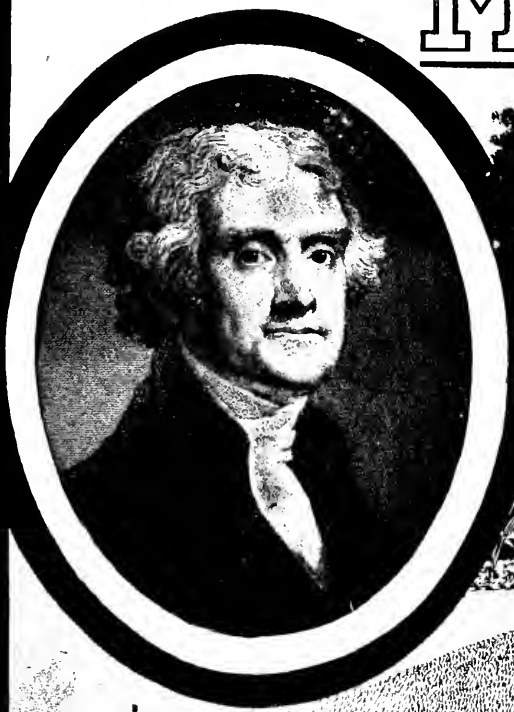


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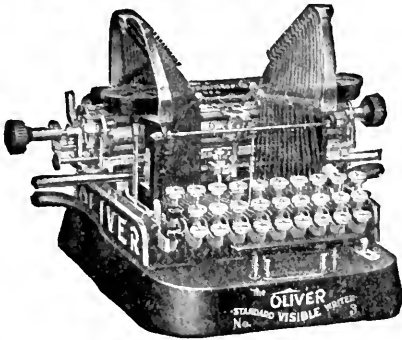
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Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of Heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind.

(Paul H. Hayne, Sonnet IX.)

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

CHAPTER XIV.

THE despotic power possessed by the acting governor under the new Charter, made it easy for Sir Thomas Dale to put an end to the Socialistic experiment, in which the London Company had so long persisted. He merely ordered the change, and it was made. Under the old system, a premium was put upon sloth. No individual had any incentive to improve his cabin, and none improved it. The industrious had to feed the indolent. Laziness was virtually encouraged by law. When the Governor became a slave-driver, and compelled all to work, individual freedom and initiative disappeared. No such forced labor could long endure.

Therefore, Dale was doing the wise thing when he abolished Community of goods, and replaced it with private ownership. To each Colonist was assigned, as his own property, three acres of cleared land, subject to a yearly rental of two and a-half barrels of corn, which went to the public crib. Later, in 1615, Dale persuaded the London Company to grant in fee simple, fifty acres of land to each settler who would clear it for cultivation, and make his home upon it. For about \$60 in our money any

one could purchase 100 acres, to be located by himself. Whoever performed a public service to the Company, was to be rewarded by a land-grant, not to exceed 2,000 acres.

No sooner had this system been adopted than the magical effect was apparent. With an incentive to improve land and houses, the colonists improved them. With a selfish motive to work hard, work intelligently and work successfully, the men began to work just that way. Nobody had to drive the industrious, or to teach them thrift and frugality. And nobody cared much whether the drones worked or not: if they did not produce, they could not eat. Necessity was a sufficient lash in their cases.

Sir Thomas Dale, in 1616, set sail for England, taking with him Pocahontas, John Rolfe and quite a number of Indians, one of whom seems to have been a younger sister of Pocahontas. Of the arrival in London, of Dale and his strange company, Lord Carew wrote to Sir Thomas Roe:

“Sir Thomas Dale returned from Virginia; he hath brought divers men and women of that country to be educated here, and one Rolfe,

who married a daughter of Pohe-tan, the barbarous prince, called Pocahontas, has brought his wife with him into England."

The coming of the Indians caused a great stir in London. They were the talk of the town, and mention was made of them in many a letter written from the City to distant correspondents. Pocahontas, especially attracted attention, and to her was applied "the beautiful savage"—*La belle Sauvage*—and this name was adopted for more than one tavern-sign.

There is no evidence that she owed to Captain John Smith the honors paid her in London. There is no evidence that Queen Anne was moved in her favor by a letter from the vainglorious Captain. She did not need any help from him. The fact that she had been "taken up" by Sir Thomas Dale and had the patronage of Lord Delaware made it absolutely certain that her reception by royalty and aristocracy would be flattering. Besides, these Indians were the guests of the London Company, and in the Company were some of the highest heads in England. When Captain John Smith virtually asserts, in his own writings, that *his* influence at Court was necessary to assure Pocahontas a cordial reception, he impertinently prevaricates. Indeed, we have nothing but his word to support his claim that he wrote to the Queen at all. If the King and the Queen received the foreign princess with distinction *on Smith's account*, it is passing strange that he was absent from Court and took no part in all the entertainments gotten up in her honor.

It was Lady Delaware who presented Pocahontas at Court. The Bishop of London entertained her. The King and Queen invited her to the masques. On Twelfth Night she was present—she and her brother-in-law Tanocomo—at the performance of Ben Jonson's play, *Christmas, His Mask*, the play being staged in the royal palace.

You must understand that Pocahontas came *as a Princess*, as a lady of royal blood, as the heir-apparent—so the English believed—of a great empire in Virginia. Her footing at Court was precisely that which has since been occupied by princes from Hindostan and Africa. There is a tradition that King James was seriously offended because Rolfe had presumed to marry a lady of the blood-royal, without obtaining beforehand the consent of his own sovereign.

Therefore, as you may readily perceive, Captain Smith palmed off an untruth on a credulous posterity when he set up the claim that *his* alleged letter to the Queen caused all these royal attentions to be showered upon her. Smith was bound to have known that Pocahontas was the protege of Sir Thomas Dale, the guest of the Company, *with the powerful support of Lord and Lady Delaware*. How, then, *could* he have imagined that she needed, from *himself*, a letter of introduction?

Plague take his fertile fancy, his conceited impudence!

According to his own story, he was so cold and formal in his bearing and address, when he visited her, that *he hurt her feelings and made her weep!* She reproached

him in her gentle, pathetic way, and reminded him that he had promised her father to always treat her like his own child.

Ah, the pity of it! that the only wound she received in England was given her by the man who declares in his writings that she had "often" saved his life in Virginia; and had once risked her own head, to keep his brains from being knocked out!

Chamberlain records this curious detail:

"She (Pocahontas) is, upon her return to Virginia, tho sore against her will." Did she prefer to make her home in England? Was she grieved because they were sending her away? We have no other evidence than that of Chamberlain.

On March 29, 1617, this gossiping letter writer informs his friend Carleton that "the Virginia woman whose picture I sent you, died this last week at Gravesend, as she was returning homeward."

The English climate played havoc among Sir Thomas Dale's Indians. In Virginia, they had simple food, almost no clothing, and lived in the open; and their wigwams were well ventilated. In London, they encountered the dense fog, they lived in close rooms, their diet was differently composed and differently cooked from that to which they had been accustomed.

Therefore, they took colds, which rapidly developed pneumonia, and consumption. To this day, you may read in the Register of St. Dionis Church, the entry which records the burial of "*A Virginian, called Abraham, buried out of Sir Thomas Smith's house.*" This was one of the Indians, Sir Thomas Smith

being one of the wealthy members of the Company. There is another entry of the same sort: "*A Virginian out of Sir Thomas Smith's.*" Several of the Indian maidens perished, as did others of the men.

Finally, when there were only two survivors—two girls—the Company decided to ship them to the Bermudas. On the voyage out, one of these died. The other reached her destination and was married the next year (1618) to a white colonist.

The Hakluyt Society of London published, a few years ago, a manuscript narrative of about that time, in which this wedding is described as having been celebrated in great state. The feast was spread in the Governor's house, and there were more than a hundred invited guests, Among whom was the Captain of a ship that happened to be in the harbor. The writer of the manuscript distinctly asserts that the bride was the sister of the emperor who had succeeded Powhatan. This was an error; of course, for we know that the reigning emperor at that period was the aged Opecanough; but the fact that the wedding of the Indian maiden was treated with such distinction would seem to prove that the Governor and all those on the Island believed that a Virginia princess was being married. This could easily have been the sister to Pocahontas—the sister who was sold by her father for two bushels of beads.

The marriage relation among the Virginia tribes was of the loosest possible variety. Either party to the trade could rue it, at pleasure. The girl may have been curious to see what would happen to Poca-

hontas, and may have had a natural inclination to visit the distant country from which so many big ships and white men had come. As already stated, a brother-in-law of Pocahontas was of the Dale party, and he may have been the man who had bought her sister. If he was one of the Indians who died in London, his young widow might very well be the royal princess whose wedding in the Bermudas was celebrated with such extraordinary pomp.

Where lies the dust of Pocahontas? Nobody knows. She was buried in the parish church, at Gravesend; but the building was destroyed by fire, and there is no mark to indicate where she was interred.

There are characters that the historian comes to love. One of these is Pocahontas. We know but little about her; but what we do know reveals her lovely character. No wonder John Randolph of Roanoke was proud to have some of her blood in his veins: they were not worthy of it. *She* was mild, warmly sympathetic, nobly unselfish, the beloved of everybody. Nature made her a savage, but nature also made her a lady. The bedizzened lords who came to pay court to her went away astonished at the grave decorum and perfect self-possession of her bearing. The mournful dignity which she maintained in her last interview with Captain John Smith melts the reader into a compassion that fills the eyes. "They did always tell me that you were dead." Smith says she told him that. And there are those who take this to

mean that she would not have married Rolfe had she known that Smith was alive. Her words demand no such construction. The Captain had disappeared from Virginia view, had been at sea, had been led into captivity by the French, and the Virginia colonists may have believed that he *was* dead.

Thomas Rolfe, the son of Pocahontas, was reared in England by a brother of his father, but went out to Virginia when of age. He was a Lieutenant and was put in command of Fort James, on the Chickahominy. One curious trace of him we find, and no other trace of any kind. In 1641 he petitioned the Governor for permission to visit his grand-uncle, Opechancanough, and his aunt, Cleopatre—one of Pocahontas' two sisters. It would seem, therefore, that the tribe was still living in the woods on York River.

Powhatan abdicated his "throne," in favor of his brother, and spent the remainder of his life going about from one to another of his places — Werowocomo, Machot, Orapax and Powhatan. He died at Orapax in 1618, and was doubtless buried near there, close to the present Cold Harbor. It is said that he was, to the very last, venerated by his people.

As was stated in a previous chapter, this monarch of the wilderness is yet remembered by the remnant of his tribe. Once a year he and Pocahontas and Captain John Smith figure by proxy in the festival celebration which commemorates the Old Times.

* * * *

For the benefit of such persons

as meant to emigrate to Virginia, the London Company published a list of the articles they would need in the New World to which they were going. This inventory makes curious reading, and throws a vivid sidelight upon the times of 300 years ago.

Each emigrant is admonished that he will need a Monmouth cap, which will cost him about 35 cents; three shirts, that cost \$1.75; one waistcoat, at 50 cents; three suits of clothes, \$7.68; three pairs of Irish stockings, 96 cents; four pairs of shoes, \$1.92; one pair of garters, 12 cents; one pair of canvas sheets, \$1.92; seven ells of canvas to make a bed and bolster, serving for two men, \$1.92; five ells of same, to make a bed at sea for two men, \$1.20; one coarse rug at sea for two men, \$1.24.

The victuals, for a year, were also indicated: Eight bushels of meal, \$9.60; two of peas, 84 cents; two of oatmeal, \$2.16; one gallon of fire-water, 69 cents; one of oil, 83 cents; two of vinegar, 48 cents—in all, about \$16—would support one man a twelve-month in Virginia, where fish, water-fowl, game-birds, deer, etc., were to be had for a trifle.

As to arms, the emigrant was advised to equip himself with a suit of light armor; a musket-bore rifle, 5½ feet long; one sword; one belt; one bandolier, 20 pounds of powder, and 60 pounds of shot, or lead, pistol shot and goose shot. This military outfit would cost about \$16. One is surprised to find that the complete suit of armor cost no more than \$4.08. The powder cost a little over 20 cents a pound; the lead and balls, 2 cents a pound.

