The entire family went to see the battle, but prudently kept out of sight, sheltered behind a hedge.

Wills and his man were promptly on hand. A few words passed between the seconds and then the sergeant's man announced: "These gentlemen are to fight because Mr. Wills deems his rights invaded and demands satisfaction. Sergeant Breaker positively denies that he had in any way sought to do him wrong. The matter is submitted to the arbitration of the sword. They are to fight till one or the other

falls or is permanently disabled. And may God protect the innocent."

The swords were measured and found to be of equal length and of good temper. Then each second handed his principal his sword and retired.

Then came the order, "Ready; strike!" Wills rushed at his antagonist as if he meant to ride him down; but the sergeant manoeuvered adroitly and met his stroke with a guard he could not break. Finding he gained nothing by this movement, he pressed forward and the swords clashed until the sparks flew. It was soon evident the sergeant was more than a match for Wills. Wills realized that he could not win with the sword, and during one of the passages he drew a pistol and fired, the ball grazing the point of the sergeant's shoulder.

"Hold up," cried the seconds, "the fight was to be with swords; hand up your pistols." The sergeant said, "I have none." Wills surrendered two, the one just discharged and another loaded.

"You cowardly scoundrel," said the sergeant, "you tried to shoot me, contrary to our agreement. I have been playing with you heretofore; now I am going to hurt you. Look to yourself, sir."

Wills was frightened. He felt he was fighting for his life, and he did his best, but he missed his guard, and with one fell swoop the sergeant's sabre clove through his wrist and nearly severed the hand from the arm. Wills fell over on his horse's neck and his sword dropped to the ground.

The seconds called out "Enough!" and the battle was over.

The camp surgeon and his assistant, who had come along so as to be on hand in case their services were needed, now came forward. With a word to the sergeant to ask if he was hurt, to which he answered "No," they passed to Wills, who was supported by his second and bleeding freely. The arm was securely bandaged, and he was hurried to camp where he could be better attended, the ambulance brought by the doctor furnishing conveyance.

The sergeant went back to Mrs. Stevens'. They all rejoiced at his escape, and expressed the hope that he would have no further trouble.

"As far as fighting is concerned," said he, "I will not have. The surgeon told me that his hand would be of little use hereafter, and that he was going to send him by flag of truce to the British ship off Port Royal."

Nancy begged that he would take off his coat and let her see where the ball went.

"Why, honey," he said, "it went on. The worst damage is to my clothes; and you and sister may mend that."

The sergeant was met by the captain on his return to camp, who said to him:

"Well, you did that fellow up pretty badly, and they tell me it was all about a girl."

"Yes, Captain, he wouldn't believe me that I had had nothing to say to her about love, and demanded satisfaction; so I just *had* to fight him. We agreed to use broad swords, and when he found that he was overmatched, he shot at me, but missed. It was then that he received the cut that ended the fight."

"And you escaped entirely?"

"Yes, sir; the ball merely grazed my shoulder."

"Good! But how about the girl? Seems like you ought to have her—'to the victor belong the spoils,' you know."

"We settled that before the fight. I told her since I had to fight for her, I wanted to know that I possessed her affection, and that she would plant flowers on my grave if I fell; and if I won, I wanted her for my own. And then and there she gave herself to me. That was my first love making."

"I am glad you acted honorably. Zounds! I want to see a girl that has been fought for. Let me know when you are going again, and I'll ride with you."

"Thank you, Captain; you fix the time."

"Are you off duty tomorrow?"

"No, sir; but I can get Hendrix to take my place."

"All right, do that; tomorrow we will see your lady love."

Early next morning, the captain's waiting man was seen giving an extra shine to his military boots and brushing the several parts of his uniform. By the time breakfast was ready the captain had his toilet completed.

The sergeant, as much from respect to his superior, as to please his affianced, had donned his best; and as they rode from camp they presented a very attractive appearance.

The ever-watchful Nancy saw them coming, and before they reached the gate everything was ready for their reception. Mrs. Stevens, herself, met them and extended a warm welcome to the captain, who was invited in and introduced to the girls standing on the porch.

"This," said she, "is my daughter, Martha, the promised bride of Sergeant Breaker, and the smaller girl is Nancy."

The captain extended his hand to each, and expressed himself much pleased to meet them.

"It recalls the days of chivalry to see a lady for whom men have risked their lives; and I feel quite sure no fairer bride was ever won by sword or spear."

"Thank you, captain!" said the mother, daughter, and the sergeant.

"I congratulate you!" he said to the sergeant. Then, turning to Nancy, he said: "Come here, my dear. I have a little girl at home just about your size; and I think her nearly as pretty as you. I want that you and I shall be good friends."

Nancy came to him at once, and was received with a warm embrace. She was soon chatting with him familiarly, and as happy as could be.

The boys, having put away the horses, came in and were introduced. James, or Jim, as he was usually called, and Robert. The captain had a kind word for each.

(To be continued)

NEW SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES

A GEORGIA CRACKER AND CANDY FACTORY

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

AFTER the close of the civil war, the industries of the South were nil; the people were worn and harried by the unequal struggle, homes had been sacked and burned, families were bankrupt, and the mercantile outlook was depressing.

The indomitable will of a home-loving people has been the incentive which has really developed the South's commercial life.

History will bear out the statement that emigration usually follows war, but this was not the case in the South.

With love of locality so strongly rooted, the people of the South determined to build, and they have, wisely and successfully.

In two former articles dealing with the industrial development of the South, a Georgia hat factory and a Georgia shoe factory were dealt with. It was shown that each of these factories has entered into direct and hearty competition with Northern concerns and not only supply the Southern market, but actually ship their goods into the North, East and West.

An enormously rich company in the North has, by the consolidation of many small concerns, practically controlled the cracker and small cake industry.

The growing favor of the sealed package has resulted in fewer of these delicacies being handled in bulk, but a very large percentage of the Georgia cracker factory is bulk goods.

In every Southern industry the scarcity of skilled labor is the problem which faces the company; the lack of immigrants, from which the Northern factories can always draw a supply, is a big drawback in the South, but Atlanta, Georgia, furnishes a most desirable class of young men and women, who readily learn and become adept at the trades they choose.

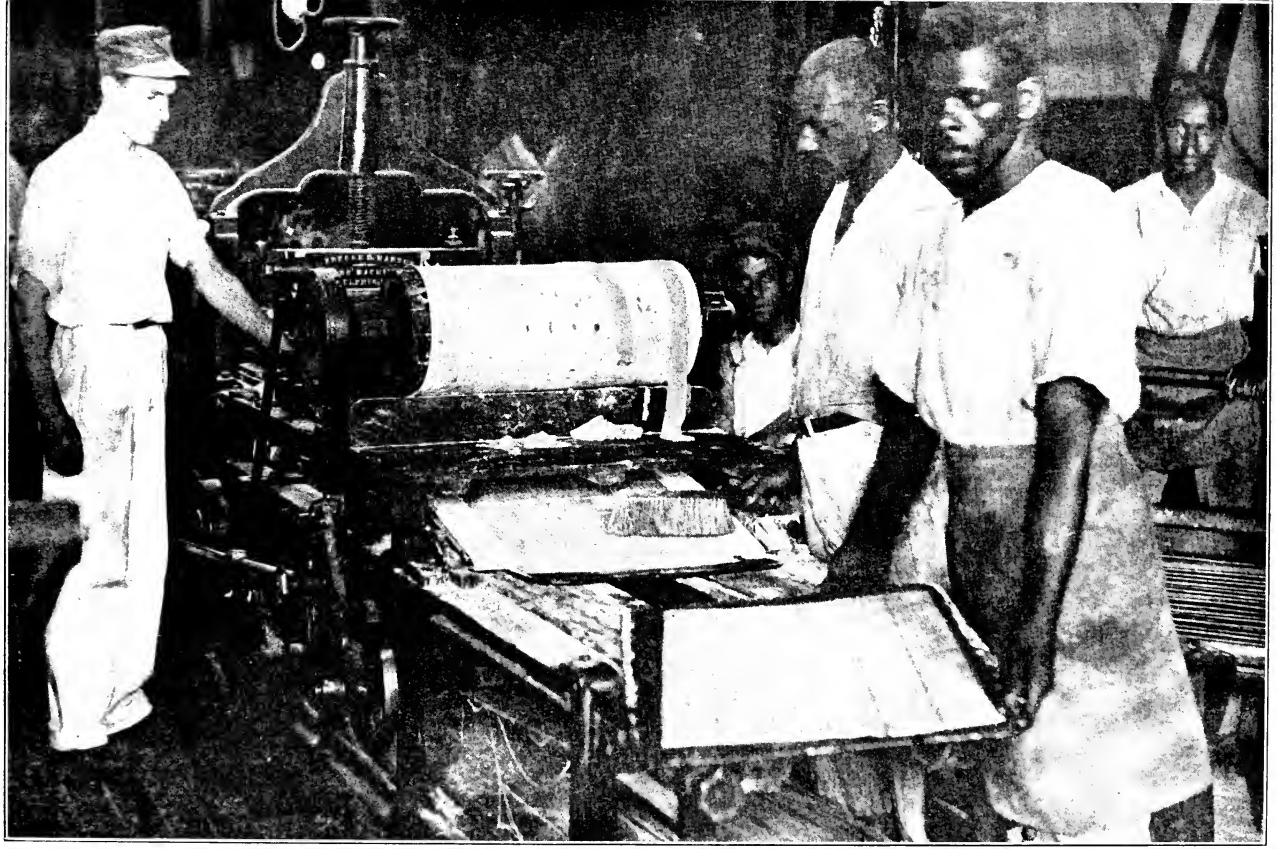
The Georgia cracker factory is located in Atlanta, and, like the other two industries written of, is ideal in its location and equipment. There is a lack of crowding; ventilation and light are perfect, and the splendid hygienic conditions are apparent at a glance.

The Atlanta cracker factory employs three hundred and fifty people, with a weekly pay-roll averaging $3,500.

It is a peculiar fact to note, but it is authentic: the Southern manufacturers have difficulty in placing their product in some parts of the Southern territory. One dealer gave as his reason the objection of Southern people to Southern made goods, and declared that his customers would take inferior Northern goods in preference to standard Southern products.

This feeling, though, is growing less, and the cracker and candy output of the Atlanta factory is growing steadily, and the product is now shipped into the States at the rate of four million pounds per year, each, of crackers and candies.

As an aid to other Southern industries it is interesting to note that, as far as possible, all the materials used are products of other Southern factories. New Orleans provides the sugar and molasses, Tennessee and Kentucky most of the flour. Should wheat growing in the South continue to de-



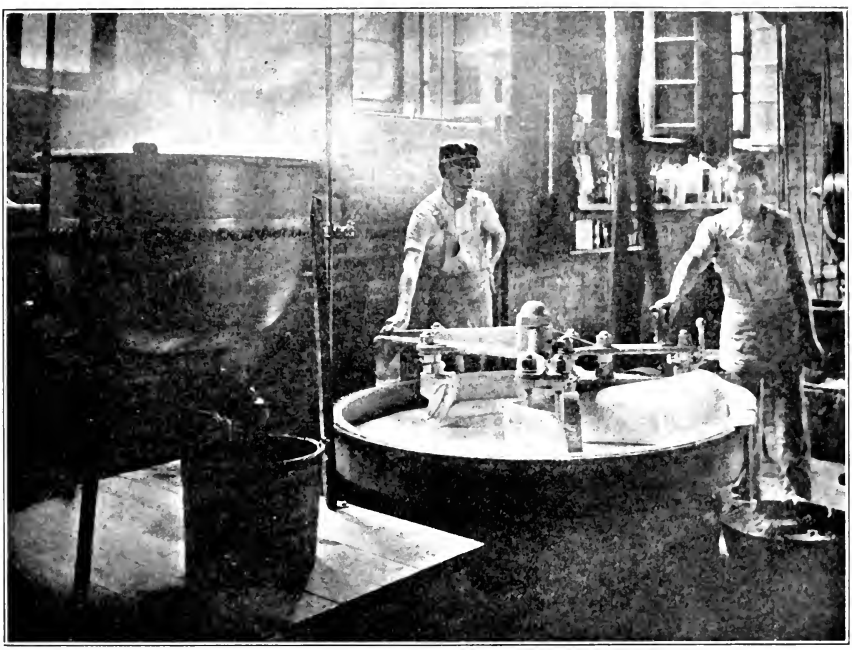
THE SUCCESSOR OF OUR GRANDMOTHER'S ROLLING PIN

velop, the larger part of it will find its way to the Atlanta cracker factory.

Have you ever had an idea of the mechanical possibilities of a bakery?

If you have not, the visit will prove an interesting one.

The flour, eggs, lard, butter, sugar, fruits and extracts are, of course, bought in wholesale quantities, and



THE FOUNDATION OF ALL THE CANDIES, EXCEPTING THE "STICK" VARIETIES

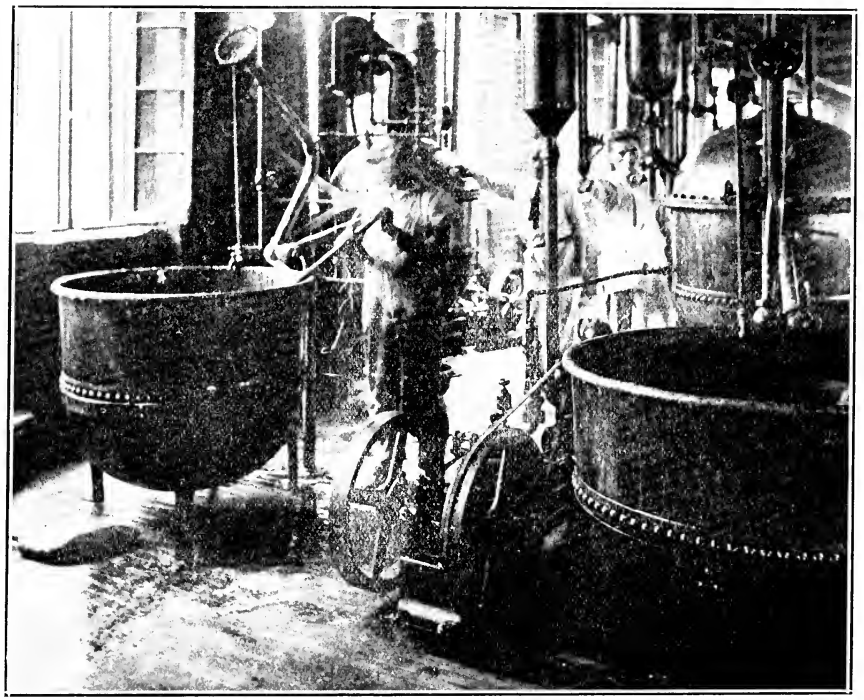
from the time they enter the factory as raw material, until they leave in the shape of cakes, cookies or the humbler cracker, they are scarcely directly touched by a human hand, so highly developed has baking mechanism become.

As every housewife knows, "mixing" is the critical and crucial test, and we will begin with this important part. The flour is taken in bags to a canvas funnel which leads directly to an immense steel revolving mixer whose interior consists of the four sides with two revolving blades; after the flour, "shortening," flavoring, eggs and sugar have entered by way of the canvas funnel, this is removed and the top closed. The mixer is set in motion, the arms revolve in opposite directions and in an incredibly short time the whole is reduced to the consistent dough which may evolve into ginger snaps.

At the proper time (determined by a very well-fed dusty-miller sort of man) an immense wooden trough is wheeled to the front of the mixer; the front of the mixer opens and about a ton of rich looking pastry falls into the trough. From there it is wheeled to the "cutter." This machine is one of

the most complicated in appearance, until one gets a good working knowledge of it. If you can imagine a series of rollers, endless chains, stampers or cutters, with innumerable bake-pans jangling up and down, you will have a good working idea of this part of the cake's history. The dough is fed by the after being cut, the cakes fall directly into the pans on which they are baked, and the pans are lifted directly to the wall-ovens.

The ovens were interesting in themselves; the heat was intense, and a series of moving shelves kept constantly in motion, caused the dough enter the



THE COOKING IS DONE IN LARGE COPPER KETTLES

shovel-full into a hopper which in turn lets it down on a smooth surface over which a roller (the successor of the rolling pin of our grandmother's day) passes; from this it is carried to another roller, then to the stamper which cuts two dozen or so cakes with one movement; all this while the machine has simply been passing the dough along, no human touch being necessary; various degrees of heat necessary to bake thoroughly.

From the ovens, the pans were placed on endless chains provided with arms; they were then carried above to a room where women and girls removed the finished cakes and packed them in boxes for the market.

This process of cracker baking is varied only as the added touches demand.

For instance, iced crackers and cakes, those with nut, cream or fruit fillings pass through other phases for the additional sweets. The chocolate cakes are dipped by hand in tubs of soft chocolate, and some of these have nuts added, also by hand.

The larger crackers, which are to be covered by icing, receive their added sweet by machine; this is a recent invention and is really marvellous. The cakes are placed on an endless canvas band and pass to a wire "dip" which lets them down into a receptacle filled with the icing, brings them up and gently drops them on the band again, from where they are dropped on trays beneath the band.

