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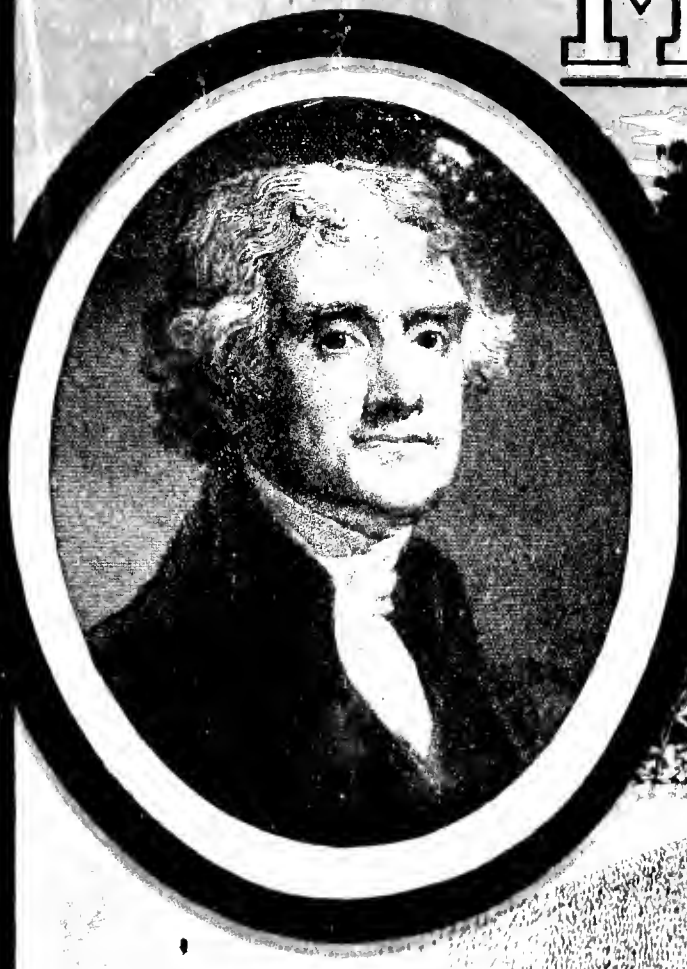
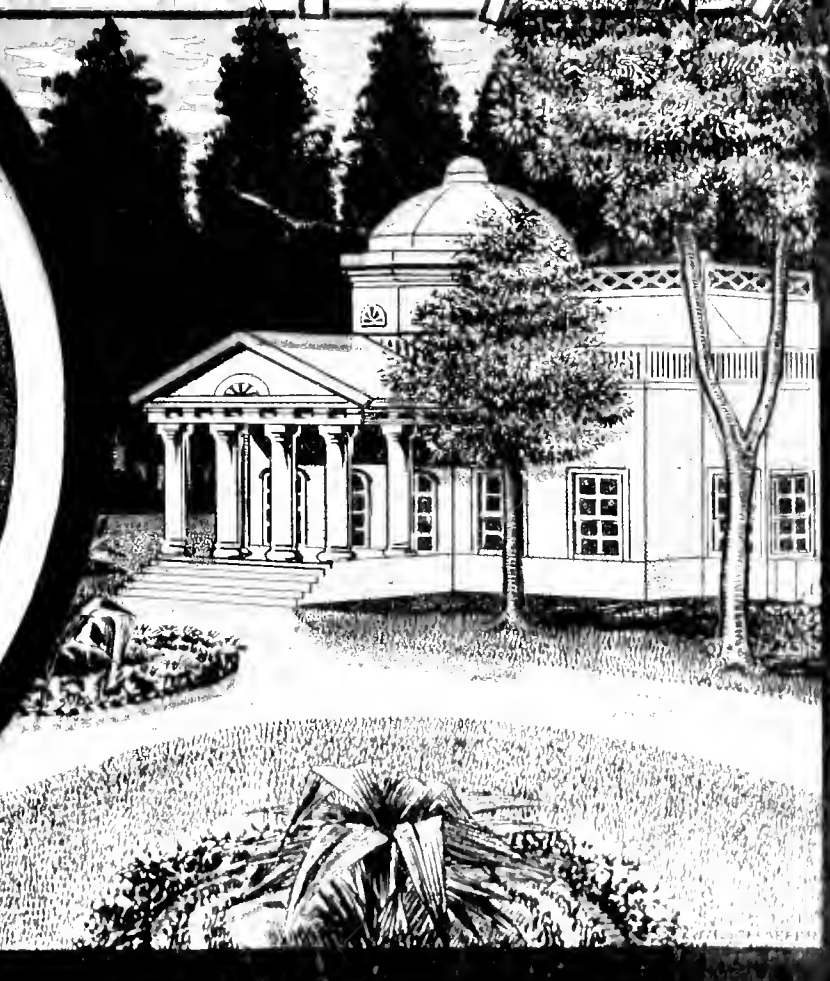
WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE





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Thomson, Georgia

Watson's Magazine

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Teach Me

Macon Earl Evans

Teach me a song of the soul, Little Bird,
With a throb of the heart surging thru.
Teach me the song that you sing to your Love
When you woo,
Little Bird,
When you woo.

Teach me the song that you warble at morn
When the first spangle sparkles the dew.
Teach me the song that you sing when your Love
Answers you,
Little Bird,
Answers you.

Teach me the song that you carol at noon
In an ecstacy wilder than flight.
Teach me the song that your Love listens to
With delight,
Little Bird,
With delight.

Teach me the song that you twitter at dusk
When the baby stars play peek-a-boo.
Teach me to sing as you sing when your Love
Flies to you,
Little Bird,
Flies to you.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

CHAPTER XI.

IN going over the original records of the pioneer Virginians, I discover a naive freshness, a wealth of detail, *a local color,* which are totally lacking in the formal histories. There are glimpses of barbaric life in primeval woods; there are "thrilling" adventures, on land and on the waters; and there are frank revelations concerning the want of forethought, of prudence, of honesty on the part of the colonists themselves.

After the departure of Captain Newport as mentioned in the last chapter, the control of a desperate situation was turned over to their Man—Captain John Smith. First of all, the colony must not starve. Something to eat must be had, at once. And as Joseph looked to Egypt for the corn, Captain Smith looked to the Indians. He knew they had it; he wanted some; and he went to get it. Read the story, in the quaint language of the Old English chronicler, Simmonds, who wrote more than 300 years ago. The place where these Indians lived is now Hampton, Virginia.

"Being but six or seven in company he went down the river to Kecoughtan; where at first they scorned him, as a famished man; and would in derision offer him a handfull of corn, a piece of bread, for their swords and muskets, and such like proportions also for their apparell. But seeing by trade and courtesy there was nothing to be had, he made bold to try such conclusions as necessity enforced, though contrary to his commission; (he) let fly his muskets, ran his boat ashore; whereat they all fled into the woods.

"So marching towards their houses, they might see great heaps of corn; much ado he had to restrain his hungry soldiers from (the) present taking of it, expecting as it happened that the Salvages (Indians) would assault them, as not long after they did with a most hydeous noise. Sixty or seventy of them, some black, some red, some white, some party-colored, came in square order, singing and dancing out of the woods, with their Okee (which was an Indian Idol made of skins, stuffed with moss, all painted and hung with chains and copper) borne before them; and in this manner, being well armed with Clubs, Targets, Bowes and Arrows, they charged the English, that so kindly received them with their muskets loaded with Pistol shot, that down

fell their god, and divers lay sprawling on the ground; the rest fled again to the woods, and ere long sent of the Quiyoughkasoucks to offer peace, and redeem their Okee.

"Smith told them, if only six of them would come unarmed and load his boat, he would not only be their friend, but restore them their Okee, and give them Beads, Copper, and Hatchets besides; which on both sides was to their contents performed; and then they brought him Venison, Turkeys, wild foul, bread and what they had; singing and dancing a sign of friendship till they departed."

Down in Florida, I heard many stories of a much dreaded fish which is called—as I understood it—the Stingmaree. Read of the experience which Captain Smith had with one of these ugly customers. With his sword he had speared the "Stingray," which was perhaps dozing in the shallow waters, amid the rushes near the shore. In taking the fish off his sword, it sank its poisonous tail into his arm, near the wrist—a dangerous place. Had not the surgeon opened out and treated the wound, the Captain and the "Stingray" might have departed this life together; but as it happily turned out, the Captain ate the fish for supper.

"But it chance our Captain taking a fish from his sword (not knowing her condition) being much of the fashion of a Thornback, but a long tail like a riding rod, whereon the midst is a most poisoned sting, of two or three inches long, beaded like a saw on each side, which she stuck into the wrist of his arm near an inch and a half; no blood nor wound was seen, but a little blue spot, but the torment was instantly so extreme, that in four hours had soon swollen his hand, arm and shoulder, we all with much sorrow concluded (anticipated) his funeral, and prepared his grave in an Island by, as himself directed; yet it pleased God by precious oil Dr. Russell at first applied to it when he sounded it with a probe, (ere night) his tormenting pain was so well aswayed that he ate of the fish to his supper, which gave no less joy and content to us than ease to himself. For which we called the Island Stingray Isle after the name of the fish."

Here is another little sketch that appeals to one's fancy—a Christmas spent by the whites with the Indians, in the winter of 1608-9.

Captain John Smith and some of his men started from Jamestown to visit the Powhatan at Werowocomoco. The corn was running low, again. Powhatan was to be melted by a few more beautiful, priceless, royal, indispensable blue-glass beads.

While Smith and his party were on their way, a fearful blizzard began to blow, accompanied by hail, sleet and snow. It overtook them at Kecoughtan, *where Smith had robbed the Indians of their corn.* What, now, did they do to him? Took his party into their cozy wigwams, feasted them bountifully for a week, and then sent them on their way rejoicing! The simple incident is worthy of preservation:

"The next night (30 Dec. 1608) being lodged at Kecoughtan; six or seven days the extreme wind, rain,

frost and snow caused us to keep Christmas (31 Dec. 1608—16 Jan. 1609) among the Salvages (Indians), where we were never more merry, nor fed on more plenty of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wildfoul, and good bread; nor never had better fires in England, than in the dry smoky houses of Kecoughtan."

That, to my mind, is one of the prettiest pictures we have of the simple life in the old land of the Powhatans. The travellers are welcomed, out of the night and the storm; and for a whole week they are royally entertained. Outside the hut is the darkness and the bitter cold; inside, the blazing fire, the dry warmth, the tempting food, the assiduous host.

* * *

The incurable weakness of the first colony was its *communism*. Each worked for all and all for each —in theory. In fact, the lazy shirked all labor; and the industrious few supported the whole community. The store-house and the kettle were common property. In fishing, in hunting, in planting corn, in making clap-boards, charcoal and soap, each pioneer was merely contributing to the public fund. Thus, a great premium was put upon idleness, and a great handicap upon industry. In the course of time, it was seen that this theory of collective ownership would doom the colony to irretrievable ruin, and it was abandoned.

Captain John Smith, a man of robust common sense, assembled the colonists and addressed them very frankly on the subject. By sheer force of will and capacity he had become the master-spirit in Virginia; and his word was law. He now told them that "*If one will not work neither shall he eat.*" Furthermore, he declared that those who were in good health must support those who were sick.

In short order, he had the entire able-bodied portion of the colony hard at work.

It was a rough experience for the "gentlemen" of Jamestown to learn how to cut down those enormous monarchs of the forest, rive them and hew them into clapboards, and transport them to the ships which were to take them to England. But it is related that these "gentlemen" buckled down to their tasks with zeal and good humor, swearing many a loud oath as their tender white hands were blistered and bruised by the heavy axe —whose blows they did not know how to "balance."

Captain John Smith was as pious a pioneer as ever swapped a blue bead for a hundred bushels of corn, or robbed a tribe which wouldn't trade; consequently he disapproved profane language. To cure his "gentlemen" of so evil a habit, the Captain had a report made to him each night of the number of oaths each of said gentlemen had been guilty of uttering during the day, and he punished the offenders by having poured down the sleeves of their uplifted arms as many buckets of cold water as equalled the number of their "cuss-words."

The timber, the charcoal, the tar, the soap, the glass, which were produced by these gentlemen of Virginia were the very beginnings of American commerce. With un-

erring eye, Smith had recognized the futility of searching for the precious metals. From the first, he looked *to the soil and to the forests* for the sources of American wealth. He made the first shipment of "naval stores;" the first, of cedarwood; the first, of tobacco.

His "rude answer" to the London Company when those gentlemen complained that the colony was a financial failure, is worthy of a permanent place in historical literature. When *they* were dreaming idle dreams of gold, silver and diamonds in Virginia, Smith bluntly wrote them, in substance, that if they would send out to the New World, men who knew how to develop its natural resources—how to plant, cultivate and reap; how to do carpentering and blacksmith work; how to garden and farm; how to catch and preserve fish; how to lay bricks, &c.—he would the sooner lay the foundation of a great, prosperous State.

Historians make a puzzle of Smith's *peremptory dismissal from his office*, soon after this "rude answer" received by the high and mighty men in London. It doesn't seem much of a mystery, when you think the facts over.

* * *

Another thing worked against the first Virginia colony. *There were no women and children in it.* Here were a goodly number of men packed off from the Old World, to make a home in the New; how could they succeed without the help of women? No wonder these first colonists were so unhappy. No wonder they died at the first touch of real sickness, where woman's tender nursing is half the battle. It was not until the autumn of 1608 that Captain Newport brought over "Mrs. Forrest and her maid, Anne Burras." Anne was speedily snapped up in matrimony by John Layden; and this was the first English wedding on American soil. Mrs. Forrest was apparently the wife of one of the settlers who came with Newport.

* * *

It will scarcely repay us to plod through the almost interminable details of the early life of the struggling colony. There was always trouble, trouble, trouble. Inside Jamestown, were deadly feuds, treacheries and crimes. The do-nothing faction hated Smith consumedly. They hampered him, threatened his life, and made repeated attempts upon it. The leaders of the malcontents attempted to steal the pinnace and leave the country in it. Captain Smith returned from one of his expeditions just in time to thwart this ruinous blow. After trial, one of these malcontents (Kendall) was shot.

We see the mother colony throwing off a dissatisfied element to make a home at the Falls, near where Richmond now stands. Another migration makes for Nansemand. Neither settlement thrives; both fail; and the wretched survivors come crouching back to Jamestown to be protected from the justly incensed Indians by the all-powerful Smith.

The old question of food is a constant worry. Famine is always at hand. During one of these dreadful winters, Pocahontas brings regular supplies of corn and ven-

ison and wild-fowl, literally keeping the soul in the body of the colony.

After exploring the Chesapeake, and making a remarkably correct map of it; after having shown the mutinous inefficient colonists *how* to get along; after having founded American agriculture, manufactures and commerce; after having written the first book ever composed in English in the New World; after having toiled like a galley-slave for several years, to infuse life into this colony, to make it *take root*, an accident takes the indomitable man away from the scene of his most arduous labors—never to return.

Coming down the James, in a boat, a bag of powder exploded, lacerating the legs of the captain in a horrible manner. So intense was his pain, that he sprang into the river to cool his wounds. With difficulty he was rescued from drowning. There being no surgery in Virginia for such a hurt, Smith resolved to return with the ships to England.

His king had granted the Company a new charter; new men were coming to take control; a large influx of new colonists, backed by powerful aristocratic influence in England would soon change the aspect of the colony. The Captain's enemies in London had, for the moment, laid him low. It was time for him to go, and he went.

But see what comes of driving away the indispensable man. Before Lord Delaware and his fleet could arrive, and put the colony on a permanently firm foundation, it had almost become extinct. The incapacity, vices, mismanagement and sheer wickedness of those whom Smith left behind, brought on "The Starving Time," one of the most horrible episodes in human story. Let us read it, in the quaint language of one of the pioneers, the Rev. W. Simmonds:

"Now we all found the loss of Captain Smith, yea his greatest maligners could now curse his loss; for as corn, provisions and contribution from the Salvages, we had nothing but mortal wounds, with clubs and arrows; as for our Hogs, Hens, Goats, Sheep, Horse, or what lived, our commanders and officers and Salvages daily consumed them, some small portions sometimes we tasted, till all was devoured; then swords, arms, pieces, or any thing we traded with the Salvages, whose cruel fingers were so often imbrued in our bloods, that what by their cruelty, our Governor's indiscretion, and the loss of our ships, of five hundred within six months after Captain Smith's departure (Oct. 1609—Mar. 1610), there remained not past sixty men, women and children, most miserable and poor creatures; and these were preserved for the most part, by roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, berries, now and then a little fish; they that had starch in these extremities, made no small use of it; yea, even the very skins of our horses.

"Nay, so great was our famine, that a Salvage we slew and buried, the poorer sort took him up again and ate him; and so did divers one another boyled and stewed with roots and herbs; and one amongst the rest did kill his wife, powdered (salted) her and had aten part of her before it was known; for which he was executed for which he well

deserved; now whether she was better roasted, boiled or carbonated I know not; but of such a dish as powdered wife I never heard of."

It is related that while this poor wretch was being burned, another of the colonists, well-nigh deranged by their manifold trials, cast his Bible into the flames and cried: "Alas! there is no God!"

When I Come Home

Robert Paine Hudson

When I come back from lands where now I roam,
Pursuing dreams that never can be caught,
Oh! I shall rest amid the sweets of home
And live the comforts I've so dearly bought,—
When I come home.

When I come wandering back from tramping far
With weary feet and wounded spirit sore,
Where naught but calumny and envy are,
Oh! I shall fall and kiss that sacred floor.—
When I come home.

When I come home I pray I may forget
The burden I have borne across the world;
I've sowed the seeds of love and sow them yet
Despite the stones of hate that oft are hurled—
At home may I forget.

When I reach home, dear Lord, my heavenly home,
I shall rejoice to hear Thee speak, "Well done!"
No more 'mid strife and calumny to roam,
New life begun, eternal comfort won,—
Dear Lord, when I come home.

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 shall deplore it.

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

Chapter XVI.

ONE of the simplest things that you can ever read, is, the New Testament story of "The Last Supper." The Teacher and His disciples were Jews and they clung to the historic observances of their people. Christ, indeed, was what you might call "a good Jew." He formally, punctiliously celebrated the national festivals. He told the cured leper to go and purify himself at the temple. He constantly quoted the Old Testament. His "sermon on the mount" is nothing in the world but a luminous summing-up of the teachings of the Jewish patriarchs. There is not a thought in the "Sermon" that cannot be traced back to the Talmud, from which it can be traced to the older religions and moral creeds of the East.

Likewise, Christ honored the old Hebrew prophets; and in His beautiful allegory of Dives and Lazarus, he makes "Abraham's bosom" the symbol of eternal rest and bliss.

Do you remember the passage where Jesus goes to the Temple of His people—as He had often gone before—and where He finds the courts degraded to the sordid purposes of the market? Traffic in bullocks, sheep, doves, &c., was polluting *the church*. The keen money-changer who had gathered up, before-hand, the ancient coin in which *temple-dues had to be paid*, and who was exchanging this, at exorbitant prices, for money not current in the temple, but which was equally valuable for ordinary commercial purposes—he, also, had invade the holiest temple in the world to despoil his victims.

With the indignation of *a good and devout Jew*, Christ scourged these mercenary people out of the temple, saying that they had defiled —what? *His Father's house!* Not only did He revere the place, but His wrath against those who did not revere it led Him into the only acts of angry violence that He committed during the whole of His ministry.

He overturned tables and benches, upset bird-cages, larruped the money-changers, drove out the whole venal crowd—not because they were doing anything wrong, in itself, but because they were profaning a Holy Place, dedicated to the worship of the Hebrew God.

He did not disturb the priests of the temple in the performance of

their sacrificial rites; HE DID NOT DENOUNCE, OR ENDEAVOR TO EXTINGUISH THE SACRED FIRE.

Now, let us pass on:

It was time to celebrate the Passover; and every Hebrew was preparing to have the customary material for the traditional observance.

Bread, wine and lamb—these, with such condiments as the individual taste of each Jew might suggest, constituted the commemorative supper, in which the Israelites celebrated their escape from Egyptian bondage.

Where did Jesus Christ sit down to "The Last Supper?"

Millions of lives have been lost because of disputes concerning the meaning of certain things which took place at the supper. Tons and tons of books have been written upon the religious disputes growing out of it. Looming up, now, are black clouds, all round the horizon, premonitory of other storms to beat upon this unhappy world, because of what the Roman "church" contends to be the significance of what was said and done, at *one* of the thousands of Passover suppers that were eaten in Jerusalem *on the night that Christ was arrested.*

"*Where* shall we prepare for You, Master, to celebrate the Passover?" That, in substance, was the question asked of Christ by Peter and John. His answer, in substance, was—

"Go into the city, and *as you enter,* you will *meet* a man carrying a pitcher of water; *follow* him, and enter the house which he enters; then say to the master of the house: 'Where is the large upper chamber where our Teacher can eat the Passover with us? He will make all things ready.'"

These directions necessarily indicate that the house was extremely near the city gate. The name of the owner is not given. The arrival of Christ at the house is not described. Whether He was welcomed by the owner, and conducted to this "assembly room," we are not told.

We hear the directions given by Christ; and the next scene, without prelude of any sort, is that of the Teacher and His disciples, stretched in a half-reclining attitude on couches alongside the table—after the Eastern fashion—and comfortably enjoying their supper. Apparently, the meal is a substantial one, with plenty of lamb, plenty of bread and plenty of wine. Evidently, there is a bowl of gravey (sop) or some such side-dish on the board, for Christ designates His betrayer by dipping a piece of dry bread into this sop, and handing it to Judas—who immediately went away.

While the meal was in progress the Teacher had brought up the subject of His approaching death. He declared that one of His Twelve would betray Him. This created the liveliest sensation around the table. "Is it I, Lord, is it I?" From lip to lip the eager, terrified question ran, until at length Judas Simon, of Iscariot, was forced to ask, "Is it I?" and Christ answered—

"You have said it!"

* * *

One of the most incomprehensible things about the ordinance of the Last Supper is that John, the be-

loved disciple John, does not relate a single thing, which takes it out of the ordinary run of Passover suppers, save that he emphasizes the fact that Jesus washed the feet of His disciples, and appeared to ordain it as an observance, indicative of humility, brotherhood, and equality. Not a word does John say about breaking the loaf and handing round the cup.

Let that pass; we will turn to Matthew, and see how that Apostle related the circumstances:

"Then as they were eating, Jesus took a loaf; and having offered a blessing, broke it and distributed it to His disciples saying, 'Take it, eat it; this is my body.' And taking the cup, and offering a blessing, He gave it to them saying, 'All of you drink of it; for this is My own blood, that of the New Covenant, which is shed for the removal of many sins.

"'*I tell you, however, that at present, I will not drink this produce of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it with you, new, in the Kingdom of my Father.*'"

Now apply your common sense to that, and tell us what it means. There is Christ, the man, eating bread and meat, and drinking wine. *His body is intact; His blood inside His veins.*

He takes up one of the loaves of bread, breaks it into pieces and says to His Twelve, "This is My body; eat it"—and they do. *What did they eat?* Did they eat bread which disappeared forever by the natural processes of digestion and elimination? *Or did they devour the body of Jesus Christ?*

If they ate the actual body of Christ, what was it that Pilate crucified?

When He blessed the wine and handed it around, saying, "This is my blood," what was it the disciples drank? Was it wine, or was it the actual blood of Christ?

If they drank His blood, what sustained life in Him during the agonies of Gethsemane, the trial and the walk to Golgotha?

On matters of such absolute simplicity, it seems miraculous that the subtleties of theologians should have been able to confuse, delude and infuriate myriads of human beings.

Christ's mind was poetic, rich in imagery. He delighted in symbol, allegory and parable. He called Himself, variously, the Shepherd, the Vine, the Way, the Bread, the Life.

So, when He broke one of the loaves and distributed the pieces to His disciples, saying, "This is My body," He meant no more than to say, "This is symbolic; as I break this loaf, so My body shall be broken; eat the bread, *in remembrance* of My sacrifice."

So as to the wine:

His reference to it was symbolical. The disciples *could not* have drunken Christ's blood at that time, *for every drop of it was in His veins.*

But the most unanswerable proof of the symbolism is, that Christ refused to drink of *that* cup with them, saying that He would wait until He could drink new wine with them in the kingdom of His Father.

Of course, He *could not have meant that He would, in Heaven, sit down with His disciples and drink His own blood!*

Jesus Himself said that what His disciples were drinking was "*the*

fruit of the vine." (wine.) But where He further speaks of drinking it *new* with them in the kingdom He is, again, symbolic—for we cannot suppose that either blood or wine is to be drunken in the land beyond the grave.

* * *

Remember this: At about the same hour that Christ was rising to break the bread and pass the cup, at the Passover Supper, every other Jew who was the master of the house in Jerusalem, or who had come up to the city to celebrate the national festival, *was doing exactly the same thing.*

It was *the custom* for the man of the house to rise and break the bread; *the custom,* for him to pass the wine-cup. Therefore, Christ's action, instead of being peculiar, was *orthodox*—the difference being that He likened the broken bread to His broken body; and the wine, to His blood.

Did He mean that the Passover of the Jews should *thus* be transformed and perpetuated as a sacrament of His own? John omits the incident, as not worth recording. He had heard Christ use practically the same language in Capernaum, and had heard Him explain it away. (His "flesh" and His "blood" meant His Commandments.)

Matthew relates the incident as a mere matter of fact. There is no hint of the institution of a perpetual rite.