The tools that should be carried

were carefully enumerated, and included broad hoes, narrow hoes, broad axes, narrow axes, hand-saws, whip-saws, hammers, shovels, spades, augurs, chisels, gimlets, hatchets, froes, hand-bills (bush-hooks), grindstone, pickaxes, and nails of all sorts. A sufficient supply for a family of six cost about \$30.

Household utensils came next. The emigrant would need an iron pot, a kettle, a large frying pan, a gridiron, two skillets, a spit, platters, dishes and spoons, *of wood*. The cost of this, for a family of six, would be about \$7.

The sugar, spice, and fruit at sea, for six men, would be some \$3. more.

The passage, for each man, was a little less than \$30. The freight on the various provisions would be \$5.

"So the whole charge will amount to about £20"—\$96.80.

If the emigrants formed a numerous body, they were advised to take along with them nets, hooks and lines, cheese, bacon, cows and goats.

At this time (May, 1617), the condition of Jamestown is lugubriously described by Samuel Argall and John Rolfe.

"In Jamestown he (Argall) found but five or six houses; the church down, the palisades broken, the bridge in pieces, the well of fresh water spoiled; the store-house they used as a church; the market-place, and streets and all other spare places planted in tobacco * * * the colony being dispersed all about planting tobacco."

"Their number of people were about 400, but not past 200 fit for husbandry and tillage. We found there, in all, 128 cattle, and 88 goats, besides innumerable swine."

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 XIX.

IN the course of the Springfield address of the Rev. Father Xavier Sutton—referred to in the preceding chapter—he said:

“The speaker stated that if confession were of human origin, established by a man or a body of men, there would be some record in history of its institution. There would at least be some record of objections to its establishment, but none such exist. He stated that if confession were established by a man or a body of men they would necessarily have some object in doing so. There is surely no honor to the penitent or the confessor. There is also no pleasure to the penitent to confess his faults, nor is it a pleasure for the confessor to sit and hear these confessions.”

This astounding series of falsehoods well-nigh dazes one who knows the power and the profit given by the Confessional to the priesthood, the number of Confessors whose virtue has dissolved in the heat of that temptation, the innumerable women who have been sunk to the bottomless pit by the priests, and the countless thousands of maidens and wives who have had their pure minds polluted by the licentious thoughts aroused by the almost unprintable questions of the

Confessor. Of that phase of the subject, I will write at length in a subsequent chapter; and I will produce *the damning evidence of the Romanists themselves*.

No “objections to the establishment” of the Confessional? God have mercy on that liar’s soul! The Roman Catholics fought off that horrible institution, for 300 years! Nearly every married man hates the priests, because the Confessional brings those petticoated bachelors into the most sacred mysteries of the marriage bed. In this country, it is not so generally known, as it is in Europe, that the priest never rests until he has deflowered maiden and wife of their *modesty*. The man never lived who could, *with pure intent*, put such indecent, lust-provoking questions to persons of the opposite sex. None but the coarsest men ever speak to one another of these obscene matters, much less to a woman, however much debased.

“No record of objections?” The Rev. Father Xavier Sutton has never heard of the Reformation, it would seem. I wonder what he thinks the Protestant churches stand for. From Luther’s day to this, the record of Scriptural Christianity is one long “record of objections.” Even the half-sister of the

Papa's church—the Church of England—can show a record of objections, for, last year, 96 peers of the realm laid a formal, indignant protest before the Archbishop of Canterbury against the degrading form of Auricular Confession that the Romanists were introducing into England.

But let us get on: the Rev. Father Navier Sutton is further quoted:

“The speaker most emphatically denied and branded as lies the statements that have often been made in the past that sins are forgiven for a money consideration. He further stated that the ‘Tariff on Sins,’ prepared by the ‘No-Nothings’ in 1854, and resurrected since then by the A. P. A., were rank lies and were published to calumniate and malign the Catholic Church. The speaker further stated that if confession was of human origin how can we account for the fact that the penitent will do what is so hard for proud nature to do. No one is exempt, even the Pope has in his household a common priest, who has no other title than confessor, and the Pope kneels to this priest and confesses his sins. There must, then, be something more than human in the origin, nay, it must be of divine origin.”

Of the “Tariff on Sins” alleged to have been prepared by the Know Nothings, I myself know nothing. But acquainted as I am with European history and with the actual workings of the Roman hierarchy, I do not hesitate to say that Sutton's statement is one of the most brazen, unscrupulous, and stupendous pieces of mendacity that ever

sullied the lips and insulted the intelligence of human beings.

No “Tariff on Sins?” No prices fixed on Indulgences? No fees exacted for the pardon of Sin? Heavens above! What a lot of ignoramuses “Father” Sutton must have taken his hearers to be!

When Voltaire published, in his Philosophical Dictionary, the papal “Tariff on Sins,” was he confuted? He was not. Voltaire was always sure of his facts. He was a Catholic, just as Erasmus was; but he was no blind slave of the Roman cormorants. With unmerciful severity, he exposed them and scourged them. And never once did they deny that he had published their “Tariff on Sins” accurately.

Of course, “Father” Sutton has never read the Philosophical Dictionary: it would contaminate his mind: it might lead him astray, from Truth and Sound Morality. But has he never heard of “The Roman Tax Tables?” Is he at all acquainted with the record of Pope John XXII.? Has he ever read *Liber Jo. XXII.*, to which Leo X. so often alludes in his “*Taxæ Cancellariæ Apostolicæ*?” Does he know that, in a volume dedicated to Pius VI. the writer, Audiffredi, stated that the Tax Books succeeded to the “Penitentiary Canons?” Does he know that this work was reprinted in Paris, in Cologne and in Venice? Does he know that the Venetian reprint was made under the auspices of Pope Gregory XIII.? *This was more than 450 years ago!*

In 1570, an Appendix of the Roman Index was published by His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain; and the Tax list appears

there as "Praxis et Taxa Officiarum Penitentiarum Papae." This of course means broadly, the Taxes paid by penitents to the Pope.

Claude d'Espence was Rector of the University of Paris in the 16th Century. He published a "Commentary on the Epistle to Titus." He was a devout Roman Catholic and his standing was high in his church, as his lofty position indicates. Here is what he wrote and published about the "Tariff on Sins," which had recently come under his observation:

"Provided money can be extorted, everything prohibited is permitted. There is almost nothing forbidden that is not dispensed with for money; so that as Horace said of his age, the greatest crime that a person can commit is to be poor. Shameful to relate! They give permission to priests to have concubines, and to live with their harlots, who have children by them, upon paying an annual tribute. And, in some places, they oblige priests to pay this tax, saying, that they may keep a concubine if they please. There is a printed book which has been publicly sold for a considerable time, entitled, *The Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery*, from which one may learn more enormities and crimes than from all the books of the Summists. And of these crimes, there are some which persons may have liberty to commit for money, while absolution from all of them, after they have been committed, may be bought. I refrain from repeating the words, which are enough to strike one with horror."

In the British Museum are two small volumes which contain the

Pope's Chancery Taxes, and his Penitential Taxes. These books—in manuscript bound in vellum—were taken from the archives of Rome, upon the death of Innocent XII. The Prothonotary, Amyon, was the abstracter. One of the booklets bears date, "6 February, 1514"; the other, "10 March, 1520." The inscription is "Mandatum Leonis, Papae X.,"—which, freely rendered, means that the compilation of those Taxes was ordered by Pope Leo X.

Here follow some of the "Tariffs":

"TAXATIO PAPALIS.

Extracts.

	1	2	3
Absolution for a layman, who kills a layman or priest	7.20	10.00	20.60
For simony.....	37.50	52.00	95.00
For perjury.....	72.50	100.00	200.00
For forging the Pope's letters	72.50	100.00	200.00
For a priest who violates a woman at confession....	37.50	52.60	96.00
For him who commits incest with his mother....	37.50	52.00	96.00
For a priest who is connected with nuns in the convent	37.50	52.00	96.00
For the rape of a girl or a married woman.....	37.50	52.00	96.00
For him who commits incest with his sister or other female relative....	37.50	52.00	96.00
For him who has a child by his nurse.....	37.50	52.00	96.00
For any unnatural lewdness	37.50	52.00	96.00

In volume 1851, pages 132 and 133, are similar taxes for simony, apostacy, perjury, falsehoods, homicides and numerous and most loathsome violations of the Seventh Commandment."

(I assume that the figures express the amounts in Roman money—the *lire*.)

In the Appendix to this chapter will be found the Vatican Tax rates, for the year 1520, and afterwards. Where the "sliding scale" is seen, the purpose was, no doubt, to give

the priest an opportunity to adjust the price to the means of his dupe.

(It is but fair to give credit to the Jordan Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, for my information concerning the Papal Tax Books. This company copyrighted and issued their booklet in 1896. The statements made and authorities cited by them have not called forth any refutation.)

Until the Rev. Father Xaxier Sutton, or some other Romanist, questions the testimony that has been presented, I will rest my case. There will be no attempt to answer me. They will abuse me, and persecute me, and try to ruin my business; but the real scholars among the Romanists know that I have not published anything but the truth—and *that* not yet half told.

But I anticipate the subterfuge to which they will resort, when confronted with the proofs. They will say that Rome has mended her ways; and that the sale of Indulgences ceased, long ago. Let us see about *that*:

In the year 1906, Michael J. M. McCarthy (Catholic) published a book under the title, "Priests and People in Ireland." It is one of the most complete indictments that was ever brought against the Roman system, and every fact to support the indictment is adduced. Among other hydra-headed abuses, the sale of Indulgences is mentioned. How did the Romanists answer the indictment? *By ex-communicating the author.*

In the year 1910, there appeared a volume entitled, "Letters to His Holiness, Pope Pius X." *The author was a Roman Catholic priest,*

He devotes a chapter—a very hot one—to Indulgences; and he demonstrates with power and completeness that this monstrous system has become in our own times more extravagant than it ever was—if such a thing be possible.

One more Roman Catholic authority will be quoted, and that should suffice:

In the year 1883, the Polyglot Press of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda published, in Rome, a book called "*Il Tesoro delle Sacre Indulgence, esposto alle anime pie*"—"The Treasury of Holy Indulgences, Explained to Pious Souls." This book has the indorsement of the "Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics"; therefore it must be regarded as authentic. There are 174 pages in the volume, but I can only quote from two or three. In his Chapter III., the author says:

"The indulgences granted by Pope Leo X. for building St. Peter's, in Rome, merit special mention. It is known that in consequence of these indulgences, Martin Luther found a pretense for rebelling against the church, and that the Protestants in full chorus have cried out against the traffic, the holy workshop. Concerning this one, we shall simply say that, to contribute to the building of a temple, especially of the greatest temple in the world, is a work of religious charity, a proof of piety and faith, which may very properly be remunerated with indulgences. But it must be observed, besides, that in promulgating those indulgences, the Pope sought not only the upbuilding of a material temple,

but especially the spiritual profit of the faithful. Since these religious indulgences were announced by Religions (i. e., Monks), who passed from city to city, from place to place, preaching the Divine Word and correcting the customs of the people, it was a kind of mission, and a very fruitful one, to which for the acquisition of indulgences was united, as a condition, an alms for the building of the Vatican Basilica, as today, for the acquisition of the jubilee, often an alms is required for the pious work of the propagation of the faith, or for some other pious object. Therefore, one may see how much evil Luther committed, and how, with him, Protestants maliciously err, when they hurl vituperation and calumnies against the Catholic Church on account of indulgences."