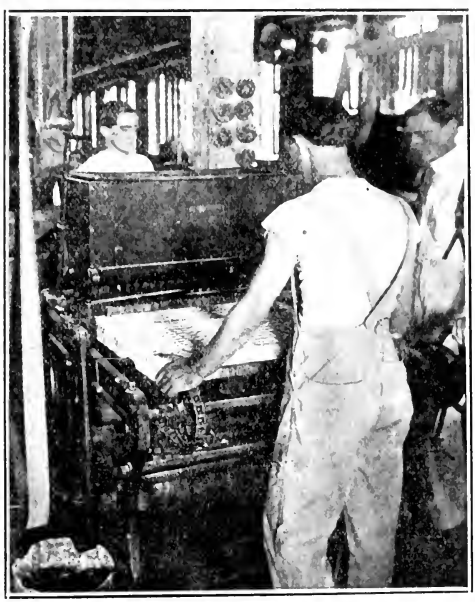
The making of the boxes, lined with waxed paper, was an interesting phase of the industry, and the incredible skill shown by the girls in fashioning the receptacles was remarkable.

From crackers to candy was the question of a floor or two in this factory, and already the supply for Santa Claus and the Christmas tree is being planned.

The mother of every child knows the lure of gum drops, stick candy, candy animals, flowers, fishes, and the like, and here was their birthplace.

The foundation of all these, with the exception of the stick candy, was a paste composed of sugar, extracts and the whites of eggs. The mixture is cooked in vacumm kettles at a 270 degree pressure of steam. The moulds on which the paste is poured is first covered with corn starch; from the kettle to a warm room, where the "penny specialties" are kept for a while, then to the boxes for shipping, is the history of these childish favorites.

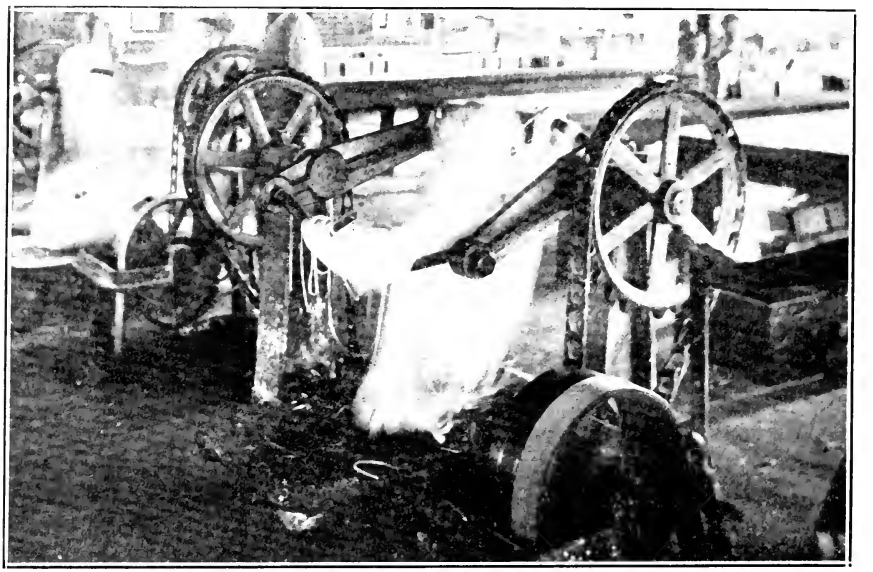
Stick candy is a specialty of this con-



MAKING "CHOCOLATE DROPS"

cern, and no mother need be afraid to permit her offspring to eat it without limit, if it comes from the factory under discussion.

The cooking is done in the same copper kettles; when the mass has reached the desired consistency it is dumped on marble slabs, where it is worked by hand until ready for the pulling; this familiar process is also reduced to mechanical perfection. A frame with two



"PULLING" THE CANDY BY MACHINERY

revolving arms receives the mass of half worked candy paste, and as these arms revolve in opposite directions the mass is soon reduced nearly to brittleness.

The last stage is reached when the nearly brittle mass is carried to a long table, one end of which is covered with thick felt, and steam-heated. Dextrous hands pull it out to the proper dimension or thickness, and it is given the final whirl which makes it assume the familiar guise of the candy-shop. A sharp knife in the hands of an expert severs each stick from the original mass, and the candy is ready for packing.

There are all grades of candy made here, from the humble gum-drop to the delectable chocolate-encased cherry, and each compares with that of any of the well-known candy-makers of the North.

The candies of higher price require more skillful handling, and the young girls at work in these departments are artists in their line. "Dipping" chocolates is a delicate operation, as an overabundance of the sticky coating is disastrous.

The familiar "chocolate cream" takes time and skill to make, and here again is shown most successfully the wonderful development of mechanical ingenuity.

The fondant is taken from the cooker and fed into a tank (for the want of

a better name) whose bottom is perforated; beneath these perforations are placed wooden forms which are really moulds for the "drops." The mechanical precision with which each form is filled is beautiful to behold.

From this machine to a cooling room the forms are carried, and when the proper time has elapsed, they are then ready for "dipping."

The samples of this factory's products shows an almost unlimited variety of cakes, crackers and candies.

The thoroughness of the factory's equipment, the skill of its employees, and the amount of product turned out on the market, prove the success of the business.

There are many reasons why the product of the factory should be popular. One is the exquisite cleanliness of the entire plant. The day chosen to inspect the place was not known to the factory people, so no special arrangements had been made; the ideal hygienic conditions, which can only exist where light and air are natural and abundant, were also most noticeable.

So the housewife or mother who has had her doubts of the purity or cleanliness of "bought" cakes or candies may feed them to her family without a qualm, for those which are made in this Atlanta factory are pure, wholesome, and desirable from every point of view.

It is through the maintenance of in-

"DIPPING" CHOCOLATES BY HAND

dustries such as this series of articles will deal with on which the future of the South depends.

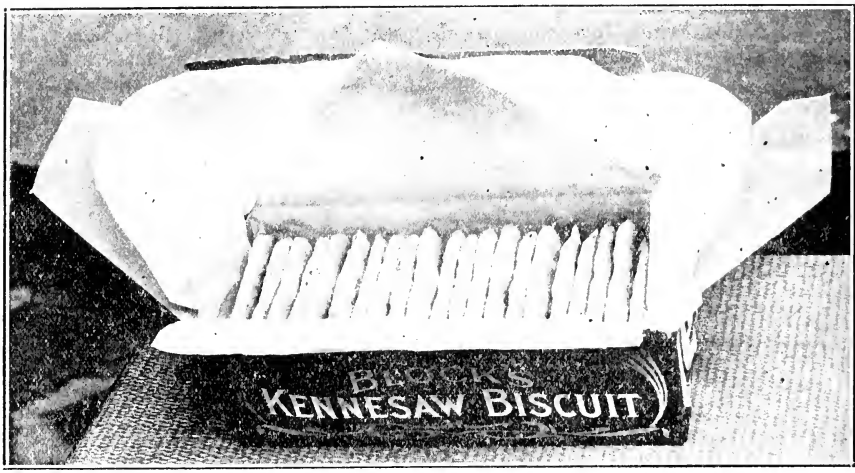
Just as the cry for diversity of farming has become insistent enough to compel the farmer's attention, so is the plea for diversity of mercantile development compelling the attention of North and West.

The tide of immigration has turned to the South, and the very great percentage of the new-comers are American bred, if not American born.

Developing an industry in new, un-

tried territory is a costly and uncertain matter. To come to a field, ready and equipped with all the necessities for the operation of a business, is the lot of the investor who comes South.

Simpler living on the part of employer and employee has many advantages, and this the South illustrates.



Poppies

Helene DeLacy Conway

In the center of the garden blow the poppies
Out in the garish glare, and in the arid soil
Apart—by themselves—they grow.
Rare and delicate, brilliant and beautiful shades!
Symbols of life and death,
Symbols of the Creator.—
Soft and transparent, rose pink as the dawn of life.
Warm glad shades blowing and glowing with the impersonal faith of childhood.
Rich and riotous reds uplifting faces to the sun
Bending and swaying before the winds
Drenched with the dews and the rains of heaven.
Pale wan shades broken and crushed,
Trembling with faces half hidden
And bent 'neath the weight of the storm.
All, holding within their hearts
A bitter fragrance of forgetfulness.
Symbol of death,
Medicine of the Creator!

THE MAN AT THE GATE

STELLA THURMAN

THE governess, returning from a solitary stroll, which ended her holiday, saw a tall, elderly man standing against the wall of the lodge keeper's room. There was something gentlemanly, even distinguished, in the stranger's appearance. As she passed near him the man lifted his eyes full upon her face, and the strange intensity of the gaze thrilled her with a sensation of vague terror. She passed on with quickened pulses as if to get away from the shuddering horror inspired by the strange glow of those strange eyes. Like a haunting refrain, these lines of Poe's suddenly began to sing themselves over and over again within her brain:—

> "And travelers now within that valley,
> Through the red-bitten windows, see
> Vast forms that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody."

The governess had not gone far when she heard footsteps behind her—such a strangely halting gait: a quick step, and then the scraping sound of a dragging foot. A shiver, as of cold, passed over her. Unaccountably enough, the sound, which should have awakened pity, only heightened the effect of dread produced upon her by the stranger's eyes, and she hurried on in fear of being overtaken.

The next afternoon, at about the same sunset hour, the governess and her two little charges, out for their evening walk, encountered the same man in the same position,—his white hat pulled down over his white hair, his eyes fixed upon the ground, his whole air one of abstraction. As before, he looked up, and his glance met hers. As before, she read in it a wild and sinister significance, and, instinctively, she shuddered. Every feature of the man's face was imprinted,—as by a flash-light from those glowing eyes—upon the sensitive film of the girl's memory. But the eyes were predominant. The clear-cut mouth with its drooping, white mustache, the firmly-moulded chin, the proudly aquiline nose, seemed to her as much mere accessories to the eyes as were the heavy black brows that overhung them. There is always something startling in the effect of sable brows and lashes in a face framed with silver hair, and it may be that the peculiar brilliance of the man's eyes was rendered more vivid by the contrast.

"It is like looking into a haunted house which is tenanted by only ghosts and shadows, that one sees through windows red-bitten, by supernatural fires burning upon the deserted hearth," thought the imaginative governess.

"Did you see him?" whispered the little girl, holding fast the young woman's hand. "He is the new gate-keeper to the big park, and he came from Virginia. Doesn't he look queer?"

"Nonsense, sister," said the sturdy, practical boy, two years the elder. "Papa says that the gate-keeper is a very fine old gentleman, and that we must be polite to him always, because he is of a great old family, and must do this work because he has lost his fortune."

The governess smiled, thinking of her own position of honor in the household, due to the fact that this merchant and his family did not belong to the large class of the newly-rich who esteem money above all things else on earth or in heaven, but to the much smaller division who reverently worship the birth, breeding, and culture which their money cannot buy for them.

Months passed on. The merchant's

family—to the disgust of their bridge-playing, german-giving neighbors on the ultra-fashionable street—did not recognize the obligations of wealth by resigning their quiet home-life. During the long evenings after the little ones were put to rest, the governess sat with her employers upon the long southern galleries enjoying the moonlight, or, from within, played for them soft, dreamy music that well accorded with the mood of the nights of Louisiana. These unconventional people often now made the gate-keeper of the nearby park one of the group. Upon these occasions, no matter how soft the breeze from the Gulf, how melodious the mocking-birds' songs, or how entrancing the moonlight, the little governess sat tense and silent, ill at ease. The old gentleman was brilliant in conversation, fully at home with the best in literature and art, familiar with many lands. These discourses, upon matters of historic and artistic interest, by a man of broad culture and wide travel, should have charmed the eager mind of the governess; but she was always aware of a scarcely-perceptible jarring note—a half-recognized dissonance—in his most polished conversation. The gate-keeper avoided the governess, too. When, at rare intervals, he spoke directly to her, it was with stiff dignity and evident self-restraint. Always, when the strange flames of his eyes burned upon her face, the girl's pulses shook and Poe's lines began to hum in memory, as at first. Always the picture of that late evening stood out before her—the lurid clouds at the sunset after an unlighted afternoon, the long shadows of the trees in the park, the tall, spare figure of the gray clad man leaning against the rough stone wall, and then the tumult of emotions that was stirred by the luminous dark eyes, and the sound of the lame foot dragging upon the pavement.

The merchant and his family were in the midst of their preparations for a tour of Europe with the governess and the children. The new acquaintance was a wonderful help to them in mapping out plans and making useful suggestions. At last, in order to complete some arrangements, it became necessary for the merchant and his wife to spend a night across the lake.

"You'll not be afraid to remain in the house with the children," the kind woman said to the governess. "It is only for one night, you know, and the servants will be upon the third floor, as usual. Besides, my husband has found some one to take charge of the gate-keepers duties for that night, and this most pleasant old gentleman has consented to sleep upon the first floor to take care of everybody."

"Why have the gate-keeper?" cried the governess in dismay. "The servants are so trusty. We shall be safe just with them."

"No doubt, my dear, but my husband preferred to take the extra precaution."

"But—but—," hesitated the girl. "You know it may be foolish—but—I'm afraid of the man at the gate."

The merchant's wife laughed.

"You have hinted this before, but I can see no reason for it. You are fanciful, my dear, for he is a thorough gentleman. My husband has the utmost confidence in him. Why should you feel so?"

"Have you never noticed how he looks at me? I never saw so much aversion, even malignity, in human eyes. I feel that he hates me for some unknown reason, and I know that I fear him. You must admit that he is peculiar in some ways and hard to understand at times."

The merchant's wife laughed again, indulgently, as at the whim of a child.

The governess went on: "Do not you remember how, last week, when I was playing the *Traumerie*, he suddenly quitted his seat and, coming to the par-

lor window, harshly commanded me to cease. How his eyes blazed!"

"I remember, and thought it queer. But he soon apologized, and explained that the music recalled unhappy memories of which he could not endure to think. He has had a strange, sad story, I imagine, perhaps a tragic one," said the lady.

"There's tragedy enough in his eyes!" exclaimed the girl, then reluctantly, but ashamed of unreasonable persistence, yielded to the merchant's plans.

The evening of the dreaded day came and went uneventfully. The two fair children had been long asleep, but their governess still sat in the room adjoining their's, unable to read or rest, so full was her heart of wild misgivings. She went to bed late, and even then sleep was long in coming. Some time after midnight she sank into uneasy slumber. In telling the story of the night, she said: "It must have been two o'clock when I awaked, startled, as if the voices that haunted Macbeth had called suddenly into my ear, 'Sleep no more!' I sprang up—shivered—listened. The house was silent. Then my blood froze in my veins. My heart stood still. I heard—oh, could it be!—coming down the long corridor, I heard the dreadful, dragging sound of that lame foot. It came nearer—more near. With a painful throb, my heart resumed its function and beat so fast that I was at the point of suffocation. The blood sang loudly in my ears. Yet above all I heard that menacing sound, the quick step and then the dragging one, that even in daylight thrilled and chilled me with fear. The steps came nearer—they paused before my door. A hand fumbled with the knob—softly turned it—surely the sound echoed through space! The children's gentle breathing came from the room next to mine. How innocent they were—how unaware of danger. Then a hopeful thought trembled upward to consciousness through the cloud of fear that darkened my soul—yes, the dear children were near me—the doors were locked even a madman's strength could not break them—we were safe, yet the sense of horror remained with me and would not let go. The man's movements, to this time, had been stealthy. Baffled, he became violent. Raising his voice to a piercing scream, he called out:

"'Demon in woman's form, this is the hour of my revenge. Evil genius of my life, your time has come, at last, and nothing can protect you from destiny. You shall die—shall die! My keen dagger thirsts—it shall drink its fill!'

"I listened, spell-bound. What could these strange ravings mean? The man beat upon the door and screamed again:

"'Ha! you think that you can escape because the door is strong—its bolts of brass hold out against me. Ha! ha! you do not know the power of hatred when it dwells in hearts like mine. You—you filled my soul with hatred—you—you shall feel my revenge!'

"Suddenly a pistol shot rang out in the night stillness, a bullet whistled past me, I sank fainting to the floor. When consciousness returned, I was lying in a quiet room with a nurse watching beside me, and it was the morning of another day. After the storm of emotions that had shaken me, I lay weak and spent. When in a measure strength and interest had returned I learned the rest of the story. The sound of the pistol shot had aroused the inmates of the house, brought down the frightened servants and brought in the horrified watchman. They had, after a struggle, overpowered and secured the madman, who all the while raved of a woman who had wrecked his youth and embittered his life—a woman whose golden hair had formed the net in which he became entangled, whose

soft blue eyes and tender voice had proved the wiles which lured him to destruction. I had, it seemed, reminded him of this woman and that night, with the frenzy of madness upon him, became to him indeed and truth the false love of his youth.

"The unfortunate man was placed in a private institution where every care and attention that might tend to the restoration of reason will be his, through the friendship of my employer. A hole in the wall of my room remains to call often before me the night of horror through which I passed.

"Through life, no matter where I may be, the wild eyes will haunt me, the strange ravings ring in my ears, and always, ever, I shall shudder at the memory of the Man at the Gate."