Luke, who was not a Jew, and who was not present, adds the words, "do this in remembrance of me;" but even Luke does not intimate that the words applied to anything more than the act then in progress—the eating and drinking, *then.*

Pray, bear in mind the universal Jewish custom, at the celebration of the Passover. It was the national custom for the master of the family to break the bread and bless it; to bless the cup of wine and pass it. "Blessed be Thou, our God, Who givest us the fruit of the vine." And as to the singing of the hymn afterwards, that is done, to this very day, by the "good Jews" everywhere. Consequently, you must recognize the immensely important fact that Christ did *nothing,* on the last night of His freedom, *that custom had not prescribed for the master of the feast,* excepting that He said of the broken loaf, "This is My body;" and of the wine, "This is My blood."

Now in Capernaum, shortly before, He had said to the Jews, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." (John VI., 27-60.) The Jews murmured at this saying, whereupon Christ explained that He had not used the words literally, but *figuratively.* He only meant that they should live by His commandment.

I have gone into the subject at length, and with perhaps tedious detail. But its tremendous importance is my justification.

The Roman Catholics have reared upon the simple facts such a vast superstructure of folly, blasphemy, extortion and unscrupulous power that it simply exhausts the scorn and wrath of sane, common-sense humanity. They actually pretend to believe that thousands of priests

(including the nigger priests) can bring back to this earth the body of Christ, *in order that the faithful may eat it!* They actually pretend to believe that thousands of priests (including the nigger priests) can bring back to this earth the blood of Christ, *in order that the priests may drink it!*

In order that the Romanist position may not be misrepresented, I quote from their highest authorities:

The Synod of Trent says: "If any one shall deny that in the sacrament of the most holy eucharist, there is contained really, truly and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and so whole Christ, but shall say He is only in it in sign, or figure, or power, let him be accursed."

The fathers at Trent declare that: "If any shall say that in the holy sacrament of the eucharist, there remains the substance of bread and wine, together with the body and blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall deny that wonderful and remarkable conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, while only the appearance of bread and wine remains, which conversion the Catholic church most appropriately names transubstantiation, let him be accursed."

The Tridentine Council says: "If any one shall deny that Christ entire is contained in the venerable sacrament of the eucharist, bread and wine, under each species, when they are divided, under every particle of each kind, let him be accursed."

The Council of Trent asserts that: "There is, therefore, no reason to doubt but that all Christ's faithful people, in their veneration, shall render this most holy sacrament the SAME WORSHIP which is due to the true God, according to the custom which the Catholic Church has always received."

The Chinese aristocrats are, comparatively, merciful to their children; *they* stop the growth of the feet, only; the Romanist priesthood is infinitely more cruel—it stops the growth of the mind.

No rational human being ever did believe that a piece of bread and a cup of wine could be transformed into the flesh and blood of Christ. For the first twelve hundred years after the Crucifixion, no such dogma and absurdity was heard of. The Last Supper was observed as a commemorative feast; and it was such a substantial affair that some of the participants drank too much wine—drawing down upon themselves the censures of Paul.

Expanding in power and greedy for more wealth, the priests drew further lessons from paganism, and began to assert the Real Presence of Christ in the bread and in the wine. Here was a new lever of almost immeasurable effectiveness. To reproduce the crucified Savior; to carry Him in processions through the streets; to bring Him to the bedside of the dying; to elevate Him before panoplied hosts of armed men who would kneel reverently as His body was borne aloft; to have Him as an inexhaustible asset in their business of raking money from every quarter of the globe—what a superb, supreme advantage!

At first and for ages, the *congre-*

gation in the Roman churches was allowed to drink some of the wine. *They could kneel there, poor dupes, eating Christ and drinking Jesus.*

But, in course of time, the priests began to covet *all* the wine; and they monopolized the privilege of drinking it. So, it has come to pass, nowadays, that the congregation eat Christ while the priests drink Him. The congregation kneel at the altar rail, each member of it with his or her tongue slightly protruding; and the assistant of the officiating priest comes along, with the consecrated and broken wafer, and places a bit of the body of Christ upon each tongue!

What a comical scene it must be! Picture it, in your own mind. There you have a lot of men and women, supposed to be sane, going through a performance whose parallel can be found nowhere outside the jungles of Darkest Africa. Men and women, kneeling in solemn silence, with their tongues poked out, awaiting their turns, as the priest comes down the line, *distributing the body of Christ*—placing a morsel on each of the poked-out tongues! (For some reason, it is considered "a sin" for the *teeth* of the Faithful to come in contact with "the Good God" that the Faithful are swallowing.)

It would seem to be a downright shame that the officiating priest does not allow the congregation a sip of the wine to wash down that rice-bread, for it is often old and worm-eaten. Nevertheless, the head priest takes upon himself the painful duty of drinking all of the blood of Christ, and there is no more indication on his face afterwards that he has been *drinking human blood*, than there is on the countenances of the congregation that it has been devouring *human flesh*.

And there isn't a priest under Heaven who believes that he drinks Christ's blood; and there isn't a Catholic layman under the sun who believes he ever ate a morsel of Christ's body. It is a sham, an imposture, a wicked survival of wickedly encroaching churchmen, who boldly defied common sense, at a time when the Pope could dethrone any monarch, and deliver over to ruthless marauders any people who refused blind obedience.

* * *

Transubstantiation. Dreadful word! Countless lives have been sacrificed to it. The fair, the young, the wise, the brave, the innocent, have all gone down before it, to cruel, untimely death. Tortured in the secret dungeon, broken upon the jagged wheel, burnt in the public square, hewn asunder by savage soldiery, torn to pieces by priest-led mobs—how many hundreds of thousands of human beings have been butchered *because* they could not believe that a priest could turn bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ? *Transubstantiation!* There isn't a word in the lexicon that has been more deeply baptized in fraud, in hypocrisy, in sin, in blood!

* * *

It is a tax upon the patience of a rational man to refute this debasing dogma of Transubstantiation; but it is a vital part of my subject, and I must go into it.

In the first place, what line of Holy Writ indicates that Christ meant

that He should be sacrificed again and again—every time somebody paid a priest to do it? Where is the Biblical authority for toting Christ around through the streets, and "elevating" Him, say, at a "military mass?" How can the annual Passover feast be transformed into a daily performance? How could the disciples be said to have eaten the Body of Christ, when He was there in the flesh, and remained so until His death?

There are tens of thousands of priests scattered throughout the world, each of whom can mumble over the bread and mutter over the wine, at the same time. How can Christ's body be at 100,000 different places, and eaten by 100,000 different congregations, simultaneously?

Where is the Christ, *the living God,* when the Roman Catholics are devouring Him on earth? *Where* does that body and blood come from that the Romanists eat and drink so often?

Has Christ got eatable flesh on His bones, now? Has He drinkable blood in His veins, now? If so, how can He be an invisible, ethereal, spiritual, omnipotent, eternal God?

When 1,000 priests (including the nigger priests) have miraculously reproduced Christ's body, in 1,000 churches—we have 1,000 Christs in our midst. By what authority do the priests claim the power to multiply His body in that astounding manner? His *spirit* can be everywhere; but His *body* was never in more than one place at a time when He was on earth. He Himself did not claim the power to multiply Himself, corporeally; nor to become invisible; nor to miraculously transport Himself from one place to another. In other words, *as a man,* He was just a man.

But the Roman priests contend that they can have His body and His blood in all parts of the world at the same time; and that while an Irish congregation may be eating His body in Dublin, a French church may be doing it in Paris, a Spanish church in Madrid, a Filipino church in Manila, and so on without limit!

How utterly and shockingly absurd!

* * *

Was Christ, as a man, dead when taken from the cross? He had said He was to die; the Roman executioners pronounced Him dead; those who buried Him thought Him dead. The whole fabric of Christianity rests upon that very bed-rock—*that He was dead.*

Without that, the entire Gospel of the vicarious atonement fails. He was sent to die, and died. If that isn't true, then our religion is founded upon a myth.

Now, then—

Christ, as a man of flesh and blood, having died, as all other men die, what became of His flesh and blood? It was not a man of flesh and blood that ascended. It was an apparition that appeared in the room with the disciples.

When, therefore, the Roman priest turns rice-cake into Christ's body, and ordinary wine into His blood, from what source does that flesh and blood come? Is the flesh that of the dead man who was taken from the cross? Is the blood that of a dead man, about to be buried? (I wonder if *American* Catholics will

never see the hideous *nastiness* of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. It is enough to sicken a buzzard.)

Then, again, *what parts* of Christ's body are reproduced in the rice-flour wafer, to be eaten by the faithful? Is the entire body in the wafer? *If not, why not?*

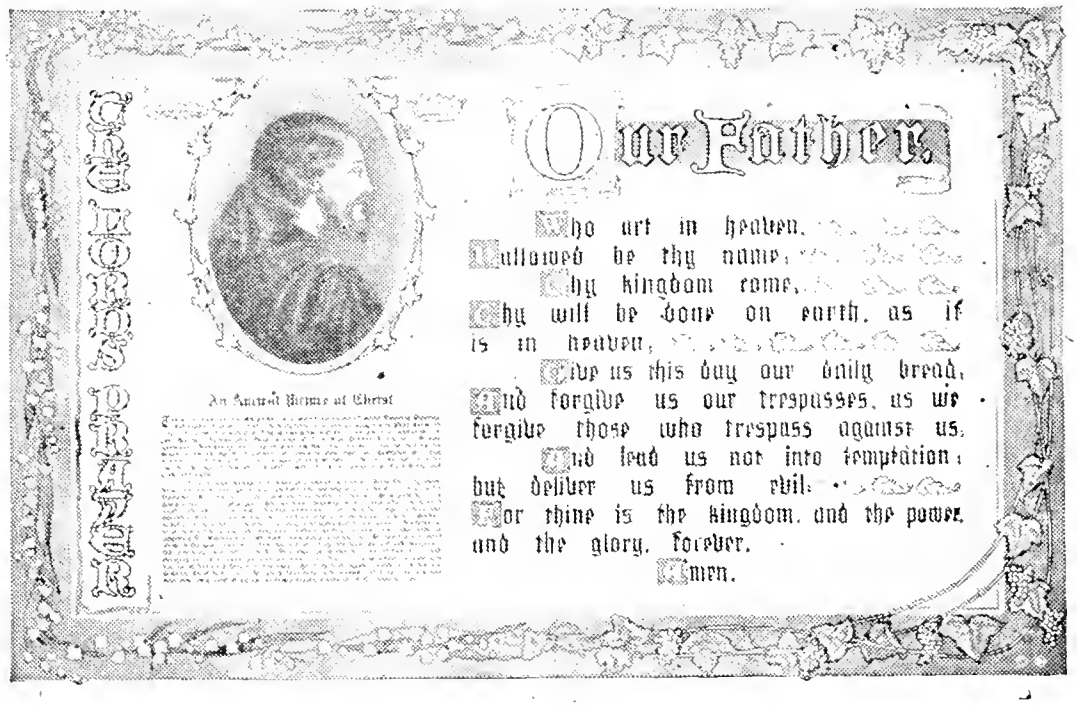
And if the whole body is there, and the congregation eats all of the little wafer, then they have eaten Christ, *from His head to His heels!* Gracious God! That men and women should be made the dupes of such a doctrine as that.

The poor negro, in the wilds of the Dark Continent, manufactures himself a god, out of sticks, odd pieces of cloth, bones of beasts, &c., and he calls it Mumbo Jumbo.

The Roman priest has a small amount of rice-flour cooked into a round, thin wafer; and, having mumbled a Latin phrase over it, elevates it on high and says, "This is Jesus Christ, our God."

We enlightened Americans ridicule the poor African, laugh at his Mumbo Jumbo, and send missionaries to convert him to our faith.

At the same time, we Americans assemble, by the tens of thousands, to witness the turning of a rice-wafer into "the Good God;" and when the priest has pulled off his trick, all knees are bended and all heads bowed—including that of our President—to the little round wafer of rice-cake, which the priest says he has converted into Jesus Christ!



The Curse of Education as It is Laid on American Youth

From Current Literature

BY way of preface to an indictment of the entire school and college training of the land, Doctor Boris Sidis, one of the most renowned of living psychologists, observes that the education of a child should begin between the second and third years. It is then that the child begins to form his interests. It is at that period that we must seize the opportunity to guide the formative energies of childhood in right channels. To delay is a mistake, a wrong to the child. It is the idlest nonsense, writes Doctor Sidis, to be afraid of forcing the child's mind. We can not strain the brain prematurely. If we fail to direct the energies in the right direction, the child will waste them in the wrong direction. For the same amount of mental energy used in those silly games which we think specially adapted to the childish mind can be directed with lasting benefit to the development of interest in intellectual activity and love of knowledge. The child will learn to play at "the game of knowledge acquisition" with the same ease now revealed in its nursery games and physical exercises.*

"What is more of a truism than the axioms of geometry and mechanics—that the whole is greater than the part, that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, or that a body remains in the same state unless an external force changes it? And yet the whole of Mathematics and Mechanics is built on those simple axioms.

"The elements of science are just such obvious platitudes. What is needed is to use them as efficient tools and by their means draw the consequent effects. The same holds true in the science of education. The axiom or the law of early training is not new, it is well known, but it is unfortunately too often neglected and forgotten, and its significance is almost completely lost.

"It is certainly suprising how this law of early training is so disregarded, so totally ignored in the education of the child. Not only do we neglect to lay the necessary solid basis in the early life of the child, a solid basis ready for the future structure, we do not even take care to clear the ground. In fact, we make the child's soul a dunghill, full of vermin, of superstitions, fears and prejudices—a hideous heap saturated with the spirit of credulity.

"We regard the child's mind as a *tabula rasa*, a vacant lot, and empty on it all our rubbish and refuse. We labor under the delusion that stories and fairy tales, myths and deceptions about life and man are good for the child's mind. Is it a wonder that on such a foundation men can only put up shacks and shanties? We forget the simple fact that what is harmful for the adult is still more harmful to the child. Surely what is poisonous to the grown-up mind cannot be useful food to the young. If credulity in old wives' tales, lack of individuality, sheepish submissiveness, barrack-discipline, unquestioned and uncritical belief in authority, meaningless imitation of jingles and gibberish, memorization of Mother Goose wisdom, repetition of incomprehensible prayers and articles of creed, unintelligent aping of good manners, silly games, prejudices and superstitions and fears of the supernormal and

*Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis. Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York.

supernatural are censured in adults, why should we approve of their cultivation in the young?

We press our children into the triumphant march of our industrial Juggernaut, says Dr. Sidis. Over 1,700,000 children under 15 years of age toil in fields, factories, mines and work shops. The slums and the factory cripple the energies of our young generation. The slaughter of the innocents and the sacrifice of our children to the insatiable Moloch of industry exclude us from the rank of civilized society and place us on the level of barbaric nations.

Our educators are narrow-minded pedants. They are occupied with the dry bones of text-books, the sawdust of pedagogies and the would-be scientific experiments of educational psychology; they are ignorant of the real vital promblems of human interests, a knowledge of which goes to make the truly educated man.

"It is certainly unfortunate that the favored type of superintendent of our public education should be such a hopeless philistine, possessed of all the conceit of the mediocre business man. Routine is his ideal. Originality and genius are spurned and suppressed. Our school-superintendent with his well-organized training shop is proud of the fact that there is no place for genius in our schools.

"Unfortunate and degraded is the nation that has handed over its childhood and youth to guidance and control by hide-bound mediocrity. Our school-managers are respected by the laity as great educators and are looked up to by the teachers as able business men. Their merit is routine, discipline and the hiring of cheap teaching-employes. . . . They stifle talent, they stupefy the intellect, they paralyze the will, they suppress genius, they benumb the faculties of our children. The educator, with his pseudo-scientific, pseudo-psychological pseudogogies, can only bring up a set of philistines with firm, set habits,—marionettes,—dolls.

"Business is put above learning, administration above education, discipline and order above cultivation of genius and talent. Our schools and colleges are controlled by business men. The school-boards, the boards of trustees of almost every school and college in the country consist mainly of manufacturers, store-keepers, tradesmen, bulls and bears of Wall Street and the market-place. What wonder that they bring with them the ideals and methods of the factory, the store, the bank and the saloon."

From time to time the "educational" methods of our philistine teachers are brought to light. A girl is forced by a schoolma'am of one of our large cities to stay in a corner for hours, because she unintentionally transgressed against the barrack-discipline of the school regulations. When the parents became afriad of the girl's health and naturally took her out of school, the little girl was dragged before the court by the truant officer. Fortunately "the judge turned to the truant officer and asked him how the girl could be a truant, if she had been suspended. He didn't believe in breaking children's wills." In another city a pupil of genius was excluded from school because "he did not fall in with the system" laid out by the "very able business-superintendent."

"Our schools brand their pupils by a system of marks, while our foremost colleges measure the knowledge and education of their students by the number of 'points' passed. The student may pass in either Logic or Blacksmithing. It does not matter which, provided he makes up a certain number of 'points.'

"College-committees refuse admission to young students of genius, because 'it is against the policy and principles of the university.' College-professors ex-

pel promising students from the lecture room for 'the good of the class as a whole,' because the students 'happen to handle their hats in the middle of a lecture.' This, you see, interferes with class discipline. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.* Let genius perish, provided the system lives. Why not suppress all genius, as a disturbing element, for 'the good of the classes,' for the weal of the commonwealth? Education of man and cultivation of genius indeed! This is not school policy.

"We school and drill our children and youth in schoolma'am mannerism, schoolmaster mindankylosis, school superintendent stiff-joint ceremonialism, factory regulations and office discipline. We give our students and pupils artisan inspiration and business spirituality. Originality is suppressed. Indivduality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium. That is why our country has such clever business men, such cunning artisans, such resourceful politicians, such adroit leaders of new cults, but no scientists, no artists, no philosophers, no statesmen, no genuine talent, and no true genius."

The red tape of officialdom, like a poisonous weed, grows luxuriantly in our schools and chokes the life of our young generation. Instead of growing into a people of great independent thinkers, the nation is in danger of fast becoming a crowd of well-drilled, well-disciplined, commonplace individauls, with strong philistine habits and notions of hopeless mediocrity.

In leveling education to mediocrity we imagine that we uphold the democratic spirit of our institutions. Our American sensibilities are shocked when the president of one of our leading colleges dares to recommend to his college that it should cease catering to the average student.

"Awaken early in childhood the critical spirit of man; awaken early in the child's life, love of knowledge, love of truth, of art and literature for their own sake, and you arouse man's genius. We have average mediocre students, because we have mediocre teachers, department-store superintendents, clerkly principals and deans with bookkeepers' souls, because our schools and colleges deliberately aim at mediocrity.

"Ribot in describing the degenerated Byzantine Greeks tells us that their leaders were mediocrities and their great men commonplace personalities. Is the American nation drifting in the same direction? It was the system of cultivation of independent thought that awakened the Greek mind to its highest achievement in arts, science and philosophy: it was the deadly Byzantine bureacratic red tape with its cut-and-dried theological discipline that dried up the sources of Greek genius. We are in danger of building up a Byzantine empire with large institutions and big corporations, but with small minds and dwarfed individualities. Like the Byzantines we begin to value administration above individuality and official, red-tape ceremonialism above originality.

"We wish even to turn our schools into practical school-shops. We shall in time become a nation of well-trained clerks and clever artisans. The time is at hand when we shall be justified in writing over the gates of our school-shops, "mediocrity made here!" "

To make matters worse, the country is filled with smug self-satisfaction on the subject. The Americans think they are educated.

Ten Men of Money Island

S. F. Norton

Chapter I.

Bound for Money Island

ONE bright sunny day a staunch, neat little ship set sail upon a voyage of adventure and discovery. The good-byes were said, all hands were on board, the wind was fair, the sails were hoisted, and out of the pleasant little harbor glided the beautiful craft, bound for unknown lands. It was a jolly, happy, indifferent crew. They had bidden good-bye to their old homes and friends forever, because they intended to find somewhere a congenial clime and start the world anew —rather, perhaps, to start a new world. They aimed to leave behind them all the manners, habits and customs of the land in which they had lived. They supplied themselves with a goodly quantity of farming and industrial instruments, plenty of provisions, clothing and other necessaries of life, but strange as it may appear to travelers of the present day, they took with them no money, for the simple reason that the country in which they had lived never knew the use of money. Such a thing as money had no actual existence among them. It must have been a strange land, thinks the money-worshipping American, where there was no money in existence. And, thinks another, they certainly could not have carried on manufacturing, or commerce, or agriculture, without the use of money. Why, it is absurd, thinks some young lady who is accustomed to pleasant trips down town "shopping," to believe that the world could exist without money. And how the banker ridicules the idea that a world could possibly exist without money. But such persons have forgotten, perhaps, that in South America, before invasion by the Spaniards, there flourished large and populous nations that carried on the most extensive commercial, manufacturing and agricultural enterprises without even the use or knowledge of money. And this, too, nothwithstanding the fact that gold and silver existed in such abundance that it was used for frieze work of their temples and public buildings. They have forgotten that the use of coins, in comparison with the duration of the inhabited world, is of recent origin, and that for ages the use of money must have been as unheard of as roses in December.

And so it was that our little crew knew nothing about money, nothing about shaving notes, legal tenders, gold dollars, remonetization of silver, fractional currency, honest-money, interest-bearing bonds, cut-throat mortgages, etc., etc. And happy indeed must they have been, exclaims some good woman who has grown sick and tired of this interminable talk about the money question! But if the ladies will take more interest in the money question and help to unravel its complications and get it established upon right principles, they will not hear so much grumbling from the men about hard times.

The names of the men who composed the ship load of adventurers were Plowem, Reapem, Foreplane, Sledgehammer, Dressem, Grindem, Pickaxe, Makem, Discount, and Donothing—not very romantic names, to be sure, but as this story is not intended solely for sentimental young ladies, these names require no apology. Each had a wife and several children, which fact is in itself a very good recommendation for the character and good sense of the little band whose fortunes we are to follow

through their ventures and vicissitudes in a new world, for without a mate a man is an incompleted and imperfect being, growing more surly, cross and selfish every year of his life.

The voyage was an uneventful one. After a sail of about six weeks with a fair wind they sighted one of those beautiful islands in the Pacific Ocean where, after a consultation among themselves, they determined to effect a landing and if desirable to establish a colony.

Chapter II.

The Island

It was one of those beautiful and productive islands, in the delightful climate of the Pacific Ocean. Up to this time no human foot had ever stepped upon its soil. It was rich in everything that ministers to the wants of man; fertile soil, large forests, running streams of pure cold water—so infinitely better than the vile compounds so freely drank in saloons and bar-rooms in our Christian land — rank green grass, bright flowers, singing birds, and exhilarating atmosphere.

It is almost useless to say that after visiting the island it was unanimously decided (in which decision the wives rightfully had a choice) to select it as their future home. They did not name it Money Island, because, as heretofore stated, they knew nothing about money, therefore it must be explained that in calling it Money Island, the writer has merely anticipated its history for a few years.

In a few days after the little band of self-exiles landed they assembled and organized what they called a Government. They agreed that from time to time as questions of difference arose between them an appeal should be made to the whole and the decision rendered should be taken and accepted as a precedent to be followed in the future. All decisions should be made by ballot, each having one vote.

Then they separated, each taking such a locality as best suited his taste and purpose. They were without shelter, and the stock of provisions and clothing which they brought with them was necessarily limited, and there was no means of obtaining another supply from the country they had left. They were thus at once confronted with the one great practical question of man's existence; how to obtain food, clothing and shelter—the three great indispensable necessities of life. They could not purchase of each other, for no one had anything to sell nor did any of them have anything with which to buy. But let us suppose that they had been possessed of money and known its uses; what good would it have done them? Suppose that each and every one of them had been possessed of a million gold dollars; could they have bought anything with it? If Discount had said to Reapem, "I want to buy your share of the provisions," Reapem would have replied, "I have no use for your gold, for I could exchange it for nothing, nor could I eat it; therefore, I do not want it. I prefer that which sustains life?" How then could they solve the problem? They could not buy. What could they do? Nature had ordained that they should eat, that they should be housed and clothed. The same Nature had surrounded them with fertile soil and had given them strong arms and cunning hands. How, then, should they obtain from the earth the products which their necessities demanded? Why, any ten-year old Tommy will say at once: "They must work." It is only by labor that they can live. With labor they can live; without labor they must starve. Labor, therefore, is Master. Labor is King. All the gold that was ever melted could not itself produce a single grain of wheat or spear of grass.

But suppose Mr. Donothing, disdaining work, had sat down under the shade of the trees (just as a great many Donothings are doing every day all around us) what would have become of him? Why, when the cold weather came, he would have been without a house; when his clothes had become worn out, he would have been naked; and when his provisions were gone, he would have starved—unless his fellows had gratuitously supported him, or become the foolish victims of some of the shrewd devices for obtaining a living without work, in which such persons are naturally expert.

Do we, in this great, busy world of ours, fully realize how the workers could compel all the Donothings to work or starve, by simply refusing to be defrauded and imposed upon by their sharp practices? Do we realize how the producers could bring the non-producers to a sense of the dignity and necessity of labor, by withholding from them the products of labor?

Chapter III.

Division of Labor

As soon as our ten adventurers were fairly located, recognizing the necessity of producing from the mother earth whatever they needed to feed, clothe and shelter themselves, they went to work. At first, the same as people did thousands of years ago, each man undertook to feed, clothe and shelter himself, independent of any co-operation. But when Plowem and Reapem commenced the work of building houses for their families, they found themselves very awkward in the use of carpenter's tools, for they had always been accustomed to work upon a farm. At the same time Foreplane, who was a good carpenter and joiner, had no difficulty in building his house, but when he commenced plowing the land he hardly knew enough about the business to get the horses hitched to the right end of the plow. And as for knowing anything about "holding the plow," why, he was as ignorant of the art as a pig is of arithmetic. Nor did he know anything about what grain was suitable for the different kinds of soil. He did not know anything about planting "deep" or "light," nor how much seed grain was needed to the acre, nor anything about cultivating or harvesting. And then there was Dressem and Grindem and the rest of the party, who knew just as little about farming as Foreplane did. They were all constantly running to Reapem and Plowem asking their advice and assistance about cattle raising, planting or harvesting. And you ought to have seen the first suit of clothes which Sledgehammer, the blacksmith, undertook to make! You would have thought of the father's remark about the first pair of pants that his wife made for their hopeful son—"The hindside and foreside look so much alike you can't tell whether he is going to school or coming home." Pickaxe knew nothing about grinding grain, nor did Grindem know anything about mining. Sledgehammer did not know how to make a pair of pants, nor did Dressem know how to mend a wagon or shoe a horse.