And again, Chapter VII., page 143:

"In the same way the Holy Church acts toward the faithful living, granting them indulgences, and toward the faithful dead, offering by means of the former the price of redemption, that is, indulgences. But some one might ask: 'Do indulgences infallibly avail for the souls of the dead?' and the reply must be: In general, they avail infallibly for the souls of the dead; because otherwise the church would perform a useless act granting indulgences to be applied to them, a thing which could not be affirmed without impiety. Whether to this or to that dead one in particular we can hope they may avail, there is not absolute certainty, because the church offers them with the condition, 'if it please God'; because

God may have just motives in applying indulgences to that soul rather than to this one; and because God has reserved to Himself the dispensation or disposal of His gifts. It will happen sometimes that a hundred poor persons, who have lived piously, will die and no one will think of those who suffer in purgatory. A rich man will die who perhaps settled his accounts at the last hour, and God had mercy upon him, liberating him from hell. In the meantime a great funeral is celebrated for the rich man and hundreds of masses are said for him. What then? (cannot the Lord of these Sacrifices (i. e., masses) give a large part to those poor persons, and keep the rich man, who had merited so much greater punishment, still in purgatory? Would any one dare to complain, and say to the Lord: 'Why hast Thou done thus?' For this reason the faithful should not be satisfied to celebrate only one privileged mass (which always liberates some soul from purgatory) for a dead man, or to make acquisition for him of only one plenary indulgence, but they should multiply these pious offerings, in order to have greater confidence that the Lord will apply as much as is necessary to that soul for whom such suffrages were offered."

All the world knows that Masses for souls in Purgatory have to be paid for; and that there is varying market and fluctuation in prices. Sometimes, the European priest will accept payment in commodities, or domestic animals, as John Tetzel did in Germany in the 16th Century.

All the world *ought* to know that

the sale of Indulgences is another inexhaustible source of revenue to this richest, greediest, most unprincipled of all churches. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, and Austria the bulls (of Indulgence) are kept on sale, like other merchandise; and a price-list is kept, as in the case of other, and more valuable merchandise.

But can you expect an American prelate to confess the truth on this matter, when you behold a "Sacred Congregation" giving its indorsement to such a monumental falsehood as that which the author of the last book referred to wrote about Tetzal and Luther?

To lie in the interest of the Holy Church is meritorious: the greater the untruth, the greater the virtue.

But perhaps I can furnish evidence even more conclusive: Since these chapters began in December, 1910, there was sent to me a translation, from Spanish into English, of one of the Bulls (Indulgences) sold to some credulous Spaniard in 1885. The original is in Brunswick, Ga. The words "take it," along towards the last of the Bull, mean, "*purchase.*" When a salesman, in a store, asks "Will you take these?"—referring to merchandise, he means, of course, "Will you buy them?" Precisely the same meaning goes with the word "take," in the Bull. He who takes it, buys it:

"Summary of the allowances, indulgences and favors that our very holy father Pio IX. (of happy memory) was good enough to grant by this the BULL OF THE SAINT CRUSADE to all the faithful residing in the Kingdoms of Spain, and other dominions subject to H. C. M.,

or to others who may come to them, *who may take (buy) it giving the alms by Us fixed, issued for the year 1885.*"

Joseph McCabe, ex-priest, and author of "Twelve Years in a Monastery," says:

"Indulgences Still Being Sold.

"The sale of indulgences is so historic a symbol of Papal corruption that I cannot do other than take it as the first point in my indictment of the Spanish Church. I refused to believe the fact when it was first brought to my notice, long after I had quitted the Catholic ministry. My informant, an American gentleman who had lived in Spain for more than ten years, forwarded to me copies of these 'bulas,' as they are called, and the truth was evident. I have since made full inquiries, written on the subject, been 'answered' by an English Jesuit—who explained that the indulgence was a pure gift from the Church, in return for a specific sum of money, much as (he did not say this) your soap or your butter is—and have lost all doubt on the subject.

"On the windows of Catholic book-shops in Spain one often sees the word 'Bulas' in large type. You enter and ask for a 'bula'—or you may go to the nearest priest's house for one—and find that there are four species, at two different prices. Lay a peseta on the counter, and demand the ordinary 'bula de la Santa Cruzada.' A flimsy piece of paper, much sealed and impressed, about a foot square, and with the signature of the Archbishop of Toledo, is handed to you, with your change of twenty-five centimos. You have not bought it. You gave

an 'alms' of seventy-five centimos (about ten cents) to the Church (minus the shopman's commission), and the Church graciously accorded you—but it would occupy too much of my space even to enumerate the extraordinary spiritual privileges which you can purchase for ten cents in that favored land. The central grace is a 'plenary indulgence.'

The Passion for Pelf.

'Catholic theology teaches that there are two alternatives to Heaven, two unfathomable pits of fire—Hell and Purgatory. If you die in serious, unabsolved sin, you go to Hell; but few Catholics ever think of going there. It is so easy to get one's self drafted into the second department. But the second department, Purgatory, is exceedingly unpleasant; the fire and other horrors are the same; the duration is uncertain. Here, again, however, the Church comes to the rescue. Confession and sorrow have relieved you of the first danger; something may be done to avoid the second. In earlier and harder times one went on the Crusades to achieve this. Some Spaniards offered the Papacy money instead, and received the comforting assurance that the Purgatory debt was cancelled (a 'plenary indulgence'). The sum has sunk with the course of centuries, and now in Spain you gain this gorgeous assurance, with a dozen others, for an 'abus' of a dime! But attempt to give your alms to the poor, and you get no bula.

'That is the common bula of Spanish church life. The rich, of course, pay more than the small sum

stated on the paper; and as the ignorant peasants find frequent need of this comforting assurance, since it only lasts until they sin again, the amount that the Church annually derives from this sordid source of revenue can be imagined. Another bula, of the same price, gives you the same comforting assurance in regard to any deceased friend to whom you may wish to apply it. Since, however, it is never quite sure that your 'disposition' came up to the required altitude, you do well to continue buying and trying. A third bula is even cheaper, yet more substantial in its advantages. For fifty centimos (less than ten cents) you obtain permission to eat meat on Fridays and on most of the days on which Catholics in less favored countries must not eat meat. Unfortunately, you find that the bula is invalid unless you buy the other bula as well; but twenty or twenty-five cents is fairly cheap for a year's permission to disregard the fast-days.

The Conniving 'Composicion.'

'The fourth bula is the most infamous, unless the reader chooses to regard it with humor. Technically, it is known as the 'composicion'—an excellent word. It says that if you have any stolen property of which you cannot discover the rightful owner, the purchase of this bula makes the property yours. The pickpocket does not usually know the address of his victim; and though the bula declares that the theft must not be committed in view of the bula, the practiced conscience of a Spanish thief easily negotiates that difficulty. But this is not the full enormity or the full justifica-

tion of the title, 'composicion.' One bula costs about twenty-five cents, and covers about three dollars' worth of ill-gotten goods. For every additional three dollars' worth you have stolen you must give twenty-five cents to the Church—in other words, take out a fresh bula. And—let me quote the incredible words of the document—in the event of the sum due exceeding seven hundred thirty-five pesetas fifty centimos (one hundred twenty-five dollars), the amount compounded by fifty Summaries, application must be made to Us for a fitting solution of the case! The priest will take his tithe of your knavery on a scale he thinks fit to determine.

The Finger of the Pope.

“Let it be clearly understood that I am not reproducing the statements of writers, travelers or residents; I am describing, or translating, the very words of the bulas, copies of which lie before me. Incredible as the facts will seem to most readers, there is only one quibble which the zealous Catholic, in his misguided wish to defend the Spanish Church, can raise: he will demur at the phrases 'bought' and 'sold.' I may safely leave that question of casuistry to the reader. From this appalling traffic the Spanish Church draws millions upon millions of pesetas every year—from the rich, who thus pay for its political support, and from the densely ignorant peasantry, whose hard-won centimos are stolen by this abominable chicanery.

“English Roman Catholics who heard of the traffic for the first time, innocently drew the attention of the

Vatican to it, and were, after repeated letters, snubbed for their intrusion. The truth is, that the whole traffic is under the control of the Vatican. These bulas are no bits of medieval parchment that have lingered into the dawn of the Twentieth Century; they are printed afresh every year, and they cannot be issued until an annual permission comes from Rome. Then a procession of heralds marches through the streets of Madrid announcing the glad news that Spain's unique privilege has been renewed. What a spectacle! Through streets equipped with the latest achievements of modern science there still marches the medieval troop, crying in the ears of educated Madrid that Spain still lives in the Fifteenth Century. I have only to add that until Eighteen Hundred Seventy the Vatican openly took a percentage of this sordid traffic. In these days of inquisitive American and English converts we do not know what the understanding is between the Papacy and the Archbishop of Toledo, who issues and seals those symbols of the Spanish Church's degradation.”

It is not charged that these Tariffs on Pardons are in use in this country. The cunning priests know their business too well to allow us to see what every traveler in Europe may see. As yet, they content themselves with Holy Water, Relics, Purgatory, Saints, Mary-worship, idolatry, and petticoat street-parades. The direct Tariff-scale, on Pardons of Sins, will be imported later. At present, they are satisfied with the indirect Tariff

levied by way of Life-membership dues in, say, Purgatory Societies; and contributions to Romanist institutions.

By the way, I note that by "the kind permission of The Right Reverend Charles E. McDonnell, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Brooklyn, the Perpetual Membership fee in St. Vincent's Purgatorial Society has been reduced to ten dollars." For this modest sum, you get 5508 Masses read for you, "whether living or dead." Now, if you happen to need a job-lot of Masses, you had better send \$10., right away, to the Rev. William L. Blake, P. O. Box 174, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The pagans of old Rome used to have a Purgatory which they called Tartarus; but I don't think that souls could be paid out for so small a price as ten dollars.

But what will "Rev. Father" Xavier Sutton say when he learns of the Ten-dollar Tariff of "St. VINCENT'S PURGATORIAL SOCIETY, FOR THE LIVING, AND THE DEAD"?

And like other wares advertised for sale, these 5508 Masses, *to be read each year*, are listed "ONLY ten dollars." That word "only," with its *auction-room and Bargain-day* suggestion, reveals the sordid commercialism of the whole business.

Which of These Two Magazines of American History, is Historic?

IN New York City, William Abbatt, learned author, publishes "The Magazine of American History."

At Port Chester, New York, Alvah P. French, learned author, publishes a "Magazine of American History."

In the first of these, we find the following:

"Anne Hutchinson.

In a recent Magazine you speak of Anne Hutchinson as dying within the present limits of New York City. Is this right? Appleton's Cyclo. of Am. Biography says she died at Stamford, Conn.

NUTMEG.

Hartford.

[Notwithstanding any number of encyclopedias (which frequently copy, the one from the other), we

are right, and "Appleton's" wrong.]"

In The Port Chester Magazine, we read:

"The Anne Hutchinson Tablet.

In the First Church, Unitarian, Berkeley and Marlboro streets, Boston, is to be found a tablet to Anne Hutchinson, a "Breeder of Heresies," who was killed by Indians and died at Pelham, Westchester County, New York. It bears the following inscription:

'This tablet is placed here in honor of Anne Hutchinson, born in Lincolnshire, England, about 1592. Received into the Membership of this Church 1634. Banished from Massachusetts by Decree of Court, 1637. Killed by the Indians at Pelham, N. Y., 1643. A "Breeder of

Heresies," of ready wit and bold spirit, she was a persuasive advocate of the Right of Independent Judgment.'

Prior to her death she journeyed north into the Town of North

Castle, and a cave is pointed out not far from the State road where for a time she found shelter."

When the savants differ, in this bewildering manner, what is the ordinary mortal to do?

Stories of the Cruel War

SOME time ago, we published an account of the great cavalry fight at Brandy Station, in Virginia. It was written by Col. Saussy, who took part in the battle, as a member of General Stuart's staff.

Col. Saussy viewed the combat through Southern eyes; and claimed for the gay and gallant Stuart the victory which he actually won. In the following article we have a Union officer's story of the fight, taken from the out-of-print volume, *Rifle Shots and Bugle Notes*. If you will read carefully the final paragraph, you will see that the Confederate victory is admitted.

The Fight at Brandy Station

"It was the prettiest cavalry fight you ever saw," said the adjutant, stretching his legs, and lighting a fresh cigar.

"It was just my luck to lose it," I answered. "Here I have been lying, growling, groaning, and grumbling, while you fellows have been distinguishing yourselves. It was miserable to be taken sick, just when the army got in motion, and still worse not to hear a word of what was going on. I almost wished that we had been a newspaper regi-

ment, so that I could learn something about our share in that day's work. Be a good fellow, and play reporter for my benefit. Freshen hawse, as the nautical novelists say, and begin."