THE CHILD AND THE MILLIONAIRES

(A FABLE)

W. B. KERR

Once there was a Child who—not satisfied with the Flowers in his own Garden—plucked those in all the surrounding Gardens and carried them Home, but when he saw the black looks of his Neighbors, he returned a few of the withered Flowers and was surprised that this did not appease them.

And once there was a Country where the People were comparatively happy—for they were just. Every one worked but Work was a pleasure, because each received the full value of his Toil and could thus afford all the Necessities of Life and many Luxuries in addition.

But there came to that Country some Grabbers who were not satisfied with a Sufficiency. They robbed the People right and left by every evil Scheme that cunning could devise—buying control of the Government to prevent interference, and subsidizing the Press and Pulpit to stifle protest. In time, the People were reduced to practical Slavery and Life became a long weary Grind—a mere struggle for Existence. So hard and hopeless were their Lives, the People lost Heart—forgot their Ideals, abandoned Self-improvement, lost all Ambition, even Interest in Life, and became Bitter, Cynical, Morbid and Miserable.

Nor were the Grabbers happy for they found their Wealth a Burden, but realizing, at last, how much they were hated, the Grabbers tried to buy back the Respect of the People with Public Gifts. They built Jails and Asylums for people made criminal and insane by the Grabber-System; Hospitals and Homes for those crippled and aged in the struggle; and Schools and Libraries that the people had no leisure to enjoy. But none of these Things remedied or removed the Evils of the System and the People resented these tardy, trifling Gifts bought with Money stolen from the Public.

And the Grabbers marveled greatly at the ingratitude of the People and asked:

"What would they do without us? Behold! we are Benefactors and Philanthropists; we have made the Country *Prosperous*—but the people only revile us!"

Moral: Do not expect appreciation from Plucked Flowers, nor gratitude from Plucked People.

THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES

[From "McAfee's History of the Late War." Published 1816.]

"IT was the Governor's invariable practice to be ready to mount his horse at a moment's warning. On the morning of the 7th, he arose at a quarter before four o'clock, and sat by his fire conversing with the gentlemen of his mess, who were reclining on their blankets, waiting for the signal which in a few moments would have been given for the troops to turn out. The orderly drummer had been already roused for the reveille. The moon had risen, but afforded little light in consequence of being overshadowed by clouds. It was the uniform usage of Governor Harrison to call up the troops an hour before day, and keep them under arms until it was light. After four o'clock, General Wells, Colonel Owen and Colonel Daviess had all risen and joined the Governor, who was on the point of issuing his orders for raising the army, when the treacherous Indians had crept up so near the sentries as to hear them challenge when relieved. They intended to rush upon the sentries and kill them before they could fire: but one of the sentries discovered an Indian creeping towards him in the grass, and fired. This was immediately followed by the Indian yell, and a desperate charge upon the left flank. The guard in that quarter gave way and abandoned their officer, without making any resistance. Captain Barton's company of regulars and Captain Keiger's company of mounted riflemen, forming the left angle of the rear line, received the first onset. The fire there was excessive; but the troops who had lain on their arms were immediately prepared to receive, and gallantly resist the furious savage assailants. The manner of the attack was calculated to discourage and terrify the men: yet as soon as they could be formed and posted, they maintained their ground with desperate valor, though but very few of them had ever before been in battle. The fires in the camp were extinguished immediately, as the light they afforded was more serviceable to the Indians than to our men.

"As soon as the Governor could mount his horse, he proceeded towards the point of attack, and finding the line much weakened there, he ordered two companies from the center of the rear line to march up and form across the angle in the rear of Barton's and Keiger's companies. General Wells immediately proceeded to the right of his command: and Colonel Owen, who was with him, was proceeding directly to the point of attack, when he was shot on his horse near the lines, and thus bravely fell among the first victims of savage perfidy. A heavy fire now commenced all along the left flank, upon the whole of the front and right flank, and on a part of the rear line.

"In passing through the camp, towards the left of the front line, the Governor met with Colonel Daviess and the dragoons. The Colonel informed him that the Indians, concealed behind some trees near the line, were annoying the troops very severely in that quarter; and he requested permission to dislodge them, which was granted. He immediately called on the first division of his cavalry to follow him, but the order was not distinctly heard, and but few of his men charged with him. Among those who charged, were two young gentlemen who had gone with him from Kentucky, Messrs. Mead and Sanders, who were afterwards distinguished as captains in the United States' service. They had not proceeded far out of the lines, when Daviess was mortally wounded by several balls and fell. His men stood by him, and

repulsed the savages several times, till they succeeded in carrying him into camp.

"In the meantime the attack on Spencer's and Warwick's companies on the right, became very severe. Captain Spencer and his lieutenants were all killed, and Captain Warwick was mortally wounded. The Governor, in passing towards that flank, found Captain Robb's company near the center of the camp. They had been driven from their post; or, rather, had fallen back without orders. He sent them to the aid of Captain Spencer, where they fought very bravely, having seventeen men killed during the battle. Captain Prescott's company of United States' infantry, had filled up the vacancy caused by the retreat of Robb's company. Soon after Colonel Daviess was wounded, Captain Snelling, at the head of his company, charged on the same Indians and dislodged them with considerable loss. The battle was now maintained on all sides with desperate valour. The Indians advanced and retreated by a rattling noise made with deer hoofs: they fought with enthusiasm, and seemed determined on victory or death.

"As soon as daylight appeared, Captain Snelling's company, Captain Posey's, under Lieutenant Albright, and Captain Scott's, were drawn from the front line, and Wilson's from the rear, and formed on the left flank; while Cook's and Baen's companies were ordered to the right. General Wells took command of the corps formed on the left, and with the aid of some dragoons, who were now mounted and commanded by Captain Park, made a successful charge on the enemy in that direction, driving them into an adjoining swamp, through which the cavalry could not pursue them. At the same time Cook's and Lieutenant Laribie's companies, with the aid of the riflemen and militia on the right flank, charged on the Indians and put them to flight in that quarter, which terminated the battle.

"During the time of this contest, the Prophet kept himself secure, on an adjacent eminence, singing a war song. He had told his followers, that the Great Spirit would render the army of the Americans unavailing, and that their bullets would not hurt the Indians, who would have light, while their enemies were involved in thick darkness. Soon after the battle commenced, he was informed that his men were falling. He told them to fight on, it would soon be as he had predicted, and then began to sing louder.

"Colonel Boyd commanded as a Brigadier General in this engagement; and the Governor in his letter to the war department, speaks highly of him and his brigade, and of Clarke and Croghan, who were his aids. Colonel Decker is also commended for the good order in which he kept his command: and of General Wells, it is said that he sustained the fame which he had acquired in almost every campaign since the first settlement of Kentucky.

"The officers and soldiers generally, performed their duties well. They acted with a degree of coolness, bravery, and good order, which was not to be expected from men unused to carnage, and in a situation so well calculated to produce terror and confusion. The fortune of war necessarily put it in the power of some officers and their men, at the expense of danger, wounds, and death, to render more service, and acquire more honour, than others: but to speak of their particular merits, would be to detail again the operations of the conflict.

"Of Colonels Owen and Daviess, the Governor speaks in the highest terms. Owen joined him as a private in Keiger's company at Fort Harrison, and accepted the place of volunteer aid. He had been a representative in the legislature of Kentucky. His character was that of a good citizen and a brave sol-

dier. He left a wife and a large family of children, to add the poignancy of domestic grief to the public regret for his loss.

"Captain Baen, who fell early in the action, had the character of an able officer and a brave soldier. Captain Spencer was wounded in the head he exhorted his men to fight on. He was then shot through both thighs and fell still he continued to encourage his men. He was then raised up, and received a ball through his body, which immediately killed him. His lieutenants, McMahan and Berry, fell bravely encouraging their men. Warwick was shot through the body, and was taken to the surgery to be dressed: as soon as it was over, being a man of much bodily strength and still able to walk, he insisted on going back to his post, though it was evident he had but a few hours to live. Colonel White, formerly United States agent at the Saline, was also killed in the action. The whole number killed, with those who died soon of their wounds, was upwards of fifty: the wounded were about double that number. Governor Harrison himself narrowly escaped, *the hair on his head being cut by a ball.*

"The Indians left thirty-eight warriors dead on the field, and buried several others in the town, which with those who must have died of their wounds, would make their loss at least as great as that of the Americans. The troops under the command of Governor Harrison of every description, amounted on the day before the battle, to something more than eight hundred. The ordinary force, that had been at the Prophet's town, through the preceding summer, was about four hundred and fifty. But they were joined a few days before the action, by all the Kickapoos of the Prairie, and by many bands of Pottawatamies from the Illinois river, and the St. Josephs of Lake Michigan. They estimated their number after the battle, to have been eight hundred; but the traders, who had a good opportunity of knowing, made them at least fourteen hundred. However it is certain, that no victory was ever before obtained over the Northern Indians, where the numbers were any thing like equal. The number of killed, too, was greater than was ever before known. It is their custom always to avoid a close action, and from their dexterity in hiding themselves, but few of them can be killed, even when they are pouring destruction into the ranks of their enemy. It is believed that there were not ten of them killed at St. Clair's defeat, although one thousand Americans were massacred, and still fewer at Braddock's. At Tippecanoe, they rushed up to the bayonets of our men, and in one instance related by Captain Snelling, an Indian adroitly put the bayonet of a soldier aside, and clove his head with his war-club—an instrument on which there is fixed a triangular piece of iron, broad enough to project several inches from the wood. Their conduct on this occasion, so different from what it usually is, was attributed to the confidence of success, with which their Prophet had inspired them, and to the distinguished bravery of the Winebago warriors.

"The Indians did not determine to attack the American camp till late at night. The plan that was formed the evening before, was, to meet the Governor in council the next day, and agree to the terms he proposed. At the close of the council, the chiefs were to retire to the warriors, who were to be placed at a convenient distance. The Governor was then to be killed by two Winebagoes, who had devoted themselves to certain death to accomplish this object. They were to loiter about the camp after the council had broken up; and their killing the Governor and raising the war-whoop, were to be the signal for a general attack. The Indians were commanded by White Loon, Stone-eater, and Winemac, a Pottawatamie chief, had been with the Governor on his

march, and at Fort Harrison, making great professions of friendship.

"The 4th regiment was about two hundred and fifty strong; and there were about sixty volunteers from Kentucky in the army. The rest of the troops were volunteers from the Indiana militia. Those from the neighbourhood of Vincennes had been trained for several years by the Governor, and had become very expert in the manœuvres which he had adopted for fighting the Indians. The greatest part of the territorial troops followed him as well from personal attachment as from a sense of duty. Indeed, a greater degree of confidence and personal attachment has rarely been found in any army towards its Commander, than existed in this; nor has there been many battles in which the dependence of the army on its leader was more distinctly felt. During the whole action the Governor was constantly on the lines, and always repaired to the point which was most hardly pressed. The reinforcements drawn occasionally from the points most secure, were conducted by himself, and formed on the spot where their services were most wanted. The officers and men, who believed that their ultimate success depended on his safety, *warmly remonstrated against his so constantly exposing himself.* Upon one occasion, as he was approaching an angle of the line, against which the Indians were advancing with horrible yells, Lieutenant Emerson of the dragoons, seized the bridle of his horse, and earnestly entreated that he would not go there; *but the Governor putting spurs to his horse, pushed on to the point of attack, where the enemy were received with firmness and driven back.*

"The army remained in the camp on the 7th and 8th of November, to bury the dead and dress the wounded; and to make preparations for returning. During this time, General Wells was permitted with the mounted riflemen to visit the town, which he found evacuated by all, except a chief whose leg was broken. The town was well prepared for an attack, and no doubt but the Indians fully expected it; for they had determined to agree to no terms which could be offered. The wounds of the chief being dressed, and provision made for him, he was left with instructions to tell his companions that if they would abandon the Prophet and return to their respective tribes, they should be forgiven."

LOVE IN A CAFE

LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE

ELCOME NORTON glanced nervously at the office force in the fashionable cafe, where her clerical wings were being tested for the first time.

She felt the trepidation a frightened bird feels, when, clinging to the limbs of a tree, the mother-bird pushes him into space. And yet there certainly was a feeling of exhilaration in the thought of being out in the world alone. Miss Norton's knowledge of the world was merely the knowledge of intuition and imagination. Her experience of men limited; confined, in fact, to her fretful, invalid father, the fat old village doctor, the stupid lawyer, and a small army of bill collectors that came down from the city to make her constantly regret that she had ever been born. This, of course, was before her father died, a year before she entered the cafe.

Such a narrow experience, it seems, would have been insufficient to give a woman the right equipoise in the scramble for bread, but Miss Norton made up her mind to succeed, and she knew exactly what results she intended to bring about and how to bring them about.

To her original and untutored mind, there were two separate and distinct classes of men in the world. One was the sort she had dealt with, the other, the intuitive, responsive, divining sort, from which class the hero of her introspective romances was made. Never once in thought did the elements of the two mix.

Every normal, healthy woman has her ideal. He is the physical and spiritual prototype of what is within herself. To this rule Miss Norton was no exception, and as she gave the first excited glance around the office, she discovered the material representation of all that her dearest dreams had pictured: all that her lonely heart yearned for. As she looked her lips relaxed, her blood quickened and ran in her veins like fire.

For a moment, the eyes of the two anchored in the same thought, and, while there was no outward sign of recognition, Miss Norton knew that an acknowledgment had taken place. She felt more confidence, too, in her attitude towards the world into which she had come to make her fight. Before, the faces of the clerks had seemed to humiliate her with their critical stares, and the red-faced little proprietor and the blue-eyed cashier has especially irritated her. But now, as she looked into the eyes, for a brief second, of the Ideal Man, every unpleasant impression made upon her sub-conscious self passed as a disagreeable dream.

Nothing was ever made clearer to Miss Norton than that she had found in the flesh the One Person upon whom she would hereafter hang the garments of her most sacred thoughts, and, being of an energetic, positive nature, she determined to drop the plummet of her fascinations and sound the depths of the Person's soul, to find if it was as rich with the fragrance of love as was her own.

The restaurant into which Miss Norton was engineered by Fate, was one of the fashionable resorts of the city, and the Master Machinist who placed her there had built her taut and trim for the trial. She had a woman's natural share of coquetry, but Miss Norton felt it would have been a reflection on her birth and breeding to call her a coquette. She had rigid ideas of how a business woman should dress also, and her simple black gowns were never en-

livened, save by the old etruscian filigree brooch that her mother had worn in her youth. Her hats, too, were small, and set close to her fluffy, sunny hair, which was one of her chief attractions.

As she seated herself at the desk after her swift inventory of the office force was taken, the red-faced little proprietor, with a supercilious wave of his over-bejeweled hand, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the new bookkeeper, Miss Norton. Miss Norton, the manager is Mr. Keen. The cashiers are Miss Yargarharber and Miss Evans. I hope you will all be on good terms. Harmony is the motto of my office, and I wish you to remember that. Miss Norton, you will please take charge of the books at once."

The new bookkeeper bowed, then permitted her eyes to return to the Ideal Man, who stood quietly apart from the little company, with a contemptuous smile on his mouth.

It does not take a woman of Miss Norton's intuition long to divine things, and she thought at once:

"One can see at a glance that the Ideal Man is a gentleman, and yet there's something wrong! He isn't on an equal footing with the people here. I will know the reason why, and that pretty soon."

Swift was her conclusion, and as swiftly came its corroboration, for the manager was saying shortly:

"D'Oriole, did you order the case of soups?"

"At eighteen dollars a case."

"Very well. You may go."

So the Ideal Man was the steward. A buyer of soups! Of things to feed the appetite, and his name was D'Oriole. That was French Huguenot! A moment before Miss Norton would have sworn that the Ideal Man was an Irishman. Why, his eyes were the Irish eyes of blue, and his shoulders would have defied the weight of the Old Man of the Sea forever. But he had in a well-modulated Gallic voice, talked of soups! The idea! Miss Norton was truly disappointed.

There was no doubt in her mind that a full infusion of prejudice was in her blood that out-weighed all the concessions she knew she had to make to the business world into which she had come, and remembering the long rolls of vellum and the interminable lengths of family records stored away in her trunk at home, she shuddered and let her pen fall sharply to the desk. What would that long line of dead ancestors think of her—Welcome Norton—fanning a flame of passion that had flared up under the presence of a restaurant steward! She could see them turning over in their graves. She felt a desire to laugh, the thing was so preposterous! And yet—yet, something compelled her to recognize the superiority of a force of physical attraction that is stronger than traditional ideas of social caste.

Borne along by the current of her tempestuous thought, Miss Norton let escape a sigh, which the Ideal Man caught and imprisoned in a red rose which found its way to her desk next morning to breathe out its sweetness on the day.

And that is the way the romance of Welcome Norton began, with sighs, and glances and flowers. Then one day, several weeks later, for the first time Miss Norton and the Ideal Man found themselves together alone.

"Mr. D'Oriole," she said, faltering over the speech she had carefully prepared against this opportunity to speak, "I wish to thank you for making the blossoms to run over in my heart."

"Indeed, and its yourself that has made the blossoms to run riot in this place," touching his heart gallantly.

"If you only knew," continued the artful young woman, "how lonely and desolate the world seems until I come to the office every morning, and know that I am not forgotten."