So, for a whole year of more, they labored under the great disadvantage of each man's undertaking to do every kind of work, as much as though he had been living upon the island alone. In other words there was no division of labor.

As awkward and inconvenient as such a life must appear to the advanced social relations of the nineteenth century, one would not have to go very far back in the history of the world to find a time when the great mass of people lived in the same way. Many people can even remember the time when families depended upon raising sheep, clipping the wool, carding the wool into

"rolls," spinning the "rolls" into yarn, weaving the yarn on an old hand-loom into cloth, cutting and making the cloth into clothes—which were truthfully called "home-made." Even the thread itself and the very buttons were "home-made." In fact, a general exchange of the products of labor was in a primitive stage even fifty years ago.

But it so happened one day that when Dressem went to ask Plowem something about planting corn, he found him at work trying to make a coat. Plowem was making such wretched work of cutting the garment, and was in such terror lest he should spoil the cloth by cutting it wrong, that he impatiently declared that he had just about as soon go without clothes as to undertake to make them himself. He was only too glad to accept the kindly services of Dressem, the tailor, who offered to cut his coat for him.

"Why," exclaimed Plowem, as he saw how handily Dressem marked off the cloth and cut it into the different parts, ready to be sewed together, "I wish I could measure and cut a coat as easily as you do."

"And I," says Dressem, modestly pretending not to notice the implied compliment, and at the same time thinking of his own troubles about planting corn, "only wish that I knew as much about planting corn as you do, neighbor Plowem."

"What a pity it is indeed that I do not know more about tailoring and you more about farming," thoughtfully responded Plowem.

"Now I will tell you what I will do," said Dressem suddenly, as if impressed with a new idea, "you know all about planting corn, and I know how to make coats; if you will go and work on my farm planting corn, I will make your coat."

"Why, agreed," readily replied Plowem, "I will accept your offer. But how many days shall I work for you on your farm?"

"As many as it takes me to complete your coat," responded Dressem.

Let it be remarked, that in Dressem's simple answer is involved the law which measures all values of articles of use. Taking into consideration the difference between skilled and unskilled labor, the value of all useful products is measured by a day's labor, or by the amount of labor involved. In other words, all other things being equal, one day's labor, however remotely or indirectly expended, is always equal to another day's labor. Coats are always measured by wheat, and wheat by coats. Produce of one kind is measured by the produce of another kind, computed in the labor which is involved in them. They are always upon a level with each other. If the price of one advances, sooner or later the price of all the rest will advance also. Relatively they are always the same. Now and then the relation may be disturbed temporarily, but in the end the ratio will be established. Four thousand years ago it may have taken a man ninety days to sow, reap, thresh and grind wheat enough to make a barrel of flour, whereas now it could be done in less than two days, all told. But four thousand years ago it would have taken ninety days of shearing, spinning, weaving, cutting and sewing to produce a coat, which now might be made in less than two days. The amount of labor in the one is reduced in the same ratio as the other. Then, the price of the coat might have been one piece of silver, while now its price may be twenty pieces of silver. But upon examination it will be found that the price of wheat or flour has changed in the same ratio.

As soon as the above bargain was entered into, Dressem commenced work upon the coat, and Plowem went into Dressem's field and went to planting corn. It was found that at the end of five days Dressem, in consequence of his superior knowledge of the work, had accomplished as much as Plowem would

have accomplished in twenty days, and that on the other hand Plowem had done as much for Dressem as he could have done for himself.

The plan for exchange of work between Plowem and Dressem worked so well that the other members of the community profited by the example, and in a short time, Foreplane, the carpenter, was building all the houses; Sledgehammer, the blacksmith, was doing all the blacksmithing; Grindem, the miller, was grinding all the grain, and Pickaxe, the miner, was mining all the coal and minerals. They had not as yet exchanged the products of their labor—only the labor itself. That is, Sledgehammer repaired the tools of Grindem in exchange for which Grindem ground Sledgehammer's wheat; Dressem still worked for Plowem making his clothes, while Plowem worked on Dressem's farm.

In fact, they had just learned the system of a division of labor. In the next chapter will be shown how they learned the system of exchanging the products of labor.

Chapter IV.

Barter—Overproduction

In this chapter will be discussed the system of barter, and incidentally the question of overproduction.

The next step after a division of labor comes the exchange of the products of labor. Our uneducated people on Money Island did not understand even the old, old system of barter. It was suggested to them in a very simple manner indeed, and almost by accident.

With a view to providing for the future, Dressem had, in addition to his other work, employed his leisure time in making an extra suit of clothes for himself. Having no present use for them, he put them away where they would not be damaged till such time as he might need them. But it so happened that year that his crops were almost entirely destroyed by the drouth, in consequence of which he was nearly destitute of breadstuffs. He contemplated the intervening time before he could raise more grain with a good deal of alarm. He had an extra suit of clothes, to be sure, but those he could not eat. A loaf of bread would be worth more to him than the entire suit. He vainly wished that he had spent the time which he had devoted to makng the extra suit to raising more grain. He lamented sorely his misfortune. In fact, starvation stared him in the face. Not only on his own account did he suffer, but on account of his wife and children. In utter despair he sat down to meet the apparently inevitable fate that awaited him and his loved ones.

Now then, the very same year Reapem had succeeded, by hard work and favorable crops, in raising grain enough to last him for two years. In other words, he had a surplus of one year's grain on hand. He was well pleased with the fact because he felt that if it should so happen that his crops should fail for a year he would be amply provided for. But he had become so engrossed in the work of raising grain that he had neglected to provide himself with suitable clothing for the approaching cold weather. In fact, he was in rags; not only himself but his family, and before he could possibly make clothes enough for all he knew that he would be almost in danger of perishing for want of proper wearing apparel. The joy and satisfaction with which he had contemplated his supply of grain now turned to mourning. He was so troubled over the matter that he thought he would visit his neighbor Dressem, and see if he could not get him to help him in his work. He found Dressem in the deplorable condition which has been described; that is, on the very verge of starvation.

Here, then, were two men in a suffer-

ing condition. The one with a surplus suit of clothes, but with nothing to eat. The other with a surplus of breadstuffs but with nothing to wear. Some would say that they were troubled with overproduction. While it is true that Reapem had more grain than he wanted to use, his surplus certainly did him no harm. If the extra quantity of grain did not serve to keep him warm its possession certainly did not make him any colder. He might have piled up ten times as much grain and he would have been no worse off. In other words he was not suffering on account of overproduction of breadstuffs. He suffered for that which he had not produced; he suffered through a lack of production—of clothing.

In the case of Dressem he had an overproduction of clothes. But he certainly was not any hungrier simply because he had an extra suit of clothes; if so he could have burned them up and helped his case to that extent. In short, Dressem did not suffer hunger because he had more clothes than he wanted to use. But he, like his neighbor Reapem, was suffering through a lack of production—in Dressem's case it being a lack of production in breadstuffs.

To a sensible mind it is certainly absurd to talk of a person's suffering from overproduction. A man may possess plenty to eat, a good house to live in, and have all the clothing he wants with the exception of one article —a pair of boots, for instance. If he were compelled to go out doors in the snow the lack of the boots would not be compensated by the possession of ten times as much of every other article he could possibly have.

But let us solve the serious problem which presents itself in the case of Dressem and Reapem. What can they do? It is a simple matter, you answer. It is so very plain that a child can understand it. It is, however, no simpler of solution than the money question. When properly presented there is not a single proposition in political economy or social science but what is as easily understood as the problem which is presented in the case under consideration.

In this country today, we see an army of Dressems hungry for bread, and an army of Reapems almost naked for want of clothing. At the same time we see in one section of the country stores filled with boots, shoes and clothing, and in another we see granaries bursting with a surplus product of breadstuffs. How to distribute these products so that all may be fed and clothed is the great problem of the day—and as easy of solution as the question between Dressem and Reapem.

When Reapem asked Dressem if he could not help him make a suit of clothes, promising to return to him as many days work upon his farm the next year, Dressem replied: "I am too weak from lack of food, neighbor Reapem, to do any work."

"Why," said Reapem, "I have plenty to eat over at my house but I have no clothes to wear."

"Why, I wish," said Dressem, "that instead of making an extra suit of clothes for myself last year I had raised more grain."

"Why," exclaimed Reapem, "do you tell me that you have an extra suit of clothes?"

"It is a fact," responded Dressem—dolefully adding, "and precious litttle good they do a starving man, too."

"I will tell you what I will do," said Reapem, "You come over and help me make a suit of clothes and I will let you have what grain you want. I can do this instead of working for you next year on your farm."

"But I will tell you what is better still," said Dressem. "I do not want this extra suit of clothes I have laid away for future use, therefore you take

the suit which I have already made and I will take the grain which you have already raised."

Thus it was that our neighbors, Dressem and Reapem, commenced an exchange of the products of their labor. As simple as the process is, it is nothing more or less than the commerce of the whole world. The world is full of Dressems and Reapems who are constantly exchanging the products of their labor, some by the primitive system just explained and others by a more modern system which will be explained in the following chapters.

The example of Dressem and Reapem was soon caught up by the entire community so that it was not many years before there was a regular system of exchange of goods carried on. Dressem did not stop at one suit of clothes, for he knew that at any time he could exchange clothing with Reapem for wheat, or with Grindem for flour. And Reapem raised all the grain he possibly could, taking no thought of making clothes, for, after his first experience, he had no doubt about being able to get a suit of clothes at any time of Dressem in exchange for grain. He knew, too, that at any time when he wanted fuel he could exchange breadstuffs with Pickaxe, the miner, for coal.

But there was one matter that they had not yet settled, and that was how much of one article to exchange for another. For instance, Reapem did not know exactly how much wheat he ought to give for a coat, nor did Pickaxe, the miner, know just exactly how much coal he ought to give Grindem, the miller, for a sack of flour. In other words, there was no *measure of values.*

This will be one of the questions to be settled in a subsequent chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

So Tired

Herbert Peele

So tired! All day my brain hath wrought,
my heart hath bled,
As hand has sought to do my soul's behest,
Struggling for conquest, and for daily bread;
Now wise All-Father, let thy servant rest.

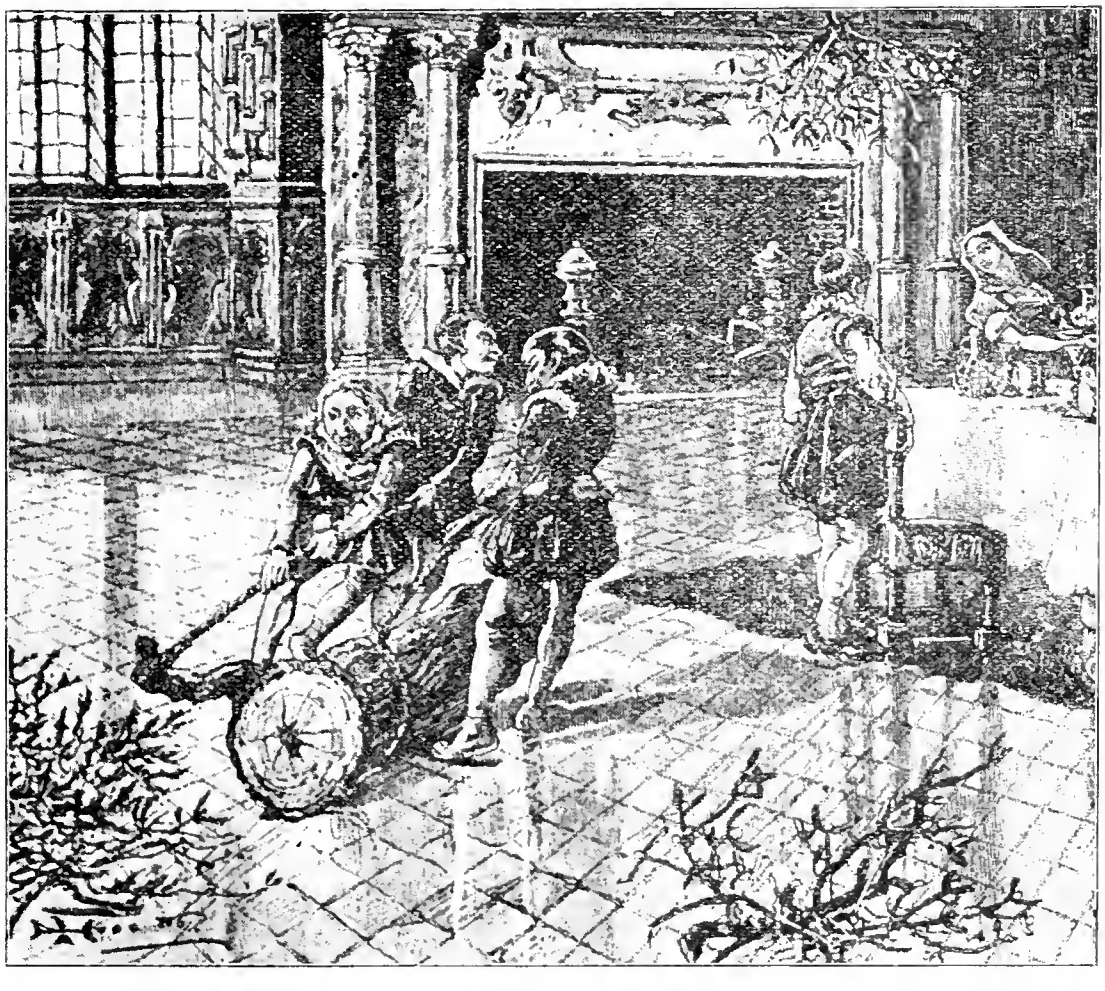
So tired! Long hours hath labor prest
upon my brow
A crown of thorns. Long ways my feet have trod.
Seeking to reach the higher height, but now
Speak peace to this tired heart, Oh God.

So tired! Eyes heavy close, and soon
my body feels
Through all its limbs delicious languors creep,
Soothing and sweet; as kindly silence heals
Day's wounds; He giveth His beloved sleep.

Christmas in the Olden Time

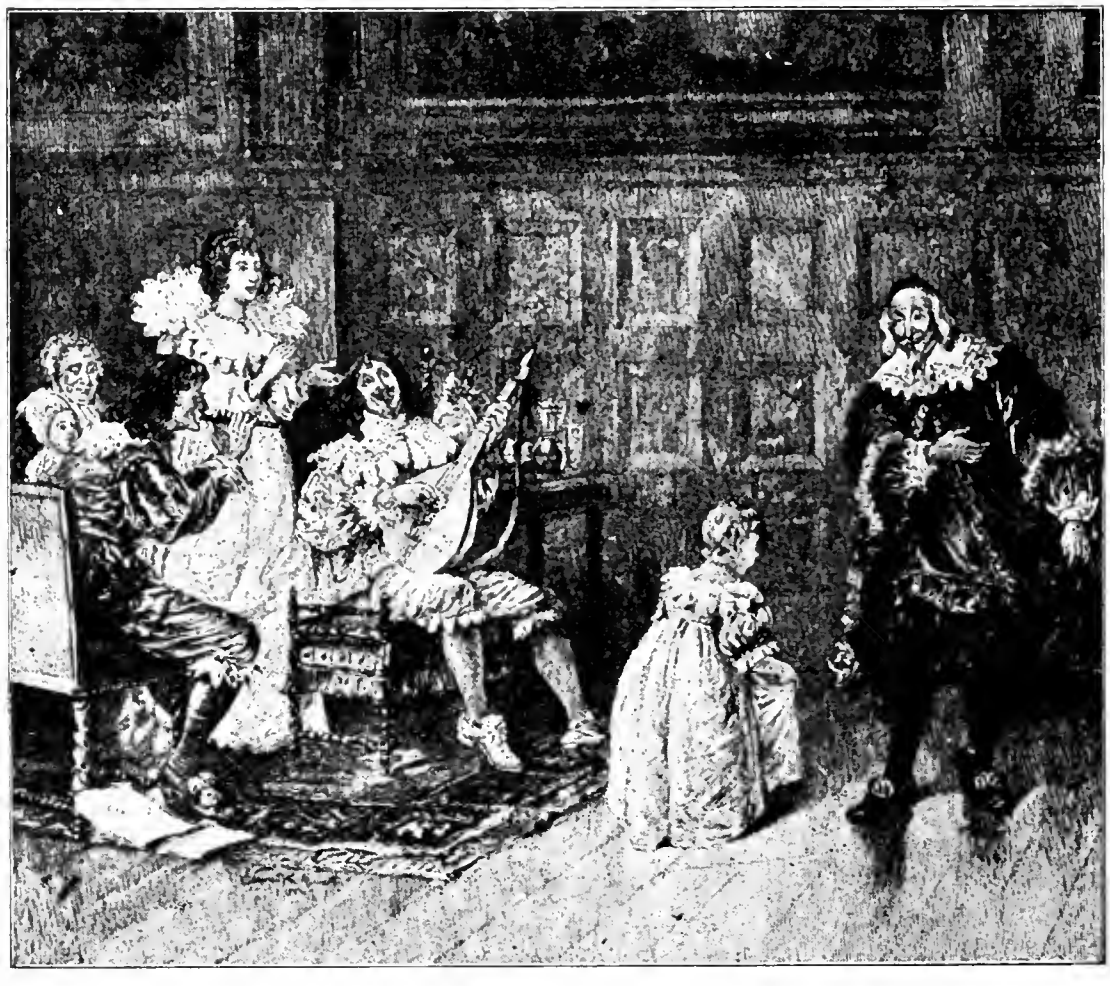
Sir Walter Scott

HEAP on the wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still;
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.



"Heap on the wood!—the wind is chill."

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;



**"Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night."**

That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green.
Forth to wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;

**"Forth to wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe."**

Power laid the rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed her pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "Post and pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice the happy night,

"The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose."

That to the cottage, as to the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The high hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.

**"Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord."**

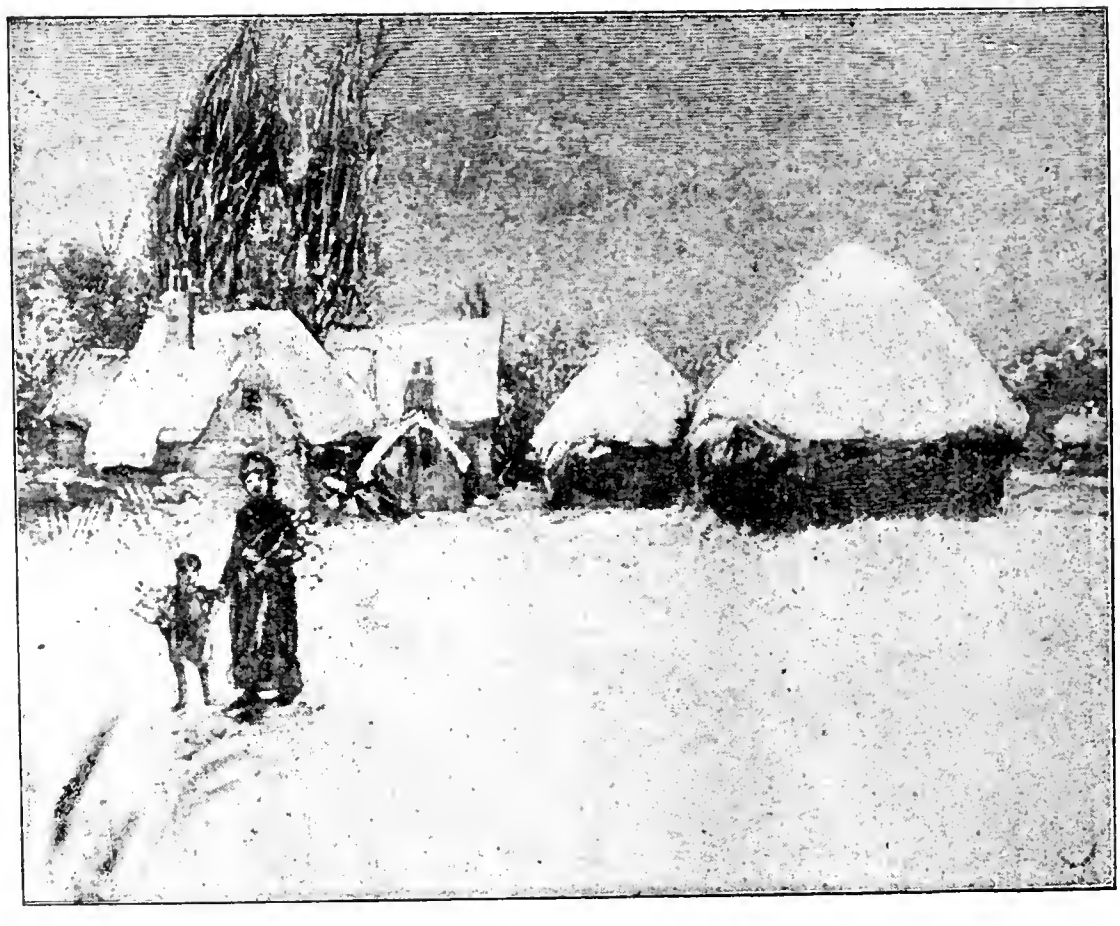
Then was brought the lusty brawn
By an old Blue-coated serving man;
Then the boars head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

**"Then was brought the lusty brawn
By an old blue-coated serving man."**

If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who list may in their murmuring see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

**"But oh! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!"**

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.



**"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."**

A Queer Remedy for a Panic

W. H. Allen

DURING the boom period of 1900 and 1901 financial experts claimed that we were lending abroad a good part of the money that was supposed to be due us in settlement of our huge trade balances. Hence arose the belief that we were changing from a debtor to a creditor nation. But this belief in our financial supremacy received a rude shock after the Northern Pacific panic of 1901, when it came out that instead of having any credits abroad we had been borrowing large sums from foreign bankers. It was afterwards learned that about the time of the panic this debt approximated $250,000,000. One year later, June 1, 1902, it had grown to $500,000,000.

It was reported that our big financiers were borrowing this money abroad to carry on their huge speculations; but that was not true. As I have explained in previous articles, the real cause of this borrowing was that our trade balances, big as they were, were not big enough to offset our annual foreign debts for interest dues, immigrants' hoardings, tourists' expenses, etc., and so in order to avert exports of gold in settlement of the deficit, we borrowed abroad. We borrowed the gold to keep it here. Referring to this matter in his article on "Finance" (*Forum*, April-June, 1903), A. D. Noyes says:

"The season's market for foreign exchange has, however, been managed with the greatest skill, and prevention of gold exports has been made possible through a series of international operations in the money market."

The "greatest skill" here referred to consists in borrowing abroad on finance bills until enough securities could be pledged or sold abroad to square the account without exporting gold. A certain French financier correctly described such transactions as "borrowing to pay debts."

These foreign debts seem to be growing larger every year, and so we had to increase our borrowings to offset them. There was a change for the worse in 1906, partly on account of the San Francisco earthquake, when, in addition to borrowing to keep what we had, we also borrowed to get still more gold from Europe. We tried to borrow more in 1907; Europe, however, not only refused to lend it, but also insisted on recalling some $30,000,000 of the gold she had loaned us the year before. In this effort to protect and strengthen our gold supply we broke down and the October panic resulted.

What was the cause of this rebuff? Why did Europe conclude to tighten her purse strings at a time when we were in such need of assistance?

The answer which leading railroad officials and bankers gave to this question was that muckraking and hostility to corporations had created such distrust among foreigners that they were afraid to invest their money here and hence railroads could not borrow the funds required to make necessary improvements. The late E. H. Harriman, who was the most prominent exploiter of this view, said in 1907: "The money market has been tightened by this hostility to the railroads because confidence in their management has been shaken and their properties are not considered a safe investment. This is especially true with regard to foreign money which some of the railroads are dependent on."

Although this explanation found ready acceptance in the very highest quarters, a study of the facts shows that it is utterly false. During the

previous year we borrowed from European and Canadian bankers nearly $700,000,000. Early in 1907 we began to stave off gold exports in settlement of these debts by further borrowing. Our success in this direction is shown by the following reports published in the New York newspapers:

"The foreign exchange market showed the effect of the heavy buying by Europe of our short term notes. London houses have taken perhaps $30,000,000 of notes within the last week or two." (*Journal of Commerce*, January 31.) "Looking at the matter now from the standpoint of America's indebtedness abroad, it is satisfactory to note that you have placed large issues of three year notes of railroads on this side of the Atlantic. Practically the whole of the New York Central, and the Southern issues, is believed to have gone to London and Paris." (London correspondent *Evening Post*, February 9.)

At a meeting of the Traffic Association February 16, 1907, Vice-President Thayer of the Pennsylvania Railroad declared that "agitation against corporations had hurt railroad credit abroad." That very day the New Haven Road sold $29,000,000 bonds in Paris, and three days later his own road placed its $60,000,000 worth of notes with European bankers. It is now known that between January 1 and the panic of March 14, 1907, our railroads borrowed abroad $300,000,000. That is more than they ever borrowed in any similar period of their history.