"Well, we were lying at Warrenton Junction, making ourselves as comfortable as possible after the raid, when, on the morning of the 8th of June, the whole division was ordered out in the very lightest marching order. That night we lay close to Kelley's Ford, in column of battallions, the men holding their horses as they slept, and no fire being lighted.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 9th, we were again in motion, and got across the ford without interruption or discovery. Yorke, with the third squadron, was in advance, and as we moved he managed so well, that he bagged every picket on the road. Thus we had got almost entirely upon the rebel camp before we were discovered. We rode right into Jones' Brigade, the first Jersey and first Pennsylvania charging together; and, before they had recovered from the alarm, we had a hundred prisoners. The rebels were then forming thick upon the hillside by the station, and

they had a battery playing upon us like fun. Martin's New York Battery at our side galloped into position, and began to answer them. Then Wyndham formed his whole brigade for charge, except a squadron of the First Maryland, left to support the battery. Our boys went in splendidly, keeping well together, and making straight for the rebel battery on the hill behind the station. Wyndham himself rode on the right, and Broderick charged more toward the left, and, with a yell, we were on them. We were only two hundred and eighty strong, and in front of us was White's battalion of five hundred. No matter for that. Wyndham and Broderick were leading, and they were not accustomed to count odds.

“As we dashed fiercely into them, sabre in hand, they broke like a wave at the bows of a ship, and over and through them we rode, sabreing as we went. We could not stop to take prisoners, for there in front of us was the Twelfth Virginia, six hundred men riding down to support White. By Jove, sir, that was a charge! They came up splendidly, looking steadier than we did ourselves after the shock of the first charge. I do not know whether Wyndham was still with us, or had gone to another regiment, but there was Broderick looking full of fight his blue eyes in a blaze, and his sabre clenched, riding well in front. At them we went again, and some of them this time met us fairly. I saw Broderick's sabre go through a man, and the rebel gave a convulsive leap out of his saddle, falling senseless to the ground. It seemed but an instant before the rebels were

scattered in every direction, trying now and then to rally in small parties, but never daring to await our approach.

“Now, there were the guns plain before us, the drivers yelling at their horses, and trying to limber up. We caught one gun before they could move it, and were dashing after the others, when I heard Broderick shouting in a stormy voice. I tell you it was a startling sight. The fragments of White's battalion had gathered together toward the left of the field, and were charging in our rear. The First Maryland was there, and Broderick was shouting in what their colonel considered a ‘very ungentlemanly manner,’ to move forward to the charge. At the same time two fresh regiments, the Eleventh Virginia and another, were coming down on our front. Instead of dashing at White's men, the First Maryland wavered and broke, and then were charged at the same time in front and rear. We had to let the guns go, and gather together as well as possible to cut ourselves out. Gallantly our fellows met the attack. We were broken, of course, by the mere weight of the attacking force; but, breaking them up, too, the whole field was covered with small squads of fighting men. I saw Broderick ride in with a cheer, and open a way for the men. His horse went down in the melee; but little Wood, the bugler of Company G, sprang down and gave him his animal, setting off himself to catch another. A rebel rode at the bugler and succeeded in getting away his arms before help came. As Wood still went after a horse, another fellow rode at him.

“The boy happened at that moment to see a carbine, where it had been dropped after firing. He picked up the empty weapon, aimed at the horseman, made him dismount, give up his arms, and start for the rear. Then he went in again. Lucas, Hobensack, Brooks and Beekman charged with twelve men into White’s battalion. Fighting hand to hand they cut their way through, but left nine of the men on the ground behind them. Hughes was left almost alone in a crowd, but brought himself and the men with him safe through. Major Shelmire was last seen lying across the dead body of a rebel cavalryman. None of us thought anything of two to one odds, as long as we had a chance to ride at them. It was only when we got so entangled that we had to fight hand to hand that their numbers told heavily. It was in such a place that I lost sight of Broderick. The troop horse that he was riding was not strong enough to ride through a knot of men, so that he had to fight them. He struck one so heavily that he was stunned by the blow, but his horse was still in the way; swerving to one side he escaped from another, and warding off the thrust of a third, managed to take with him his point across the forehead; just as he did so, however, his sabre, getting tangled with the rebels, was jerked from his hand.

“He always carried a pistol in his boot, and pulling that out, he fired into the crowd, and put spurs to his horse. The bullet hit a horse in front of him, which fell. His own charger rose at it, but stumbled, and as it did, Broderick himself fell, from a shot fired within arm’s

length of him and a sabre stroke on his side.

“I saw all of this, as a man seeing things at such a time, and am not positive even that it all occurred as I thought I saw it, for I was in the midst of confusion, and only caught things around by passing glimpses. You see, I was myself having as much as I could do. The crowd with whom Broderick was engaged was a little distance from me; and I had just wheeled to ride to his help, when two fellows put at me. The first one fired and missed. Before he could again succeed in cocking his revolver I succeeded in closing him. My sabre took him just in the neck, and must have cut the jugular. The blood gushed out in a black looking stream, he gave a horrible yell and fell over the side of his horse, which galloped away. Then I gathered up my reins, spurred my horse, and went at the other one. I was riding that old black horse that used to belong to the signal sargeant, and it was in fine condition. As I drove in the spurs it gave a leap high in the air. That plunge saved my life. The rebel had a steady aim at me; but the ball went through the black horse’s brain. His feet never touched ground again. With a terrible convulsive contraction of the muscles, the black turned over in the air, and fell on his head and side stone dead, pitching me twenty feet. I lighted on my pistol, the butt forcing itself far into my side. My sabre sprang out of my hand, and I lay, with arms and legs all abroad, stretched out like a dead man. Everybody had something else to do than to attend to me, and I lay where I had fallen.

“It seemed to me to have been an age before I began to come painfully to myself, but it could not have been many minutes. Every nerve was shaking; there was a terrible pain in my head, and a numbness in my side which was even worse. Fighting was still going on around me, and my first impulse was to get hold of my sword. I crawled to it, and sank down as I grasped it once more. That was only for a moment; for a rebel soldier, seeing me move, rode at me. The presence of danger roused me, and I managed to get to my horse, behind which I sank, resting my pistol on my saddle, and so contriving to get an aim. As soon as the man saw that, he turned off without attacking me. I was now able to stand and walk; so, holding my pistol in one hand and my sabre in the other, I made my way across the fields to where our battery was posted, scaring some with my pistol and shooting others. Nobody managed to hit me through the whole fight. When I got to the battery I found Wood there. He sang out to me to wait and he would get me a horse. One of the men who had just taken one, was going past, so Wood stopped him and got it for me.

“Just at that moment White’s battalion and some other troop came charging at the batter. The squadron of the first Maryland, who were supporting it, met the charge well so far as their numbers went; but were, of course, flanked on both sides, by the heavy odds. All of the men who were free came swarming up the hill, and the cavalry were fighting over and around the guns. In spite of the confusion, and even while their comrades at the same

place were being sabred, the men at that battery kept to their duty. They did not even look up or around, but kept up their fire with unwavering steadiness.

“There was one rebel, on a splendid horse, who sabred three gunners while I was chasing him. He wheeled in and out, would dart away and then come sweeping back and cut down another man in a manner that seemed almost supernatural. We at last succeeded in driving him away, but we could not catch or shoot him, and he got off without a scratch.

“In the meantime the fight was going on elsewhere. Kilpatrick’s brigade charged on our right, the Second New York did not behave as well as it has sometimes done, and the loss of it weakened us a great deal. The Tenth New York, though, went it well, and the First Maine did splendidly, as it always did. In spite of their superior numbers (Stuart had a day or two before reviewed thirty thousand cavalry at Culpepper, according to the accounts of rebel officers) we beat them badly, and would have routed them completely if Duffie’s brigade had come up. He, however, was engaged with three or four hundred men on the left; an aide-de-camp sent to him with orders was wounded and taken prisoner, and he is not the sort of man to find out the critical point in a fight of his own accord and desert it.

“So now, they bringing up still more reserves, and a whole division of theirs coming on the field, we began to fall back. We had used them up so severely that they could not press us very close, except in the neighborhood of where the Second

An Existing National Referendum, Optional With Congressmen

Clifford E. Hay

THE democratic idea of the initiative and referendum is growing with an astounding rapidity as a means of effecting desirable and prevent undesirable State legislation. It may not soon become a national issue in the form in which it is so fast becoming a State issue in all those States which have not yet written the idea into their constitutions. But the purpose of this article is to point out the present existence of ample legal machinery for the constant exercise by any United States Senator or Representative in Congress of a complete referendum on any measure pending before the Congress of the United States where a referendum expression from any constituency is desirable.

It is needless to cite authority for the right of Senators and Representatives to frank all their official correspondence, instead of paying postage on it. This right is universally known; and among those entitled to the right, it is invariably exercised, so far as is generally known. But what is not so generally known, because not so generally exercised, is the right of such officers to include with their official correspondence an addressed return envelope, with the same frank printed upon it, for use by the correspondent, without the payment of postage, in making reply to an official inquiry. This right, however, exists; and the legal provision therefor is found in the Act of Congress approved July 5, 1884, which also appears on page 241 of *Postal Laws and Regulations*, in the following language:

"Any Department or officer authorized to use the penalty envelopes may inclose them with return address to any

person or persons from or through whom official information is desired, the same to be used only to cover such official information, and indorsements relating thereto."

In view of these plain legal provisions, practiced by all and questioned by none, it is readily apparent that any United States Senator or Representative in Congress can, without the expenditure by any individual of one cent for postage, get as full and complete a referendum vote on any measure coming before Congress as if that measure had been referred to the people of his State or District at a regular referendum election. To do this, it is necessary only to have printed a short letter, stating the subject referred to, etc., followed by appropriate questions for the voter to answer, then inclose a copy of the same, with a return envelope, to each voter whose expression is desired. The voter may then respond to the inquiry or not, as he sees fit, but this brings the matter much closer home to him than does the opening of polls at his election precinct on any election day.

In addition to this franking privilege, generous appropriations are already made from the United States Treasury for clerk hire and for stationery sufficient to supply the needs of both Senators and Representatives; and, therefore, no hardship, no large expense whatever, can accrue to a Senator or Representative from the occasional exercise of this particular referendum.

To make more clear the entire procedure in such a referendum and its simplicity as well as thoroughness, here follows a letter and certain questions

which might be used by a Representative in so referring to the people of his District the subject of a Parcel Post:

Dear Sir: Several Parcel Post bills are now pending before Congress. Some one of them may be put on its passage during the present session. I am desirous of at once obtaining an expression of your views on the subject, as well as the views of every other voter in the District, in order to know with greater certainty what action on my part, as a Representative, will best represent the wish of my constituency. I will, therefore, thank you to answer the questions on the reverse side of this sheet, sign the same at the place indicated, fill in the blanks that follow, and return the same to me. This being official business, no postage will be necessary for your reply, if you use the inclosed frank envelope for the purpose.

Whether interested in the subject of a Parcel Post or not, please answer the first question, sign, fill in all blanks following your signature, and return this sheet to me promptly.

Respectfully,

----- M. C.

----- District of -----

Questions for reverse side of letter.

1st. Are you interested in the subject of Parcel Post legislation?

Answer: -----

2nd. If so, do you favor or oppose a general Parcel Post?

Answer: -----

3rd. Do you favor or oppose a Parcel Post limited to rural routes?

Answer: -----

Sign here: -----

Date: ----- Postoffice: -----

R. F. D. No. (if any) -----

Occupation: -----

To that limited few who think the great masses of the people incapable of

wisely passing on either measures or men, even this kind of referendum must be objectionable. In fact, no form of referendum can, as to them, be desirable, or acceptable without protest. Consistency necessitates their favoring an absolute monarchy; and doubtless most of them would like to be the monarch, and think they could wisely choose all measures and all men necessary to the perpetuation and prosperity of the nation.