"An' sure,—"

At this point of the game, the red-faced little proprietor approached and the conversation ended abruptly, but not before Miss Norton, with one of the swift transitions of mood that was her charm, gave D'Oriole to understand that the campaign of romance was on, and on furiously.

When D'Oriole was gone from the office, Miss Norton began to revel in another train of thoughts. "So he is an Irishman, with a brogue, as I thought at the beginning. But why did he take upon himself the other name? Well, no matter, my plummet has sounded the depths, and I believe the Ideal Man will measure up to my standard. In fact, he has climbed to my realm of thought, and sits there crowned a king."

Opportunity for social intercourse was so limited in the cafe, that several days elapsed before Miss Norton and D'Oriole had another conversation. Meantime, every morning a fresh red rose found its way to the desk and withered on the breast of the little bookkeeper, who repeated over and over to her heart: "All things come to him who waits, and I have waited for nearly thirty years for the coming of Love." The thought gave her confidence in herself and courage to meet the future.

About this time, there began an under-current of talk in the cafe concerning a prize fight that was to come off the week following. Soon the talk grew louder, and took the form of betting. The sporty little proprietor put up heavy sums of money, and many pools were made up in the evening among the men who came in late to supper.

From her quiet corner in the office, remote from the rattle of dishes, Miss Norton learned a great many things besides addition and subtraction, one of which was that by some mischance one of the pugilists was suddenly stricken ill of a pluerisy. Panic reigned among the men, for the fight was about to fall through. Then of a sudden it was announced that a young Irishman, Tim Murphy, was going to take the place of the noted Blitch, who was the stricken one.

"Now, who in thunder is Tim Murphy?" sneered the little proprietor, as he spread out the sporting sheet of the morning paper. "The management has certainly a lot of gall to put up a man no one ever heard of. Why, no one but a fool would bet on a man he had never heard of. Tim Murphy!" and there was scorn in his voice.

"He's Irish, all right," said the manager, "and there is no one can sling a fist like a Paddy. If I was betting, I'd dab it on the son of Old Ireland. I sure would."

"And you'd make an ass of yourself, too," snarled the proprietor in disgust.

The day before the fight, all the odds were against Tim Murphy. No one was betting on him, for no one had seen him, and no one knew from whence he had sprung.

"It's a dandy chance to win out rich if he does win," said Miss Norton to herself. "Now, I don't know a single thing about 'upper-cuts' or 'long-reaches,' or any of the jargon of the ring, but, somehow, I feel a presentment that Tim Murphy is going to be the lucky one. I believe,—"

Here her train of thought was interrupted by the thready voice of the proprietor, which was saying:

"The whole thing looks punk! All my money goes to Jamerson. Jamerson is not altogether to the bad, and Murphy is certainly an unknown quantity."

Being a woman, and intuitive, Miss Norton divined that the new pugilist was laboring at a disadvantage with the public, and her sympathy went out to him.

That day when D'Oriole came into the office to report on celery stumps and

Brussels sprouts, she beckoned him to her and asked in a whisper:

"Mr. D'Oriole, did you, did you—ever make a bet? That is—did you ever ever put up any money on a—a—prize fight?"

The face of the Ideal Man went crimson. Miss Norton fancied it was because she had overtaken him in a sin.

"Haven't you?" she insisted, "haven't you ever bet on anything?"

"Well—e-er-er—. Why, yes, I have," he stammered, his color deepening.

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed," said Miss Norton, with conciliatory sweetness, "for really, I do not think it a sin to—to put up money on anything that seems like a good investment. I do not see the wrong in risking things. In fact, Mr. D'Oriole, I have determined to risk two months' salary on the prize fight, and I am going to ask you to place the money for me."

"Of course, you are going to bet on Jamerson," said D'Oriole, his lips curling with the little contemptuous smile that Miss Norton had seen there the first day she entered the office.

"Indeed, I am not! Jamerson will never win!"

"Every one is betting on him."

"That's true, and a great many people are going to get left."

"And you have no fear of being one of the left?"

"No, for Tim Murphy is going to win."

"You are right, Miss Norton, Tim Murphy is going to win."

His words carried conviction with them, and Miss Norton had no hesitancy about slipping a roll of crisp new ten-dollar bills into his hand, to the amount of one hundred dollars.

To do a thing and then regret it was not one of the characteristics of Miss Norton. She was risking a large sum for her, but she felt it was no one's business if she lost. It was to her a legitimate investment, flavored with a little spice. So, having ventured it, she turned to her books and forgot the matter for the time.

The next day D'Oriole did not appear in the office. The red rose, however, was on her desk as usual, and breathed out an incense on the altar where the Ideal Man was enshrined, nor did he appear during the day.

Early next morning, Miss Norton hurried to the cafe. The little proprietor was there, and pale for the first time since she had known him. He was storming, too, and anathematising some one whom he called a fool, knave, and other uncomplimentary names. The atmosphere was at freezing point in the office, save when the proprietor blazed out with a fury of temper. Miss Norton, however, moved calmly and serenely with the hours of the morning. Sedately, she bent above the long rows of figures on the white pages before her.

On her desk bloomed a dozen red roses, where one had been accustomed to lie, roses that were a message of love and triumph, for tucked in the front of her blouse, was a slip of paper on which was written:

"Dear Miss Norton:—Can you ever forgive Tim Murphy for masquerading as Pierre D'Oriole? It is this way: Blitch, the fellow who was to fight Jamerson, did me a favor out in the Klondike a few years ago, and I knew he was all to the bad financially, so when he flung his show, I felt it my duty to win his purse for him. It was you, though, who made me win the fight, for you had faith in me, though you did not know Tim was *me*. I put your one hundred dollars on myself, with a thousand of my own, and the odds were twenty to one, so you see we are both to the good. If you will forgive me, wear one of the red roses, and I will know that I can accompany you home this evening, and tell you lots of things that will clear up the situation. And there is something else I am going to tell you.

"Yours, Tim Murphy."

That night as Miss Norton passed the blue-eyed cashier she heard her remark to the manager:

"The new bookkeeper always wears a fresh red rose. I wonder why?"

BALAAM'S OWN

KIMBALL R. BOBBITT

RECKON they won't be no gittin' erround' Phienas."

While waiting for this somewhat ambiguous statement to "soak in", as he would have expressed it, the old man removed his left shoe, and, catching it by the toe, tapped the heel on the door-step to loosen the dirt. "He's got 'is head sot", as he poured the dirt from the shoe, "on havin' uv er"—(puff)—"mule, an' they won't be no peace tell—(puff, puff)—"han' me them there matches, ole lady—tell he gits one."

The "ole lady" was too busy adjusting her snuff brush to reply immediately. She had just given it a thorough mopping in the tin snuff box which she held in her hand, the lid between two fingers, and was placing it, with mouth wide open, comfortably in her jaw. The old man, who was bending over his left foot with his right knee sticking up above his head, suddenly exclaimed between puffs, "I'm blest if I c'n see"—(puff, puff)—"how in the name o' G— Jerusalem oak a thing c'n git tied ez hard ez that blasted—(puff)—shoestring is!"

"Cain't you ontie it with yore teeth?" queried the old lady.

"Ontie it with my"—(puff)—"teeth! Do you think I'm er acter in er"—(puff)—"cirkis?"

"Well, why don't you cut it then?"

"Hain't got nothin' to cut it with. That fool"—(puff, puff)—"boy borried my knife an' lost it, jest ez I"—(puff)—"knowed he would."

The old lady brought her sharpest table knife, and, after much sawing, the string came in two, and the shoe was removed.

The old man having accomplished his purpose, his good spirits returned. He began slowly and deliberately to wash his feet in a small tin basin, giving the old lady time to formulate a reply to his remarks about the mule.

"Well," she finally spoke up, "they's one thing sartin' an' shore, you ain't able to do all the plowin' with one mule, an' that ketch in yore back, too. It's mighty hard on the boy not to have no way to go nowheres but to walk. Besides, big meetin's'll be comin' on after 'while, an' you know young folks is powerful erbout wantin' to go erbout."

"Yes", as he threw out the water and turned the basin upside down, "I reckon you're right, an' if they's any boy that's deservin' uv er mule it's Phineas."

* * * * * * *

So the mule was bought—a four-year-old,—and, as Phienas expressed it, "er jeems dandy".

The first act of his muleship was to run away with the wagon and smash the front wheels. Phineas said a mule that wouldn't run away sometimes had no life in him—it made him like the mule better.

Next day, while Phineas and his father were away, the mule broke into the pasture and began a merry chase after the red calf, keeping it up till almost noon, while the old lady ran wildly around the pasture lot, gesticulating, waving her apron, brandishing the rolling pin, and shouting "shoo!"

According to Phineas, this was due altogether to the high spirits of the mule; he really meant no harm.

When he went to feed the next morning the only trace Phineas could find of the mule were his tracks leading across the field. Phineas followed them to where they crossed the fence and led up the road.

About three miles from home Phi-

neas, now somewhat exasperated, asked Deacon Burns, whose house he was passing, if the deacon had seen anything of "er jeems-dandy lookin' yaller mule with er blazed face an' hell in 'is eye." The deacon replied rather curtly that a yellow mule had passed, but he was "cleanin' it up" so it couldn't be told what was in his eye.

Three miles further on Phineas found him. A farmer had coaxed him into a lot, and the mule was innocently and diligently devouring a feed of hay and oats.

Phineas borrowed a bridle, set himself astride the mule, and proceeded homeward.

The mule, content with his morning's work, jogged gently, and, to all intents and purposes, penitently down the road. Phineas soliloquized that he reckoned there wuzn't nothin' really mean about the mule, after all; he only needed work.

When in sight of home the mule gave a few broncho humps and left Phineas sitting in the tall grass by the roadside, while he trotted up to the gate and announced his presence by a series of exultant he-haws.

Phineas acknowledged while eating breakfast that there wuz a streak o' pure cussedness in that mule, but, by Jingo! he'd fix him so he wouldn't be so frisky. He, accordingly, hitched the mule to the heaviest plow he could find.

No more homely or home-like scene can be imagined than Phineas and the yellow mule, as all the morning they turned the mellow earth—up one furrow and down the next.

They were about half-way the row when the horn sounded for dinner.

Without a moment's hesitation the mule quit the row and turned diagonally across the field toward the house.

He had crossed five rows before Phineas could say "Whoa, boy!"

The mule stopped.

Phineas pulled the leeward line. The mule gave a knowing look at him from the corner of his off eye, but kept his position. Phineas clucked to him coaxingly, and gave him a gentle rap with the line.

The mule crossed three more rows.

Phineas said "Whoa!"

The mule stopped.

Phineas twirled the line in a right-hand curve in a way that only mule drivers can, brought it against the mule's side with a resounding "whack", at the same time pulling his head around even with the hames. The mule crossed six more rows with his head in this position.

Phineas said "Whoa!"

The mule stopped.

Phineas hung the lines over the plow handles, went around in front of the mule, fixed himself directly before him so he could look straight into his mule-ship's eye, stuck both hands deep down into his pockets, and talked to the mule like a veteran plowman, in language sulphur-scented and fire-tipped.

The mule gazed sleepily at him until he had finished. Then he blinked his left eye.

Phineas felt in his pocket, got four long tacks, and twisted them into the line where it worked on the mule's flank. Another dextrous twirl and whack, retarded by the flesh-biting tacks, and a pull on the bit.

The mule again started across the rows.

Phineas let go the handles and, while the mule was taking up the slack, resolutely stuck his heels into the ground, gnashed his teeth, and swung back on the lines.

The mule seemed to consider this an agreeable change, and, with his head bowed under his neck, proceeded across the rows with Phineas's heels plowing furrows in the ground. One of his heels struck a stump sticking an inch or two above ground, which caused the other leg to diverge in a direction at

right angles to the course the mule was pursuing, so that Phineas's face assumed a position his heels had formerly occupied.

The mule continued, dragging Phineas over rows and cotton stalks and cockle burrs.

When he had spit the gravel from his mouth Phineas yelled "Whoa!"

The mule stopped.

Without a word Phineas ungeared him, tied him to a stump with one trace, and belabored the mule several minutes with the other. When he was satisfied and well-nigh exhausted he rehitched the mule to the plow, and, pulling with all his might on the leeward line, told him to "go 'long, now."

The mule went along, but he went across the rows toward the house.

Phineas said "Whoa!"

The mule stopped.

Acknowledging himself outdone, Phineas stripped the gear from the mule, intending to carry him to the house. While he was placing the gear on the plowstock the mule cast a furtive, mulish glance at him and walked slowly away in the direction Phineas had been trying to steer him.

Phineas started leisurely in pursuit.

The mule went to the fence and with his nose threw off three rails, as if about to jump over. By this time Phineas had come up. Just as he was reaching out his hand to grasp the bridle rein the mule whirled and trotted away, hoisting his head in the air and turning it from side to side. When he had gone fifteen or twenty panels he stopped, threw off more rails, and was apparently preparing to leap over when Phineas again reached for the bridle. The mule again whirled, Phineas again following, and the same operation was repeated until about half the fence had been torn down and the opposite side of the field reached.

The mule then suddenly stopped, hung his head, and allowed Phineas to catch him.

Phineas took the rein, not with the glow of the conqueror. There was instead a determined expression on his face as of one who has made up his mind to the performance of a painful but an imperative duty.

He led the mule by the plowstock and got one of the traces. When he reached the house he got the axe from the wood-pile, led the mule behind the barn, and tied him with the trace to the lot fence.

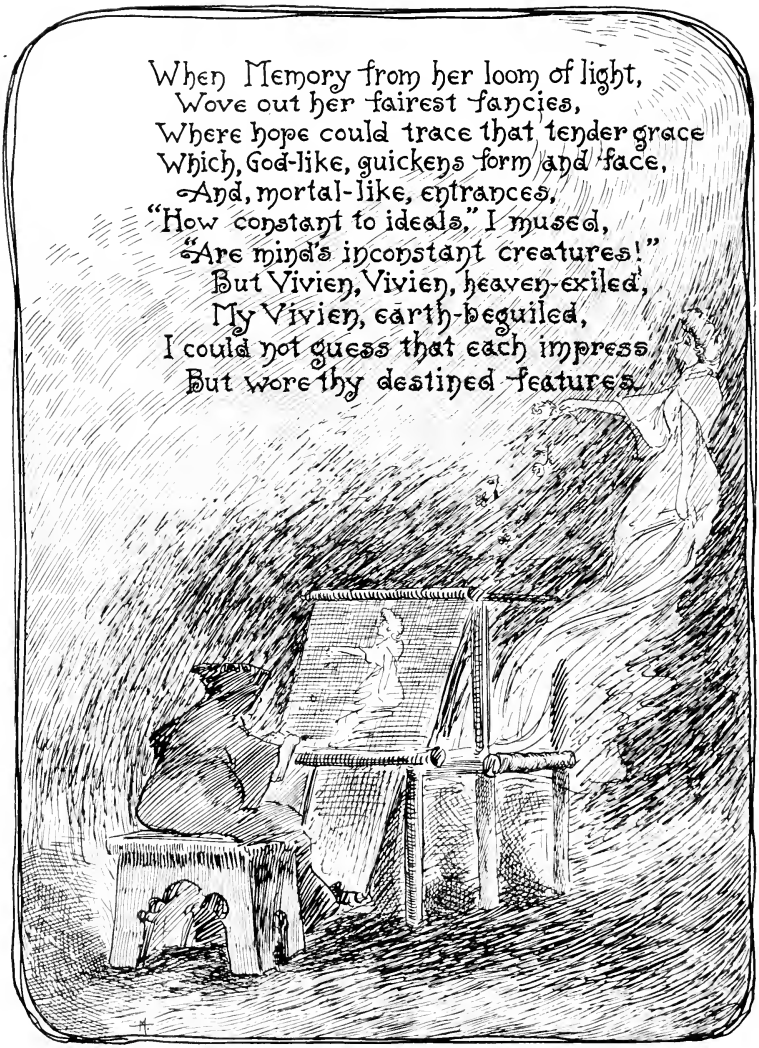
He motioned at him with the axe. The mule shied. He motioned again. The mule shied again. He kept motioning until the mule got tired of shying and let his head be still.

Phineas landed one mighty blow with the eye of the axe between the mule's eyes.

The mule fell over dead.

"Now, gol-durn you!" said Phineas.

Vivien


When Memory from her loom of light,
Wove out her fairest fancies,
Where hope could trace that tender grace
Which, God-like, quickens form and face,
And, mortal-like, entrances,
"How constant to ideals," I mused,
"Are minds inconstant creatures!"
But Vivien, Vivien, heaven-exiled,
My Vivien, earth-beguiled,
I could not guess that each impress,
But wore thy destined features.

SOME PERTINENT OPINIONS FROM CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA—the land of the Golden West! The culmination of all the promises made in the East and the Middle West.

Every pilgrim who ever tarries within her borders, is bound ever after by memories of the beauties and the richness which are all for the asking.

Here it is the meadow lark sings every day in the year, and the blackbirds follow the furrows that are turned by the plowman in January; here flowers are always in bloom, and here most of the fruits of the semi-tropics grow, though the nights are too cold to make the banana a success. Cotton is grown here very successfully now, and why not? The glorious mountains, the beautiful valleys, the eight hundred miles of seacoast beating gently upon the strand, with all kinds of fish, with mountains filled with minerals and an ocean of oil in the bowels of the earth, where fruits of some sort are always obtainable from the trees, in one locality or another, makes this State a very wealthy one.