It is a curious fact that the man who seemed to have inspired foreign money lenders with most confidence was the very one who happened to be the chief exploiter of this hostility cry. Mr. Harriman borrowed more money in 1906 and 1907 than any of the big railroad operators. He seemed to have millions with which to buy up railroads and millions more to carry on his huge speculations in Wall Street. Concerning one of these proofs of foreign confidence in the great speculator the *Sun* (financial article, June 3, 1907) has this to say:

"It must be admitted that the closing of the Union Pacific syndicate for underwriting $75,000,000 worth of new bonds within twenty-four hours after the books for subscription were open with the bonds far over-subscribed was a rather remarkable transaction. It is necessary to say that the underwriting owed its success largely to the unexpectedly heavy European subscriptions."

Under the head of "A Half Year's Output of Securities," the *Journal of Commerce* (July 6, 1907) publishes the following:

"In the first six months of 1907 $1,278,728,500 securities were authorized, of which $799,442,100 were issued. One feature of this record has already been made familiar, the usual proportion of short term high rate notes issued by the railroads. The proportion of these, both authorized and issued, belonging to the railroads is quite unusual. Of the total authorization, $579,000,000 is that of the railroads and only $279,000,000 that of industrial corporations. The relatively small proportion of industrial securities to those of railroads is not so much due to lack of demand for new capital as to inability of industrial corporations to compete with the railroads, which refutes the assumption that the difficulty of the latter in raising capital is due to hostility or attacks directed against railroads. The difficulty is due to the huge extent of these requirements and the lack of sufficient supply to meet them, and other equally exigent demands at the same time."

This output of railroad securities went far ahead of any preceding, and the market reports show that practically all of them were taken by foreign

bankers. Many of the industrial issues such as the American Telephone bonds ($40,000,000) were also sold abroad.

What the *Journal of Commerce* says here about the "difficulty" of further borrowing "being due to the huge extent of these requirements" applies only to the home money market. The foreign money market was still open to us if we had put up the right collateral. There was the real "difficulty." Our borrowings on railroad stocks, bonds, short term notes and finance bills had reached a limit. European bankers demanded better collateral. They began to doubt the value of such collateral five years before when we owed them $500,000,000 and when their hesitation to lend more precipitated a great panic. Evidence of this is seen in the following statement from an editorial on the situation in the *Times* of June 3, 1902:

"Immense amounts of money have, therefore, been borrowed abroad until our loan account in London and other European capitals has swelled to such proportions that Sterling Exchange has stubbornly refused to yield and only trifling amounts of gold have come this way. . . . This mass of European loans has been accumulating for two years. Old loans have been renewed and new ones made until London now runs up a warning signal against further accommodation. The plain truth is that London has naturally and properly become distrustful of our collateral."

This correctly describes the situation at that time. But the borrowing kept on increasing so that in 1907 it could be truthfully said that not only London but every other financial center in Europe "has naturally and properly become distrustful of our collateral." Proof of this is found in the following statement by a distinguished expert, Mr. Cornelis Rozenrad, before the London Institute of Bankers (June, 1907):

"The above figures show how much the situation of the international money market was strained and how necessary it was to restrict American credit on this side of the ocean. For there is no doubt that the stringency would never have been so acute if Europe had not given excessive credit to America, who not only placed large amounts of finance bills in London, Paris, and Berlin, but began in the second half of the year to place its railroad debentures, and short term notes on the principal European money markets."

That it was these "excessive credits" which finally led Europe to shut down on us in the panic is shown by the following:

"In this absence of commercial bills" (to draw gold) "our bankers are unable this year to fall back upon the expedient of issuing finance bills, for Europe has put its foot down firmly so far as these are concerned." (*Times*, Oct. 14, 1907.)

"Foreign exchange seems to control the situation. This because Europe refuses to discount American finance bills." (*Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 12, 1907.) "The policy inaugurated by the Bank of France resulted in nearly all European money markets ruling out American finance bills." (*Post*, Dec. 31, 1907.)

It seems that the Bank of France was willing to lend us gold at that time and accept United States Treasury bills for three months, with reimbursement in gold guaranteed by the United States Government, but as our government could not give this guarantee the arrangement fell through. Finally, when all Europe began to feel the strain, French and English bankers concluded to accept New York City bonds, and Panama bonds, in place of Treasury bills. At the same time our commodities were rushed to Europe in such quantities that we were able to keep what gold we had and draw $100,000,000 more from abroad.

When Congress met in December,

1907, the finance committees of both houses proceeded to devise plans to put our currency on a sound basis and to avoid future disasters. After some deliberation, two bills were reported: one by Senator Aldrich, and the other by Representative Vreeland. The Aldrich bill contained a clause permitting the use of railroad bonds as a basis for issuing notes, which met with strong opposition from Senator La Follette. This clause was, therefore, stricken out of the final form of that bill, but when the Vreeland bill in its revised form was put through as a substitute, the use of railroad securities was slipped in under the blanket permit to use any other securities that the Secretary of the Treasury might approve. And, of course, the obliging Secretary at once decided that railroad securities were a fit basis for note issues under the new law.

As a remedy for such a money crisis as we had just experienced this Aldrich-Vreeland bill was indeed unique. This crisis was, as I have just shown, due to our failure to draw gold from abroad. Europe had served notice on our bankers that she stood ready to discount genuine commercial bills that were to be liquidated by future grain shipments, but she peremptorily refused to discount our finance bills that were to be liquidated by more railroad securities. She distrusted our collateral. And yet in the face of all this Congress deliberately enacts a law permitting these same railroad securities which Europe thus rejected, and which rejection hastened the crisis, to be used as a basis for note issues.

The only apology that can be offered for such idiotic legislation is that Congress had been grossly misled as to the cause of the trouble. Interested financial leaders had sedulously cultivated the belief that the international money situation was not the chief factor in the matter. The reason of Europe's refusal to accept railroad finance bills for gold was never discussed; and the impression was sought to be conveyed that the troubles originated in the home money market—that is, from our inelastic currency, redepositing of reserves, want of a central bank, etc. All talk of hostility, muckraking, etc., as a cause of the trouble was quietly dropped for the time being.

Although this act of 1908 was only intended for emergencies it is a significant fact that banks began loading up with railroad bonds as soon as it became a law. Treasury statistics show that there has been an enormous increase of bond holdings of national banks in the past three years.

This matter is of great interest today because under the Aldrich scheme the central bank will be controlled by the railroad bankers who issued those bonds which the banks have been loading up with. This control will give these bankers the power, formerly exercised by the Secretary of the Treasury, to decide what securities are fit to be used as a basis for note issues; and we may be sure that they will not reverse the decision reached by Secretary Cortelyou in 1908. Indeed, it is safe to say that they will go further and give railroad bonds the preference over government, state and municipal bonds.

This means that the currency created for emergencies by the acts of 1908 will become the permanent currency of our whole monetary system; and like this emergency currency it will be based on the same railroad securities which Europe refused to accept as collateral for loans during the panic.

And this is the "safe, sane and scientific currency" that Wall Street's financial solons have been carrying on their "campaign of education" for these many years.

Campaigning With Lee's Cavalry

PART II

Col. G. N. Saussy

Chapter I.

Change in the Commander of the Cavalry Corps of Lee's Army

WITH the death of General J. E. B. Stuart, part one of this narrative closes. The army learned with keen and sincere sorrow of the death of this young, enterprising and dashing cavalry commander. From a captain of dragoons in the old regular establishment, in three years he had risen to the command of the cavalry corps in three divisions of Lee's army. The Chickahomony, Bristoe and Chambersburg raids around the rear of the Federal armies electrified both armies and carried his fame beyond the seas. His watchfulness and alertness gave General Lee and his infantry the satisfactory assurance of security, for as an outpost officer, he had no superior. He gave his young and active life as a sacrifice for the safety of the capital alike of his native state and that of the young Confederacy.

Upon the shoulders of Wade Hampton fell Stuart's mantle of command. Upon better shoulders that mantle could not have fallen. Meeting all the requirements exacted of Stuart, Hampton excelled him in scope, being better able to penetrate the designs of the enemy and equally as able in frustrating them.

On March 28th, 1818, in the city of Charleston, S. C., Wade Hampton was born. His great-grandfather emigrated from Virginia and settled in the Spartanburg district. Most of the family were surprised and killed during an Indian raid. Some of his sons were absent at the time of the butchery and these escaped, and became active partizans in defense of the colonies against the British crown.

The grandfather of the Confederate general became Colonel of Cavalry under Colonel Washington, and in the second war with Great Britain was promoted to general and served with the United States forces on the Canadian frontier.

The father of Wade Hampton III. became a staff officer in the military family of "Old Hickory," and after the defeat of Sir Henry Packingham at New Orleans, Colonel Wade Hampton was dispatched by General Jackson to carry the news to the President. With one negro servant, and one spare horse, he traversed the wilderness of 720 miles from New Orleans to Columbia, S. C., in ten days, riding all the time the same mount, a splendid horse of wonderful endurance. He averaged seventy-two miles a day.

While Colonel Wade Hampton was making that famous ride bearing the intelligence of the most unique victory since the discovery of gunpowder, the delegates from New England, bearing the resolutions of the famous Hartford Convention, were travelling to Washington with the demands for a cessation of the hostilities, or the secession of New England, if refused.

On arrival at Washington, the news from New Orleans, as well as the treaty of Ghent, cooled the ardor of the New England delegates and the demands of their states were never presented, nor ever made part of the public records.

In the bright surroundings of "Millwood" young Wade Hampton grew to manhood, where the cardinal virtues

"to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth" were duly inculcated and later reflected in his brilliant career. Wade Hampton was a devoted lover of the federal union. While a supporter of *States' Rights*, he believed the political troubles should and could be settled inside the old Union. But the vast majority of his fellow citizens thought otherwise and voted his state out of the federal union. He bowed reluctantly to the wisdom of his fellow citizens.

When war became unavoidable, he collaborated with friends, and raised a miniature army, consisting of six companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, named in his honor, which he commanded with distinguished ability at the First Battle of Manassas, at which also he received a wound in the head.

There were formed other organizations similar to the Hampton Legion, notably the Cobb Legion, the Phillips Legion and perhaps others. These organizations did not measure up to modern requirements, so each arm of the service was assigned to the proper department and became efficient as infantry, cavalry and artillery. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston recommended Col. Wade Hampton for promotion for his services at Manassas. We find him commanding a brigade at Seven Pines, where he was again wounded.

It was his brigade, in conjunction with Law's Alabamians and Hood's Texans, that stormed the stronghold of McClellan's right at Cold Harbor, and turned the tide of battle against that federal captain.

After the memorable Seven Days at Richmond, General Hampton was transferred to the cavalry and assigned the command of the ever gallant First Brigade, July 28, 1862. The cavalry had been increased and had become too bulky to remain as one brigade. Hampton was therefore assigned to the First, and Fitz Lee, promoted to Brigadier, assigned to the Second Brigade, while Stuart was made commander of the division with rank of Major General.

The First Brigade (Cavalry) as originally organized, consisted of the First North Carolina, Second South Carolina, Tenth Virginia, Cobb Legion and Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry. Later the Tenth Virginia was transferred to a Virginia brigade, and the First South Carolina and Phillips Legion added.

When General Lee determined to investigate General Pope, he found it necessary to leave two divisions of infantry (Anderson's and McLaw's) and one brigade of cavalry to look out for McDowell at Fredericksburg or to move back to Richmond if McClellan became restive. McDowell soon rushed to the help of Pope at Manassas, while McClellan received a hurry call from the Washington authorities to move his army for the safety of the federal capital.

As soon as the Confederate authorities received the information that both these commands were changing bases, the two infantry divisions entrained, while Hampton marched his troopers about eighteen hours a day in order to get in touch with the main army in northern Virginia. Consequently his brigade did not reach Lee until Pope was hurrying along the pike for the Washington defenses.

The extreme heat of summer soon affected the slaughtered horses as well as the unburied dead of the two armies and when Hampton arrived on the battlefield of Second Manassas, the air was foul with polluted odors. His brigade was at once assigned to the front in pursuit of the retiring federals and a short distance below Fairfax Courthouse, late in the evening, fell into an ambuscade planned by Sickles with his Excelsior brigade with some artillery.

The *morale* of the federal troops had suffered in the severe defeat on the Plains of Manassas, and after the ambushing troops had discharged one or two rounds from their cannon and one volley from their muskets, they continued their retreat to Washington.

A third brigade had been organized and W. H. F. Lee, a son of "Marse Robert," assigned to its command.

After the Second Battle of Manassas, the cavalry was again massed and crossed the Potomac east of the infantry and at once assumed outpost duty facing east. Fitz Lee's brigade, at and near New Market, Hampton at Hyattstown, and Mumford commanding Rooney Lee's brigade on the left near Sugar Loaf mountain and next to the Potomac, in Maryland.

Then followed Harper's Ferry, Boonsboro and Sharpsburg, where the cavalry bore its full share of the campaign.

The inactivity of McClellan, after that bloody battle, inspired General Lee to send his cavalry around the federal force stretched along the Potomac. Stuart placed Hampton with the part of his brigade that constituted the flying column of eighteen hundred troopers in the lead, and when the foray eventuated in the capture of Chambersburg, Hampton was made military governor during the occupancy of the town by the Confederate cavalry. That foray was the counterpart of the wonderful raid around McClellan before Richmond. Back to the old Virginia shore, the cavalry guarded the infantry movements through the Blue Mountains back to Culpepper and thence to Fredericksburg.

During the winter of '62-'63, Hampton frequently poached upon the federal preserves, taking wagons, supplies and men. So exasperating did these forays become, Burnside was forced to detach a large force to protect his line of communication.

With spring, General Lee began his march to the frontier. His movements excited fear and doubt in the camp of the enemy; consequently its splendid corps of horse became very aggressive in attempting to ascertain General Lee's movements, and there followed the severe cavalry battles of Brandy, Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville in June, '63. In at least two of these Hampton and his brigade were distinctively conspicuous. Then came the exacting and exhaustive Gettysburg campaign. For ten days there was daily contact and attrition with the enemy, culminating in the severe cavalry action on the Confederate left on the 3rd of July. In that fierce action Hampton received two severe sabre wounds on the head, and a ball from a spherical case in his hip—the latter shell also killing his splendid mount. These wounds disabled the gallant cavalryman for some months, and the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia keenly felt his absence.

In September, 1863, the increase in cavalry commands required reorganization. Two divisions were formed and Hampton and Fitz Lee promoted to the rank of Major Generals. Hampton's division embraced Butler's, Baker's and Jones' brigades, and Fitz Lee's Lomax's, Rooney Lee's and Wickham's Virginia brigades. Hampton's recovery from the wounds received at Gettysburg invalided him until shortly before the Mine Run campaign, when he again assumed command of his division. Leading it, he reached around Meade's left and secured a position of such strength he saw the opportunity for re-enacting Jackson's marvelous strategy at Chancellorsville. He at once called up Stuart, who had completed Jackson's wonderful work, and he urged a like movement. General Lee was then secretly conveyed to the position. He called a council of war and report has it Ewell and Hill were

against the movement. Stuart and Lee favored the attack in the rear, and those cognizant of the situation, faithfully believe if a corps of Confederate infantry had been swung around Meade's left and turned loose upon his rear—well, speculation may figure out the result. Surely precedent, as well as the mutual confidence of Lee and his army, warrants the belief that a crushing defeat would have been visited again upon the Potomac army. But again, "IF."

During the winter of '63-'64 the mounts of the cavalry of Lee's army by hard usage and insufficient forage were badly impaired, consequently the devastating forays upon the enemy's rear and line of communication were seldom undertaken. Mosby, however, kept that feature up and annoyed the outposts and pickets of the enemy constantly.

With the advent of spring and Lt. Gen. U. S. Grant in personal command of the army of the Potomac, military activities on a much more elaborate scale, as far as the federal forces were concerned, were begun. "The Wilderness," Spottsylvania, the North Anna and Second Cold Harbor followed with quick and bloody succession.

Sheridan, with twelve thousand troops and six batteries of flying artillery, started on the 9th of May from Meade's left with the ultimate object of a sudden surprise upon and hope of capture of the Confederate capital. Stuart, with a part of Fitz Lee's division, started in pursuit, and at Yellow Tavern on the 11th, the gallant commander of the cavalry corps received the mortal hurt that terminated his useful life the next day. Brigadier General James B. Gordon, commanding the North Carolina Cavalry brigade, also gave up his valuable life in the same conflict.

General J. E. B. Stuart for eight months had been in active command of the cavalry corps of Lee's army, a position entitling him to the grade of Lieutenant General. For some reason the writer has never seen explained, the Confederate authorities had that long refused him his just promotion. Certainly his valuable services had won for him this deserved promotion. He yielded up his glorious life to save the capital of his country, a country that forgot a just reward for his zeal and wonderful services. But "republics are ever ungrateful" is an old maxim and we find it verified in the career of this gallant and energetic officer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greens for Christmas Decorations

William S. Rice

In House and Garden

WE have been accustomed to associate Christmas with holly and mistletoe, from time immemorial, so that no Christmas seems like Christmas without them. Whatever else we have for decoration on this festal day, we must have holly, and it must have "lots of berries" too. Nothing else in the way of greenery has such bright, red berries set off by such glossy, dark, evergreen foliage. It also possesses the advantage of being inexpensive, and, furthermore, it keeps a long time without water, though it remains brighter if its stems are placed in water. It makes perfect wreaths and it is unexcelled for informal decorations on mantels, chandeliers, walls and dinner tables; and no gift seems like a Christmas gift, unless a spray of holly is attached to it.

In the forests of the Pacific slope grow several shrubs that take the place, largely, of American holly among the people of those states. Of course when nothing else will do but the real holly the nurseryman comes to the rescue with several varieties of English holly, among which is a very attractive variety with a pale yellow edge to the leaves. But to many Californians the native Christmas berry (toyon), also known as California holly, appeals more strongly because it is by far the most attractive, the showiest and the most popular of all greens employed during the holidays for decorative purposes. The Poinsettia, a tropical plant much cultivated in Los Angeles and vicinity, is a close rival of the Christmas berry, but it has the disadvantage of being a much higher priced plant than the former and an imported foreigner besides.

Next to the holly in popularity is the time-honored parisitic plant, mistletoe. This plant grows so abundantly on various oaks, willows and locusts west of the Rocky Mountains that in some localities it is really a pest and succeeds, finally, in killing the trees upon which it fastens its suckers. One of the handsomest sprays that it has ever been my good fortune to see, so far as "lots of berries" is concerned, was gathered by a young friend who climbed to the top of a tall oak for it. She succeeded in breaking off the entire plant and brought it home in perfect condition. The mistletoe is not particularly interesting without these pearly white berries that repose like clustered gems among their deep green settings.

These berries come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce and hence some of our birds eat them very freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only recourse is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. The seed sprouts after a time, and, not finding earth—which,indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap.

Now, the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree—far richer than that in the wood—and the mistletoe gets from its host the very choicest kind of food. With strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.

There is no danger of exterminating the mistletoe for, should all its branches

be snapped off, the roots are still there and cannot be killed unless the branch of the tree is actually sawed off. A cross-section of a tree branch about four or six inches in diameter, sawed off at the base of a mistletoe plant, is a great curiosity of nature to the novice. The roots of the former plant can be seen honeycombing the wood of the tree in all directions and they are very noticeable, being a different color from that of the tree itself.

In some of the cities of the Southern States the mistletoe is such a nuisance upon shade trees that the authorities resort to an annual trimming out of it shortly before the holidays. Of course the citizens are not slow on these occasions to avail themselves of a supply with which to decorate their homes.

By Thanksgiving the foothills of the Coast Ranges and of the Sierra Nevadas are ablaze with the vivid cardinal of the toyon berries. The splendid, warm-green foliage, slightly prickly and suggesting the holly, serves only to heighten the intensity of the vivid coloring of the clustered berries. It is no wonder that Californians all love it and prize it so highly for its decorative qualities. Christmas would hardly be celebrated among them without the sprays of this beautiful shrub. Florists' windows and the baskets of street venders at that time are gay with the magnificent clusters of the rich cardinal beries. Very often the venders mix the berries with the foliage of a certain live oak that exactly counterfeits the real holly.

The toyon shrub grows handsomely in cultivation, as many Eastern tourists doubtless have observed, at the grounds of Hotel Del Monte, Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco and in various private gardens; but it is not cultivated so freely as it deserves to be for so handsome a shrub.

Let me conduct my readers in imagination to any one of California's redwood canons in the Coast Range Mountains near Mt. Tamalpais or along the banks of the Russian river, there to see one of the grandest decorative subjects to be found anywhere—that is the giant Woodwardia fern, very often and quite commonly, but erroneously called "brakes," though the brake or bracken fern is not an evergreen as is the former. Here in the damp, woodsy mould by the edge of a frollicking mountain torrent we may see them revel in the gushing spray and wave their majestic branches, seven and eight feet long, in a truly regal fashion. There is hardly a forest pool in these, or the Santa Cruz Mountains, but contains clumps of these handsome ferns. They are plumelike in appearance with a heavy midrib and deep, notched clefts that extend from the edge nearly to the midrib. The spores, or fruit dots, are arranged in lines parallel to the midvein of these divisions.

Perhaps overshadowing this fern-bordered pool is the beautiful madrona or arbutus tree. The name madrona, given it by the early Spanish Californians because of its strong resemblance and close relationship to the *Arbutus Unedo* or strawberry tree of the Mediterranean countries, was called madrono in Spain. One tree on the shore of Lake Lagunitas in Marin County measures more than twenty-three feet in circumference and a hundred feet in height and sends out many branches each two or three feet in diameter. A large part of the forest growth on the northern slope of Mt. Tamalpais is composed of it and as it is an evergreen, it forms a dense and refreshing shade the year round. The bark on the younger limbs, which is a rich Indian red, begins to peel off in thin layers about midsummer, leaving a clear, smooth, greenish-buff surface, and strewing the forest floor with its warm shreds it makes a rich, glowing carpet. The leaves, strongly suggestive of the

rubber-tree, are likewise polished green above and somewhat paler on the under side.

Glancing upward among the handsome leafy branches you will observe at this time of the year great clusters of crimson, rough-skinned berries. Last spring great panicles of small, white, waxen bells resembling the lily of-the-valley, hung in their places and filled the air of the sultry canon with their sweet perfume. This is one of the handsomest native trees of California, and it seems a great pity that it should be used so extensively for charcoal, to be used in the manufacture of gunpowder. As a decorative motif for Christmas it is quite showy in informal masses: and besides it has very good lasting qualities.

At the florists' shops in San Francisco one sees great quantities of the shrub known as Oregon grape, really not a member of the grape family at all, but of the barberry family, and also as Mahonia or the holly-leaved barberry. It is a very ornamental shrub and one much prized in Western gardens where it is known as *Mahonia Aquifolium*. In the spring when yellow with its masses of flowers: or in its summer dress of rich, shining green; or in autumn when it is richly touched with bronze, or scarlet, or yellow, amid which are the beautiful blue, grape-like berries, it is always a fine shrub. The writer has seen it in its native haunts in Oregon forests in the vicinity of Mt. Hood where it flourishes in great abundance and is one of the handsomest low shrubs covering the forest floor. The leaves bear a strong resemblance to holly and seven or nine of them are arranged opposite each other on the stem. The margin of the leaves are beset with long, sharp needles: and, on the whole, it is a very unpleasant plant to touch although a great treat to the eye.

The Redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, is a handsome evergreen with foliage very similar to Eastern hemlock: although lacking the exquisite grace and softness of the latter, it possesses, nevertheless, a more vigorous look and does not shed its needles when it becomes dry as does the hemlock.

Thus far I have mentioned mostly the native shrubs used as Christmas greens in California: besides these there are many imported trees that supply exquisite decorative material. Among these are the Eucalypti or blue gums from Australia, the pepper tree, and the bold and handsome leaves, six and eight feet long of the *Phoenix Canariensis* or Canary Island date palm, and those of the native Washington palm.

Initiating Economic Reforms

Ernest Cawcroft

ECONOMIC progress by means of constitutional amendment, seems to be the method of the day. This effort of the people to initiate economic reform by means of alterations in their fundamental instruments, rather than by change in their statutes, is due to two situations; firstly, the people in several of the states have reserved unto themselves the right to exercise a referendum in relation to certain types of constructive legislation, and in every instance they have provided the privilege of determining whether or no, fundamental alternations shall be made in their respective constitutions—thus the people of these particular states have been placed in a position to pass upon certain economic reforms in the guise of constitutional changes, which do not and could not, receive their direct consideration, sanction or rejection in the form of revised statutes; hence the people of the State of New York have no right to vote upon a proposed employers compensation act, but they would possess that privilege were the proposition shaped into the form of a constitutional amendment, making it mandatory upon the legislature to adopt constructive legislation of that type. In the second instance, the conviction has become widespread that economic progress by means of statutory enactments may afford but temporary or doubtful relief for the evil in mind, in view of the fact that after public pressure has given form to policies through legislative enactments, the battle must be renewed in the courts. Thus in a government where the powers are divided and in partial conflict, the people are compelled to merge their powers of self-government in hope of securing the desired economic reforms by constitutional change. Indeed, the fact cannot be overlooked that the economic reform demanded by the American people in their city, state and national governments and at the points where those governments severally or concurrently touch modern business enterprises, necessitates, in the majority of instances, alternations in the fundamental compact. In other words, the American people, in demanding that their governments give effective sanction to many of the remedial economic measures adopted in England and Germany, find that, unlike the nations mentioned, the establishment of such reforms involves statutory and constitutional change. An economic policy is adopted as an act of Parliament in the United Kingdom and by that fact it becomes a statute and assumes the force of a constitutional precedent; a program of social legislation receives the sanction of the Imperial legislative body in Germany, and not even the contention of one or two provinces that the enactment violates the rights which those particular provinces reserved, when Bismarck was welding together the confederation, serves to estop the application of the plan. This is not arguing this time for or against a government of divided or merged powers, or for or against a government whose unquestioned sovereignty inheres in a congress or a Parliament unlimited by a judicial tribunal; but these citations are made for the distinct purpose of emphasizing the conviction that the time has arrived to give unto many of the progressive economic policies of these states and this United States, the force of a constitutional amendment.