But for that greater number who hold that the masses are capable of wisely choosing men, but are incapable of wisely passing on measures, this scheme robs the referendum of its terror, for in each instance, under this plan, there is the wisely-chosen man at the right place to disregard, if he so desires, the unwise wish of his fool constituents. It is true enough, moreover, that no one of this number has yet explained satisfactorily how it is possible for the thousands of voters making up a State or Congressional District to become more intimately acquainted with the fixed traits of a large number of principles and measures.

To that other great number of statesmen, however, who oppose the Oregon plan of direct legislation on the ground that it is incompatible with a "representative form of government," but who, nevertheless, avow an abiding faith in the wisdom of the whole people and strongly declare for the rule of the majority in all things political, this scheme should be entirely acceptable. It affords the Representative or Senator adopting it a sure means of ascertaining what action on his part will be most representative of the will of his constituency, and thereby enables him better to maintain the substance of a really representative government, as well as a "representative form of government." It can deprive him of none of his power. It can not in the least affect even the laws relating to the

lobby. But its use can and will let both the Representative and the world know to what extent his vote is actually representative and to what extent it is misrepresentative.

None of the objections, in fact, that are most commonly urged against any existing or proposed form of direct legislation are applicable as arguments against this form of referendum.

As to all those members of Congress who look with favor on the Oregon plan, this scheme should be acceptable. The only question is why more of them do not apply it in the case of important questions whose coming up is known weeks and months in advance, instead of hazarding a guess, and then repenting and explaining at the election following next thereafter.

It might be urged against this scheme that so much free matter in the mails would bankrupt the Postoffice Department. Yet, without the citation of exact figures from the record, it is apparent to any one that in this way a complete referendum vote may be taken on the Parcel Post question, on the election of United States Senators by the people, and on a half dozen tariff schedules, without adding as much tonnage to the mails as one distribution of vegetable seed. Moreover, each member of Congress has allotted to him 12,000 farmers' bulletins per annum, to say nothing of thousands of pounds of other publications, all of which go by mail as free matter, and which add more tonnage to the mails than would such a referendum vote on every Act of Congress that meets or misses the President's veto during the course of any one year. Consequently, a sufficient answer to such an argument lies in the answer to the question: Which is the more important function of Congress, to enact desirable legislation or to dis-

tribute vegetable seed and government publications?

It is doubtless true, as some will argue, that many voters would fail to respond to such an inquiry. It is certainly true that thousands of voters fail to participate in every State-wide election that is held for the choice of men. Those who fail to vote at the election are not counted, and those who fail to respond to such an inquiry of a Representative or Senator may well be accorded the same consideration. But to appear at the polls and express a choice of men generally requires a loss of time from work, oftentimes expense; while to write out the answers to an official inquiry, expressing a choice of measures, could be done at leisure and would be attended by no expense whatever. The natural and logical conclusion is, therefore, that the referendum here suggested would result in a far more general expression from voters than does any ordinary or extraordinary election of officers, either State or national, while the cost of the referendum is merely nominal in comparison.

It has long been the practice in certain quarters to cry "demagogue" at every advocate of direct legislation in any form. President Taft, in his speech before the National Board of Trade, at Washington, January 26, 1910, said: "By demagoguery I mean the advancement of an argument which seems to be in favor of democracy, but which, when it actually works out, is in favor of plutocracy." Accepting that definition of demagoguery as correct, and it does so appear, who, then, is the demagogue? The man who favors the form of referendum here suggested or the man who opposes it? Let each reader answer from his own unbiased judgment and thereafter govern himself accordingly.

Some Phases of the Kentucky Highlands

Josiah Henry Combs

AN AREA of nearly 13,000 square miles of mountainous country extending northeast and southwest along the eastern part of Kentucky; ridges and peaks rising to an altitude of from 500 to 3,000 feet; comprising a population of more than 400,000; with an area of coal beds sufficient to supply the world for the next half-century, besides large areas underlaid by excellent clays of several sorts, commercially important deposits of iron ore and of ocher, superior sand for glass-making and other purposes, proved fields of oil and of natural gas, pure limestone for iron furnace flux, and stone well suited for structural purposes; the reputed prehistoric dwelling-place and scene of sanguine encounters between the Atalans and Cutans, Talegans (long-headed mound-builders), and Apalans (round-headed mound-builders); the Istacans, a Mongolian race; the Huasiotos and Zuluicans. This is the land, and this the people, about whom so much has been written during the past 15 years. Yet, even with such a long chain of history(?), and with such a pedigree, U. S. Senator "Joe" Blackburn once said, in a heat of political frenzy, that a stick of dynamite ought to be put under this section to blow it into hades!

Much has been said by various writers concerning the descent and nationality of the Kentucky Mountaineers. Fiske, the historian, says they are of Scotch-Irish descent, and that their forefathers came down from Pennsylvania into the Southern Alleghenies early in the history of the Republic; Thomas Dixon, Jr., in "The Leopard's Spots," and also in "The Clansman," calls the Southern highlanders Scotch and Scotch-Irish; Dr. Guerrant, of

Wilmore, Ky., a whole-souled and good old Presbyterian "missionary" to the mountains, and President Frost, of Berea College, without any reserve whatever, class the majority of the highlanders as Scotch Highlanders.

The prevalence of a number of Scotch and of Irish cognomens in this section no doubt has prompted the writers to reach their conclusions in this matter. A saner view, and, in the opinion of the writer, the only correct one, is taken by Ellen Churchill Semple, writing in the *Geographical Review*, June, 1901. Here the view is taken that the great majority of the Kentucky highlanders are of pure Anglo-Saxon, or Old English, extraction, with a minority of the Scotch-Irish, largely Teutonic in origin.

In the pioneer days these people were compelled to bear the brunt of fighting the Cherokee and other Indian tribes, while the people of the plains were molested with comparative rarity. A mere handful of red men could guard a mountain pass against a large body of whites, and it was the strategic importance of the highlands that made them a favorite fighting ground between the pioneers and the tribesmen. Woe to the paleface that had not learned to use the rifle! And this state of affairs reaches back not more than three generations in Kentucky history. It was the pioneers who settled in the hills that saved Kentucky for the whites, but this does not prove that the people were Scotch Highlanders. Bravery and patriotism are common enough among all sections of the English-speaking world. If the Kentucky Mountaineers are of Scotch Highlander origin, they have been infamous enough to discard the surnames of their forefathers. An analysis of

the list of 400 surnames clearly demonstrates that at least 80 per cent of them are of pure Old English origin. Then how did this English element get into the Kentucky mountains? Most of them came from Virginia and North Carolina, and some, maybe, from Pennsylvania. Three-fourths of the old "citizens" of the mountains will converse with you for hours, and tell you of their people in "ole Virginny" and in "North Car-lyny."

In the early migrations across the mountains and into the plains, many a pioneer no doubt was compelled to remain in the mountains because one of his wagon or cart wheels ran off, one of his family became sick, or some other little hindrance interfered. And here, attracted by the abundance of game, fish, and the natural scenery, he was content to remain and make his home. Does this severing of ties and relationship make the blood of the inhabitant of the refined and cultured Bluegrass any bluer than that of his less favored but virile and sturdy brother of the highlands?

And now we come to the folk-lore of the Kentucky mountains. The folk-songs, play and dance-songs, child and nursery rhymes, "jigs," superstitions and riddles, strongly corroborate the theory that most of this folk-lore came directly or indirectly from England.

The English spoken in the Kentucky mountains is abundant proof that the people are of English extraction. Many examples of pure Old English, Middle English and Elizabethan English are common to this section. Words and terms used by Shakespeare and in the King James version of the Bible appear in abundance. These instances establish the possible fact that the purest English spoken on earth is that of the Kentucky mountains—however unpolished and crude it may be, grammatically.

The Kentucky Mountaineer, as a member of the social fabric, is a strik-

ing figure. In personal appearance he is tall, angular, and inclined to droop his shoulders. Government statistics show that he is the tallest soldier on an average in the world. A "fine-haired furriner" once attributed this tall stature to looking upward so often to see the sun, and to climbing the mountains. A saner but yet incorrect view attributes it to drinking too many stimulants, and eating badly-cooked food. This might account, to some extent, for the lack of a well-rounded, well-proportioned body. The Mountaineer's eyes are set rather far back, with a frank, serious expression, and are often inscrutable. One doesn't always understand them at first, but he may be sure that behind them the Mountaineer is doing some thinking. Climatic conditions play a large part in the temperament and disposition of the Mountaineer. It is a well-known fact that Eastern and Southeastern Kentucky are possessed of a heavy, humid atmosphere, and that heavy fogs are almost a daily occurrence. This is conducive not only to nose, throat and catarrhal troubles, but is extremely detrimental to consumptives. Hence, a drowsy or lethargic condition is prevalent, which, added to his profound reticence and lack of demonstration, often makes the Mountaineer misunderstood and underrated by the outside world. This reticence and undemonstrative nature on the part of the Mountaineer frequently causes his benefactor to consider it as ingratitude. But he is one of the most grateful beings in the world, and deep down in his heart he is thanking you with all his heart.

The Mountaineer's hospitality is as pure and undefiled as his brooks and waterfalls. When he says to you, "Light and set, stranger; come in and stay all night, if ye can put up with our fare," he means every word of it. And don't be surprised if at the breakfast table he asks you to "wait on the table," for he is very reverent if he

thinks you have a mind to return thanks. He will send one of his family to a neighbor's to sleep, or "make down a bed" in order to give you room. The Mountaineer's home often consists of a single log house, with a single big room, which serves the combined purposes of waiting-room, parlor, bedroom, dining room and kitchen. If the house has an addition, or if it has more than one room, it is called "houses," and not "house." The Mountaineer, in spite of his reticence, is a very sensitive being, and failure to converse with him after coming into his house is taken for ingratitude, or something else. He is frank and outspoken, to extremes, and will give vent to his feelings or opinions, regardless of consequences. Conceit, vanity and hypocrisy are alien to his nature, and he often credits the outsider with these attributes because he misunderstands him.

The women of the mountains form an interesting study. It has been said that they are sullen, grave, and of a retiring disposition. This is largely true, and is accounted for by the fact that their position in the social caste of the mountains is a hard one, and a deplorable one, for the most part. First, race suicide is no question for the sociologist to struggle with in the mountains of Kentucky. Whether or no it is better to rear up a small family and do it well, or rear up a large family badly, is no concern for the Mountaineer. Most families in the mountains are large—some of them very large, ranging from a dozen to eighteen and twenty under one roof. It is not difficult, then, to conceive of the multitudinous cares that befall the lot of these women, a situation that prevents much mingling and social intercourse with the world. One *middle-aged* man, who lives on Caney Fork, in Knott County, said he had 21 children! Withal, the mountain mother is possessed of the genuine maternal instinct, is gentle with and passionately fond of

her offspring, and hospitable to strangers.

Disreputable houses are unknown in the mountains, and this state of affairs exercises a tremendous influence. Because of it, venereal diseases are not so common as in the cities. This also accounts for the strong physical appearance of the Mountaineer.

In most instances, the mountain woman would willingly shed her own blood in her husband's behalf. During the French-Eversole feud in Perry County, the husband of a mountain woman was lying on a bed of sickness. A number of the feudists attacked the house with malicious intent to take his life. Hurrying her young ones into the basement of the house, she hastily seized a revolver and drove the intruders away at the point of it.

Mountain parents still have some antiquated ideas about the education of their daughters. When a girl in the public schools reaches the point of proficiency in the "three r's," this is considered sufficient for practical purposes—for the remainder of her life. Time spent on anything beyond the "three r's," so thinks the Mountaineer, is lost. Because of this, much difficulty is experienced in prevailing upon parents to allow their daughters to attend High schools located at the county seats, or the colleges.