Here the trusts rule like kings of old, the farmer and fruit grower is a slave to these toll gatherers; water is king, but most of it is controlled by the few at the expense of the many. Here, tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of Eastern people come to be fleeced as lambs are sheared for their wool. The average Californian looks upon the Easterner as a tender-foot. There is any amount of distress and crime, due to the lack of statesmanship in our government and the greed of our capitalists.

A new danger threatens this country, and that is the invasion of the Japs on the Pacific Coast; they control the fisheries, small fruit and vegetables, a large part of the laundry business; they run all kinds of business houses; ten of them will live in a room which a white man wants for himself; a little rice and vegetables will keep them; they can be hired cheaper than the white men, of whom thousands walk the street begging for work, and the women are taking them into their homes in place of white girls; they are spies on everything that is going on; they are an organized body; they have been caught surveying around the coast between the points where our guns are stationed, making soundings in other places than harbors.

They buy choice tracts of land, they have taken long leases of many thousands of acres, with the intention of staying here.

When this invasion commenced, had the President and Congress acted and made a uniform law of excluding all foreigners for ten or fifteen years, they could not have found any fault with this, and it would have met the situation. The worst feature is that the State Commissioner of Agriculture says the farmers cannot get along without them; but why didn't they keep the Chinamen, who were faithful servants in the past—who helped to build the railroads? Those Japs are smarter than the Yankee, and I am afraid, with the feeling there is in China against us, it won't be long before we have to face the whole Orient.

With the money we have spent in the Philippines we could have fortified this coast, built a fleet of merchant ships and moved a million poor American families from the East and settled them here.

We will not be able to hold the

Philppines. Eighty soldier boys jumped overboard the other day and swam ashore, but were captured. It is too bad that they had not the grit of the French guard at Waterloo. How much longer are we going to sacrifice the youths of our country to fight to keep the Catholic church in power in those islands? This is a matter that should be taken up and fought with a vigor that will set the whole nation afire. You possibly recollect the predictions of Carlyle, made many years ago, in which he stated, in part, that under the glitter of self-rule and prosperity American people would ratify every humbug under the sun, till all their liberties were lost; and Lincoln later stated and feared the same thing. How in keeping with Carlyle's prediction—millions of men who bitterly complain of the trusts and suffer from the same, go to the polls fighting mad to vote for a pretender with little or no ability and an absolute servant of the trusts. A large majority of our people are getting tired of the oppression and graft, and it is only a question of a move being made in time and in the right way to form a third party and win out the next Presidential election. Had Mr. Bryan taken advice he would have been elected President, but he wanted the people to believe he was a representative of the Prince of Peace, while at the same time he was playing poker with the Devil. A similar condition of things exists here now which existed in Napoleon's time, and it is impossible for us to meet the situation in a half-hearted way; if our efforts are worthy of success then I believe in going to the limit to obtain same, diplomatically, if possible, as it is much greater than the sword; the elements for use exist, it is only a queston of making proper use thereof. If you can get into an enemy's camp in time and make his own soldiers fight him just at the time he expects to make use of them, the battle is yours.

We have had some peculiar political experiences here. I am opposed to women's suffrage, and the negroes making laws for white men. I'll tell you a story: back in 1879, I had twenty-five tons of hay in the field; I was a good barometer, so I employed eight big Germans to work on Sunday and take care of the hay in the barns; I pitched it all on myself, snapping fork handles during the day, and at times got an opportunity to joke with the old darky that did the loading. I asked him if he believed Adam and Eve were first. He said he did. I asked him where the colored race came from. He said, "Adam and Eve were black." I asked him where the white came from, if they were black: he chuckled, and said they were all faded negroes. I asked him where the red and yellow men came from. "Well," he said, "there was a great earthquake at one time, and that discolored them." The way to meet the race problem is not the way the Southern people are doing, but to get a general suffrage act passed, which will make American suffrage worth something, and to allow no one to vote for the executive officers of the country or the highest branches of the State and National Legislature unless they are owners of property and can pass an educational qualification; then to apply an educational qualification to all the rest of the offices; this equalizes the condition, gives no room for dissatisfaction on the part of any nationality, and regulates the situation.

As to woman's suffrage, I have always taken the stand that I believe in giving to the fair sex every single privilege that I ask for myself, but I have my doubts whether it will be wise —from many standpoints—for them to attempt to place themselves in man's boots. The first argument that arises with me is: man as a whole has no respect for a woman when she makes herself too common: if he has a wife or

sister, he is mighty jealous of her. If the women of this country were all of one nationality, if equality existed, and there was less ignorance and superstition, the situation could be met very easily, because I do believe that there are a great many highly intelligent and kindly disposed women, with more or less large capacities, who would be able to make use of suffrage without injury to themselves, but we have all of these different nationalities and creeds—women would be controlled by the influence they had faith in, for churches, or rather creeds, could not exist in this country one year if it were not for the women. I know there are many wrongs in our country that need to be righted, and if nothing more could be obtained through women voting than the abolishment of the liquor evil and regulating the employment of working girls, it certainly would be a great victory for good. The trouble is our temperance people are not well balanced, they go to extremes; to fight an evil it must be met in a reasonable way. I recommended the prohibitionists thirty years ago to stop running candidates for office and start working men's clubs, where they could have all kinds of amusements and no gambling; where they could have a reading room and secure magazines and books from the business people—for nothing—after they had read same; and to manufacture many kinds of fruit juices and sell them to children at a penny a glass and three cents to men. There are millions of children going to school; if they could have a few glasses of pure grape juice every day it would give them blood, which many children need; such places would be respectable, they would give an opportunity for working men to meet, which their own homes could not afford, and they would have places on a par with the business men's clubs.

The tiller of the soil, the hewer of wood and drawer of water after all produce the wealth that we have, and in a large measure the people who enjoy the wealth are largely responsible for the condition of the toiling masses. In these suggestions is an opportunity for the ambitious women of the country to do good. Certainly something ought to be done to rescue the working girl and poor scrub women from their helpless condition. I have no use for the hypocrisy of prayer: I believe that the destiny of the human race lies in the hollow of our own hands. England has deluged the world in blood in indirect ways. The poor Boers prayed to God, after every battle, to deliver their country from bloodshed, but their dear God in Heaven allowed the English to burn all their homes, starve 16,000 women and children and deliver the country into the hands of the worst set of despots and vultures the world ever produced.

Coming back to the fair sex, shoplifting was so bad in Los Angeles last winter that the stores were obliged to form a league and hire hundreds of detectives to watch the women that came into the stores; this is horrible, but it is true; of course, they can point to the conditions among our sex with truth, but the question remains—considering the home, the offspring—whether women's suffrage will help to improve this situation.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

The Political Candidate

F you look in the dictionary for the definition of the word "politician," you will find in Noah Webster's day it meant "One versed in the science of government; one who is devoted to the advancement of a political party."

How times have changed since Webster wrote that.

The definition for politician today would be "A hungry office-seeker, capable of shedding his political skin as often as election day arrives; full of specious promises, and with a conscience as tough as a boarding house beef-steak."

The politician's thoughts of office turns to election as regularly as the young man's does to love in the springtime.

He mistakes the call of his pocketbook for the voice of the people, and straightway breaks into the public prints to tell the people how much they are suffering by the maladministration of those in office.

Up to this stage, the Political Candidate is simply an Out who wants to get In. To make entrance easy, the pathway of the Political Candidate is smoothed with gas, gab and gold.

To raise the latter he mortgages his home, sells his live stock and sends his wife and children off to live with their relations while he campaigns and talks to people he doesn't recognize until he is afflicted with office-seeking.

The next move is to subsidize the services of all those likely to benefit if the Out gets In.

This includes every one from the janitor of the City Hall to the Representative in Congress. The editor of the daily or weekly paper is the next best asset after a large wad of money, and this individual plays a more important part than the Candidate himself.

The Editor is a wise guy, and has graveyard tombstones tied to the mast and gasping when it comes to discerning virtues in the Candidate. For a consideration, he goes back into history, some of which smells to Heaven, but money is a good deodorizer, and most Editors are healthy.

Sometimes the family history which the Candidate finds himself possessed of, makes him afraid and ashamed of his fallen estate.

"Spell-binding" tours are arranged; these are so called from the fact that the Candidate talks so much, so long, and so loud, he has his audience hypnotized, or spell-bound; if he doesn't succeed in doing this, then the free eats and the brass band may be counted on to accomplish it.

All efforts are concentrated on convincing the people of the Candidate's honesty, his faithfulness to his word, and his desire to Serve the People.

Some of the people who have been serving him, such as grocers, tailors, barbers, and the like, are thrilled with hope and joy at the sound of these words, and the thought of their unpaid bills.

Nearly all Political Candidates regard themselves as Heaven-born for the particular office they hope to fill; with chests swelled out and voices of pathos they assure their constituents that never—no, never—has the salaried part of the job appealed to them—they have been fired only by their loyalty to their Suffering Country (or county, or State).

And if the Candidate gets In! Mark you the change, my brother.

No more does he glad-hand up and

down the thoroughfare asking for the welfare of "the good wife and the little ones." No more does he prate of his high resolves and purpose in life.

No longer does he seek the Editor in coy seclusion to inquire "how's it coming on?"

No!

Rather does he assure his wife that it cost a damsite more than he thought it would; that she must make her last year's clothes do; that the cook must be more careful with the food, and the grocery bill must be cut down.

Also: he no longer opens the door in person when a caller knocks, and he has already refused seven hundred and twenty friends the three positions open to his appointment.

And he goes into office to play the same old game of graft his predecessor played; he tells the same old lies, in the same cheerful way, the other fellow did, and he gets just as hungry for the job and is just as willing to play the game with the same methods Pharoah's generals used when they jockeyed for positions to fool Moses and the flying Children of Israel.

——o——

Biography of Southern Cities—Savannah, Georgia

Savannah, Georgia, has two solid bids for fame: she is one of the largest resin shipping ports in the South, and she has more near-beer saloons and blind tigers than all the other cities of the State combined.

Whenever Savannah wants to feel big, she digs out a cyclopedia of age and reads therein that she is the largest city in the State. Atlanta has the bulge on her now, but Savannah points with pride to her water-scape. The best Atlanta can do on this line is to think of her pump.

In history dealing with the colonies, when it was a toss up whether the English, under Gen. Oglethorpe, or the Spaniards should own this part of the State, Savannah was a strategic point, and many battles were fought by each side to hold it.

Many of the descendants of these warriors live in Savannah today, and are as proud of their family records as the newly rich are of their 'steen horse power automobiles.

Besides cotton, resin, lumber and post-cards, Savannah does a large summer tourist business, people flocking there for the dual purpose (since prohibition became effective) of irrigating their interiors with unlimited near-beer and "washing" at Tybee.

In recent years Savannah has begun to wake up to almost a thorough realization of her possibilities. If she keeps on at the gait of the past two years it is quite possible she will soon rank as a modern city.

The city is very proud of her water depth. The true status of this varies; some of the captains whose barks have gone on the mud flats near the city, swear fluently and frequently that nothing larger than a coal barge can enter with safety, but when the tide is high, it's different.

All Savannah flocks to Tybee Island every summer; some of it goes back in the undertaker's wagon, and some of it never shows up again after the "dip."

A very large part of the city's real estate was laid out in parks, and many aldermanic hearts have ached at this waste of valuable space.

In polities the methods of Tammany Hall are not unknown, and it has even been said some of the politicians-for-revenue-only have have "gone North" to study the Tiger at close range.

Savannah is a curious blending of the new with the old; real estate has not yet begun to be sold by the ounce, hence the absence of any large number of sky-scrapers, but the natives have

hopes. A number of passenger steamers ply between that port and Northern points, which makes it convenient for tourists.

These latter arrive in large numbers in the winter and visit the cemetery, the docks, and other points of interest, besides filling up on the scenery.

The people of Savannah are charming, as all Southern people are. Divorce statistics are very low, and an air of peaceful domesticity broods over the whole place.

As a cure for ennui and an incentive to lead a beutter life, Savannah runs a monastery a close race.

Ready for Work at the Same Old Stand —Baltimore *Sun*

(Cannon Offers Himself for Re-election as Speaker)

SOME REMINISENCES FROM MEN ON THE FIRING LINE

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veterans will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read.

This month we give three tales, all of the same period, but each differing. The tragedy of D. M. Breaker's story was too often repeated, and its narrative will strike many a responsive chord.

The others are "camp-fire" memories," simple and well told.

We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—THE EDITOR.]

"When I Failed"

AFTER the battle of Secessionville, military operations on James Island were comparatively quiet for some time, and that portion of the Confederate Army to which I was attached had an easy time. In fact, there was nothing to do, except the routine duties of camp life, and maintain a watch on the enemy, who hovered near.

And, as might be expected, discipline became lax. It was quite easy to obtain a furlough; men were allowed to go home and attend to their private affairs, and occasionally a man was overdue before he returned. Under these circumstances, Jim Clark, whose home was somewhere near Georgetown, obtained a furlough to go home, and while there one of the lieutenants of his company went home to the same neighborhood. As soon as Clark heard of his arrival, he went to him and told him "That he had not quite finished what he wanted to do, and could he not remain a day or two over time?" The officer thought it would be all right. So Clark remained and completed his work, and then returned to camp and reported for duty.

In the meantime the General Commanding had decided that this state of things must be stopped. So Clark was placed under arrest and tried as a deserter, and sentenced to be shot! Poor, honest Clark! who never shirked a duty, and thought he was doing right, must be made an example of!

When the day of execution arrived, I never suffered more keenly than when the funeral cortege passed near my tent, with only a hedge to hide the procession from view. I could hear the rumble of the cart that bore the doomed man to the place where he was to die. The doleful sounds of the dead march fell upon my ears with painful acuteness. Quite fortunately I was not required to attend him, this duty having fallen to another. I had faced death many times, men had been killed on my right and on my left, but see Jim Clark shot! *I just couldn't do it.*

I know that I am a brave man, because I have gone into the fight when I did not have to go, and have been as calm in the midst of carnage as if there was no danger; I have gone over the battlefield, when I could have walked on the dead bodies without touching the ground, without a tremor of nerve. As an officer, I never sent a man where I would not go myself; but I could not see Clark shot as a deserter, when I knew he did not mean to do wrong.

That was when I failed.

Kissimme, Fla. D. M. BREAKER.

From a Private in Company F, 14th Ga., to a Captain of Hill's Corps

My Dear Captain:—I have just read your description of the great battle of the Wilderness, of May 4, 5, 6, 1864, and in which Thomas' brigade, Willcox's division and A. P. Hill's corps, all took part.

When we broke camp in the early morning of May 4th we marched six miles north, which brought us to the Wilderness and facing Grant's mighty forces. The battle began between three and four o'clock in the afternoon and raged until after dark had fallen, and we lay on our guns. The battle lines were about forty yards apart; the next morning the battle began before sunrise.

In the engagement which followed we were pitted against the corps of Gen. Haley, of the Union forces, while our corps and the Hill corps were stationed in front of Gen. Lee's headquarters.

Our dead included Col. Folsom and six privates, besides many wounded. We had fought continuously since three o'clock of the evening before, and our men who fell were shot to pieces, but we held our ground. About ten o'clock I heard some one say Longstreet's corps was coming, and I saw Gen. Longstreet riding in front of his command; he was wounded, and as he was brought in some of your command said: "Get out of the way and let the backbone of Lee's army try what they can do!" I can remember the mighty shout that went up when your command went into action, and we helped you break the Yankee lines and chase the Yankees a mile or so. I remember Gen. Longstreet rode a sorrel horse. I wasn't the only one who was glad to see your corps arrive, as Hill's command had certainly suffered enough before you arrived.

Scott, Ga. J. E. Meadows.

He Saw Service With General Lee and "Stonewall"

I am one of three boys who, in 1861, ran away from his widowed mother and joined my brothers in Lee's army in Virginia. I was barely sixteen years old. Soon afterwards one of my brothers, an officer, was taken with typhoid fever and was sent to Lynchburg, Va., and I was sent with him to wait on him. We were at a private house, and we were there some three months. He was ever a physical wreck afterwards, and had to resign. When he was able to travel I was sent home with him. One brother, who had served in the Mexican War, was killed at Malvern Hill; the other served through the war and surrendered at Appomattox, 1865.

On account of my youth I was sent home several times. I was at the battle of Fredericksburg, and have had the pleasure since (not then) of knowing I saw the two great Southern leaders, Gen. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, in that battle, where we wiped up the earth with Burnside. The Yanks were shelling the woods where my command was in line among some tall hickories. Gen. Lee, on old Traveler, came riding down the line alone, going towards where the battle was on in earnest. Every brigade cheered him as he passed. The shells were tearing through the tops of those hickories. He was in a slow canter. Sitting up straight in his saddle, he returned the salutations simply by catching his hat in the crown and raising it; the cause, it being a damp, foggy morning. He paid no attention to those shells. About five minutes afterwards here comes old Stonewall alone, his cap, or hat, off and his horse going at full speed in the direction that Gen. Lee took. We supposed he was after Lee for something, we knew not what—and of all the Rebel yells, the boys gave it to old Stonewall; and halloing, "Here is old Stonewall!