This power of a constitutional amendment to give vigor to a policy of economic progress was illustrated during the course of the recent elections in New York and Massachusetts . In addition to the constitutional conventions

every two decades, the people of each of these states have reserved unto themselves the right to exercise a referendum on certain types of constructive and money legislation; and perforce, there must reside in the people of these states the power to sanction or reject changes in the constitutions which their forefathers drafted. The exercise of this power in connection with a forward economic policy needing constitutional sanction, was illustrated during the recent state election in connection with the so-called surplus land acts.

American cities grow by centripetal and centrifugal forces. Those who are making and selling goods within a city want more help and additional purchasers—they render both possible by building bridges, erecting school houses and laying pavements and sewers; then there are those who are looking for a broader or better field in which to thrive, and when they find a city which in part meets both the demands of self interest and of sentiment, they are inclined to move that way. Thus the public improvement of the American municipality has become a matter of civic pride impelled by the power of self interest. The people of these cities have needed parks and enterprising speculators have used the power of their right hand to induce the cities to lay out municipal breathing places, while they have utilized the force of their left in securing options on the land adjacent to the park-to-be. A section of a city has been three miles from the business center when the pedestrian walked around by the old bridge and enterprising real estate speculators have aided their city and boomed their own land values, by securing the construction of a new bridge which made the suburb and the business section only a mile apart. These are the twin forces which have been at work during the past seventy-five years in the creation of the American cities—but always at the expense of the people of the cities. The fact that these municipal improvements made money for real estate speculators and took money from the tax-payers in the first instance, is the real basis of the constitutional amendments now to be outlined.

Right here it is pertinent to point out, that the political aspects of public improvements have become as well defined as the connection of franchise holders and political machines, during the last fifteen years in the large American cities. The business of securing the tax-payers money to spend on public improvements in the vicinity of your land, and then of selling your land at an enhanced value to the fellow who just paid part of the tax, has become one of the lucrative abuses of this generation. Economists have sought to found a social system on unearned increment: but the practical fellows, who have combined politics and pavements, have been founding their fortunes on it. In the interval, the burden of municipal taxation on productive industry has become alarming, and the manufacturer and mercantile men having become convinced that as the public will not countenance any diminution in the accepted scope of a modern city, an effort must be made to reduce taxation by increased governmental efficiency, coupled with an absorption for public purposes of those values which exist or are created by the will or being of the community. Thus while every tool known to modern business is being used by the modern city on one hand, the taxation of franchise and community values is becoming the order of the day on the other.

This movement in its broader aspect received the consideration of the people of New York and Massachusetts when, in the course of the November election, they voted upon constitutional amendments designed to authorize legislation empowering municipal corporations to condemn and take lands adjacent to particular tracts desired for public improvements. The people of the State

of New York summarized their Bill of Rights in section six of article two of the State Constitution, and how precious they regarded the fundamental rights under discussion, may be gleamed from the fact that they added to this section the words: "Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." And at the November election, the people of New York exercised a referendum upon the proposal to add the following words to that portion of the Bill of Rights: "When private property shall be taken for public use by a municipal corporation, additional adjoining or neighboring property may be taken under conditions to be prescribed by the legislature by general law. Property thus taken shall be deemed to be taken for public use." While the people of the Empire flats were voting in this proposition to change their fundamental law, the citizens of the Old Bay Commonwealth were voting in favor of an amendment to their charter of rights, framed in these words: "The legislature may by special acts for the purpose of laying out,widening or relocating highways or streets, authorize the taking in fee by the commonwealth, or by a county, city or town, of more land and property than are needed for the actual construction of such highway or street; provided, however, that the land and property authorized to be taken are specified in the act and are no more in extent than would be sufficient for suitable building lots on both sides of such highway or street, and after so much of the land or property has been appropriated for such highway or street as is needed therefore, may authorize the sale of the remainder for value with or without suitable restrictions."

The Massachusetts amendment does not give the broad power to the legislative body which is contained in the New York proviso; but it is pertinent to note the fact that the Old Bay State amendment is just one step forward along the path traversed by that Commonwealth during the past fifteen years. And these progressive steps in the direction of limiting assumed private property rights in the interest of the public welfare, have received the sanction of the state and national courts. The statute authorizing the City of Boston to limit the height of hotels and apartment houses and the subsequent legislation empowering the cities of Massachusetts to determine the various land zones within a particular city and to fix the type or standard of buildings permissable in each area, received first the approval of the state courts and finally the sanction of the United States Court: a part from the fact that the United States Supreme Court is pledged to accept the interpretation of a statute given to it by the highest court of a particular state, unless there be preponderant reasons to the contrary, or the statute is plainly violative of the rights guaranteed to the several states, or the citizens thereof, by the United States, the judicial approval which the highest court of the land places on this particular legislation, will be one of the pivots of discussion in connection with the legislation which will follow the adoption of these constitutional amendments.

But the possibility of extensive legislation in this direction by reason of the broader powers given the legislature by the New York amendment, and in view of the larger interests at stake in this conservative state of the Union, it is timely to view the judicial interpretation of the exisiting proviso that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation," in the hope that it will shed some light upon the limits of the acts which may be enacted under the constitutional amendment authorizing the taking of lands adjoining those secured for the purpose of municipal improvements.

It must be borne in mind as a pri-

mary proposition, and as declared by the Court of Appeals in 135 New York 253, that neither the existing or the amended priviso "means that private property may be taken for private use." In 98 New York, Page 139, the Court pointed out that the legislative determination as to whether or not the land is to be taken for public use, is not conclusive. Later in 108 New York the Court expressed the conclusion that "the question as to whether the uses are, in fact, public so as to justify the taking is a judicial one, to be determined by the courts." In connection with the application of a rural cemetery association to take lands under legislative grant, the Court in 1876 remarked "the question whether the use for which private property is sought to be taken, under and by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, is public or private, is a judicial one to be determined by the courts; the grant by the legislature of the right to take, is not conclusive evidence that the use is a public one." In 128 New York, on page 247, the court declared that the question as to whether particular property is to be taken for public or private use, is not finally determined by any declaration of the law making power as to nature of the use. In reviewing in the court of judicial proceedings specific cases pivoting on the use to which the described property was to be put, the New York Court of Appeals has ruled that the "use is not private although the land taken for a street may be made more valuable under provision of law (135 N. N. 263.) The Legislature may empower a corporation which has acquired land for public use, to devote them to a different public use, even though it is already devoted to a similar use" (143 N. Y. 597).

Thus the Courts of New York, in addition to placing their approval upon particular appropriations of private lands as the basis of public projects, have also made it clear that the question of use is a judicial one under the existing constitution; "it must in fact, be public and if it be not, no legislative fiat can make it so, and any owner of property attempted to be taken for a use really private, can invoke the aid of the Courts to protect his property rights against invasion."

But in considering the possibilities and prohibitions connected with legislation under the recent amendment, it must be borne in mind: first, that any statute is limited by the amendment, to enlarging the powers of municipal corporations: secondly, the property adjacent to the site of a proposed public improvement may be taken but always upon the express condition that in the future, as in the present, the property to be actually taken, is for public use: thirdly, the amendment declares that surplus, or adjacent property thus taken "shall be deemed to be taken for public use", and while that eliminates disputes as to that feature of this economic department, it in no way invades the right of a property owner to ask the courts to determine whether, when his land is to be taken, the initial appropriation is for a public or private use. It is evident, then, that while the New York cities in the future may absorb the values given to the land adjacent to a public project, the long line of judicial decisions operative with unimpaired vigor under the amendment, in determinating the question of use, will prevent municipalities from running amuck in the real estate business.

Nor will this New York amendment when considered as a link in a chain of public events, seem such a radical economic and constitutional departure. There has been an increasing effort upon the part of the State and the several cities, to prevent individuals from profiting by reason of public improvements, or rather to compel those individuals to turn over the profits accured to them, not by virtue of their efforts, but in consequence of community-pro-

jects. Witness the spread of the abutting property plan of dividing the expense of payments, and then the justifiable corrollary of legislatures and Courts limiting such assessments for abutting improvements to a proportionate part of the benefits received. Then the Courts in an earlier day sanctioned the plan of the City of Brooklyn to assess the cost of a new part on a given tax district in view of the benefits and enhanced land values accuring to that section: and did not the Court of Appeals on judicial legislation along these lines, when it approved the decision of the City of Rochester to sell at auction lands adjacent to a park which had been approprited for the purpose of enlarging the original park, and then abandoned as part of that project? Not less indicative of the intention of severing bodies and their agents, to take unto the public those values accruing, existing and continuing by virtue of popular activities, was the passage of the special franchise tax law, and the subsequent insertion in the Public Service Commission of a proviso prohibiting utility corporations from issuing securities on the basis of their capitalized franchise values.

Municipal government is not the only thing which the Germans have reduced to a science. Thus the expense of modernizing many of the cities of the Fatherland has been met by appropriating all the land in the vicinity of a proposed public improvement and after the completion of the project selling the surplus area at an increased value more than sufficient to meet the expenditures. Leslie C. Wead, in his report to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, relative to the Massachusetts amendment, said: "The British Parliament, unhampered by constitutional resrictions, has granted municipalities which are subject to its control, the right to acquire by purchase or by compulsory taking, wide areas of land in congested districts for such purposes as wiping out a slum district and thus promoting the public health; providing homes for the laboring classes: establishing playgrounds: opening new thoroughfares. For this latter purpose, permission has been granted repeatedly to the London County Council to take land in amount greatly in excess of that required for the streets which are to be opened or widened. These operations have been so successful over a period of many years that in 1899, after long and earnest study and agitation, authority was given for the construction of the great highway between Holborn and the Strand, known as the 'King's Way', at a cost exceeding five million pounds. Lord Monkswell, the chairman of the London County Council, in discussing the method employed, assured me that no important public work would be undertaken in London requiring the acquisition of land, except with the right to take large areas for re-sale of lease.

"The object of such action is twofold—to control the character of the improvements and to save for the municipalities the enhanced value of the land consequent upon the improvement.

"Under our procedure, the first advantage is entirely lost, and we seek to obtain the second through the unsatisfactory operation of the law, providing for the assessment and collection of betterments on surrounding property."

But in seeking a clear understanding of this movement of governments to absorb the values created by public effort, one must not dissociate it from the effort to distinguish between community values and improvement values, for purposes of taxation. Here in the conservative cities of the East, Assessors are listing land values and improvements in separate columns. And what is the tendency and meaning of this division for purposes of taxation? The cities of Western Canada afford the answer. The citizens of Western Canada, in their twin effort to start a new

deal on a square basis, and to grasp the large opportunities for the individual and common good, are trying out these experimental economic policies. Thus Vancouver last year, confined taxation to land values and thrived; Edmonton increased in population from 8,652 in 1901 to 30,000 in 1911, and the assessed valuation of the town was increased from seven millions in 1905 to forty-six million dollars in 1911. While public improvements have been underway in every district of that city, land values have soared as population increased. But while Edmonton has been creating these community values, the city commissioners have developed a policy to meet in part the situation. When the city was incorporated in 1904, a land value, business and income tax were levied. The business and income taxes were later abandoned and now the revenues of the town are secured by taxing land values; no man is taxed for the individual effort which he puts into the improvement of his property. Situated at the head of Lake Superior, and the grain port of interior Canada, the City of Port Arthur has entered upon a definite policy reserving its interest in franchise and other public values, in order that their use as the basis of municipal taxation will make the town inviting to productive industries. The City of Regina reserved the land first instead of appropriating by the power of eminent domain later, and the increase in the sale value of the land retained in the heart of the city, has provided pavements, sewers, schools and other public buildings without expense to the tax-payers. The experience of Moose Jaw has been along similar lines.

The Government of Canada and the Grand Trunk Pacific Company are working under a joint arrangement to connect the Atlantic with Prince Rupert on the Northern Coast of British Columbia. This joint arrangement was a compromise between the demand for public ownership and the fear of inefficient government operation. But when the time arrived for defining the policy of Government in connection with the project of connecting the transcontinentals of the Saskatchewan valley with Hudson's Bay Laurier made it clear that the ministry intended to construct the Railway to Hudson's Bay, and then to sell the land adjacent to the government railroad at an increased value sufficient to pay the bonds issued for constructive purposes. What is this, then, but the declared plan of the Dominion Government to meet the expense of a public railway by the application of those economic principls embodied in the New York and Massachusetts amendments?

We are in a period when the burden of State and municipal taxation totals between two and three precent upon the assessed valuation. This has become a factor in the unit of productive costs in every manufacturing plant. The day has arrived when community values, rather than wealth due to individual initiative exertion, must bear the burden of city government to an increasing degree, lest the burden on productive plants diminishes the power of those enterprises, to make such prices on manufactured articles as will compete with international rivals. No man need prophecy as to the ultimate legislation, or constitutional changes, to follow the New York and Massachusetts amendments: but that these amendments will render possible the conservative application of progressive economic principles subject to the limitations of existing judicial decisions, must be no less apparent to the economist than are the business features of the plan evident to the tax-payer, who does not think that public projects sould be the basis of private land speculation; or to the many men who are penalized by taxation for building better homes, or larger factories, while the public values which their efforts combine to create, pass untaxed into private hands.

Reminiscences of Governor John Clarke

Annie M. Lane
Regent Kettle Creek Chapter, D. A. R.

"Why are the dead not dead? Who can undo
What time has done? Who can win back the wind?
Beckon lost music from a broken lute?
Renew the redness of last year's rose?
Or dig the sunken sun-set from the deep?"

I SOMETIMES think there are more interesting things and people under the ground than above it, yet we who are above it do not want to go below to get acquainted with them, but if we can find out anything from the outside we enjoy it. In a previous article, I said there was no spot in Georgia so full of buried romance as Wilkes County, and no manuscript as fascinating as the musty and yellow old records of a hundred years ago, which lie unmolested in our courthouse, especially those of 1777.

One cannot but feel after reading these books that he has been face to face with the grand old gentlemen of Revolutionary days: the men who walked our streets with their ruffled shirts—three -cornered hats and dangling swords—yet so different are they in personality and character that the weaving together of their lives make to me a grand and beautiful fabric, "a tapestry of reminiscent threads." Some rich, some dark and sombre in shade, making a background so fitting for the crimson and purple and gold —for the conspicuous, inflaming color of impetuous natures, toned down with characters as white and cool as the snowflakes which often fall upon our Southern violets.

You have but to close your eyes to the scene of today to recall ex-Governor Talbot, Governor Matthews, General Clarke, together with Jesse Mercer, Mr. Springer and Duncan C. Campbell, who were familiar figures once upon the streets of Washington.

In the painting of character sketches we would not do the individual justice if we did not remember his environments, and above all his inherited nature, for are we not all bound by heredity? My last sketch was of Jesse Mercer, today it is of John Clarke. How striking the contrast. The life of Jesse Mercer was as quiet and majestic as was his nature. John Clarke, just three years his senior, born and reared at no great distance from him, had a life of venture. He was the son of our stalwart General Elijah Clarke and his wife, Hannah, and was the youngest soldier whose name appears upon the roster of Kettle Creek, being 13 years of age. (Battle of Kettle Creek, 1779: John Clarke, born 1766.)

I will refer you to history to convince you of how his whole nature was fired by the blood within his veins, inherited from both mother and father. He came of fighting stock in a fighting age! In White's Historical Collections of Georgia, there is an account of Hannah Clarke, who survived her husband, Elijah Clarke, twenty years, dying at the age of 90 (In 1892). The burning of her house and its contents by a party of British and Tories is recorded, and the turning out of herself and children when General Clarke was away.

When General Clarke was so desperately wounded at Long Cain in Carolina, she started to him and was robbed of the horse on which she was riding. On one campaign she accompanied him and when she was moving from a place of danger, the horse on which she and two of her young children were riding was shot from under her. Later, she was at the seige of Augusta. All this time General Elijah Clarke's right-hand man was young John. Being reared in the army, this boy became

wild and impetuous; by nature he was intense, so when Cupid's dart entered his heart it was inflamed as deeply with love as it had been with hatred for the British. His love story ends with Meridith's words, "Whom first we love, we seldom wed."

About four miles from the hill on which the battle of Kettle Creek was fought, lived an orphan girl, the stepdaughter of Artnial Weaver, and the youngest sister of Sabina Chivers, who married Jesse Mercer. John Clarke loved this girl, there was opposition to the union. But as yet not knowing the meaning of the word defeat, he induced her to elope with him.

It was his thought to take her to the home of a friend of his father's, Daniel Marshall, near Kiokee, but the weather was severe, and a snowstorm set in. They were compelled to stop at a farm house where lived the mother of Major Freeman (related to Dr. G. S. Hillyer). Miss Chivers was taken ill that night with congestion of the lungs, and died. In the absence of flowers the good woman of the house adorned the dead girl with bunches of holly, entwined them in her beautiful black hair and placed them in her clasped hands. Her grave they covered with the same beautiful crimson and green holly, upon which the snow gently fell. This was the first real sorrow in the life of John Clarke, and many were to follow.

To some the years come and go like beautiful dreams, and life seems only as a fairy tale that is told, yet there are natures for which this cannot be. Some hands reach forth too eagerly to cull life's sweet, fair flowers, and often grasp hidden thorns. Feet that go with quick, fearless steps are most apt to be wounded by jutting stones, and alas! John Clarke found them where e'er he went through life's bright sunlight or its shaded paths, these cruel, sharp piercing thorns; these hard, cold, hurting stones.

We next see John Clarke just before he enters into political life. From "The History of Wilkes County," in our library, I copy the following, viz.: Micajah Williamson kept a licensed tavern in the town of Washington—"on record, we find that he sold with meals, drink as follows: Good Jamaica spirits, per gill, 2d.; good Maderia wine, per bottle, 4s 8d; all White Wines, per bottle, 3s 6d; port, per bottle, 1s 9d; good whiskey and brandy, per gill, 6d, &c., &c." At that time a shilling was really 22ct., a penny 7-5 of a cent.

In front of this tavern was a large picture of George Washington hanging as a swinging sign. John Clarke used to come to town, and like most men of his day, get drunk. They all did not "cut up," however, as he did on such occasions. He went into stores and smashed things generally, as tradition says, but he always came back and paid for them like a gentleman. Once he came into town intoxicated and galloped down Court street, and fired through the picture of General Washington before the tavern door. This was brought up against him later when he was a candidate for Governor, but his friends denied it.

Soon after this he married the oldest daughter of Micajah Williamson, and Duncan C. Campbell married the youngest.

The stirring events which follow we have all learned in history, but the State was divided into two factions, the Clarkeites and those for Crawford and Troup. The State was so evenly divided that the fight was fierce. The common people and owners of small farms were for Clarke. The "gentry" and well-to-do educated folk were for Crawford, and they sent him to the U. S. Senate. Clarke and Crawford from youth had been antagonistic. Clarke, while uneducated, was brilliantly intelligent, but deeply sensitive. Crawford was polished and of courtly bearing, a man of education, but very overbearing.

Had he lived today our public school boy would say "he was always nagging at Clarke." Be that as it may, it was nip and tuck between them in the gubernatorial campaign. Clarke fought a duel with Crawford at High Shoals, and shattered his wrist. Later he tried to get Crawford to meet him again, but he persistently refused. One ugly thing to me was the horse-whipping of Judge Tate by Governor Clarke on the streets of Milledgeville, then the capital. This did Clarke no good.

General Clarke twice defeated Mr. Troup for governor. Troup was at last elected, defeating Mathew Talbot, who was on Clarke's side in 1823. Gen. Clarke was defeated by Talbot, himself. There is never an article written about General Clarke that his bad spelling is not referred to. Not long ago I read in a magazine published in Georgia that Governor Clarke spelled coffee "kaughphy." This is not true. That honor belongs to Governor Matthews, another one of the familiar figures once on the streets of Washington. Even the best educated of our Revolutionary heroes did not spell correctly as we call it, from George Washington down.

I rather enjoy this license for I think English spelling is a tyrannical imposition. After the defeat of Governor Clarke the tide was against him. Many untrue things were said about him and they cut him deeply. He was misunderstood often, and in chagrin he left the State.

"Rise, O Muse in the wrath of thy rapture divine,
And sweep with a finger of fame every line
Till it tremble and burn as thine own glances burn
Through the vision those kindliest; wherein I discern
All the unconscious cruelty hid in the heart
Of mankind; all the limitless grief we impart
Unawares to each other; the limitless wrong
We inflict without heed, as we hurry along
In this boisterous past time of life.

Beneath the rough exterior there never beat a kinder heart than that in the breast of John Clarke; although he had the brusque manner of a soldier of Revolutionary days, with those he loved he was as tender and gentle as a child. On one occasion soon after his first election to the governorship of Georgia there was a banquet given in his honor. The decorations on the white linen of the table were wreaths of holly, thought to be very beautiful and tasty. When the Governor entered with his friends he stopped stock still in the doorway, turning deathly pale. He ordered every piece of holly dashed from the window. The occurence was spread far and wide all over the State and criticism ran high, and even his friends disapproved of the uncivil act of one in his high station. He never made an explanation until years afterwards.

Memories with him died not, though he might think them dead and bury them beneath the ashes of the silent past—but at a word, a breath, the softest sigh, they awoke once more and moved him as he thought they would not ever more. Governor Clarke owned large tracts of land in Wilkes County (before it was cut up into other counties). One deed is made to Wylie Pope in 1806. He reserves twenty feet were his two children, Elijah Clarke and George Walton Clarke are buried. Leaving Georgia he settled in Washington County, Florida, on the shores of the beautiful "Old Saint Andrews." Here he entertained his friends and here he spent the last ten years of his life within the sound of the restless surging waters of the Gulf. October 12th, 1832, Governor Clarke passed from this life, and eight days later his wife joined him in the Great Beyond. They were buried near the seashore in a beautiful grove of live oaks, and a marble shaft over them.

The Working Child

John Spargo

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following article is a chapter in the remarkable book by John Spargo entitled, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," and is hereby reproduced by permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company, New York.]

THERE has been no extensive, systematic investigation in this country of the physical condition of working children. In 1893-94 volunteer physicians examined and made measurements of some 200 children, taken from the factories and workshops of Chicago. These records show a startling proportion of undersized, rachitic and consumptive children, but they are too limited to be of more than suggestive value. So far as they go, however, they bear out the results obtained in more extensive investigations in European countries. It is the concensus of opinion among those having the best opportunities for careful observation that physical deterioration quickly follows a child's employment in a factory or workshop.

It is a sorry but indisputable fact that where children are employed the most unhealthful work is generally given them. In the spinning and carding-rooms of cotton and woolen mills, where large numbers of children are employed, clouds of lint dust fill the lungs and menace the health. The children have often a distressing cough, caused by the irritation of the throat, and many are hoarse from the same cause. In bottle factories and other branches of glass manufacture the atmosphere is constantly charged with microscopic particles of glass. In the woodworking industries, such as the manufacture of cheap furniture and wooden boxes and packing-cases, the air is laden with fine sawdust. Children employed in soap and soap powder factories work, many of them, in clouds of alkaline dust which inflames the eyelids and nostrils. Boys employed in filling boxes of soap powder work all day long with handkerchiefs tied over their mouths. In the coal mines the breaker boys breathe air that is heavy and thick with particles of coal, and their lungs become black in consequence. In the manufacture of felt hats little girls are often employed at the machines which tear the fur from the skins of rabbits and other animals. Recently I stood and watched a young girl working at such a machine; she wore a newspaper pinned over her head and a handkerchief tied over her mouth. She was white with dust from head to feet, and when she stooped to pick anything from the floor the dust would fall from her paper head-covering in little heaps. About seven feet from the mouth of the machine was a window through which poured thick volumes of dust as it was belched out from the machine. I placed a sheet of paper on the inner sill of the window and in twenty minutes it was covered with a layer of fine dust, half an inch deep. Yet that girl works midway between the window and the machine, in the very centre of the volume of dust, sixty hours a week. These are a few of the occupations in which the dangers arise from the forced inhalation of dust.

In some occupations, such as silk-winding, flax-spinning and various processes in the manufacture of felt hats, it is necessary, or believed to be necessary to keep the atmosphere quite moist. The result of working in a close, heated factory, where the air is artificially moistened, in summer-time, can be better imagined than described. So long as enough girls can be kept working, and only a few of them faint,

the mills are kept going: but when faintings are so many and so frequent that it does not pay to keep going, the mills are closed. The children who work in the dye-rooms and print-shops of textile factories, and the color-rooms of factories where the materials for making artificial flowers are manufactured, are subject to contact with poisonous dyes, and the results are often terrible. Very frequently they are dyed in parts of their bodies as literally as the fabrics are dyed. One little fellow, who was employed in a Pennsylvania carpet factory, opened his shirt one day and showed me his chest and stomach dyed a deep, rich crimson. I mentioned the incident to a local physician, and was told that such cases were common. "They are simply saturated with the dye," he said. "The results are extremely severe, though very often slow and, for a long time, almost imperceptible. If they should cut or scratch themselves where they are so thoroughly dyed, it might mean death." In Yonkers, N. Y., are some of the largest carpet factories in the United States, and many children are employed in them. Some of the smallest children are employed in the "drum-room," or print-shop, where the yarns are "printed" or dyed. Small boys, mostly Slavs and Hungarians, push the trucks containing boxes of liquid dye from place to place, and get it all over their clothing. They can be seen coming out of the mills at night literally soaked to the skin with dye of various colors. In the winter-time, after a fall of snow, it is possible to track them to their homes, not only by their colored footprints, but by the drippings from their clothing. The snow becomes dotted with red, blue and green, as though someone had sprinkled the colors for the sake of the variegated effect.