There are practically no social castes in the Kentucky mountains. "I'm as good as you are," or "I'm as good as he is," are stock expressions. A virile, sturdy manhood, in the midst of rugged environments, where the struggle for existence has been so difficult—all these things have fostered within the Mountaineer's breast an intense spirit of freedom and independence, common to the dwellers of all highland regions. This accounts for the stand taken by the Mountaineers of the Southern Alleghenies during the Civil War. Their ancestors had stood shoulder to shoulder during the Civil War in England,

under Prince Rupert and the Royalist leaders: at King's Mountain they taught Colonel Ferguson how to change his opinion when he said that there were not enough rebels in hades to run him from King's Mountain. So when the Civil War came, they shouldered arms and fought for the Union, and for one flag. At the Battle of New Orleans, in the War of 1812, bands of these rugged frontiersmen, wearing coonskin caps, poured into Gen. Jackson's ranks, without guns. "Old Hickory" said to them: "Boys, where are your guns?" "Got none," came the response. "Then what are you going to do?" There was a pause, and finally one of them answered: "I'll tell ye what we'll do, Gim'ral: we'll foller them there Tennesseans into battle, and ever' time one falls, we'll jist inherit his gun."

It has been said that the Mountaineer takes to law and politics like a duck to water. He is a natural born orator. How are these things to be accounted for? Educational facilities have long been wanting, to a sad degree, in the mountains. The Bible, works on history, and biography are the most prominent, where there are books at all. Now, the Mountaineer is patriotic and loyal, and his idea of greatness in this Republic is to imitate the great patriots and statesmen of America. Most of them were politicians and lawyers; hence, to become famous, he, too, must study law and politics. The story is told of a mountain lawyer who once followed a number of other lawyers into the consultation room—in his shirt sleeves and bare feet. Not knowing who he was, one of the more cultured barristers said to him: "What are *you* doing in here?" "I'm here to defend this man," was the answer.

Judge Patton, whose district lay in the Big Sandy Valley, was one of the most famous, as well as one of the most eccentric lawyers and judges Eastern Kentucky has ever produced. He once

instructed his Grand Jury with something like this: "Gentlemen: You have here a most beautiful piece of public property, upon which rests this hall of Justice. Its verdant, rolling grass, and majestic, towering three-tops attest at once God's loving kindness and infinite great mercy. A lovely fence encircles this property and hall, where justice is wont to be meted out. But, gentlemen, our people are hitching their horses to this fence. There is a class of people in this world, gentlemen, who would ride right up to the Garden of Eden, push aside its heavenly-commissioned guardian, fling the gate wide open, loiter down its Tempe-like vales, hitch their horses to the Tree of Life and banter Moses for a horse-swap. Fine these men, gentlemen, fine them!"

At another time he instructed them: "Gentlemen: Whenever you see a great big overgrown buck sitting at the mouth of some hollow, or at the forks of some road—with a big slouch hat on, a blue collar, a celluloid, artificial rose on his coat lapel, and a banjo strung across his breast, and a-pickin' of 'Sourwood Mountain,' fine that man, gentlemen, fine him! for if he hasn't already done something, he's a-goin' to!"

Kentucky has been cursed with worse land titles than has any other State in the Union. More than a century ago, Virginia granted great boundaries of land to various parties, and these grants lap and overlap each other; then when Kentucky became a State, grants of thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres were made by the State, which made the question of titles doubtful, and caused much of the land to overlap as many as three and four times. When some of the large land companies undertook, two or three years ago, to establish the validity of the old Virginia grants, and to claim enormous tracts of land in a half-dozen of the mountain counties, trouble was narrowly averted, because the Mountain-

ers threatened to take up arms in support of their claims. But the Kentucky Land Grants prevailed, and the land companies were beaten in the courts, and the matter settled. Many civil suits appear in the courts, because of the difficulty in surveying the rugged lands, abstracting titles, preparing separate deeds, executing and delivering them. The Mountaineer knows exactly where every foot of his land lies, the exact trees and spots marking its boundaries.

The feud spirit or clan instinct is dying out in the Kentucky mountains. Better schools and churches, and more of them, are responsible for this state of affairs. The chief reason for the feuds is this: The Mountaineer is not only a good lover—a character who never forgets his benefactor—but he is a fierce hater, as well. He never forgets an injury or injustice perpetrated against him, and it rankles in his breast as long as his heart beats. Consequently, revenge is the sweetest morsel he can roll under his tongue. He must have this revenge, no matter how long it takes him to get it. And as a result his old Teutonic instinct arises in him and he takes the law into his own hands to accomplish his purpose. In such instances, neither the *jus gentium* nor the *lex Romana* bothers him. The State? Well, *l'état, c'est lui*. Then the clan instinct arises and the feud begins.

Along with the feud the moonshine-still is passing. Much moonshine is yet made, however, and revenue men yet have work ahead of them. In his code of ethics, legal or otherwise, the Mountaineer finds it difficult to understand why a remote centralized form of government has any right to interfere with or molest a "private" little enterprise far back in the cove at the head of some dark hollow. If he wants to distill his corn into moonshine whiskey, he thinks that is *his* business. A great many of the Mountaineers drink whiskey, but the percentage of those who can "take

a dram," and stop at that, is large. It is thought no harm to drink a little—sometimes more. The story is told of a man in Knott County who "turned off" a whole quart of moonshine before taking the cup from his head. "Won't you have more?" he was asked. "Nope, it might fly to my head." In many families the children drink whiskey sweetened with sugar. Mary Noailles Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), in one of her stories of East Tennessee, has this to say about the Mountaineer's conception of water and whiskey: "I 'member when I war a gail," says old Mis' Cayce, "whiskey war so cheap that up to the store at the settlemint they'd hev a bucket set full o' whiskey an' a gourd, free fur all comers, an' another bucket alongside with water ter season it. An' the way that thar water lasted war surprisin'; that it war." This moonshine whiskey comes in handy at "workings"—corn-hoings, log-rollings, clearings, and the like. At one of these workings a whole field full of neighbors work till dinner-time, then come in, and in a circle, drink moonshine from a jug. The night of the same day comes a big party, where the square dance is the chief feature.

The code of social etiquette in the Kentucky mountains is not hampered by much cold and rigid formality. Coquetry and flirting are unknown. When the youth has begun "to make some speed" with one of the damsels, she is supposed to give her time and attention to him, and to him alone; and *vice versa*. The Mountaineer is one of the most jealous-hearted characters on earth. Calls are made at will, without any previous engagement or understanding. But the usual time for such functions is Saturday or Sunday, or both. It is no breach of etiquette whatever for the young man to pass the night at the house of his sweetheart's parents, and he often does this, staying over both Saturday and Sunday nights. While the youth is enjoying his call, it

is a matter of small import if the hands of the clock incidentally point to 10. He may prolong his call indefinitely through the night. When a mountain youth is seen calling on a girl, nine times out of ten he means business, for not much time is wasted on matters like this in the Kentucky mountains. And the same percentage of weddings are "slipped." When the wedding comes off, usually during the morning, the big dinner takes place the same day, at the home of the bride. The night of the same day is given over to the gay festivities of the square dance, or the "shin-dig" and old games. Here again time is no item, and if the father of the bride were proficient in Horace, doubtless he would cry out to the revelers at the symposium: "*Sume cyathos centum, et vigiles lucernas perfer in lucem!*" The next day at noon comes the "infare" or dinner at the home of the groom.

The traveller through the Kentucky mountains is struck at once with the unique character and positions of the "grave-yards," or cemeteries. Almost without exception they are situated in the most beautiful spots, on the summit of the extremity of some low ridge of mountain land. A mound is heaped up over every grave, and most of the graves are covered or protected by a tiny, latticed house, painted blue and white. The funerals preached at these grave-yards are momentous occasions. They are seldom preached at the time of the interment, but years and years afterward, sometimes as many as 50 or 75. More than one funeral is often preached on the same occasion, and five or six Old-Time Baptists do the preaching.

The prevalence of traditional ballads in the mountains, also the hundreds that have sprung up in this section, and are still being composed, is evident proof that ballad composition is not a lost art, as some balladists contend. Why does the art still persist in the Kentucky

mountains? For the same reason that it did in England and Scotland in the rural and mountainous districts of those countries three and four centuries ago. For instance, some unusual accident happens, such as a murder, public execution, or tragic love affair. Now, in a rural or isolated district such an incident creates a strong impression, because the busy existence of the outside world is not there. Soon there is not lacking some *improvisatrice*, as it were, to tell the story in ballad form. The women most often compose the ballads, and most often sing them.

A study of ballads indigenous to Eastern Kentucky throws much light upon the mooted question of ballad origin and authorship. The method of composition in the Kentucky mountains is always individual, or private ownership, or authorship—"personal property"—as opposed to the theory of communal, or folk composition. For instance, without a thought as to the logical connection between fishing and courting, a sturdy young Mountaineer will sit whittling on a dry-goods box in some country store, with a banjo across his knee, and suddenly break forth:

Gi' me the hook, and gi' me the line,
Gi' me the gal ye call Car'line.

Or he sometimes philosophizes, and settles the eternal question of the ages—the *summum bonum*—by couching it in this wise:

Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
Corn liker when I'm dry—
Pretty little girl when I'm lonesome,
Sweet heaven when I die—
Sweet heaven when I die.

A study of these ballads and jigs is incomplete without mention of the musical instruments used to accompany them. The banjo is the popular instrument for rendering the jigs; but the violin is used, also. The "dulcimore" (dulcimer) is the traditional piece that drones, in a sad strain, the nasal music

of the ballad. To a certain extent all three of these instruments are used for both ballads and jigs. The dulcimer is a unique survival of antique musical instruments, and needs explanation. It is oblong, about 34 inches in length, with a width at its greatest of about six inches, becoming smaller at each end. Three strings reach from tip to tip, the first and second ones tuned to the same pitch, and the third one forms the bass string. Two octaves and a quarter are marked out upon the three-quarters of an inch piece of wood that supports, and is just under the strings on the top of the instrument. The Mountaineer "follers pickin'" it by means of a quill with which he strikes the three strings at the same time with his right hand, over the gap at the larger end, at the same time using in his left hand a small reed with which he produces the air, or his "single-string variations." The music of the dulcimer resembles that of the Scottish bag-pipe, in that it is weird and strange. Under its spell one finds himself mysteriously holding communion with the gossamer-like *manes* of the long-departed souls of the palace of Lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine. The dulcimer is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, because the Mountaineers are becoming ashamed of the musical instrument that stands, with many other things, on the dividing line between two civilizations. Only a few of them are extant. A few more years, and this strange old relic of by-gone days will pass, to keep company with

The harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
The soul of music shed.

This strange music of the dulcimer appeals to the heart of the Mountaineer, as does the music of the "Sourwood Mountain" fiddler. It is foreign to our introspective age. Like the blind old minstrel of "Scio's rocky isle," the troubadour, the minnesinger, and the

scop, the "Sourwood Mountain" fiddler takes pride in saying

I'll tune up my fiddle, I'll rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome wherever I go.

The same conditions, religiously, that prevail in most of the mountains-at-large, do not prevail in the towns and county seats. This is true with the greater part of this paper—the conditions prevailing in the county seats and towns are not found in the outlying districts. The religious faith is that of the Regular or Primitive Baptists. According to the Special Reports of the Bureau of the Census, for 1906, on Religious Bodies, there are more than 5,000 communicants of this faith in Kentucky. But they must be distinguished from the "Free-Will" Baptist Church that had its origin in Wales, in 1701. There is no doubt but that this Primitive or Regular Baptist Church had its origin in North Carolina shortly after the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and began to organize itself into "associations" in most of the Southern States in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The doctrine and policy of the Primitive Baptists are unique. Their ostensible purpose for springing up—their *raison d'être*—was to combat everything that seemed modern and progressive in other denominations; to fight Sunday Schools, missionary movements, all sorts of church societies, and centralization in church circles. Many of them believe in infant damnation, and practically all of them believe in predestination. They hold tenaciously that Sunday Schools and even missionary activities are not in accordance with Apostolic doctrine and church policy. Because of difficult methods of travel in the mountains, scarcity of buildings for worship, and non-centralization views, the Regular Baptists have organized themselves into associations. All of these associations, in a broad sense, hold to the same tenets, in that they are

strongly Calvinistic and predestinarian. Yet the individual members have scores of opinions of their own, and are sadly disorganized. Above all, they believe that salaried ministers are an abomination; that the minister of the Gospel must be "called," and go forth to preach without any preparation whatever; he is not even required to be able to read and write. The Regular Baptists are rigid immersionists, and administer the Sacrament and wash the saints' feet about three or four times each year.