Go it, Stonewall! Old bald head knows something!" etc., etc.

This picture has ever been impressed on my then youthful mind. After this, on account of my youth, I was discharged, but again enlisted within thirty days, and served in the Department of Georgia, South Carolina and Florida through the war, and surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. I will state that I am a seventh son and never saw my father; have always been the baby, and was badly spoiled. Returned home from Greensboro, and married my gall before I was twenty-one. In October we will reach our 45th milestone on the road of life, both still healthy and able to work, she three years my junior.

Now, as you opened your pages to the old soldiers, I will write you, if you approve, some of the closing scenes of the war, from Savannah to Greensboro, our marches through the Carolinas, the battles, the armistice, surrender, etc., that probably never was in history.

Bridgeboro, Ga. O. J. Cotter.

Second Thoughts of a Minute Philosopher

WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

Appetite makes men happy tight.

—

Uncle Sam has come to his right census.

—

The Sugar Trust is the light-weight champion.

—

Roosevelt would be our next President if Europe could vote.

—

A fortunate jail-bird is he who can sing himself free with the coming of spring.

—

The corrupt politician who pays two dollars each for a few hundred votes will make it all back when he sells his own for a couple of thousand.

The end of some men's political term should be the beginning of their political terminal.

—

It is a wise precaution on the part of explorers to lecture first and present their proofs afterward.

—

Some people's idea of putting money into circulation is to let it describe a circle from one pocket around into the other.

—

Roosevelt had the courage to shoot lions in Africa, but Taft was brave enough to take a shot at the Suffragists in Washington.

—

Hearst must figure that even one-tenth of the damages from one-tenth of the guilty editors must leave him a little the Gaynor.

FABLES OF THE FOOLISH

W. B. KERR

The Wolf and The Trust

HERE was once a Wolf that was larger and stronger than his brother Wolves and, consequently, secured the choicest bits of Food. But he was not satisfied with this. He wanted to be the Only Wolf, and, although there was Game enough for all, he deliberately killed the remainder of the Pack and lived in Savage Solitude, with Surfeit and Loneliness the Reward of his Greed.

And there was once a Corporation that was larger and more cunning than its Rivals and consequently got a larger share of Business. But it was not satisfied with this. It wanted to be the Only Corporation handling its Product, and, although there was Business enough for all, it deliberately set about killing off its Competitors. It forced Rebates from Railroads, thereby enhancing its Profits and enabling it to Under-sell its Rivals. It bribed Public Officials, to secure Valuable Franchises and to get Immunity from Prosecution for its Crimes. It used Espionage, Threats, Trickery, The Boycott and many other Underhanded Practices in order to get its Rivals' Customers and build up a vast Business on the Wrecked Fortunes and Ruined Lives of its Competitors. One by one it crushed out all Opposing Organizations and became an Arrogant, Inhuman, Law-defying Monopoly, with a Record of Corruption and a Heritage of Hate. And like the Wolf, the Corporation Owners called it the Survival of the Fittest.

Moral: The Survival of the Fittest is the Survival of the Selfish.

The Gardner and The Musician

There was once a Gardener who would grow nothing but Beans, so had but one Crop to depend upon. His Beans were very fine, but sometimes the Bean Market was overstocked and then he lost Money. The People called him a Fool for putting all his Eggs in one Basket.

And there was another Man who would do nothing but play the Violin. At this he was an Artist, but he could do no useful Labor and without his Fiddle or among People who did not appreciate his Talent, he was a Nonentity.

He knew nothing of Business Matters and only the supervision of Honest Friends prevented him from losing the Money he made. He never studied Public Questions, so voted wrong—when he voted at all. He gave no thought to Civic or Social Conditions, and consequently, no impetus to Improvement or aid to Reform. He ignorantly violated Hygienic Laws and then expected Physicians to keep Him in Health. He cared for nothing outside of Music and could talk intelligently of nothing else, so he was a poor Associate. He lived only for his Art, so his Married Life was a failure. He spent no time in Religious Thought nor gave any help to Mankind, but joined the neares Church with the expectation that his Pastor would somehow get him into Heaven. All he could do was to fiddle, and being blinded by his Talent, the People called this Unbalanced Individual who put all his time on one Talent a Successful Man.

Moral: Balance is better than one-point excellence.

The Greedy Child and the Grasping Men

At a Children's Picnic there was set up a Merry-go-round with twenty-four Seats. It was moved by the Children, themselves, and when twelve of them had turned it for five Minutes, they each received one of the twenty-four Tickets entitling them to a ten-minute Ride. One greedy Boy worked continuously receiving Ticket after Ticket, but as he took no Rides, some of the Seats were unoccupied and some Children had to work longer to receive a Ticket. In time, he had over half of the Tickets and then the Children abandoned the Merry-go-round in disgust, and the Greedy One found that in addition to depriving his Playmates of enjoyment, he had only fifteen bits of useless Pasteboard as a return for all his Toil.

And there was once a Country where the Government issued Certificates of Service to its Citizens for every hour of Work they did. These Certificates could be exchanged for any Commodity or Service of equal worth, but they had no value in themselves, so only those who exchanged them got an Equivalent for their Work. But certain Grasping Men hoaded their Certificates, thereby causing a Scarcity which, in turn, raised the Value of the Certificates and lowered the Value of All Else. Thus everyone was compelled to give more Goods and longer Service for the same number of Certificates, and the Common People worked harder and harder and received less and less Return. Even the Accumulators worked hard because of their Greed, but to what end? They had nothing to show for it but thousands of useless Certificates or Checks—useless because they wouldn't cash them on Earth, and couldn't cash them in the Hereafter.

Moral: It's a Merry-go-round when the Money goes 'round, but a Million saved is a Million lost.

The Government

Some countries have rulers born to them, some secure rulers by election, and some have rulers thrust on them by other countries, but every nation is afflicted with a governing class—people who have an inclination to boss and a disinclination to engage in any useful labor. In this country we have a Congress to make laws, a Supreme Court to declare them unconstitutional, and an Executive Department to prosecute the criminal rich when the statute of limitation has expired. These duties are conscientiously performed.

Congress consists of a House of Representatives and a Senate of Misrepresentatives, the former elected by the common people and the latter by the preferred people. Some Congressmen are brought up by hand, but the majority are machine-made.

The Supreme Court consists of nine justices appointed for life with no time off for good behavior. The Court usually agrees to disagree by the score of five to four, so the odd judge rules the U. S. Unlike a base ball umpire, the judge can change his mind over night, if his supper disagrees with him.

The Executive Department consists of the President, who is the head; the Vice-President, who is a figurehead; and a Cabinet of presidential timber in which are locked many secrets. The President and his Cabinet meet once a week to decide when a war scare would be of service to the party in power and what would be the political effect in the West, if the President should confess he couldn't milk a cow.

Great is Government! It makes laws for us to obey, levies taxes for us to pay, and creates corporations on us to prey. How could we do without it?

The President

The head of the Government is a man who thinks he is right because he is President. To prove it, he takes credit

for everything that pleases the people and blames his mistakes on his advisors or his private secretary. That is what advisors and secretaries are for.

A President can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, and make campaign promises that sound good enough to be true. Otherwise, he would never be elected. Some Presidents have arrived by the Vice-Presidential route, but they are not proud of the fact. Being Vice-President is not exactly a vice, but it is a bad habit and most statesmen try to avoid contracting it.

The duty of a President is to build up a political machine that will re-elect him and keep his party in power. To this end, he spends his time traveling around in a palatial train, speaking and eating his way into the hearts of his countrymen. He is all things to all men and says nice things to the women. He is the Government's halo and must know everything that is known, say everything that has been said, do everything that has been done, and eat anything that can be eaten. It requires a strenuous tongue and the digestion of an ostrich.

As the resident of the White House, the President must be an expert in the use of the whitewash brush, and he is sometimes called upon to repair damages to the character of his Cabinet and furniture. He must also send a yearly message to Congress telling them what he thinks they don't know. It is quite a lengthy document. After a President is out of office, he can live on his reputation or go hunting at a dollar a word. There are worse jobs than the Presidency.

The Senate

The Senate is a small body of dry statesmen entirely surrounded by money. A seat in the Senate sometimes costs more than a seat in the Stock Exchange, but then there is less risk. A *bull* is seldom heard on the floor of the Senate and the *bears* do nothing but growl, but to be on the safe side, one Senator carries a pitchfork.

Most Senators are long on dignity and short on humor, and make stock quotations from classical authors while keeping close watch on their tape—which is red. High-sounding phrases—legal preferred—are in constant demand, but the Senators take little stock in things common, a share of common sense being looked upon with suspicion. Wall street operators, they have great regard for the rights of property and little regard for the rights of people, "For no man can serve two masters."

The Senate has been called the American House of Lords, but the House of Lords is ornamental. The average Senator would hardly capture a beauty prize, but he can talk as long as a woman—and usually does. Not even Aldrich can prevent a Senator from talking, but the Boss can wear cotton in his ears or go out and take a drink. Then when the Senator has recited Webster's Dictionary, the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Robinson Crusoe, Aldrich comes back and tells him how to vote. A Senatorship is a *speaking* part.

Few Senators wish to be elected by the people, and few could. They have no confidence *in* the people, so cannot command the confidence *of* the people. "In God we trust," but in trust Senators, we distrust.

The House

The House of Representatives is a large body of "quitters" overawed by Cannon. A few Insurgents shoot sarcasms at the Speaker, but the majority meekly surrender and sell their elective rights for a Committee Assignment and a mess from the "pork barrel."

When Congress assembles, the Representatives proceed to elect a Speaker they don't want and adopt rules that will prevent them doing what their

constituents want them to do. This shows a high degree of intelligence, for who can blame the House for failing to do what the Speaker refused to let it do? Besides, having delegated his law-making power to the Speaker, the Representative can then give his undivided attention to the writing of a thrilling work of fiction entitled, "The Biography of Congressman Blang." This story will run serially in the Congressional Record and his constituents should be satisfied if the Congressman remembers them with a campaign document and a package of pop-eyed peas.

The House members meet at noon and the Speaker either calls them to order or out of order—usually the latter. Then some one makes a motion and that is a signal for a fight. They fight with adjectives and invectives, the shorter and uglier words being barred by parliamentary rules. The Speaker is a remarkable referee—being both near-sighted and far-sighted. He cannot see an Insurgent who is present and wants to make a speech on Tariff Revision, but he can recognize a Stand Patter who is asleep in his hotel and determine by telepathy that the slumbering statesman wants to make a speech on The Divinity of Protection. It is all in knowing how.

Congress takes itself seriously, but it will be an unlucky day for Congress when the *people* take it seriously.

The Tariff

The levying of tariff duties is an ingenious method of taxing the people while they are not looking. In other words, it is painless taxation, but—like the gas given by a dentist—the soothing indirect method adds to the expense and, in addition, gives the Trusts an opportunity of picking our pockets while we are *un*sensible. Of course, no Trust would think of doing anything so reprehensible, but it is truly amazing that a Christian nation will allow this insidious temptation placed day after day before the innocent eyes of our poor little infant industries. Even a heathen nation would know better—but then a heathen isn't necessarily a fool.

A tariff bill is written by the House, re-written by the Senate, and underwritten by the Trusts. It is a very humorous composition and contains many jokers. The various schedules are arranged to suit the Interests, for if the foolish consumers were consulted there wouldn't be any tariff. As an Interest has no interest in anything but its own interest, a tariff bill is a compromise, in which, to secure protection for his own particular industry, the owner agrees to pay a tax on the products of 3,999 others. He can well afford to, but the consumer pays a tax on all of them for the mere privilege of not knowing when he does it. Thus everybody gets something he either wants or doesn't want.

Here is a model tariff bill:

For the Lumber Trust, a duty on lumber.

For the Sugar Trust, a duty on sugar.

For "In God we trust," Rely on the Big Stick.

For other Godless trusts, duties on their products.

For the consumer, free lemons.

For President Taft, free 'possums.

For Near-President Bryan, Free Silver—teaspoons.

For ex-President Roosevelt, free hides—elephant hides; also, a tax on foreign babies, to protect our infant industry.

KNOWLEDGE OF GREEK AND LATIN NOT ESSENTIAL.

DEAR SIR:—Do you think it essential for a young man who expects to practice law, to follow up the course in Latin and Greek? Explain fully.

Have most of our successful men studied Latin?

What is a good book on Political Economy, and where can it be purchased?

Thanking you in advance for answering the above,

Yours respectfully, OSCAR HUMPHRIES.

Demorest, Ga.

ANSWER.

1. In my judgment there is hardly a more pathetic spectacle of misdirected energy and misspent time than is presented in the teaching of the two dead languages, Latin and Greek, to our boys and girls. The Pedagogue is simply following in a rut, and it seems to be impossible to prize him out of it. The stale excuse given for teaching Latin and Greek in our schools and colleges is an insult to common sense. Those who defend this antiquated method of training the youthful intellect contend that the mental exercise is sufficient to make the study of Latin and Greek beneficial. Why could not the same mental exercise be devoted to the learning of French or German? Why could not the same mental exercise be had in the study of Political Economy, and of the relation between laws and the condition of the people?

Most of our boys and girls come out of college with their heads full of impractical rubbish, and without that knowledge of the world and the actualities of citizenship that they should derive from any good system of education.

Nobody talks Latin and Greek; nobody reads books in them; nobody remembers it two years after he leaves college. These languages are not necessary to the perusal of the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature, for these have all been translated and which are accessible, in cheap bindings, for anybody who wants them.

It seems to me that it would be entirely possible and immensely beneficial to work out some simple system of education which would fit our boys and girls for practical life.

Any course of education which omits a thorough study of history, and the effects of legislation upon the general condition of the country, is fatally defective.

The men who are expected to vote, and therefore govern the Republic, come out of college with a diploma certifying to their graduation; and yet those very men are unable to tell you anything concerning the cause and effect of the commonest events in the world's history. They are not taught in the right way the history of our own country. They do not know why our forefathers came here and established this particular form of government. They have not been instructed in the fundamental principles which underlie our Republican form of government. They have not been told how the tariff, the transportation and the financial systems affect the individual citizen.

The only Institutions in America, which are training the minds of the young men on questions of government, are those endowed by such men as Rockefeller and Carnegie. These long-headed dollar-chasers are trying to poison the very fountain heads of political opinion in America, and no institutions are being founded to counteract the fatal influence of the Rockefeller and Carnegie instruction.

Just as the Catholic tells the truth when he says, "If you will give me the first few years of a child's life we will so train the mind of the child that nobody can ever shake his faith in the Catholic creed," so Rockefeller and Carnegie, and other men of their sort, are seizing hold of the youthful, plastic minds in order that in the future the most intellectual boys and girls of this country will honestly believe that legislation which creates such fortunes, as those of Rockefeller and Carnegie, is beneficial to this Republic. *One of the most ominous signs of the times is this poisoning of the brains of our young people by such far-seeing schemers, as Rockefeller and Carnegie.* They are not only planning and preparing to educate our young people into the belief that class legislation is good for the country, but they intend to educate the negro into the belief that he is entitled to political and social equality with the white people; and by admitting negro students into the white colleges, which they have established, *they are training the*

white boys and girls to believe what they are teaching the negro to believe.

Any man who fails to see how terrible this danger is, must be blind to the tendencies of this era.

2. The most successful men this country ever produced knew little of Latin and Greek, and cared less for it.

Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson were far more potent in shaping our government than Webster and Calhoun were; and neither Clay nor Jackson knew a blessed thing about Latin or Greek.

Patrick Henry started the ball of the Revolution which gave us independence of Great Britain; and he knew nothing about Latin and Greek. Considering his resources, Gen. N. B. Forrest was one of the most successful soldiers of the Civil War, and he had almost no education at all. The same may be said of Zachary Taylor, who made such a brilliant reputation during the Mexican War.

3. Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations", is the great text book on Political Economy. John Stuart Mill is also a standard authority on the subject. In order that the speakers and writers might have in a one-volume book all the information and statistics necessary and the discussion of such questions I have prepared the Hand Book of Politics and Economics, which you will see advertised in both of the JEFFERSONIANS. T. E. W.

AS TO THOSE JEWS WHO WERE BAPTIZED IN THE TIBER.

DEAR SIR:—I am very much interested in everything you write. I got your "Napoleon" from the library and have just finished it. It is by far the finest biography I ever read. On page 222 you make this statement: "The liberty tree was thrown down, an immense cross set up in its place, many liberals put to death, in spite of Ferdinand's pledge to the contrary, and a few Jews baptized in the Tiber."

Some smart person, evidently a girl, has been reading the same book. On the margin she has written the following comment:

"This would-be historian makes me tired. Baptized in the Tiber! Why not be plain? Drowned in the Tiber is what is meant."

It is just a little obscure to me, but I know you mean baptized. Can you give me just a little light?

With best wishes, W. L. BROWN.
St. Louis, Mo.

ANSWER.

When a painstaking student has consulted practically every authority obtainable, and has then given to the world a statement of facts concerning any historical event, the presumption is that he knows whereof he speaks.