Children employed as varnishers in cheap furniture factories inhale poisonous fumes all day long and suffer from a variety of intestinal troubles in consequence. The gilding of picture frames produces a stiffening of the fingers. The children who are employed in the manufacture of wall-papers and poisonous paints suffer from slow poisoning. The naphtha fumes in the manufacture of rubber goods produce paralysis and premature decay. Children employed in morocco leather works are often nauseated and fall easy victims to consumption. The little boys who make matches, and the little girls who pack them in boxes, suffer from phosphorous necrosis, or "phossyjaw," a gangrene of the lower jaw due to phosphor poisoning. Boys employed in type foundries and stereotyping establishments are employed on the most dangerous part of the work, namely, rubbing the type and plates, and lead poisoning is excessively prevalent among them as a result. Little girls who work in the hosiery mills and carry heavy baskets from one floor to another, and their sisters who run machines by the foot power, suffer all through their after life as a result of their employment. Girls who work in factories where caramels and other kinds of candies are made are constantly passing from the refrigerating department, where the temperature is perhaps 20 degrees Fahr., to other departments with temperatures as high as 80 or 90 degrees. As a result they suffer from bronchial troubles.

These are only a few of the many occupations of children that are inherently unhealthful and should be prohibited entirely for children and all young persons under eighteen years of age. In a few instances it might be sufficient to fix the minimum age for employment at sixteen, if certain improvements in conditions of employment were insisted upon. Other dangers of health, such as quick transition from the heat of the factory to

the cold outside air, have already been noted. They are highly important causes of disease, though not inherent in the occupation itself in most cases. A careful study of the child-labor problem from this largely neglected point of view would be most valuable. When to the many dangers to health are added the dangers to life and limb from accidents, far more numerous among child workers than adults, the price we pay for the altogether unnecessary and uneconomic service of children would, in the Boer patriot's phrase, "stagger humanity," if it could be comprehended.

No combination of figures can give any idea of that price. Statistics cannot express the withering of child lips in the poisoned air of factories; the tired, strained look of child eyes that never dance to the glad music of souls tuned to Nature's symphonies; the binding to wheels of industry the little bodies and souls that should be free, as the stars are free to shine and the flowers are free to drink the evening dews. Statistics may be perfected to the extent of giving the number of child workers with accuracy, the number maimed by dangerous machines, and the number who die year by year, but they can never give the spiritual loss, if I may use that word in its secular, scientific sense. Who shall tally the deaths of childhood's hopes, ambitions and dreams? How shall figures show the silent atrophy of potential genius, the brutalizing of potential love, the corruption of potential purity? In what arithmetical terms shall we state the loss of shame, and the development of that less than brute view of life, which enables us to watch with unconcern the toil of infants side by side with the idleness of men?

The moral ills resulting from child labor are numerous and far-reaching. When children become wage-earners and are thrown into constant association with adult workers they develop prematurely an adult consciousness and view of life. About the first consequence of their employment is that they cease almost at once to be children. They lose their respect for parental authority, in many cases, and become arrogant, wayward and defiant. There is always a tendency in their homes to regard them as men and women as soon as they become wage-earners. Discipline is at once relaxed, at the very time when it is most necessary. When children who have just entered upon that most critical period of life, adolescence, are associated with adults in factories, are driven to their tasks with curses, and hear continually the unrestrained conversation, often coarse and foul, of the adults, the psychological effect cannot be other than bad. The mothers and fathers who read this book need only to know that children, little boys and girls, in mills and factories where men and women are employed, must frequently see women at work in whom the signs of a developing life within are evident, and hear them made the butt of the coarsest taunts and jests, to realize how great the moral peril to the adolescent boy or girl must be.

No writer dare write, and no publisher dare publish, a truthful description of the moral atmosphere of hundreds of places where children are employed—a description truthful in the sense of telling the whole truth. No publisher would dare print the language current in an average factory. Our most "realistic" writers must exercise stern artistic reticence, and tone down or evade the truth. No normal boy or girl would think of repeating to father or mother the language heard in the mill—language which the children begin before long to use occassionally, *think* oftener still. I have known a girl of thirteen or fourteen, just an average American girl, whose parents, intelligent and honest folk, had given her a

moral training above rather than below the average, mock a pregnant woman worker and unblushingly attempt to caricature her condition by stuffing rags beneath her apron. I do not make any charge against the tens of thousands of women who have worked and are working in factories. Heaven forbid that I should seek to brand as impure these women of my own class! But I do say that for the plastic and impressionable mind of a child the moral atmosphere of the average factory is exceedingly bad, and I know that none will more readily agree with me than the men and women who work, or who have worked, in the mills and factories.

I know a woman, and she is one of many, who has worked in textile factories for more than thirty years. She began to work as a child before she was ten years old, and is now past forty. She has never married, though many men have sought her in marriage. She is not an abnormal woman, indifferent to marriage, but just a normal, healthy, intelligent woman who has yearned hundreds of times for a man's affection and companionship. To her more intimate friends she confesses that she chose to remain lonely and unwed, chose to stifle her longings for affection, rather than to marry and bring children into the world and live to see them enter the mills for employment before they became men and women. When I say that the moral atmosphere of factory life is contaminated and bad, and that the employment of children in mills and factories subjects them to grave moral perils, I am confident that I shall be supported, not, perhaps, by the owners of mills and factories, but by the vast majority of intelligent men and women employed in them.

In a report upon the physical conditions of child workers in Pennsylvania the Rev. Peter Roberts has discussed at some length the moral dangers of factory employment for children. He quotes an Allentown physician as saying: "No vice was unknown to many of the girls of fifteen working in the factories of the city": and another physician in the same city said, "There are more unhappy homes, and diseased bodies in Allentown than any other city of its size, because of the factories there." Another physician, in Lancaster, is quoted as saying that he had "treated boys of ten years old and upward for venereal affections which they had contracted. In upward of a score of factory towns I have had very similar testimony given me by physicians and others. The proprietor of a large drug-store in a New England factory town told me that he had never known a place where the demand for cheap remedies for venereal diseases was so great, and *that many of those who bought them were boys under fifteen.*

Nor is it only in factories that these grosser forms of immorality flourish. They are even more prevalent among the children of the street trades, newsboys, bootblacks, messengers, and the like. The proportion of newsboys who suffer from veneral diseases is alarmingly great. The superintendent of the John Worthy School, of Chicago, Mr. Sloan, asserts that "one-third of all the newsboys who come to the John Worthy School have venereal disease, and that 10 per cent. of the remaining newsboys at present in the Bridewell are, according to the physicians' diagnosis, suffering from similar diseases. The newsboys who come to the school are, according to Mr. Sloan, on an average one-third below the ordinary standard of physical development, a condition which will be readily understood by those who know the ways of the newsboys of our great cities—their irregular habits, scant feeding, sexual excesses, secret vices, sleeping in hallways, basements, stables and quiet cor-

ners. With such a low physical standard the ravages of venereal diseases are tremendously increased.

The messenger boys and the American District Telegraph boys are frequently found in the worst resorts of the "red-light" districts of our cities. In New York there are hundreds of such boys, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, who know many of the prostitutes of the Tenderloin by name. Sad to relate, boys like to be employed in the "red-light" districts. They like it, not because they are bad or depraved, but for the very natural reason that they make more money there, receiving larger and more numerous tips. They are called upon for many services by the habitues of these haunts of the vicious and profligate. They are sent to place bets, to take notes to and from houses of ill-fame, to buy liquor, cigarettes, candy, and even gloves, shoes, corsets and other articles of wearing apparel for the "ladies." Not only are tips abundant, but there are many opportunities for graft of which the boys avail themselves. A lad is sent, for instance, for a bottle of whiskey. He is told to get a certain brand at a neighboring hotel, but he knows where he can get the same brand for 50 per cent. of the hotel price, and, naturally, he goes there for it and pockets the difference in price. That is one form of messengers' graft. Another is overcharging for his services and pocketing the surplus, or keeping the change from a "ten-spot" or a "fiver" when, as often happens, the "sports" are either too reckless to bother about such trifles or too drunk to remember. From sources such as these the messenger boy in a district like the Tenderloin will often make several dollars a day.

A whole series of temptations confronts the messenger boy. He smokes, drinks, gambles, and, very often, patronizes the lowest class of cheap brothels. In answering calls from houses of ill-repute messengers cannot avoid being witnesses of scenes of licentiousness more or less frequently. By presents of money, fruit, candy, cigarettes, and even liquor, the women make friends of the boys, who quickly learn all the foul slang of the brothels. The conversation of a group of messengers in such a district will often reveal the most astounding intimacy with the grossest things of the underworld. That in their adolescence, the transition from boyhood to manhood, fraught as it is with its own inherent perils, they should be thrown into such an environment and exposed to such temptations is an evil which cannot possibly be overemphasized. The penal code of New York declares the sending of minors to carry messages to or from a house of ill-fame to be a misdemeanor, but the law is a dead letter. It cannot possibly be enforced and its repeal would probably be a good thing. While it may be urged that the mere existence of such a law has a certain moral value as a condemnation of such a dangerous employment for boys, it is exceedingly doubtful if that good is sufficient to counterbalance the harm which comes from the non-enforcement of the law.

I have dwelt mainly upon the grosser vices associated with street employment, as with employment in factories and mines, because it is a phase of the subject about which too little is known. I need scarcely say, however, that these vices are not the only ones to which serious attention should be given. Crime naturally results from such conditions. Of 600 boys committed to the New York Juvenile Asylum by the courts, 125 were newsboys who had been committed for various offenses ranging from ungovernableness and disorderly conduct to grand larceny. Mr. Nibecker, Superintendent of the House of Refuge at Glen Mills, near Philadelphia, was asked, "Have you, in dispro-

portionate numbers, boys who formerly were engaged in some one particular occupation?"

He replied promptly, "Yes, district messengers." It seems to be the almost unanimous opinion of probation officers and other competent authorities in our large cities that messenger boys and newsboys furnish an exceedingly large proportion of cases of juvenile delinquency. I wrote to six probation officers in as many large cities asking them to give me their opinion as to the classes of occupation which seem to have the largest number of juvenile delinquents. Their replies are summarized in the following schedule:

OCCUPATIONS OF JUVENILE DELINQUENTS IN SIX LARGE CITIES, SHOWING THE RELATIVE NUMBER OF EACH OCCUPATION.

Report	A	B	C	D
1	Messenger boys	Newsboys	Factory boys	Miscellaneous
2	Newsboys	Messenger boys	Factory boys	Truants
3	Newsboys	Messenger boys	Truants	Factory boys
4	Messenger boys	Factory boys	Newsboys	Miscellaneous
5	Messenger boys	Newsboys	Truants	Miscellaneous
6	Factory boys	Truants	Messenger boys	Newsboys

In six smaller cities, where the number of factory workers is much larger in proportion than in the great cities, and the number of newsboys and messengers is much smaller, the results were somewhat different. The following schedule is interesting as a summary of the replies received from these towns:

OCCUPATION OF JUVENILE DELINQUENTS IN SIX TOWNS OF LESS THAN 100,000 INHABITANTS, SHOWING THE RELATIVE NUMBER OF EACH OCCUPATION.

("Messenger boys" includes errand boys in stores.)

Report	A	B	C	D
1	Mine boys	Truants	Messenger boys	Miscellaneous
2	Glass-house boys	Other factory boys	Miscellaneous	Truants
3	Mill boys	Messenger boys	Truants	Miscellaneous
4	Mill boys	Mine boys	Truants	Miscellaneous
5	Mill boys	Truants	Newsboys	Miscellaneous
6	Mill boys	Messenger boys	Miscellaneous	Truants

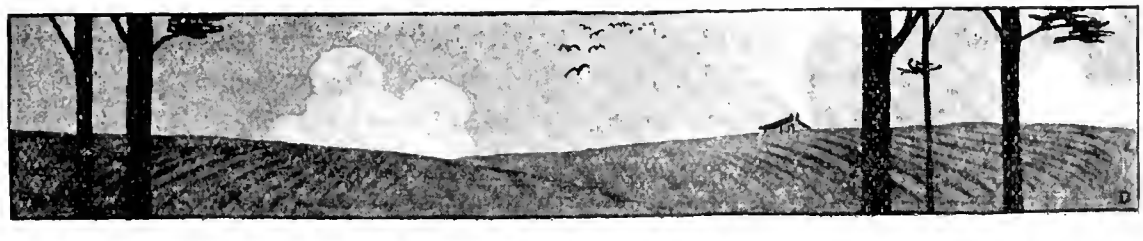
These facts, and others of a like nature, are only indicative of the ill effects of child labor upon the morals of the children. In some cases the moral peril lies in the nature of the work itself, while in others it lies, not in the work, but in the conditions by which it is surrounded. In the Chicago stockyards, for example, judging by what I saw there, I should say that in most, if not all, of the departments the work itself is degrading and brutalizing, and that no person under eighteen years of age ought to be permitted to work in them. In large laundries little girls are very commonly employed as "sorters." Their work is to sort out soiled clothes as they come in and to classify them. While such work must be disagreeable and unwholesome for a young girl, there is nothing necessarily demoralizing about it. But when such little girls are compelled to work with men and women of the coarsest and most illiterate type, as they frequently are, and to listen to constant conversation charged with foul suggestions, it becomes a soul-destroying occupation. At its best, even when all possible efforts are made to keep the place of employ-

ment pure and above reproach—and I know that there are many such places—still the whole tendency of child labor is in the direction of a lower moral standard. The feeling of independence caused by the ability to earn wages, the relaxation of parental authority, with the result that the children roam the streets at night or frequent places of amusement of questionable character: the ruthless destruction of the bloom of youthful innocence and the forced consciousness of life properly belonging to adult years—these are inevitably associated with child labor.

These are some of the ills which child labor inflicts upon the children themselves, ills which do not end with their childhood days, but curse and blight all their after years. The child who is forced to be a man too soon, forced too early to enter the industrial strife of the world, ceases to be a man too soon, ceases to be fit for the industrial strife. When the strength is sapped in childhood there is an absence of strength in manhood and womanhood: Ruskin's words are profoundly true, that "to be a man too soon is to be a small man." We are today using up the vitality of children; soon they will be men and women, without the vitality and strength necessary to maintain themselves and their dependents. When we exploit the immature strength of little children we prepare recruits for the miserable army of the unfit and unemployable, whose lot is a shameful and debasing poverty.

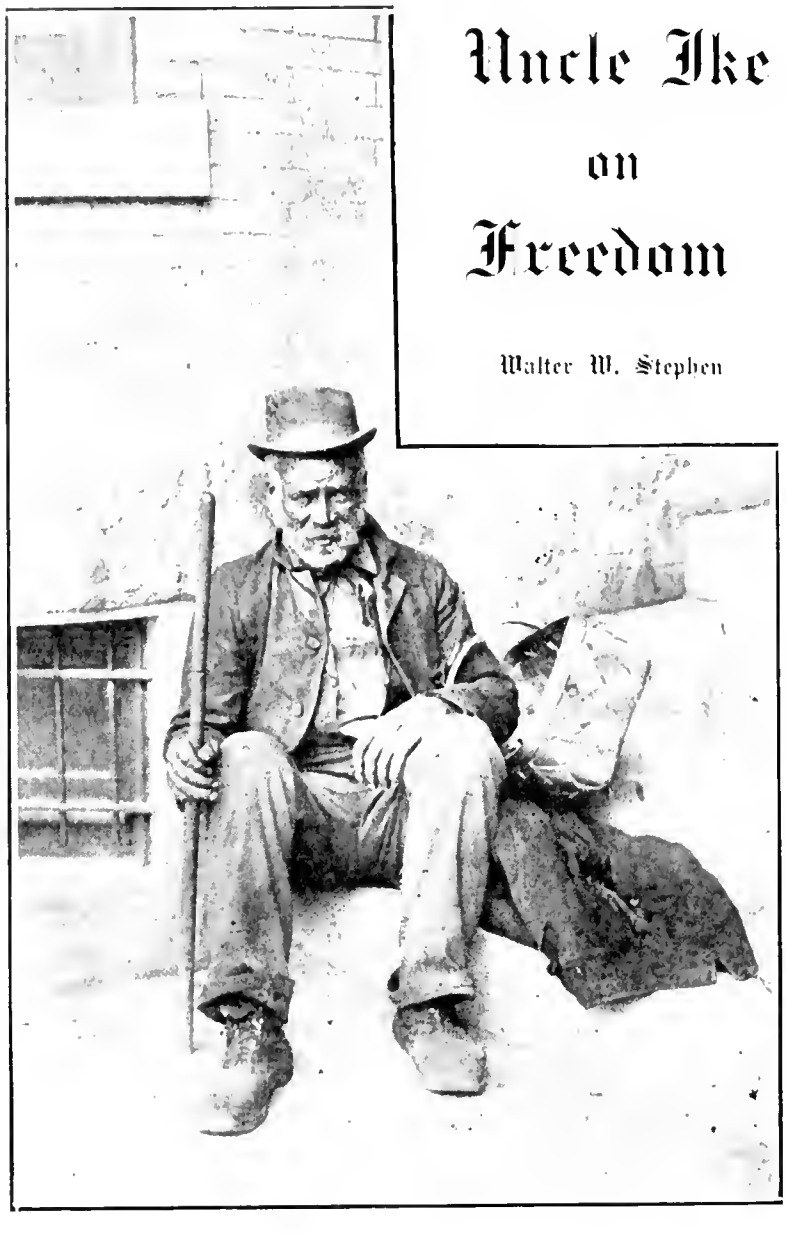
This wrong to helpless childhood carries with it, therefore, a certain and dreadful retribution. It is not possible to injure a child without injuring society. Whatever burden society lays, or permits to be laid, upon the shoulders of its children, it must ultimately bear upon its own. Society's interest in the child may be well expressed in a slight paraphrase of the words of Jesus: "Whatsoever is done to one of the least of these little ones is done unto Me." It is in that spirit that the advocates of child-labor legislation would have the nation forbid the exploitation, literally the exhaustion, of children by self-interested employers. For the abuse of childhood by individual anti-social interests society as a whole must pay the penalty. If we neglect the children of today, and sap their strength so that they become weaklings, we must bear the burden of their failures when they fail and fall.

There is a sacred Something on all ways—
Something that watches through the Universe;
One that remembers, reckons and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse.



Uncle Ike on Freedom

Walter W. Stephen

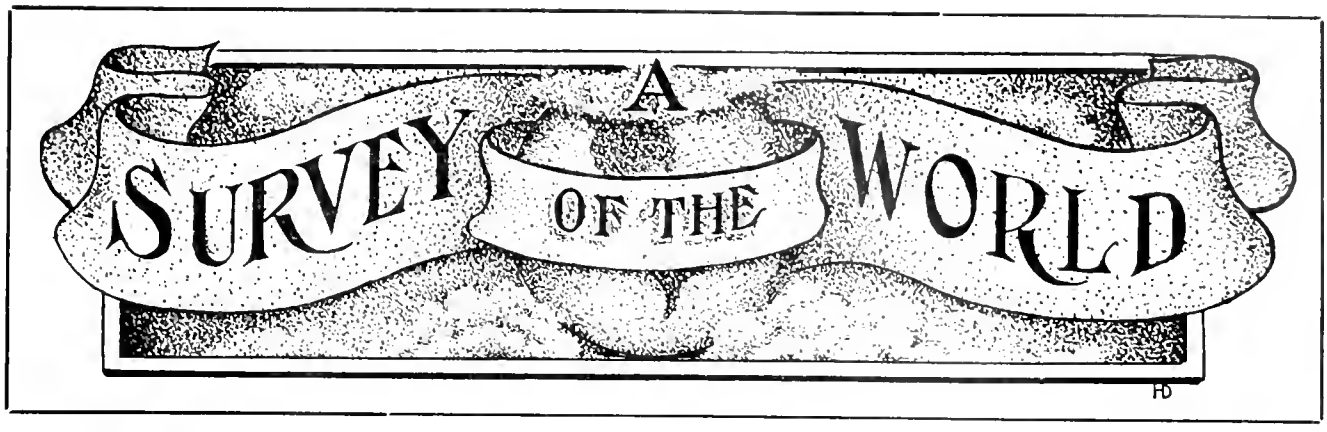


So yo' glad yo' bo'n in freedom
An' not in ol' slavery days;
Shet yo' black mouf, boy, and lis'en
Ter what yo' Uncle Ike gwine says,

Yo' Unkle Ike wuz coachman den,
An' driv a pair of prancin' bays,
An' I bin happy as a king
A drivin' Mistus all de days.

So what de good o' freedom, boy,
Ef it brings yo' nothin' mo'
Den jes a big ole heavy hoe
What make yo' back git bent and so'?

En ef I gits ter heav'n hom
Where dey's chariots of pure gol',
I'll ax de Lord no better job
Den drivin' Mistus as of ol'.



By THE EDITOR

THE Sherman anti-Trust act gives the Government three powerful weapons with which to attack combinations in restraint of trade:

(1) Suits to dissolve;

(2) Confiscation of property;

(3) Criminal prosecutions.

Why is it that Mr. Taft and his noisy predecessor never made use of the most effective of these weapons? Suits to dissolve can be prolonged for years and years. Continuances, appeals, new trials, &c., can be used to postpone the day of judgment. But suppose the agents of the Government should seize the property of the Harvester Trust wherever found, of the Steel Trust wherever found, of the Tobacco Trust wherever found, of the Meat Trust wherever found—would not such a policy bring every Trust to its knees within a week? Surely. The merchandise of these lawless combinations can easily be found in almost every town and city in the Union; a simultaneous seizure of it by the Government would absolutely paralyze the Trusts. Why does Mr. Taft and his Wickersham fail to employ so effective a weapon against the law-breakers?

* * *

Then, again, there is the mysterious failure to criminally prosecute the monarchs of Big Business. The Government in its suit against the Steel Trust, makes allegations which, if true, convict Morgan, Gary, Frick, Carnegie, &c., of criminal practices. Why, then, does not the Government cause the law-breakers to be indicted? Why are warrants not sworn out against them? Why isn't J. P. Morgan put under arrest like any other criminal? *Why is the Government afraid to jail these grandest of rascals?*

* * *

In its suit against the Steel Trust, the Government alleges that President Roosevelt was deceived by Messrs. Gary and Frick, on that memorable Sunday morning in Washington, when they went to the White House to obtain *Presidential license to violate the law.*

By a characteristic Wall Street raid, the Morgan gang had "gone after" the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the principal competitor of the Steel Trust. Their prey was within their reach, but the rascals did not dare to seize it, in plain violation of a law which made them criminally responsible, and which menaced their property with confiscation. Therefore, Gary and Frick hurried to Washington, to consult the President. They lied to him concerning the facts, pretended that they really did not want the Tennessee corporation and that their motives in taking it over—if they should be allowed to do it—were altruistic in the extreme. They did not tell him that, without the investment of a single dollar in cash, they would acquire, for less

than $30,000,000, a vast property worth at least $500,000,000.

Frightened by the panic, and beguiled by Gary and Frick, the impulsive Roosevelt virtually told them to go ahead and violate a law, *which he was under oath to see executed.*

* * *

The suit of the Government against the Steel Trust brought to a head the long repressed fight between Roosevelt and Taft. They have had no love for each other since Taft, immediately after his election, went over to the anti-Roosevelt element of his party. The nominee who had humbly and publicly carried his letter of acceptance to Roosevelt for approval, and who proclaimed himself throughout his campaign as devoted to the "My Policies" of Roosevelt, seemed to be in the greatest hurry, *after his election*, to throw off the Roosevelt influence and to repudiate the Roosevelt policies. Mr. Taft appeared to take a positive delight in kicking Roosevelt's friends (such as Pinchot, Glavis, &c.), and in snuggling up to the Roosevelt enemies, such as Aldrich, Penrose and Smoot. It must be admitted that Roosevelt bore this rank ingratitude with unexpected patience. In fact, he carried his forbearance too far, when he voted to endorse the Taft administration, as he did in the Saratoga convention of last year. But the attack upon him in the Government's suit against the Steel Trust was the one straw too many, and now the fight is on.

* * *

Inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt may be regarded as a cadidate for the Presidency, it is well that the country should have a clear understanding of the issue between himself and Mr. Taft. Here are his own words, as published in *The Outlook*:

"The suit against the Steel Trust by the Government has brought vividly before our people the need of reducing to order our chaotic Government policy as regards business. * * * To attempt to meet the whole problem (of Trusts) by a succession of lawsuits is hopeless. * * * The effort to prohibit all combinations, good or bad, is bound to fail, and ought to fail. * * * It is absurd to treat the size of a corporation as in itself a crime.

"It is practically impossible to try to break up all combinations merely because they are large and successful and to put the business of the country back into the middle of the eighteenth century. * * * Such an effort represents not progressiveness, but an unintelligent though doubtless well meaning toryism."

The inadequacy of the Sherman act:

"As President, in messages to Congress, I repeatedly called attention to the inadequacy of the anti-Trust law by itself to meet business conditions and secure justice to the people and to the further fact that if left to itself it might work mischief."

Mr. Roosevelt's sponsorship of the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the Steel Trust:

"It is alleged on the authority of the Government officials engaged in carrying on the suit (against the Steel Trust) that I was misled by the representatives of the Steel Corporation. * * * This statement is not correct. I believed at the time that the facts in the case were as represented,* * * and my further knowledge has convinced me that this was true. * * * According to my view * * * the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company's ores in no way changed the situation as regards making the Steel Corporation a monopoly."