The number of communicants of the Primitive Baptist faith is decreasing, according to the Census Reports. This decrease is easily explained. Any religious belief that is not in accord with the spirit of modern progress and enlightenment, and cannot adopt itself to the exigencies of its constituency, cannot but prove itself a worthless element in human society. The Primitive Baptist Church is non-progressive for the same reason Max Muller gave for the failure of Judaism as a factor in modern society—that it was inert because of its anti-evangelical and anti-missionary tendencies.

The whole educational situation, not only of the Kentucky mountains, but of the Southern Alleghenies, presents a study worthy of the attention of educators. If the Mountaineer cherishes no ambition for his daughters in the educational world, his desire for educating his sons amounts to a passion. It is the opinion of President Thirkield that the question for the South to work out is not that of the negroes so much as that of the whites of the Southern Alleghenies.

These whites—the purest Old English blood on earth—for the want of adequate school-houses and many other educational facilities, have remained shut in, and for a century have struggled against the stream in order to maintain their existence. So much money has been spent in Breathitt County for the prosecution of crime,

that the public school buildings all over that county are travesties on the educational system in Kentucky. To add to this backward and untoward condition, the public highways are as miserable. The school-houses are few and wide apart, and the school term is only six months. Many of the children are able to attend for only three or four months, and one teacher cannot handle all of the pupils given over to his care, because there are so many in each district. Scores of teachers are engaged in the business only from a mercenary standpoint, and do not throw themselves into the work, body and soul. Rev. H. P. Smith, Superintendent of Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church, cites an instance of a certain mountain county that has a population of more than 11,000. Of the 2,539 men of voting age in this county, 31 per cent are illiterate. The school population of that county is 4,418, and of these only 2,566 are enrolled in the schools. The average daily attendance is 1,949, only 44 per cent of the school population.

It is a lamentable fact that more money is being expended for the education of foreign-born children in the large cities of our country, than for the education of the Anglo-Saxons in the mountains. Which is worth more to this nation, the virile and sturdy stock of the highlands—uncontaminated by the vices and attractions of civilization in our greater cities—or the thousands of foreigners that pour into our country monthly by way of New York Harbor? To quote President Thirkield again: "The mountain people are of fine mental capacity. A man of affairs and a deep student of character once said of them: 'They need only an introduction to civilization to prove themselves equal to any men in the world. I regard them as the finest rough material in the world, and one of them modeled into available shape is worth to the world a dozen ordinary people.' And yet today hundreds of

thousands of these patriotic Americans are more ignorant and more destitute of the opportunities which go with education than any other body of Anglo-Saxon people on the face of the earth."

President Thirkield goes further, when he says that these 3,000,000 of patriotic, uncorrupted American highlanders may be needed some day to safeguard the destiny of this nation—its republican institutions—against un-Americanized foreigners. In view of these things, here is an opportunity to invest capital for the preservation and enlightenment of American manhood. No one will question the great work Dr. Frost is doing in Berea College. There are other institutions of learning in the mountains of Kentucky whose work cannot be praised too highly. Such an instance, and the most notable one of its kind, not only in the Kentucky mountains, but in America, is the W. C. T. U. School, located at Hindman, in Knott County, 41 miles from the railroad. It is an industrial, manual-training, and high school, and from three to four hundred pupils are enrolled during the year. One needs only to visit Hindman and see the great work these noble, self-sacrificing women from all parts of the Union are doing, to be convinced that the work is worth while. The Mountaineers are so anxious for their children to receive an education that they send them from different counties to attend this school, and many of them have to be turned off because there is not sufficient room and equipment. The school, from time to time, has had as instructors, talented young women from Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Brown University, Columbia, Harvard, Michigan, and Yale, besides colleges in the South. These instructors accept positions in the school at a financial sacrifice, for they could make elsewhere many times the salary paid them at Hindman.

As an example of what the W. C. T. U. School has done for the mountains

of Kentucky—aside from the moral influence it has sent out toward blotting out the liquor interests in the county—look at this: Knott County, for the last five or six years, has sent more young men and women to the colleges and universities of Kentucky and elsewhere, than has any other county in Kentucky, in proportion to the population, and in consideration of the lack of opportunities of that county. In June, 1911, about a dozen young men and women of Knott County were graduated from the various colleges and universities—classical, medical, law, agricultural, normal, manual-training, and business—of Kentucky. This is a remarkable showing, and attests the great work being done by the W. C. T. U. School, especially when we consider that Knott County is about the poorest county in Kentucky financially and in many other ways.

It is interesting to know that a great many of the Mountaineers that finish up in the colleges leave Kentucky. The migratory instinct is beginning to lay hold of the younger generations of Mountaineers, as well as they love their native highlands. Whole families are migrating to the West, to such States as Missouri and Texas, and above all, to Oklahoma. Sometimes as many as 50 and 75 depart together. Why are they doing this? The younger generations are beginning to take advantage of the many opportunities the great outside world offers to them—but back of this there is a stronger and a more convincing reason—the increasing population of the mountains, which necessitates the parceling out of smaller tracts of land, from year to year, by parent to son. Again, because of the lack of improved methods of farming and agriculture, much of the mountain lands have long since become unproductive. Add to these things the fact that capitalists and speculators are buying up hundreds of thousands of acres of mountain lands, and you have an

idea of why the Mountaineer is beginning to migrate westward. The Consolidated Coal Company, of West Virginia, now owns more than 100,000 acres of land in Letcher, Pike, Johnson, Knott and other counties. The Northern Coal and Coke Company, of which J. C. C. Mayo, the mountain millionaire, of Paintsville, Kentucky, is the organizer, owns thousands of acres. Other companies have extensive holdings on lands, minerals, oil, etc. Is it a wonder, then, that the Mountaineer

is beginning to look sorrowfully back upon his native hills as he journeys westward?

A well-known railroad man sums up the future situation of Eastern Kentucky in these words, translated from a distich of Virgil:

Thus ye, O birds, build nests, but not for yourselves;
 Thus ye, O sheep, bear fœces, but not your own;
 Thus ye, O bees, fill hives, but not your own;
 Thus ye, O oxen, the yoke for others must bear.

Ten Men of Money Island

S. F. Norton

CHAPTER XII.

“Specie Basis,” “Usury” and “Banking”

BY THE process of charging his neighbors for the use of money, and a shrewd manipulation of the finances, Discount in a few years managed to get possession of nearly every piece of coin upon the Island. And, as he put out three paper promises-to-pay for every coin piece on hand, he had nearly 300 paper promises constantly outstanding—all of which “bore interest,” as it would be called in America—and, as a consequence, he was “accumulating” 30 pieces, or their equivalent, every year. Every three years he was gathering in an amount equal to the total original stock of coin pieces in the whole Island. Of course, he had to live and support his family; and aside from doing that, he made a great many improvements and accumulated a great deal of other property. But it was only the *surplus* that he invested; he managed to keep all of the money within his control.

Now let us see exactly how matters

stood. The “paper promises” which he issued and loaned out were, as stated above, as follows:

I promise to pay the bearer on demand One Piece of Coin of the weight and fineness established by the Government of Money Island. DISCOUNT.

For instance, Plowem held 10 of them. Was it not an evidence that Discount owed Plowem 10 pieces of coin? Grindem held 20 more of them. Did not Discount owe Grindem 20 pieces of coin? In short, did not Discount owe in the aggregate 300 pieces of coin to the people of Money Island who held those promises-to-pay? Could not any of them at any time have presented them to Discount and enforced payment?

Was he not, in fact, loaning his own promises-to-pay?

In short, was he not living off the interest of what he, himself, owed to the community?

Ah, great indeed was Discount as a

“financier,” for it is not every man who can manage to live on the interest of what he *owes*.

But do *you* say, oh most sagacious reader, that the inhabitants of Money Islands were little less than simpletons to permit the existence of such a system? Do *you* say that they were fools to borrow another man's promises-to-pay and pay interest therefor?

If you *do* say so, you say only the truth—for fools they were indeed!

But, did you ever see any of the old “bank money” that was issued and used in the United States a generation ago? They were merely promises-to-pay, given by the banks, loaned to the people.

And again, did you ever notice the words that are printed upon the national bank notes of the present day? Do they not read such, or such, a “National Bank, promises to pay the bearer, on demand, so many dollars”? There are \$600,000,000 of them outstanding, and it hardly seems possible that you never read them—and yet if you *have*, how can you think that the inhabitants of Money Island are the only fools in the world?

Another thing to consider is the ability of Discount to meet his obligations. As we have seen, he had three times as many promises-to-pay outstanding as he had coin pieces on hand to pay with.

Suppose every man who held his promises-to-pay had presented them at one time, could he have met the demand? Would not two-thirds of them have been disappointed? And if he could not meet his obligations, would the “money” have been of any value in the community?

In other words, was not the paper money, based upon coin, dishonest paper money?

Is not any paper money, which professes to be “based upon coin,” *dishonest*, if there is more of it outstanding

than there is coin on hand to redeem it with?*

By and by, a history of the experience through which the Money Islanders passed will further illustrate Discount's system of “specie-basis” money. Of course, it was very profitable to *him*, and, naturally enough, he was very desirous of perpetuating the system.

It is almost needless to say, that Discount's schemes of “inflating the currency,” as it would be called in this country, accompanied by the power to accumulate through charging a certain per cent for the use of money, in due course of time rendered him the most powerful member of the community. The fact that he was not absolutely obliged to loan money to every person who might make application, unless he saw fit to, made it possible for him to gratify any dislike that he might feel against any of his neighbors. Being quite human, he was often disposed to make the rest *feel his power* by granting or withholding his loans as best suited his temper. He could conciliate by granting favors, or he could annoy, or even crush an opponent, by refusing accommodations.

The other members of the community, being also quite human, very soon learned to “keep on the right side” of Discount. No matter whether his acts were approved by them or not, they did not show their disapproval, through fear of offending him, well knowing that he could retaliate by refusing to accommodate them with a loan of his promises-to-pay.

And for the same reason, many of them who had even begun to realize the true situation of affairs did not care to criticize his system or call in question the soundness of his financial

*Of course, this system will be readily recognized as the old State-bank system, in vogue in this country prior to the war. A bank that kept one-third as much of a coin reserve on hand as it had bank-notes outstanding was regarded as sound. And this was the rule that Discount established.

responsibility. In this way he practically became the dictator of affairs of Money Island—and if they had called him Dictator Discount it would have been a very appropriate appellation indeed.

* * * *

The power to accumulate did not depend alone upon the privilege of issuing a three-fold quantity of his own promises-to-pay and charging interest on them. Being a shrewd financier, and audacious in consequence of the deference which was shown him by his neighbors, he was quick to invent and put in practice all sorts of petty schemes whereby he could “turn an honest penny.” For instance, knowing that Dresseem had quite an amount of money on hand, he kindly offered to take it and take care of it for him, humorously suggesting that Grindem’s experience in having one of his bridge certificates burned up on a former occasion, as well as Makem’s loss of a coin piece in the lake, would prompt him to accept the proffered kindness. He explained to him that he had constructed a very secure place, made of stone and iron, which neither mice, rats, fire nor storms could destroy, where he kept his own money, and further very generously offered to make no charge whatever for his trouble. The plan succeeded, and Dresseem at once “deposited” his surplus money, amounting to 50 pieces (coin and paper included) with Discount for safekeeping.

The very next day, Sledgehammer applied to Discount for a loan of 40 pieces for six months. Having learned during his conversation with Dresseem that he would not want to use for at least six months the 50 pieces that he had deposited, Discount readily accommodated Sledgehammer, letting him have 40 of the identical pieces which Dresseem had deposited. The interest on it for six months amounted to two pieces.

At the same time he kindly suggested to Sledgehammer that if he did not want to use *all* of the 40 pieces at once, that he might leave a portion of it on “deposit,” to be drawn out when required—intimating to him in a very affable and ingenious manner that he, Discount, was more likely to accommodate a man who kept his money in a safe place, and conducted his business on “business principles,” than if he carried his money around in his pocket.