On account of its radical democracy, "The Story of France" aroused a storm of criticism on its first appearance. Every flaw that could be found was eagerly siezed upon and exaggerated. No one, however, questioned the statement concerning those Jews. That this girl should do so merely proves how quick some people are to jump at conclusions. Had she paused to reflect upon the subject, it would have occurred to her that the Royalist troops of the King of Naples marched to Rome to kill Italian *Republicans*. The Israelites were not taking any part in the Revolution, and the Royalists had no motive to drown them.

When soldiers attack and storm a city, they don't waste time carrying the enemy to the river. Those whom they come to butcher, they massacre on the spot, with bullet or sword or bayonet.

Allison, the Royalist historian, omits all mention of the murders of Italian Republicans by King Ferdinand's troops. Like most Royalist historians, Allison makes the most of the crimes of peoples, and extenuates, or neglects altogether, the crimes of churches and kings.

The most scholarly and most recent authority upon the subject under discussion is "A History of Modern Europe," by C. A. Fyffe, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford, and Vice President of the Royal Historical Society. The work was first brought out in London in 1880. I quote from the revised edition of 1896. On page 116, the following words are found:

"The King of Naples entered Rome on the 29th November. The restoration of religion was celebrated by the erection of an immense cross in the place of the tree of liberty, by the immersion of several Jews in the Tiber, by the execution of a number of compromised persons, whose pardon the king had promised, and by a threat to shoot one of the sick French soldiers in the hospital for every shot fired by the guns of St. Angels. Intelligence was despatched to the exiled Pontiff of the discomfiture of his enemies. 'By the help of the divine grace,' wrote King Ferdinand, 'and of the most miraculous St. Januarius, we have today with our army entered the sacred city of Rome, so lately profaned by the impious, who now fly terror-stricken at the sight of the Cross and of my arms. Leave, then, your Holiness, your too modest abode, and on the wings of cherubim, like the virgin of Loreto, come and descend upon the Vatican, to purify it by your sacred presence.' A letter to the King of Piedmont, who had already been exhorted by Ferdinand to encourage his peasants to assassinate French soldiers, informed him that 'the Neapolitans, guided by General Mack, had sounded the hour of death to the French, and proclaimed to Europe, from the summit of the Capitol, that the time of the Kings had come.'"

If you will reflect for a moment, it will occur to you that the Royalists troops baptized these Jews out of a mere horse-play indulgence of racial hatred. They knew that the Israelites,

thus maltreated, would feel as great a mortification over the outrage as would a Hindu Buddhist if you compelled him to eat a piece of steak; or a rigid Mohammedan if you compelled him to drink intoxicating liquors; or a true Christian, if you forced him to spit upon the Cross. The soldiers probably didn't take any pains to fish out the unfortunate Jews whom they had "immersed"; but the Tiber is such a little creek, compared to one of our real rivers, that a man who couldn't swim out, even after being thrown in, doesn't deserve to stay on top.

If our friend Brown can locate that feminine critic of mine, and prevail upon her to read this answer, she may become more tired than ever. T. E. W.

PRACTICE THE BEST TEACHER OF JOURNALISM.

DEAR SIR:—Believing that you are a true friend of the class that are striving to do the right thing in this old world of ours, and believing that you are actuated in your efforts only from a desire to carry out the Divine command: "Bear ye one another's burdens," I take the liberty of asking you for a little information, if you will kindly pardon the selfish motive. I am a young man with a very limited education, most of which I possess being received in a country print shop. A little experience in the editorial department has led me to believe that if I had a good education or a course of special training in that line, I could develop into a writer of slight ability. I have written several articles that were widely copied by the rural press and favorably commented upon by the Montgomery Advertiser, Birmingham News and one or two other prominent dailies, but somehow or other I lack something in my make-up, and if it isn't education, why I don't know what it is. Do you think that a special course in journalism would materially benefit me, and could you give me the address of a reliable institution that teaches it by mail? Do you think that after this year rural delivery mail routes will be let out by contract, under the same system that star routes are now awarded? Do you think that at its next session Congress will pass a parcels post bill? I am at present a rural mail carrier, but in case that the contract system were to be inaugurated I would like to be prepared to hold down some other good job, as I could not afford to perform that service at any lower price than is now being paid. I would appreciate your answer to these questions in the first edition of The Jeffersonian that you can spare the space and feel so inclined to give them your kind attention.

I note much comment upon the assertion that you have "returned" to the Democratic party. I am too young to know much about politics, but it seems to me that the Democratic party has returned to you. If I correctly understand your editorials, you are struggling for the same principles that you have always advocated. It seems to be the parties that have wavered to and fro on their courses, and not you.

Pardon my intrusion upon your valuable time—for I know you are a very, very busy man, and please don't think that the purpose of this letter is to get its writer before the public through the columns of The Jeffersonian.

With best wishes, I beg to remain. Very respectfully yours, A. L. PATE.

August 10, 1910.

ANSWER.

Mr. J. L. Pate, Hartford, Ala.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sorry that I am unable to say anything, upon my own knowledge, by way of endorsement for the plan of teaching journalism by correspondence. It seems to me that this profession, like that of law, would have to be acquired by actual practice.

If you could secure a position on some newspaper and work yourself up you could soon decide whether or not you had a talent for journalistic work.

As to the change in law, to which you refer: It would be impossible for me to say; my opinion, however, is, the next Congress will pass a parcels post bill.

AS TO ENLISTMENTS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.

DEAR SIR:—Please name a book in which is given the total number of enlistments in the Confederate army from 1861 to the close of the war. What was the white population of the Confederate States in 1861?

If the information asked for cannot be obtained from any one publication, will you kindly prepare a table giving the information desired?

Many people in the North question the statement made by Gen. Gordon that only 600,000 men were called into service by the Confederate Government from Sumter to Appomattox, and I wish to settle a dispute, which I am unable to do unless the facts can be obtained from one who knows, and I think that you do know.

An early reply in either of your publications will confer a favor on

Yours very truly, A. A. WATSON.

ANSWER.

The following statistics are taken from Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," Appendix P.

The number of individuals who served during the war is estimated as follows:

Number who died during the war	304,360
Number who were discharged for disability	285,545
Deserters (less those arrested and 25 per cent. additional)	128,352

One-third of those serving terms of less than one year (estimated that two-thirds thereof re-enlisted)-----	104,134
One-half of those serving more than one year and less than two years (estimated that one-half re-enlisted)	224,053
Number in the service May 1, 1865---1,000,516	
Total-- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- --2,046,969	
Add number in regular army at commencement of the war-- -- -- --	16,422
Aggregate number of different individuals who served during the war - -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- --2,063,391	

There are no records which give with accuracy the number of men in the Confederate Army. The general aggregate for the four years is, upon the best authority attainable, placed at one million one hundred thousand men (1,100,000). The maximum number of men on the Confederate Army rolls at any one time is estimated at five hundred thousand. The irregular manner in which the men were conscripted during the last two years of the war, taken in connection with the loss of records, makes it impossible to give accurate statements of the numbers furnished by the several States.

T. E. W.

THE EMPTINESS OF TENNYSON'S "TITLE."

DEAR SIR:—Will you please tell me, through the Educational Department of your WATSON'S MAGAZINE, what is the meaning of the title "Lord", as applied to the poet Tennyson. I have heard preachers quote both Tennyson and Lord Tennyson in their sermons, and I have observed that "Lord Tennyson" comes in about as often as the simple "Tennyson."

I read in Eugene Parsons' biography of Tennyson that the poet was "created a peer of the realm January 24, 1884, with the title, Baron of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight." If I understand the language of the biographer, the poet was given the title of Baron, and not of Lord.

I have a volume of Tennyson published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, which has on the fly-leaf the words, "The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson." And right here is where I want you to explain again. Granted that the poet's correct title was Lord, it seems to me it was put in the wrong position—that is, it should come just before the Christian name, Alfred. Surely we should not speak of "The Speeches of Champ Hon. Clark" nor "The Addresses of Grover Hon. Cleveland."

Thanking you in advance for the information requested, I am

Yours respectfully, "STUDENT."
Buckatuma, Miss.

ANSWER.

We quite agree with the young man that there is something absurd about alluding to Tennyson as "Alfred, Lord Tennyson". This snobbery evidently proceeds from the poet's family. They appear to be prouder of a fourth-rate title than of Tennyson's imperishable genius. They make themselves ridiculous by trying to make the world forget Tennyson, one of the immortals. It would be just as nonsensical in Shakespeare's descendants to ask the world to quit calling him Shakespeare and to take up the name, "William, Lord Shakespeare." Robust manliness and sound commonsense are not as universal as they might be.

T. E. W.

THE SUCCESSOR OF JEFF DAVIS IN SENATE.

DEAR SIR:—Please answer the following:

(1.) Who filled Jefferson Davis's place in the Senate?

(2.) Did Thad Stevens's daughter marry a chief of the Ku Klux Klan?

(3.) Is twenty-one too old to begin the study of law?

(4.) What is the best and cheapest book company in the United States?

Trusting you will answer in one of the JEFFS, I remain

A subscriber, COOPER REYNOLDS.

ANSWER.

(1.) When Jefferson Davis withdrew from the Senate his position was, of course, not held by any one else until after the war. Afterwards his place was filled for a time by carpet-baggers and negroes.

(2.) Thad Stevens was an old bachelor. He was said to live with a mulatto woman, but he never married, and if he had any daughters they were not acknowledged. Certainly none of them married a chief of the Ku Klux Klan. People should remember that Tom Dixon and other writers of novels do not pretend to give facts, about the persons whom they use in telling a story.

(3.) A man 21 years old is just about old enough to begin the study of law. Those who commence earlier, frequently regret that they did so.

(4.) It would be impossible to say. I place many orders with the Burrows Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio, and the Union Library Association, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. T. E. W.

ABOUT "THE CRIME OF '73."

DEAR SIR:—I have heard a great deal about the "crime of '73"; how that the silver dollar was "demonetized," and read a great deal about it, too, but I have never yet seen the law that "demonetized" it. I have the law of 1873, which has 67 sections, and I have failed to find where the silver dollar was demonetized, and I would be pleased for you to advise me where I can find the authority that silver was demonetized in 1873, February 12. I have studied this

money question for over thirty years, and I have not seen any law that demonetized the silver dollar among all the documents that I have in my possession. I read the clipping in your issue of July 28th, from the Houston Union Guide. If the silver dollar was demonetized I want to know when, and I have no doubt others would like to know, too.

No. Franklin, Conn. J. C. VALLETTS.

ANSWER.

In the Act of 1873, revising our statutes on money and coinage, the standard silver dollar of our daddies was dropped from the list of coins in which a legal tender could be made. The amount of debt that could be paid at one time in silver was limited to five dollars.

Section 3586 of the Revised Statutes of the United States for 1873 and 1875 (page 712) reads as follows:

"The silver coins of the United States shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding five dollars in any one payment."

(It is only fair that I should give the credit to S. S. Hite, of Fitzgerald, Ga., for finding me this statute.) T. E. W.

HOW NATIONAL BANKS PROTECT GOVERNMENT FUNDS.

DEAR SIR:—Plase answer through the Magazine the following: When a National bank surrenders its charter and calls for the bonds that secured its circulation, in what way is government protected? if from any cause fifty or ninety thousand dollars of its, say one hundred thousand dollars of circulation cannot be found? I think I fully understand the enormity of our system, except this phase of it.

Yours respectfully, A. F. WALSH.

Grigsley, Kansas.

ANSWER.

In case of the loss of National Bank currency, provision is made for the issuance of new notes. Of course these new notes have to be presented for the release of the bonds.

T. E. W.

OPEN LETTERS TO PRESIDENT TAFT.

MR. PRESIDENT:—Your desire to bind the North and the South together in the bonds of true fraternity is highly commendable, and is much stronger evidence of the kindness of your heart than of the soundness of your judgment. The plastic hands that could effect such a union would be endowed with mystic power hitherto unknown, and would deserve and receive the plaudits of the Christian world. That wonderful result would be hailed by anthropologists and casuists as no less marvelous than would the power that could mix oil and water.

Such a union has never existed, and, in the opinion of your humble servant, never will. Obstacles lie between the two sections that are insuperable and immovable. They are not simply political, nor economic, nor geographical. Were these all, they might be smoothed down by a spirit of mutual concession. The obstacles are ethnic, racial, psychic, temperamental, and I may add, historical, although the latter is a resultant of the other four combined.

But your beneficent propaganda goes a long step further than the establishment of a happy union between the two sections. Your speeches, during your recent rapid, meteoric flight through the South, show unmistakably that you desire to lead the voters of the South into the Republican party. This illustrates your blind partisan infatuation,—an infatuation so controlling that, as I shall attempt to show, it overwhelms your sense of duty to the whole country. This is a strong statement, but it is not meant as an imputation on your patriotism "as you see it." I mean that your judgment, and not your affections, is led astray to the extent that you have canonized your political party and are worshipping it as your country.

Millions of men and women in your section of our country have made that mistake. Millions of them lived and died hugging that false idol to their bosoms, and millions are still living who know no better. Their error was and is venial as compared to the same error committed by the President of the entire Union. This blunder has run through the entire administration of the Federal Government during its control by your political party since 1861. When your predecessor went into that office, as he was of half Southern blood, it was expected that he would be broad enough to cover the entire Union. The disappointment was greater than the expectation. What he did that was inflammatory and destructive, exceeded the acts of all his party predecessors. He set back the hands of the dial in the South a half century. Of him as a harmonizer and pacificator I shall speak at the proper time.

Your attitude as a propagandist, your desire to break the solid South by tolling a part of it into the Republican party, have led to some reflections which I believe may throw some light on the path you are treading as a propagandist. These reflections are the production of facts in the history of America from the date of the first immigrants from England, and of a few other facts that antedate that period as far back as the origin of all the vagaries, contradictions, enormities and persecution that are condensed into the one word "Puritan."

My purpose is to review briefly the political history of the Colonies and the States and Federal Government from the landing of the Puritans in this country down to and during your administration. My ultimate purpose is to show who and what are responsible, morally and politically, for the conditions that exist today in our rural districts, our municipal, State and Federal governments. To do this thoroughly would be a Herculean task. That I do not intend to enter upon. I believe it can be done to the satisfaction of unprejudiced minds within the compass of a few open letters.

It is necessary to begin with the Puritan as

a distinct genus. I shall briefly trace his amazing and baleful trajectory that has swept through four centuries with unabated centrifugal, disturbing and destructive force. I shall trace him from Scrooby in England to Holland; from Holland to America; from 1620 to 1787, when the Federal Constitution was formed; from 1787 to 1861, and from 1861 to the present time.

I purpose to notice the Puritan's conduct touching religion, personal liberty, the negro slave, the tariff, and the negro as a freedman.

It is very pertinent to my purpose that I review, briefly, the debate between Daniel Webster, Robert Y. Hayne and John C. Calhoun. I shall endeavor to show, not so much by my own reasoning as by Mr. Webster's "admission in open court," the fallacy of his position in that debate. It is all-important, because Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne was the torch that set the North on fire and from which blaze sprang the evil genie that was christened "Abolition." As Frankenstein dealt falsely with the laws of Nature and produced a monster that destroyed him, I will show that such was the unhappy fate of Mr. Webster. In this view will be considered the effect of Mr. Webster's speech, March 7, 1850, on "The Constitution and the Union."

I shall trace rapidly the rise of the Abolitionists, their growth and evil work that culminated in the war to abolish negro slavery. The injustice of that war I shall endeavor to locate. This question is compounded of many subjects direct and collateral, which in their varied nature, are social, ethical, commercial, moral, religious, political and legal.

I shall discuss the right or wrong of Secession, not because it is a practical issue, but because on the determination of the right or wrong of it, is involved the niche which those who defended the right of Secession and put it in action, shall occupy in the temple of Fame to be built by impartial History. There is a wide gulf between a patriot and a traitor. There is an impossible chasm between Washington and Benedict Arnold. It will be my endeavor to show that George Washington and Robert E. Lee drew their swords in defense of the same right, and stand on the same imperishable pedestal.

In order to make this contention as clear as I may be able, it is necessary that I discuss the doctrine of "State Rights"—a term that has been malodorous to the nostrils of your political party ever since it took organic form in 1835, just after Mr. Webster's declaration in reply to Hayne and Calhoun that the Constitution was not a compact between the several States, and that Secession was and is Rebellion and Revolution.

I purpose to dwell briefly on the difference in the morale of the opposing armies in the war that was fomented by the Abolitionists, prosecuted under the slogan "To save the Union," while commercialism was the real motif.

I shall, next, take up the military situation in the South that was established by a Rump Congress and continued from 1865 to 1877, through carpetbaggers, negro troops, the Freedman's Bureau, and negroes as legislators and judges in every Southern State. This involves the three last amendments to the Constitution.

I shall then record the social, moral, ethical, religious and financial status of the North from 1861, when the South retired from control of the Federal Government, to the present time. Under this head I shall group some of the salient advantages and disadvantages, temporary and permanent, that have accrued to the North and to the South. If I be not in error, it will appear that the South has been largely benefited, while the North has lost vastly in every particular. Under this head the negro at the North, and his social and racial effect on the white race there, will be considered. The contrast at the South will receive a short notice.