The "dissolution" of the Tobacco Trust:

"The settlement of the Circuit Court, in which the representatives of the Government seem inclined to concur, practically leaves all the companies still

substantially under the control of the twenty-nine original defendants. Such a result is lamentable from a standpoint of justice. The decision of the Circuit Court, if allowed to stand, means that none of the real offenders have received any punishment."

(The decision of the court followed closely the decision in the Northern Securities case, which was brought in the Roosevelt administration.)

Mr. Roosevelt's remedy for the evils of industrial corporations:

"The National Government exercises control over Interstate Commerce railways and it can in similar fashion, through an appropriate governmental body, exercise control over all industrial organizations engaged in Interstate Commerce.

"Not only should any huge corporation which has gained its position by unfair methods, by demoralizing and corrupt practices, be broken up, but it should be the business of some administrative governmental body to see that it does not come together again save under such strict control as shall insure the community against all repetition of bad conduct.

"The law should be clear, unambiguous, certain, so that honest men may not find that unwittingly they have violated it."

* * *

Mr. Taft evidently believes that "bad" Trusts can be destroyed by Civil suits. Mr. Roosevelt believes that they must be regulated by a governmental commission.

Neither of these views is sound. Neither of them recognizes the source of the evil. Both Taft and Roosevelt carefully dodge the truth, which is that *the Tariff creates the Trust and that to dissolve the Trust you must so lower the Tariff that foreign competition will render monopoly prices impossible.*

To say that Trusts can either be destroyed or controlled when the Tariff remains so high, is as nonsensical as to say that malaria can be gotten rid of without removing its source. *When high Tariffs shut out foreign goods, combination within the walls is inevitable.*

* * *

At present, the tactical position of Mr. Taft is stronger than that of Mr. Roosevelt. In the eyes of the people, Taft's greatest sins have been those connected with the Tariff. But Roosevelt has never criticised the President for being a stand-pat Protectionist. On the contrary, he has endorsed Mr. Taft's course, in that respect; and never has, himself, had a word to say against the Payne-Aldrich bill.

He takes issue with the President on the Sherman law; he offers himself to the country as the champion of the Morgan interests, of the Steel Trust, of the Harvester Trust. He declares that the anti-Trust law should *not* be enforced, although Presidents swear to enforce it.

Mr. Taft, on the other hand, declares that he will take the Sherman law, *as amended by Chief Jesuit White*, and do his utmost to enforce it. Weak as Taft's position is on National questions, that of Roosevelt is weaker.

* * *

The Government began its suits against the Chicago packers in 1902. By the aid of astute lawyers and pliable Federal judges, it is still doing business at the old place, in the old way. These criminals have been robbing the people of millions of dollars, every year. They afford a convincing illustration of the fact that the Government is not strong enough to cope with the big law-breakers.

MEXICO is on the eve of another revolution; China has practically overturned the Manchu throne and established a republic; the President of San Domingo has been assassinated;

the mother of the child-emperor of China has eloped to Mukden with a "low-down" actor; Germany is in a bad temper because she failed to intimidate France in those Moroccan negotiations; Persia has become a bone of contention between Russia and England; the Suffragettes of Great Britain almost overcame 2,000 policemen in their efforts to invade the House of Commons; the Panama canal will be open for business in 1913; King George of England is off to India to be crowned as Emperor thereof; and there is a lively row brewing because Taft has made it illegal for anybody to cure the sick, in the Canal Zone, unless the Board of Health grants a concession to that effect.

A COMBINATION of speculators, last Spring, advanced the price of cotton to about what it is worth. The Federal Government put its machinery in motion, and these "bulls" were vigorously prosecuted. *At whose instance?* At the behest of the cotton manufacturers who are so outrageously "protected" from foreign competition. This year, the combined speculators and spinners have forced the price of cotton far below the cost of production. The growers will lose nearly $400,000,000 by the illegal combine. But does the Federal Government prosecute these "bears?" Not at all. When a delegation from the South waited upon Attorney-General Wickersham, and asked him about prosecuting *these* speculators, that Sugar-Trust worthy replied flippantly, that he knew nothing about combinations *to lower* prices. He knew about the "bulls;" he did not know anything about "bears."

EDITORIALLY, the *Christian Index*, Atlanta, Ga., says:

"The Catholics have put their finger on the press in America in order to juggle with fairness and gain unrighteous advantage for themselves. The *Baptist Standard* vouches for the dispatch which follows, and which shows that these same censors of the press have determined that the American public shall not have the unbiased truth about the wavering grip of this spiritual octopus on the people, lest they should become wary. The paragraph is as follows:

"Columbus, O., Aug. 25.—At today's session of the convention of the Catholic editors an address was delivered by Samuel Byrne, editor of the Pittsburgh *Observer*, in which he said: 'I have come here for the purpose of very briefly suggesting one thing. It is this: That the Catholic editors of the country, concertedly and persistently, urge their readers *to notify the proprietors and managers of the daily papers that, unless they use, instead of the European dispatches of the Associated Press, those furnished by the newly established Catholic International United Telegraph Agency, they will withdraw their patronage from them, either as readers or as advertisers and will, moreover, boycott both the offending newspapers and those who advertise in them.*'"

Read the foregoing thoughtfully.

Unless the editors and managers drop the Associated Press, and use, instead, the Roman Catholic despatches from Europe, the readers and advertisers who can be controlled by the Romanists will boycott the said papers, and also boycott those who advertise in them!

Would the Romanists in America have dared to take that insolent tone 50 years ago? Never. What, then, will be their tone 50 years hence, if we do not check their power?

WITHOUT a word of warning, Japan dashed into a bloody struggle with unprepared Russia. But then, you see, the Jap is a heathen, without the grace of God in his heart.

Without a word of warning, Italy

sprang upon the slumbering Turk; and began to butcher men, women and children, at a time when all Christendom had mentally abolished war. But then, you see the Turk is an infidel, with no rights that a Christian is bound to respect; and it was quite natural that Papal blessings should follow the Italian army in its unprovoked attack upon a peaceable neighbor.

Japan did not materially increase the well-being and happiness of her people by her war with Russia; and I shouldn't wonder if Italy finds in the sands of Africa what Roman armies of old found there—disaster and shame.

* * *

Why did Italy attack the Turks? Was it to divert the attention of her people from governmental abuses at home? Did King and Pope agree that, to save themselves from the Socialists, they must plunge the country into an aggressive war? Why the sudden hunger for Tripoli? Why this sacrifice of so many thousands of lives to win a stretch of territory part desert and part decaying town? What benefit to the Italian people is this wholesale massacre of Arabs and Turks on the African coast?

To my mind, this concert of action between the Quirinal and the Vatican is more suggestive of hidden motive than of anything else. *Socialism* is what both the King and the Pope fear; and this monstrous invasion of Africa was meant to draw off the minds of the Italians from the fearful misgovernment of which they are the victims.

THAT cynical Mephistopheles of American politics, Aldrich of Rhode Island, has been attending the New Orleans meeting of the Bankers' Association. His object, of course, is to secure an edorsement of his Morganized plan to place the finances of the country in the absolute control of Morgan's Money Trust.

Under the National Bank Act, the Government allowed the privileged few to usurp the sovereign function of issuing the paper currency. The capital invested in the bonds drew interest and was untaxed; and, at the same time the same capital re-appeared as bank notes and earned for the privileged invetsor full legal interest, periodically compounded. Furthermore, the system of reserves drew practically all of the circulating medium into a few large cities.

Even these enormous advantages do not satisfy the National bankers. The Aldrich plan proposes that the banks shall not only duplicate the capital invested in U. S. bonds—drawing interest from the people both on the bonds and the notes based upon the bonds—but that they shall likewise duplicate the capital invested in "other securities." What is meant by "other securities?" Corporation stocks and bonds, commercial paper, and anything else that the banks choose to classify as a "security."

* * *

Can you conceive of a more colossal scheme to enrich the few at the expense of the many? Take, for example, J. P. Morgan, and see what he could do under the Aldrich scheme. He draws interest on railway stocks and bonds, on Steel Trust stocks and bonds, on magazine stocks and bonds, on insurance company stocks and bonds, &c., &c. The Aldrich plan proposes to allow Morgan to deposit these securities in his banks, and to issue money on them —money to be loaned out to the dear farmers, laboring men, merchants, &c. Thus the people will be doubly robbed. They must pay the outrageously unjust interest on watered stocks and bonds, and they must also pay the compound interest on the money issued upon these stocks and bonds. Morgan will have his money duplicated, *his income on the same investment doubled*. He can *monetize his speculations*, and pillage the people both ways.

* * *

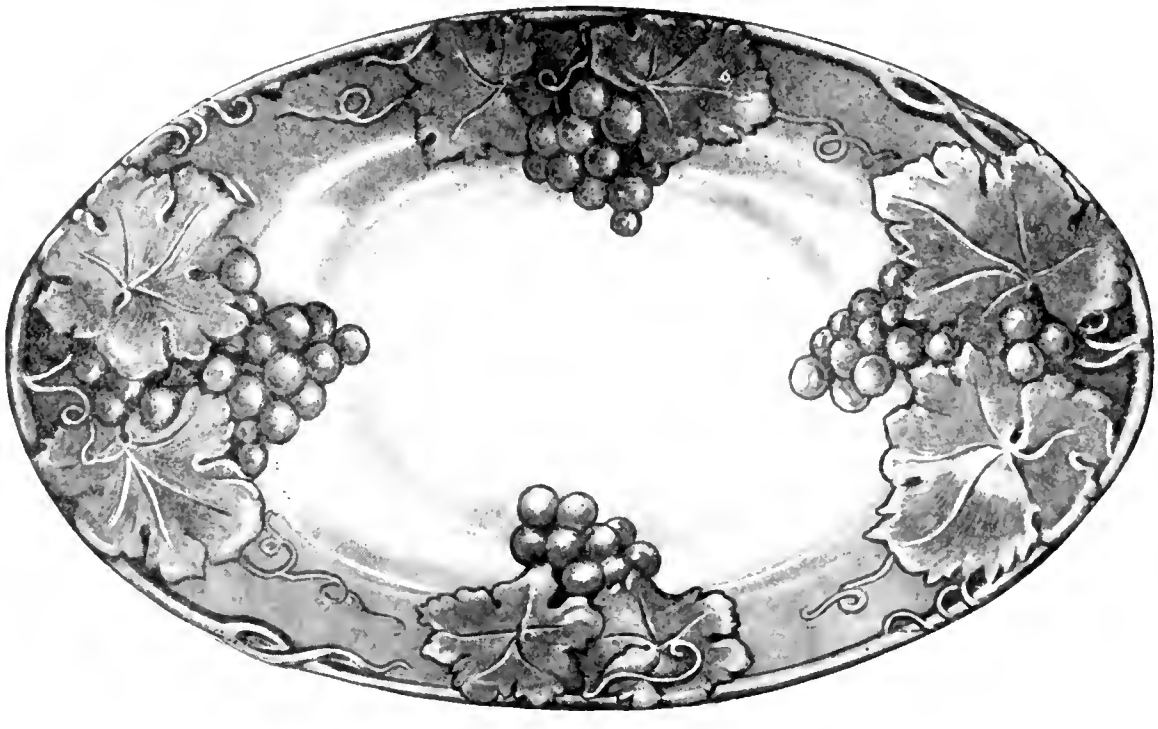
The Aldrich plan coolly, insolently assumes that the Government *never will be able* to resume its sovereign power

to issue and control the money of the country. The Aldrich plan coolly and insolently assumes that the national bankers own, *in perpetuity*, the special privilege granted them during the stress of the Civil War—granted them in spite of the bitter protests of the honestest men in Congress.

In my judgement, the infamous Aldrich plan can never be put through. The fact that Aldrich fathers it is enough of itself to eternally damn it. To hear that cynical old scoundrel prate about the benefits of his plan *to the farmers*, is enough to arouse mockery in hell—Aldrich being the man who framed the tariff bill which compels the farmer to pay two or three prices for every blessed thing he buys, *and to take half price for nearly everything he sells.*

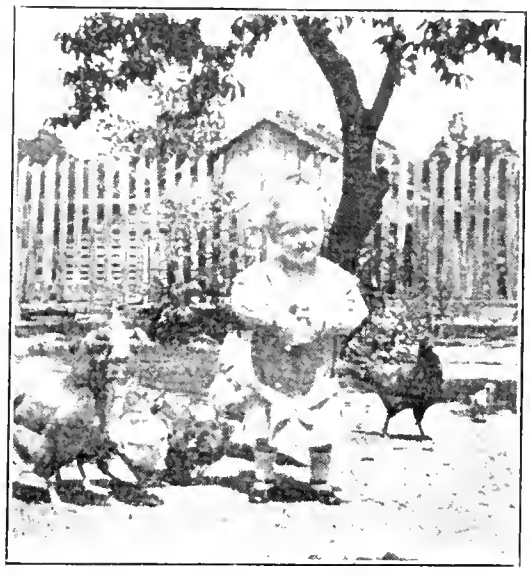
IN the recent elections, the Socialists made tremendous gains, *in the cities*. No wonder. Our present system of government is so infernally bad, that discontent is bound to find expression. The conduct of our Federal judges makes Socialists. The conduct of our millionaires makes Socialists. The kind of legislation that Congress has been giving us makes Socialists. The concentration of wealth and the cruel oppressiveness of the corporations make Socialists. The taxation laid on Poverty makes Socialists. The utter neglect of suffering humanity, by those in power, makes Socialists. The grinding out of the lives of the children in sweatshops and mills and mines, makes Socialists. The insatiable greed and the pitiless tyranny of such unlawful combinations as the Steel Trust makes Socialists.

In vain will rich men conspire to put down Socialism. Unless they change the horrible class-legislation which breeds angry discontent, they will fight in vain against the ripening of the fruit of their own toil.



The Baby Show

WHEN we counted the entries in our Baby Show, all those interested began speculating as to how long it would take to publish all the entries.



There's Money in Poultry.
WILLIAM AVIS MIXON,
17 months. Romer, Ala.

An Infant Industry.
WALTER SMITH RAND,
1 year. Garner, N. C.

Various estimates were given, but all put November as the very limit of time; one brave soul ventured to predict it would be December before the

One of the Littlest Ones.
THOS. OLIN GILLESPIE,
3 months. Carnesville, Ga.

Ready to Go a'Visiting.
MARGARET ALLEN,
2 years. Senoia, Ga

"STUDENTS ALL."

1, Ethel May McJunkin, seventeen months, Whitehead, Pa.; 2, Watson Conway Shell Otwell, Bluff City, Ark.; 3, Tom Watson McPearson, Grapevine, Tex.; 4, Leonard Herring Sivell, two years, six months, Chipley, Ga.; 5, Roy Lee Veal, two years, eleven months, Deepstep, Ga.; 6, Joel Emory Elkins, eighteen months, Carrolton, Ga.; 7, Boozie Davis, sixteen months, De Kalb, Miss.; 8, Joseph Rica Roach, Headrick, Ala.; 9, J. Ebert Smith, two years, Attalla, Ala.; 10, Tom Davis Darnell, two years, De Kalb, Miss.; 11, Thos. Watson Hammond, eleven months, Big Springs, Fla.; 12 Ruth Virginia Adams, twenty-three months, Red Oak, Va.

last picture would be shown, and that lone one was the one who had proposed the Baby Show.

But (there's a word that's caused a lot of trouble) it has simply been impossible to get the last picture in the December number of the Magazine, and

The Express Messenger.
BEN C. FOWLER.
19 months. Abbeville, Ala.

it will likely be February before they are all shown.

To those who are asking for the return of their baby's photographs, we would say: we think it better, fairer to the babies and the judges, to hold the photographs until the close of the contest.

Those photographs which were returned could be spared because excellent cuts had been made of the pictures, and there will be a splendid

His First "Suit."
WALTER GRAHAM BURCH.
2 years, 7 months. Fayetteville, Ga.

"proof" of the cuts to go before the judges.

This month's showing is, as usual, a bevy of beauties.

"SHALL SOUTHERN CHILDREN BE TAUGHT HISTORICAL LIES?"

Dear Sir: "At the time George Washington was elected President, North Carolina, New York and Rhode Island had not consented to enter the third compact."

(1) Was not a Federal convention called on the 25th of May, 1787, to meet in Philadelphia, by all the states, Rhode Island alone not being represented?

Did not Congress sanction the action of this convention, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey ratifying the constitution in a very short time? Georgia, Connecticut and Massachusetts doing the same thing early in the next year, 1788, Maryland and South Carolina a little later. New Hampshire and Virginia in June and New York in July. North Carolina would not sign until late in 1789, and Rhode Island not until 1790.

(3) Did not this Congress adjourn in the autumn of 1788, having settled that the elections for the new government should take place early in the next year, 1789?

(4) Was this not the third union of the states, the "third compact?"

(5) When Washington's electoral votes were counted, were not the representatives of eleven states present, North Carolina and Rhode Island being absent? Now I am asking for information, why New York was not in the "third compact" when Washington was elected President. I know full well you have the "goods," and I only hope your time will let you part with some of it. Yours very truly,

Lynchburg, Va. W. H. TERRY.

Answers:

(1) Yes; but it was called to amend the Articles of Confederation, and not to destroy them. The delegates were chosen for one purpose, and they acted for another. Actually, they betrayed their trust.

(2) No. Congress did not pass on the New Constitution at all. The convention transmitted the document to Congress, and Congress submitted it to the States, without approval or disapproval. The states entered the new Union in the order recited by our correspondent.

(3) The congress of the old confederation had fixed upon the 1st Wednesday in January, 1789, as the date for the election of the Presidential electors, who were to choose a President and Vice-President on the 1st Wednesday in Feb., 1789. North Carolina and Rhode Island had not yet joined the Union; and New York did not vote in the election. Only ten states voted in the first election of a President.

(4) Yes.

(5) No.

I was in error in saying that New York had not entered the Union at the time of Washington's election; but, as a matter of fact, she did not vote. Her legislature failed to choose electors. T. E. W.

WHO WAS FOUNDER OF DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

Dear Sir: Will you please answer these questions for me through **The Jeffersonian**?

1. Wasn't Thomas Jefferson the founder of the Democratic party? (The same Democratic party as of today.)

2. Wasn't he elected President of the U. S. by a Republican ticket?

3. Does the Democratic party of today stand for the same principles as the Republican party did before Jefferson was President, or did Jefferson leave one party and found the Democratic party? I am under the impression that the party just changed its name.

Three cheers for **The Jeffersonian** and for Hon. T. E. Watson. I wish we had a few more men like him, who would openly take the stand against Roman Catholics, as he does. I hope to see the time when every Protestant will realize the danger around us—that is, the Catholic church and its influence.

With best wishes for the **Jeffs**, I am,

Yours truly,

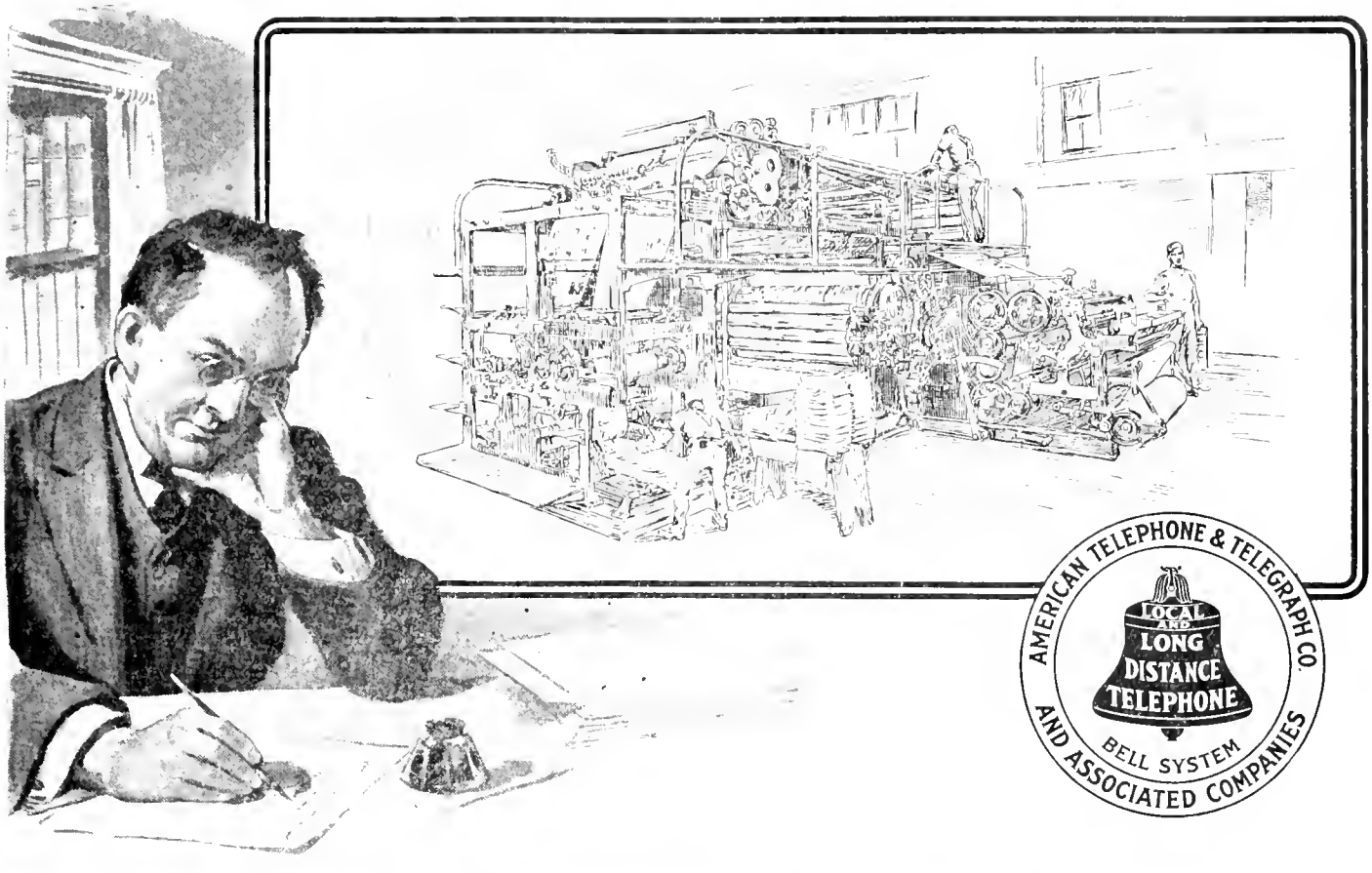
MRS. E. A. CAWTHON.

Jackson, Ga.

Answers:

(1) Thomas Jefferson is regarded, properly, as the founder of what is now called the Democratic party; but it was called National Republican in his day. The name "Democratic" came into use under Andrew Jackson.

(2) He was elected against the Federalist, or Hamiltonian, party by what was then called the Republican party—to distinguish it from the aristocratic Federalist faction.



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(3) Claiming to stand for the principles of Jefferson and his republicans, the Jackson men gradually changed the name to the "Democratic Party." T. E. W.

THE "WHIGS" AND THE "BLACK DUTCH."

Dear Sir: Will you please tell me through your magazine:

1. Who were the old-line Whigs?

2. Who were the people of the Carolinas that were formerly referred to as the "Black Dutch?" I hardly think these words were used in contempt of the people of certain settlements in early American history, yet I can not see why a Teutonic people should be called "black."

Oxford, Ala. R. G. ROBERTS.

Answers:

1. The "old-line Whigs" were the followers of Webster and Clay.

2. To Judge Walter Clark of Raleigh, N. C., I am indebted for the following information, in reply to query two:

The "Black Dutch" is not a name of reproach, but the ordinary, well-recognized designation of the South German, i. e. Bavarians, Wurtembergers and the people from the Palatinate. These people are dark skinned as contrasted with the north Germans who are fair skinned and light haired, blue eyed people as you know. Many of these South Germans came to central and west North Carolina by way of a temporary residence for a generation or so in Pennsylvania. They were called "Black Dutch." The Germans style themselves, as you know, "Deutsch." They call their country "Deutschland," and their Emperor is "Deutscher Kaiser."

T. E. W.

MORE ABOUT "THE AMERICAN NEY."

Dear Sir: The several enclosures herewith are self-explanatory; and I trust you will have time to give them a careful reading.

If, in your judgment, the public should have the benefit of these additional bits of evidence on the negative side of the question, "Was Marshal Ney Shot?" they are at your pleasure.

My relative, H. H. Newton, Jr., of Bennettsville, S. C., is a great admirer of you and your writings and agrees with me, thoroughly, as to your wonderful ability and accuracy as a statesman and historian, but feels sure that, if you will, with your facilities for getting information, pursue the negative side of this question to its exhaustion, you, yourself, will be convinced that Ney was not shot.

He feels also that, should you become so convinced, you would have more influence with the French people than any other man in having the French government do honor unto the bones of P. S. Ney (Marshall Ney) in having them removed from North Carolina soil to that of France.

While on a visit of several weeks to relatives in the Carolinas recently, in conversation with H. H. Newton, Jr., I told him that I expected to see you soon as you had promised to name a date for a speech in Baxley in the near future. This explains why the enclosed communications were mailed to me for delivery to you in person, and the fact that no date was named for a speech in Baxley in last week's **Jeff** is why I am mailing them to you instead of holding for personal delivery. H. H., Jr., told me to tell you he agreed with you in all you had written except as to Marshall Ney. But I found his father's (H. H. Newton, Sr.) mind somewhat prejudiced against you by misrepresentation from the pulpit and the religious (?) press. Therefore I mailed him the April number of Plain Truth, containing Scarboro's editorial, "Thomas E. Watson; an Appreciation," which I am sure will set him right and many others with him. We hope to give you a good audience when you come to Baxley. Sincerely yours,

H. C. NEWTON.

Sept. 8th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Henry: As you will see Mr. Watson soon I thought I would write you some bits of evidence in the Ney matter that you can turn over to him if you do not mind doing so. I would send it direct but I told him in my last letter that I was done and I hate to bother him further with it, but trust that he can have the time to read this that I send you. I enclose with this the statements of R. A. Henderson and of Mr. Melody and a copy of the letter of David N. Caravallo of New York, the noted expert on handwriting, all from Weston's book. You recollect, I told you this book answers every argument that can be brought to bear against it. History records that the Marshal's mother was named Margueritha Grisbling, and Mr. Weston went to Ney's old home in Saar-Louis and found that her name was Catherine, just as Peter S. Ney told in this country. The condition of Ney's grave in Paris is evidence enough to show that his bones are not there. I do not believe that Napoleon's son died of consumption at 21 years, but believe as the Marshal said in this country, that "he was poisoned." It would be natural for those high in authority to put him to death (on account of the hatred of that crowd against Napoleon) to keep the Bonaparte heir off the throne. I believe the Duke of Wellington exacted a solemn promise from the Ney family not to divulge the secret of the Marshal's escape unto the fourth generation, and I further believe the foreign gentleman of high char-

acter and position that wrote that letter to Mr. Weston on the eve of his book going to press was none other than a son of the Marshal, for his son was recognized in Virginia during the Marshal's life in N. C. The Duke of Wellington went to the King (the afternoon before Ney was to be executed) to get a pardon for Ney; the King refused. That night he went to the royal palace again for the same purpose. The King turned his back on him and refused to see him. The Duke, greatly insulted, left the palace and said he would never go there again. The King was doubtless informed that night that Ney could not be shot. It seems to me the words of Sir Wm. Fraser to Mr. Weston in London in 1891, are sufficient evidence that he was not shot and certainly the statement of R. A. Henderson is as good as gold.

Ney's friends had to keep his escape a profound secret and do everything in their power to make it appear that he was shot. If they had acted otherwise they would have suffered death. Ney's right hand man in the Russian campaign was the Duke de Fezensac. "The Duke de Feltre" (Gen. Clarke) an old officer of the Empire, was war minister at the time of the so-called execution. Fezensac, who loved and adored Ney, had married Clarke's daughter and exercised a powerful influence over his father-in-law. M. de Cazes was minister of police and Queen Hortense, devoted to Ney, had the Duke completely under her thumb, though he seemed to be loyal to the King. He did whatever she told him to do. See "Lamartine's History of the Restoration." You can readily see that this whole affair was conducted by friends of the Marshal. The Marshal communicated with his loved ones constantly while in this country, not directly, but through a friend; he could not do so directly, for fear his friends might suffer death if the secret got out. Mr Weston found when in Paris that his wife is not buried by his side, but the wives of all the other Marshals are. If Ney were executed, why did not his wife marry again? She was only 33 at the time of the so-called execution and was a beautiful woman. It was because she knew the Marshal was alive in America. Why did not she attend Ney's funeral in Paris? Why did not she view the body after it was carried to the hospital? Why did not she look on his dead face? Because she knew Ney was not dead. She was inforfed shortly after Ney was, that his life was to be spared.

The greatest weight of the evidence, it seems to me, is that he was **not** shot. If I had to take an oath that he was or was not shot, I would not hesitate as to which way. If P. S. Ney was an imposter, his Satanic Majesty could not have played the part so well. I trust the first time Mr. Watson goes to New York, he can have time to call on Thos. Whitaker, the publisher of the Weston book, and he may get some information as to the letter from the foreign gentleman to Mr. Weston. Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Weston are the only ones that seem to know the name of this man. I also hope he can see Mr. Carvalleo if he is still alive. Mr. Weston died a few years ago. I understand Mr. Watson's Napoleon is a standard work in France. It undoubtedly deserves to stand at the head of the list. It is a delight to read it. If he could have received sufficient information to have enabled him to put in this work, that he believed the execution was false, that Ney's bones could not be found on the soil of France; being a standard work, I believe the French government would have looked into the matter and found on opening the grave in Paris that no bones are there or any evidence that a body had ever been placed there, and by this time France would have welcomed the rmains of the famous Marshal home, from their long abode in North Carolina soil.

Sincerely yours, H. H. NEWTON, JR.

Mr. Weston has established the fact, without a doubt, that the execution was a farce, and his book should be regarded as a standard work. H. H. N., Jr.

Statement of Mr. Henderson as to the Execution of Ney.

R. A. Henderson, attorney at law, Topeka, Kans., says: "I was born in England; was educated at the Royal Military College, and served 3 years in the regular army. My grandfather (Robert Laird) was an English soldier in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. In the Peninsula War he was a member of the 88th Regiment, known as the Connaught Rangers, and at Waterloo he was a sergeant in the celebrated Sixth Inniskillen Dragoons, who were almost annihilated in their charge on the cuirassiers. After the battle of Waterloo he went to France, and remained there with the army of occupation. He was one of the persons representing the English army, appointed to witness the execution of Ney. I have heard him say often that Ney was not executed—that he saw the muskets discharged, saw Ney fall, viewed the body, saw it taken up and carried away, saw it in the hospital, but that Ney was not hurt; that the so-called execution was a farce. He always affirmed this in the most positive manner. Said Ney's fall was not natural, and that the supposed bullet marks upon his person were artificial. I think he also stated that some Prussians were present at the scene. My impression is that he said the guns contained blank cartridges.

"The report made by the Commission, of which he was a member, to the military authorities was this: 'Marshal Ney was not shot.'

"I may be mistaken as to some minor matters, but the essential facts are as I have given them. My grandfather was a man of approved courage. He had a great many medals which were given to him for gallantry in the Peninsula War and at Waterloo. He was born in Fermanagh, 6 miles from Inniskillen, Ireland, and was very old when he died. While in the army

he kept a private diary, which he bequeathed to me. I have it among my books in Canada. In that diary will be found a confirmation of what I have said and other details of the alleged execution. My grandfather said that at the time of the so-called execution it was the common talk in the army and elsewhere that Ney was not shot."

The above was given about 1891 to Mr. J. A. Weston. H. H. N., Jr.

Correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, Rocheport, Mo. (1891): "Major Thomas W. Sampson, of Rocheport, gives some very interesting facts in regard to the mysterious Ney which seem to establish the fact conclusively that he was not shot on that dismal and foggy morning when so many brave men fell victims to the merciless decree of the French Council of Peers. Major Sampson states that the late George H. C. Melody, of St. Louis, spent several weeks in Paris, France, in 1845, during the reign of Louis Phillippe, King of the French.

"His Majesty extended to the American commoner many tokens of friendship in recognition of courtesies extended to the King by Mr. Melody in St. Louis during the King's exile, years before. In the course of a confidential conversation during this visit, Mr. Melody asked Louis Phillippe the question: 'Is the statement in history that Marshal Ney was shot true?'

"The king replied: 'Mr. Melody, I know the fact that you are one of the highest Masons in America. I am known as one of the most exalted Masons in Europe. Marshal Ney held a position among Masons equal to either of us. The prisons were full of men condemned to be shot. The men were daily being marchd out to meet their fate. Some other man may have filled the grave intended for Marshal Ney.'

Mr. Melody replied very quietly: 'May it please your Majesty, Ney was not shot.'"

Peter S. Ney told the Rev. Dr. Basil G. Jones that the Ancient Fraternity aided in his escape from the first.

Peter Stuart Ney was a Mason.

Wellington was a Mason.

Mr. Weston says: "Comment is unnecessary."

Letter of Mr. David N. Carvalho.

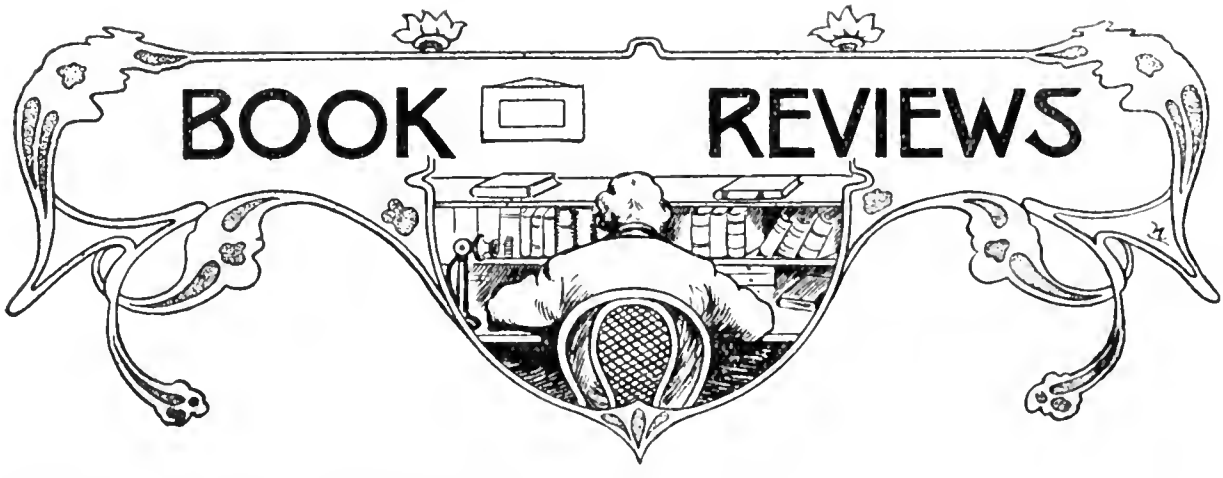
New York City, April 5, 1895.

Thomas Whittaker, Esq.,
No. 2 Bible House.

Dear Sir: I have made a careful analysis of the alleged handwritings of Marshal Ney and P. S. Ney contained in the eigth pages of original writings which you submitted to me. As the result of said examination I am of the opinion that the writer of the specimens on the four pages purporting to be those of Marshal Ney, and the writer of the specimens on the four pages purporting to be those of P. S. Ney, are one and the same person; the variations of hand being largely due to style of pen used; the quill, gold and steel being all represented, which produces the different quality of line without hiding away the idiosyncrasies of the writer.

Very respectfully,
DAVID N. CARVALHO.

The above letter from "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney."



UNIVERSAL PEACE—WAR IS MESMERISM. By Arthur Edward Stilwell. The Bankers' Publishing Co., New York.

The basic thought which supports the author throughout his remarkably original and interesting book is, **War is unnatural, abnormal, unnecessary, inconsistent with our own best feelings and ideals.** He contends that nations have to be lashed into the mood which leads them into armed collision; and that the war-fever is the product of calculating agitators, who for their own purposes plunge the world into the carnage of war. The idea of the author is that nations are mesmerized, **made temporarily insane,** before they drop the pursuits of peace and rush into bloody conflicts with each other. In upholding this theory the author writes with power, and leaves nothing unsaid on his side of the subject. No one could read his book without being deeply moved by it.

But, after all, is his theory the correct one? Is it possible for nations, composed of individuals such as we know them to be, to refrain from war?

True, nations go mad, as individuals do, —temporarily. The Children's Crusade, the Flagelantes, the hunting out of "witches," the wholesale massacres of Jews, the attempts to "rescue" the Holy Sepulchre, the War of the Roses, the Thirty Years' War, our own Civil War—are familiar instances of insanity affecting the mass instead of the individual. But **how** would the serf, under Feudalism, have become a freeman, **without a fight? How** could William the Silent have established liberty of conscience, in Holland, without bloodshed? How could the civil and religious liberties which we now enjoy have been wrested from Popes and Kings, **without war? How** could the individual citizen of today been made the legatee of such inestimable precious rights—freedom of speech, liberty of person, equality before the law, the power of self-government —without a bloody struggle with monarchs who claimed to rule by Divine Right?

I confess my inability to see how **the common man** could ever have thrown off the yoke of Popes and Kings, if he had not been willing to risk his life to gain his liberty.

Militarism, however, cannot be defended; it is an unmitigated curse. These huge armaments and standing armies are the disgrace of modern governments. If every nation should disarm, each would be in as good position as any other to maintain itself in case of war.

It was the untrained volunteers of Spain that ruined Napoleon. It was the volunteer that really caused the surrender of Burgoyne. It was the volunteer militia that turned the tide of the Revolutionary War, by winning the battle of King's Mountain. It was the volunteer, undisciplined and untrained, that put Great Britain to shame in the Boer War. T. E. W.

A STUDY IN ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Fontaine T. Fox, of the Louisville (Ky.) bar. The Neale Pub. Co., New York and Washington.

Some years ago, there appeared in this magazine a series of eye-opening chapters on the private and public life of Alexander Hamilton. I am heartily gratified to welcome these articles in book form.

Mr. Fox is a thorough student. He delves to the very bottom of his subject, adducing evidence from every possible source to make out his case. From the Madison papers, from Maclay's "Diary," from Monroe's correspondence, from Hamilton's own letters and pamphlet he culls the facts to establish his theory, to-wit: that Alexander Hamilton was grossly immoral, that he speculated with the public funds, that he played the hypocrite when he wrote his part of **The Federalist**; and that, at heart, he was in favor of a government in which the favored few should rule and despoil the unprivileged many.

It is not generally known that there was a wide-spread belief at the time, that Hamilton was using his position as Secretary of the Treasury to speculate in the buying up of State debts and in the refunding of the national debt. Very few are aware of the fact that Congress appointed a committee, headed by James Monroe, to investigate the rumored charges against Hamilton. **To this committee Hamilton made the celebrated confession of his illicit re-**

lations with a Mrs. Reynolds, wife of one of Hamilton's subordinates.

Reynolds had been caught in the act of speculating in public scrip, and on his arrest implicated Hamilton. The suspicion was that Reynolds had acted as Hamilton's broker. It was shown that Reynolds had received $1,000 from his chief. The last of the receipts for the money was dated June 3, 1791.

It appears that Hamilton's confession to the investigating committee was satisfactory **at the time it was made.** That a husband should "bleed" the illustrious personage who was carrying on unlawful commerce with his wife, seemed plausible. But, later on, Monroe's suspicions appear to have been aroused, and he was strongly inclined to believe that Hamilton had duped the committee. Strange to say, neither Reynolds nor his wife were called as witnesses. **Both of them suddenly disappeared from public view.**

The scandal slumbered until after Hamilton's resignation in 1795. Thereafter, in 1797, the notorious Callender published a book entitled "The History of the United States for 1796;" and in this book the formal charge was made that Hamilton had used his official position and knowledge to speculate in the scrip which the Federal Government was buying up.

In self-defense, Hamilton published the pamphlet which caused such a scandal and which his widow and children spent large sums of money to suppress. It is one of the most unique publications that ever went into type. To clear himself of the comparatively venial sin of speculating in the public funds—a common thing all over the world, then and now—he made the astonishing confession that he had betrayed his wife, defiled his own home, and submited to being blackmailed. In that amazing pamphlet the selfish, vain, unscrupulous Hamilton not only put his friends to shame, afflicted an incurable wound upon his wife **and blasted the reputation of Mrs. Reynolds,** but he actually attempts to be humorous in relating the story.

But Mr. Fox exposes **a discrepancy** between the pamphlet and the receipts given by Reynolds; and this discrepancy has never been explained. In his pamphlet, Hamilton alleges that he first met Mrs. Reynolds "some time in the summer of 1791." **The last receipt which he took from Reynolds bears date Jan. 3, 1791.** There is some mystery here which cannot now be cleared up.

In treating of Hamilton's policies as Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fox is equally interesting. He refers to **The Federalist,** in which Hamilton had argued that the new Constitution was **a compact** between sovereign states and **not** a national government. Hamilton did this to persuade the people to ignore the warnings of

such men as Richard Henry Lee, Luther Martin, George Mason and Patrick Henry.

But after the people had been deceived into ratifying the work of the convention of 1787, Hamilton faced about, invented the fatal doctrine of "implied powers;" and proceeded, with Washington's powerful aid, to Nationalize the Government, at the expense of the States.

We have not the space for a more extended notice of this extremely valuable work. It contains only 171 pages, but every page is a contribution to permanent history.

Without hesitation and reservation, I recommend "A Study in Hamilton" to every one interested in the sources of our National system, and in the character of "the brilliant bastard" who has been the inspiration of three American parties—the Federalists, the Old Line Whigs and the latter-day Republicans. T. E. W.

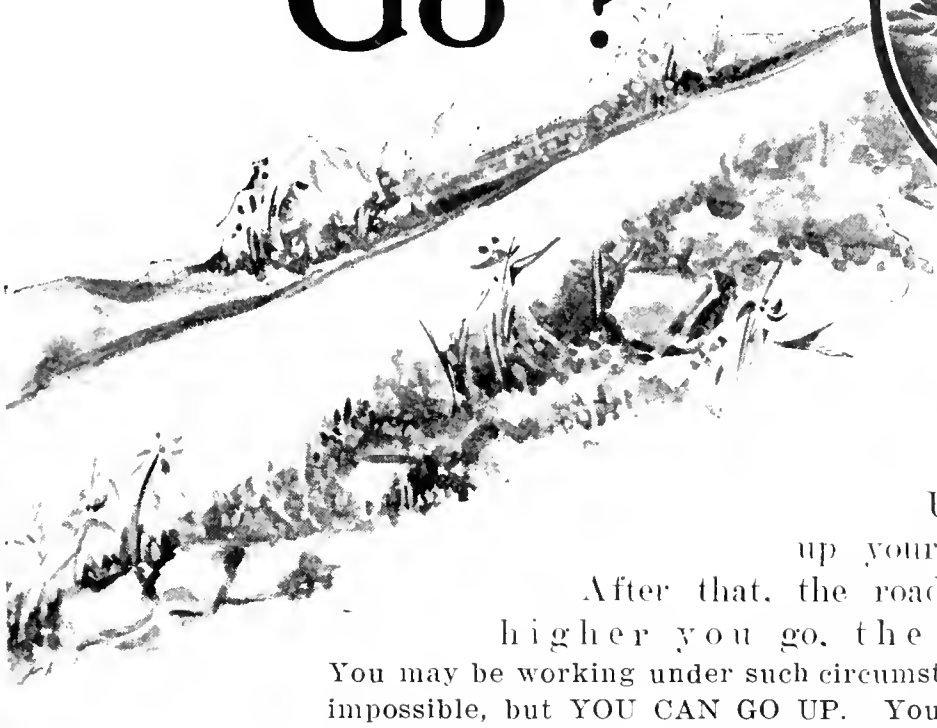
WATERLOO. By Thomas E. Watson. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Pittsburgh: All booksellers. 160 pages, $1 net.

If you have read Tom Watson's "Story of France" or his "Napoleon"—and almost everybody has—you know how he writes history, the dash and brilliance and zeal of it all. No living writer uses facts with more vital effect. The men and women who made and unmade and remade France, kings, queens priests, harlots, soldiers, prelates, demagogues—they are human beings, living their work to wreck or fortune, "even as you and I." And when these men and women are dead, you close the "book" and find it is labeled "history!"

Well Tom Watson's "Waterloo" is superb. It is Napoleon staking crown and empire, fame and happiness, and all our heart is in the fight. We help dispose the forces; we study the sky; will the elements befriend the Man? We watch Wellington coldly; he is a great general but his blood is ice, and yonder is—Napoleon! We wait for Grouchy; he is breakfasting with leisurely elegance, and Napoleon—Napoleon is waiting for him! We send courier after courier, message after message. We watch the face of The Man. The afternoon shadows are lengthening. . . . O God! where is Grouchy? That's Tom Watson's "Waterloo." It lays your heart at Napoleon's feet.

Napoleon!—years ago, and that great word,
Compact of human breath in hate and dread
And exultation, skied us overhead;
An atmosphere whose lightning was the sword
Scathing the cedars of the world, drawn down
In burnings by the metal of a crown.
—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch.

Where Others Go ?



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Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
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Electric Railways	Cotton Manufacturing
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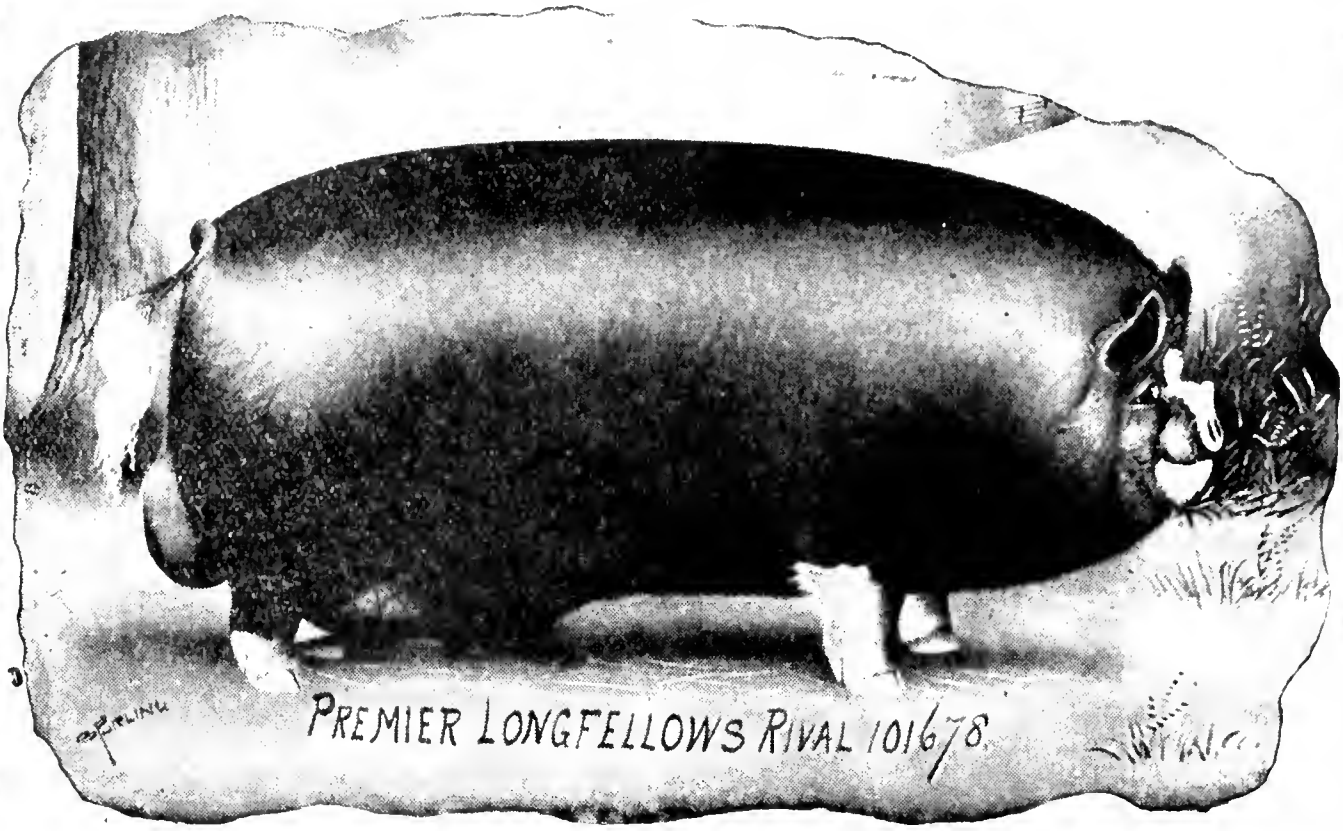

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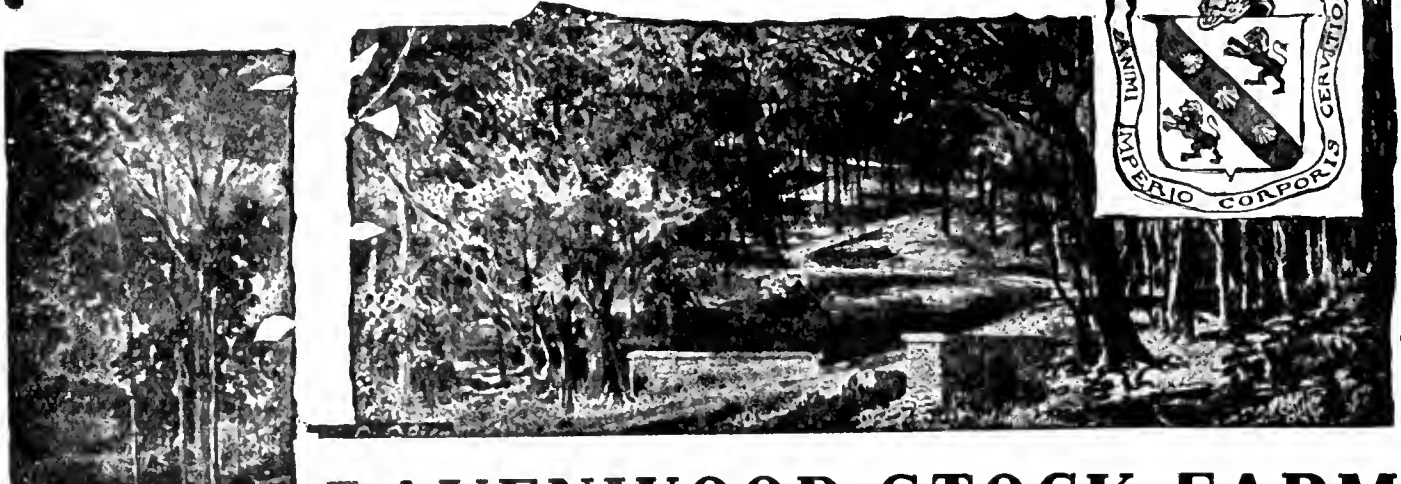

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