Mr. President, you may ask mentally why I have decided to discuss the foregoing various questions in open letters to be addressed to you. My reason, in my opinion, is complimentary to you. There is a propriety in addressing them to a Federal official, and who so fitting as the chief officer of our country? But, I have other and better reasons than that.

You are a lawyer, and you know that every lawyer, who believes he has a good case, desires to be heard by a judge of judicial temperament and of ability. Recognizing these two most valuable qualities in you, is one reason why I address you.

Another reason is that the President of the United States is the fittest person to whom any argument should be made that, in the opinion of the writer or speaker, might produce some action beneficial to the whole country, or to any section of it, because the Constitution makes it the duty of the President to recommend to Congress such measures as he thinks are best for the common good or general welfare.

Again, because, should I be so fortunate as to present but one view in favor of the South's action, you as President, having so much power, might be induced to regard the South as a part of the Union to such an extent as to entitle her to recognition in the distribution of Federal patronage. I need only cite to you the South's absence from every European, Asiatic and South American capital.

Lastly, because you are the only Republican President since 1865, who would not have turned away his ears deaf as an adder's to such views as I shall present. Excepting your immediate predecessor, the others were too near in point of time to the fury of the war, and he, though of half blood, was so biased or purblind as not to be able to see the distinction, etymologically and historically, between the words "traitor" and "secessionist."

Of one fact, Mr. President, you may be assured, that is, that you have the gratitude of the unanimous South for the firm position you have taken against the policy adopted by your predecessor in appointing negroes to office in communities that object to that policy. We regard your course as that of a broad-minded statesman, a patriot and a philanthropist. You have acted for the good of both races.

COMMUNICATED.

"GUILTY?" By John W. Arctander, L.L.D., of the Minneapolis Bar. Cochran Publishing Company, New York, publishers.

A novel in which the trial of a great law case is the main feature is always fascinating, if the story is well told. There is human interest in a battle over a great estate, or the struggle for life and liberty which naturally compels the reader to follow the narrative, as though he were actually following a trial in a Court House.

With lawyers the saying goes that the story of the trial in "Ten Thousand a Year" is the very best description of a law suit that was ever put in a book. Our readers will remember how the firm of Quirk, Gammon & Snap discovered what appeared to be a defect in a title to the estate, and how they ferreted out Tittlebat Titmouse, the apparent descendant of the owner of the estate, and how they made use of the contemptible little fellow as plaintiff in the case. The way in which Warren tells the story of the great legal contest is indeed most graphic; but the author draws too much upon the credulity of the reader when he represents the little Titmouse as becoming the accepted suitor of that proud and refined lady, and represents the haughty old aristocrat as condoning at his table the boorishness and extravagant vulgarity of Titmouse.

The success of "Ten Thousand a Year" tempted other novelists; and the French writers, such as Gaboreau, to make great hits with stories of great crimes and Court House trials.

In this country the same thing has been done, with varying success; but it always seemed to me that Mrs. Augustus J. Evans' effort in the book which she calls "At the Mercy of Tiberius" was a failure; and that Opie Reed has succeeded much better. So far as I remember, however, there is no American novel in which a murder case is handled better than in the volume now under review. There is no exaggeration, there is no melodrama, there is a true-to-life and intensely interesting description. The manner in which the progress of the case is followed to its final termination in a verdict of acquittal, was never better told. It is so true, from start to finish, that it might have actually happened, just as the author describes it. In fact it is paralleled by some of my own great murder cases, and I have no doubt that other lawyers, who have handled cases of murder, will say the same thing.

While the lawyer, Jim Barker, wins the case and liberates his client, any experienced attorney will read between the lines that, while she was entitled, under the law, to an acquittal, she was guilty. She had poisoned her old husband with strychnine, in order that she might be free to establish relations with her lover.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

8723—LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1-2 yards of 36-inch material. This negligee is a charming model of grace and comfort. The square collar that outlines the neck and extends down the front can be made quite elaborate by the addition of a little hand embroidery. The sleeve may be in the fashionable elbow length or extend to the waist. Dimity, lawn, cashmere and flannel are all effective for the making.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

5767—SOME PRACTICAL LITTLE GARMENTS FOR BABY.

There is a certain fascination about the making of the dainty little garments for the tiny baby, and where is the mother who is too busy to add just one or two more pieces to the little wardrobe? This set comprises three very useful little garments, that will not be at all difficult to make. The softest of flannel in a creamy white was selected for the kimono, the edges finished with button-holed scollop done in blue silk. It has a decided advantage over the ordinary kimono, as the sleeves and under-arm seams are so fashioned that there is no twisting of the little arms in putting it on. It simply slips on over the shoulders like a cape, and the sleeves are tied together with narrow ribbon after the garment is on. The petticoat is known as the "Gertrude", and buttons together on the shoulders. It is made with a box-pleat in front, and back, to be let out as baby grows. The diaper drawers are made of heavy Canton flannel or rubber cloth. The edge is bound with ribbon or tape, and extra fulness is provided by groups of pleats at each side of the center back. Two yards of 36-inch material will be required for the kimono and petticoat, and 5-8-yard for the drawers.

Infants Set, consisting of Kimono, Petticoat known as the Gertrude, and Diaper Drawers. No. 5767.

8728—A MOST APPROVED SHIRT WAIST MODEL.

Ladies' Shirt Waist.

This attractive design may be used for silk, light weight woolens, lingerie fabrics or such materials as chambrey and gingham. The lines are graceful and becoming, and the simple stylish leg o' mutton sleeve renders the model easy to make. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 2 3-8 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8326—SOLID COMFORT AMIDST HOUSEHOLD OR HOME DUTIES.

The attractive and becoming house dress here shown covers a long felt want, since it embodies convenience and comfort, and is easily adjusted. The waist and skirt are joined to the belt and close at the side. The sleeve may be finished in elbow length or in full length and closed at the inner seam with buttons and buttonholes. The usual cotton goods, such as gingham, percale, India linen and chambray may be used for this model. The fulness of the waist is gathered into the belt, the yoke on the back may be omitted; the skirt has nine gores and may be finished with inverted plait or gathered fulness at the center back. The pattern is cut in seven sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. It requires 9 5-8 yards of 24-inch material for the 36-inch size.

Pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8476—A SIMPLE ONE PIECE FROCK.

Child's Dress.

The simplest garments are always most becoming and in best taste for little folks, for a child should never be hampered or inconvenienced by its clothes. The dress here shown will laundry easily and is simple in design; it will develop well in wash fabrics or woolen goods. The dress closes at the side; the fulness is laid in tucks below the yoke facing. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6 years. It requires 3 1-4 yards of 27-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8648—GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS.

Suitable for a Party or for General Wear.

Developed in lawn, challis, or cashmere for usual wear, or prettily embroidered or lace trimmed for a party or like "affair" this model will be found most pleasing. The short waist in Empire style is especially attractive, and the bertha when made of lace or embroidered or trimmed in that way, forms a very elaborate decoration. Red henrietta, would look well in this design, with feather-stitching in black or self color. Or sheer batiste with lace, for a party dress. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 years, and requires 3 1-2 yards of 44-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SUGGESTION FOR A SHIRTWAIST SUIT.

Ladies' Shirtwaist 8617—Ladies' Skirt, 8600, are Here Combined.

The waist is smart-looking, and is one of the latest tailored models. It is made with groups of tucks between the Gibson pleats over the front, and the back has tucks over the center. The skirt is cut with a front panel and deep yoke portion, joined to a plaited flounce. Mohair, panama, foulard, cashmere or similar materials may be used for this design, or the skirt may be made of cloth and the waist of silk or wash materials, such as lawn, cambric or linen. The waist pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in five sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches, waist measure, and requires 5 1-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 24-inch size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each in silver or stamps.

8725—A PRETTY APRON.

Child's Apron.

Lawn, gingham, dimity, and cross-barred muslin are all suitable for the making of this little apron, which is cut with a full body gath-

ered to a short yoke and is finished with a round yoke collar. If made of lawn or dimity a ruffle of the material will make a dainty finish for the collar. The pattern is cut in 3, 5, 7, 9 years. The 5 years' size will require 2 1-2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8619—A PRACTICAL KITCHEN APRON.

Every woman whether she has to do the work about the house or not will find use for a simple, practical work apron, such as the one here pictured. It slips on and off easily and is the simplest of garments to make. Besides it is infinitely attractive and becoming, with its long lines and square cut neck. The usual apron materials are suitable for reproduction, such as linen, gingham, Holland and percale. The Medium size requires 3 3-8 yards of 36-inch material. Cut in sizes Small, Medium, Large.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8730—CHILD'S YOKE DRESS WITH FLAT OR STANDING COLLAR, AND IN HIGH OR DUTCH ROUND NECK EFFECT.

A simple effective model is here portrayed, suitable for flouncing, for lawn or linen, and equally appropriate for gingham, galatea, chambrey, or woolen fabrics. The model may be finished in the style of a French dress and worn with a sash. It may be cut with Dutch neck edge or finished with a collar. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years. It requires 2 5-8 yards of 36-inch material for the 2-year size, or 2 1-4 yards of 26-inch flouncing with 1-2 yard of plain goods 36 inches wide.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

IN WATSON'S MAGAZINE ARE BUSINESS PRODUCERS

RATES, FIVE CENTS PER WORD PER INSERTION

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

INCREASE your income by learning to make your fruit trees bear a larger fruit, a larger quantity and a better quality. Any kind of fruit. Formula and instructions, 25c. H. B. Suttles, East Point, Ga.

COMMISSION HOUSE.

WANTED—Ship your Fruits and Vegetables to Hewitt & Co., 10 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md. They will treat you right.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Two hundred and seventy-five acres, on Savannah river. Eighty acres under good cultivation and an ordinary dwelling house. For further information write to W. C. Coursey, Oliver, Ga. Route 2.

INSURANCE.

THE Georgia Home Insurance Co., of Columbus, Ga., is nearly half a century old. It is a home institution.

LEAF TOBACCO.

WRITE to Dr. Wesson, Wingo, Ky., for samples and prices of pure Leaf Tobacco.

LIVE STOCK WANTED.

SHIP your Calves, Hogs, Sheep, Lambs, etc., to the Parlor Market, 1018 Broad street, Augusta, Ga.

NURSERIES.

PECANS, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Palms, Ferns. Write for catalogue. Gainesville Nurseries, Gainesville, Fla.

OXFORD, GA.

TWO STORY, 7 room house; large lot. Adjoining this is a lot 60x200 with one little cottage on it and adjoining this is a vacant lot about 65x200, on Clark and Asbury streets. All for $2,750. Write to us about it. We have Atlanta property to exchange for farms and acreage. We "trade lots." Mutual Realty Exchange, 405 Gould building, Atlanta, Ga.

PECAN TREES.

BUDDED and grafted from choicest standard varieties. Lowest prices. The Eagle Pecan Company, Pittsview, Ala.

PRODUCE.

SHIP your chickens, eggs and country produce to a firm that will handle them successfully. Consign or write for offers. H. C. Waters, Wholesale Commission, 73 South Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

REAL ESTATE.

WE HANDLE farm, timber and mineral lands of all description. If you desire to buy or sell, address FORD & DUNN CO., Nos. 73-75 North Forsyth street, Atlanta, Ga.

TURBINE WATER WHEELS.

HIGHEST Efficiency. Both Register and Cylinder Gate. Write for catalogue. Davis Foundry & Machine Works, Rome, Ga.

WANTED—FARMS.

FARMERS wishing to rent or sell their farms, address G. C. Staley, Waycross, Ga.

SEND YOUR ORDER ON THIS BLANK

THE JEFFERSONIAN:

Find enclosed advertisement and $.....

for payment in full of.....insertions under the.....heading in Watson's Magazine.

Signed.....

Remit by money order, check or 2-cent stamps to

THE JEFFERSONIAN,
Thomson, Ga.

J. L. CARTLEDGE,
Southern Representative,
Box 336, Atlanta, Ga.

Office of Publication:
195 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.

Woman of Southern Algeria

4 SUMPTUOUS VOLUMES $1 DOWN

$1 a Month

For Only $1 Down we will ship this elegant and fascinating work to the readers of this Magazine. We know you will want it, but if you don't you may return to us and your money will be refunded. You take no risk whatever.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Every page is full of intensely entertaining reading. The work is richly, profusely illustrated. It tells the curious and interesting story of Womankind the world over.

EVOLUTION OF HER SEX	BETROTHAL	KISSING CUSTOMS
MARRIAGE RITES	BEAUTY	PHYSICAL TYPES
CLOTHING PECULIARITIES	DANCING	BURIAL CEREMONIES
WIDOWHOOD	CHILDBIRTH	SAVAGE CUSTOMS

A Work to Treasure—In the Libraries of the most particular connoisseurs

Women of All Nations

A richly illustrated story of their Characteristics, Customs, Manners, Influence. Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M.A., and N. W. Thomas, M.A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

Contributors: **Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat, Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.**

Would you know woman as she is in every clime? Would you see her every type from the dusky queen of the Fiji Islands to the beauty of the American drawing-room? Then open these pages and they will show you the women of the whole world, their dress, customs, peculiarities, etc.

Reduced Illustration
Tyrolese Girl

Some of the Subjects Treated

In its pages you may read of the beauty question—ideals compared; feminine adornments—savage and civilized; paint and powder—artificial colorings the world over; tattooing fashions—curious customs; ideas of modesty—how they vary; feminine charms—how world-wide ideals differ; love and courtship—traditions and customs; kissing customs among various races; marriage ceremonies compared; woman's sphere in tribe and nation; woman in war; women as rulers; women's work; legends of women; witchcraft; psychology of sex, etc., etc.

Reduced Illustration
Samoan Woman in Chief's Head-dress

4 Quarto Volumes
720 Half-Tone Pictures
25 Full-Page Color Plates

A Work of Prime Interest for
The Ethnological Student
The Lover of Beauty
The Student of Womanhood.

Exquisitely Bound

Each volume measures 8¼ x 11½ inches. The binding is rich red Irish Buckram, backs stamped in gold. The paper is extra heavy plate with large, clear type, edges tinted to match binding.

Lavishly Illustrated

Nearly every page is embellished with one or more beautiful half-tones, from hundreds of photographs of women, 98% of them new. There are also 25 dainty full-page color plates, each a valuable picture in itself. Several maps also accompany the text.

Special Offer to the Readers of this Magazine:

We want you to *see* this great four-volume work for we know you will be charmed with its binding, paper and printing. We want you to *dip* into its pages for we know you will be fascinated. We want you to *revel* in its profusion of pictures. The price is $15.50. Just send us $1 with the Coupon opposite and you will receive the set, carriage prepaid. Examine it five days. If you don't want it notify us and hold subject to our order. We will then refund your money. If you keep it, pay us the balance $1 a month until settled in full. (If you wish to pay cash, deduct 5%.)

CASSELL & COMPANY
Publishers 43-45 East 19th St. New York

SPECIAL COUPON FOR "Watson's Magazine" Readers

CASSELL & COMPANY (Established 1848)
43-45 East 19th Street, New York.

GENTLEMEN:—I enclose herewith $1 for which kindly send me, carriage prepaid, one complete set "Women of All Nations." It is understood I may examine this work five days, and if I do not wish to keep it I agree to notify you and hold subject to your order, and you are to refund my money. If I decide to keep it I agree to pay the balance of $14.50 in monthly instalments of $1 until settled in full.

Name .....

Address .....

New Books by Mr. Watson

Waterloo, $1.50

¶This is a thorough and intelligent account of the three days' struggle. Mr. Watson analyzes the characters of the generals in command; he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions; he searches, so far as may be, into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals, and he discusses the spirit and character of the two armies. Step by step, without haste and with unflagging interest, he resolves the confusion, "the shouting and the tumult," to an orderly sequence, a "clear-cut study of cause and effect."

Premium for 3 subscribers to either Jeffersonian, at $1.00 each

---

Life and Speeches of Thos. E. Watson $1.50

¶The Biographical Sketch was written by Mr. Watson, and the speeches selected by him. These include Literary, Labor-Day, Economic and Political addresses.

Premium for 3 subscribers to either Jeffersonian, at $1.00 each

---

Handbook of Politics and Economics $1.00

¶Contains platforms and history of political parties in the United States, with separate chapters on important legislation, great public questions, and a mass of valuable statistical information on social and economical matters. Illustrated by original cartoons by Gordon Nye.

Premium for 2 subscribers to either Jeffersonian, at $1.00 each

---

Sketches of Roman History 50c

¶The Gracchi, Marius, Sylla, Spartacus, Jugurtha, Julius Cæsar, Octavius, Anthony and Cleopatra. Pictures the struggle of the Roman people against the class legislation and privilege which led to the downfall of Rome.

Premium for 1 subscriber to either Jeffersonian, at $1.00, sent by another than the subscriber

FREE SPEECH PUNISHED!

OUR GOVERNMENT deported to Europe, as "an undesirable alien," Bishop Miraglia, of the Independent Catholic Church.

His only offence was that he had delivered several addresses, inside of church buildings, exposing the Roman hierarchy, of which he had once been a member.

Although he had been in this country for some time, and had not created any disturbance whatever, "Saponaceous Jim" Gibbons and the wily Falconio ordered him deported; and our priest-ruled government banished Bishop Miraglia without any form of trial.

This happened August 4th, 1910.

Are the Dark Ages Coming Again?