Sledgehammer was not slow to see the point, and, inasmuch as he would not want to use 20 pieces of the money till after about three months, he left half the amount (20 pieces) borrowed, on deposit. And it so happened, the very afternoon of the same day, that Foreplane came in and wanted to borrow 20 pieces for three months. At once Discount loaned him the very pieces that Sledgehammer had left on deposit. He also induced him to leave 10 of the pieces on deposit, the same as Sledgehammer had done with his 20 pieces.

In this way, out of the 50 pieces that Grindem “deposited,” Discount had loaned 40 pieces to Sledgehammer and 20 pieces to Foreplane—and *yet he had 30 pieces of Grindem’s money still on hand!*

He was drawing interest on 60 pieces and had 30 pieces on hand—and doing it all on 40 pieces of another man’s money!

Again let it be recorded, that great and mighty was Discount as a “financier.”

This system of “deposits” was worked up by Discount, till nearly every member of the community had money on deposit in Discount’s strong-box.

Strange as it may seem, so dexterously did Discount manage matters that he actually had 600 pieces loaned out (on which he was drawing 10 per cent interest), although he only had 100 pieces to start with, and had only 100 pieces (50 of paper and 50 of coin)

with which to meet an obligation of 450 pieces due to "depositors," and 250 pieces due to holders of his own promises-to-pay that were outstanding. On an original investment of 100 pieces, he was getting 60 pieces every year; a year and a half doubled his money; three years quadrupled it.

And again you say, oh sagacious reader, "What a set of idiots those other men were, to let one man practice such a system of finance!" And again are you right in your estimate of those men. They were idiots indeed.

But if you will turn to the Report of the United States Comptroller of the Currency for December, 1911, you will see that on January 1, 1912, the national banks then in existence had "on deposit" (other people's money), \$15,000,000,000; that they had only \$1,530,000, in round numbers, in paper and coin.

So you will see that right here in this civilized, enlightened and intelligent community of American people, there is an institution that corresponds in many respects with Discount's system. In fact, you will say that had Discount lived in the United States, he would have been not only a banker, but a credit to the profession.

CHAPTER XIII.

Office-Holders, Mortgages and Legal Tender

WHILE Discount was extending and perfecting his wonderful "financial system," and so managing it that he was rapidly accumulating property—not one particle of which did he himself create—other changes were being made in the management of the Island.

For instance, Donothing was chosen to manage the public business of the community, such as looking after the roads and bridges, collecting taxes (which were made payable in money instead of labor), making disbursements, keeping the public accounts,

printing the laws, etc., etc. All of these things took so much of his time that he asked, and the community agreed to pay, a certain amount per year. In fact, he became an office-holder. It was not quite as hard work as it was to plow, grind corn, shoe horses, build houses, or mine coal, therefore he was quite well pleased with the position, and so well did he manage things that he continued in office for many years. Moreover, in course of time, he imagined that, inasmuch as he ran the affairs of the government, that he himself constituted the government; and a stranger would have thought that Donothing actually owned the whole Island, and that all of the rest of the people were at work for him. A continual assumption and exercise of authority on his part gradually made such an impression upon the people that they forgot that he was simply their agent and servant. They treated him more as if he were their master than their servant. He was wont to tell them, when re-elected at the end of each year, that he appreciated the *very great honor* that they conferred upon him—just as if they were selecting him solely for the purpose of bestowing an "honor" upon him, rather than merely choosing him as an agent to transact their business for them, the same as Plowem would hire a man to drive his horses, or Sledgehammer a man to make horse-shoe nails. Thus he impressed upon them the idea of the honor and importance of his position.

In fact, he deported himself very much as the office-holders do in this country; and one might be excused for thinking that he might at some time have served as the Governor of a State, the Mayor of a metropolis, a Representative in Congress, or a Postmaster in some small rural city.

* * * *

A little event occurred about this period in the history of the Island that is worthy of notice, as it gave rise

to a very important law concerning money. It so happened that Sledgehammer became indebted to Grindem for a quantity of flour. He demanded payment, but they could not agree as to how the payment should be made. Grindem insisted upon a return of wheat enough to make the same amount of flour that he had let Sledgehammer have, and Sledgehammer refused to pay in wheat because he did not have it. On the other hand, Sledgehammer offered to pay in horse-shoes, but Grindem declared that he had no use for horse-shoes.

It being impossible to settle the difficulty, it was referred to the next meeting of the community for adjustment. After a good deal of discussion, it was finally agreed that Sledgehammer should pay the debt in pieces of coin. Grindem objected to receiving the coin, and his objections were so strenuous that a suspicion was aroused that he merely wanted to annoy Sledgehammer, or take some advantage of him by requiring payment of the debt in wheat. The other members, seeing the injustice of Grindem's demand, right then and there decreed (it being conceded by all that they had the right to regulate such matters—and that is an important fact that should not be forgotten), a law that whenever one person became indebted to another, that the debtor should have the privilege of canceling the obligation by paying coin; and if the creditor refused to accept coin, he should be debarred from annoying the debtor, or putting him to any cost.

This law, arising from the settlement of difficulties like that between Grindem and Sledgehammer, although a very simple one (and obviously a very just one in that particular case), was, in fact, one of the most important ever passed.

It gave to coin an additional and a very important power, viz: *that of legal tender*. Before, it had been used merely

as a medium of exchange. As a medium of exchange, no person was compelled to accept it, save upon his own terms. That is, if a man had an article to dispose of, he need not dispose of it for anything except that which he wanted in return. By this new law, however, the creditor was not only obliged to accept, but the debtor was compelled to pay in *one particularly specified thing!*

While it thus became a great additional convenience to the transaction of business, it also became a possible means of hardship and oppression, as will be seen in a subsequent chapter.

* * * *

As Discount's business enterprises increased, and property accumulated in his hands—for he invested all his surplus in such property as he could buy at good advantage—he grew sharp and cunning. It so happened that the men to whom he loaned money did not always pay quite as promptly as he would like to have them. "Prompt payment," in the estimation of Discount, was one of the greatest virtues that a business man could possess. It covered a multitude of sins. He could have forgiven a man for driving a sharp bargain, or even cheating another out of property, but he could never forgive him for being dilatory in meeting his obligations to pay money—especially when the payment was due to himself.

Another thing: Discount grew suspicious and nervous as he grew rich, and many times he spent sleepless nights through fear of losing some of the money that he had out on loan. He was afraid that Grindem's mill would be washed away, or that Makem's house might burn down, or that Reapem's crops would fail, or that something would happen whereby some of his debtors would be rendered unable to pay.

Therefore, one day when Foreplane came in to borrow some money, he inti-

mated to him that unless he could deposit something with him as security for the return of the money, he did not care to let him have it. He argued to him, that he (Discount) was parting with that which possessed great value (money), and that it was no more than right that Foreplane should turn over something of equal value as a guarantee that the money should be promptly returned. He had evidently forgotten that one of his arguments in favor of interest money was *the risk that he ran*.

It seemed a little queer to Foreplane that in thus exchanging equal quantities of value he should be required to pay 10 per cent interest, while Discount need not pay anything. For the time being, they were to "swap" property, but he was compelled to pay "boot money," although the things exchanged were of equal value. And another thing that impressed him as being quite peculiar was that Discount counted his own unsecured promises-to-pay as equal to the secured promise which he (Foreplane) gave in return. Exchanging a secured obligation for an unsecured one, and paying 10 per cent dif-

ference, rather staggered the plain common sense notions of business which Foreplane possessed, but a little "argument" and "explanation" by Discount, accompanied by the intimation that the deal could not be made upon any other terms, very soon persuaded Foreplane to accept the terms proposed by the "great financier." Discount.

This was the entering wedge to a system of pledges, pawns, collaterals, bonds, securities and mortgages. Also a system of laws—in which Donothing, who was always on good terms with Discount, took an active part in getting up—whereby pledges could be forfeited, collaterals sold, bonds enforced, mortgages foreclosed and judgments entered and collected by seizing and selling property. Not only was Donothing on good terms with Discount, but the enforcement of all these laws gave him extra employment, for which he was richly paid.

Having seen how money, usury, mortgages, laws for the collection of debts, banking, etc., were created and established, let us now see how the Ten Men of Money Island prospered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A Forged Chapter in the Bible

By The Editor

THE LAST verse of the 20th chapter of the Gospel by John, reads:

"Many other evidences were also produced by Jesus, in the presence of His disciples, which are not recorded in this narrative. But *these* are recorded, in order that you may believe that He is the Messiah, the Son of God; and believing, that you might become possessed of life, by means of His power. Amen."

The foregoing is the rendition, in modern English.

If you will study that verse, carefully, you will see that it closes John's Gospel.

Virtually, he says, "I have told you my story. There was more that I could have related, but I tell you that much in order that you may believe in Christ, and be saved! Amen."

That is exactly what the verse means. You cannot get any other meaning out of it.

True, the word, "Amen," has been omitted from the later editions; but, all of the older editions contained it. Even without the word "Amen," you can see that the verse is a closing up of a narrative. It says, in effect, "I have given you my narrative, there is nothing more that I will add, although I *could* have done so."

Then, *the very next verse*, Chapter 21, goes to telling something else. And that something else is an account of a fishing trip, a pleasure outing, taken by certain of the disciples; and taken at a time when we know that they were all at Jerusalem, solemnly waiting and earnestly praying for the coming of the Pentecostal Spirit.

They had recently undergone a tragic loss. Their beloved Master had been cruelly mocked and killed. Portentu-

ous events had accompanied the Crucifixion. A great darkness had fallen upon the world: the Sun had disappeared from mortal view. The rocks were riven; the veil of the Temple, rent. The dead came forth and walked the streets, clad in the cerements of the grave. The disciples had been terrified and scattered. Jesus had to reappear to them, at their secret meeting, to reassure them. They were afraid to assemble in the open, lest they, also, be put to death.

Yet, this astounding 21st Chapter represents them as so free of care and fear, so full of levity, so neglectful of the Master's business, so indifferent to His command—"tarry ye at Jerusalem"—that Peter blithely chirps, "I go afishing." And the others cheerily respond, "We also are coming with you."

Can you imagine the stately John dropping into that pig-English style of narration? Then the forger adds, "They went off and entered into a boat."

From *whence*, did they go? Who provided the boat, for these poor men? We saw them in great distress, and in poverty, only a short while ago; and now we suddenly find them, on pleasure bent, and in exclusive possession of what some translators call "a small ship." Where did they get the ship? and what went with it, after that famous catch of fish? And where were James and Matthew, and Mark and Luke, during this jaunt, which Peter precluded with his sprightly remark, "I am going fishing?" How happened it that Peter had so soon forgotten his Master's command, and also his own danger,—*he being the choleric person who had slashed off the Roman officer's ear?*

The style of Chapter 21 is wholly different from that of the other 20. The 20 are dignified, sonorous, elevated in thought, impressively serious, abounding in eloquence, pathos and contagious sincerity. But the moment you begin on Chapter 21, you can feel the difference, consider the faulty construction of the very first line. It makes Christ appear *twice*, at the sea of Tiberias. John would have written it otherwise. We then read:

"And he appeared in this way:" and then, without showing us *how* Christ appeared, the clumsy forger, and bad grammarian enters into an explanation of how *the disciples* came to be at the sea-coast. Any one who could tell a story as well as John did, would not have put the cart before the horse, in that awkward fashion. He would first have stated that Peter said, "I am going fishing," and would then have brought in the others, who said, "We will go fishing with you;" and then, while they were at it, the mention of Christ's appearance would have been made. This would have given sequence to the events.

Jesus is represented as calling to these fishermen, "*Lads, have you anything to eat?*"

"No, they answer." Now, who on earth can believe that the risen Jesus, was hungry, and wanted victuals? He was no longer mortal. He was a spirit, about to ascend to Heaven. True, it is not asserted, in so many words, that Christ Himself partook of the food; but the verbiage is about the same as that which describes the Last Supper. When Jesus is represented as asking if they had anything to eat, as directing the selection from the fish, as saying to the disciples, "Come and dine," as taking the bread and the fish, we get the impression that he dined with them, for it is written, "After they had dined," etc.

Can you imagine any reason that could have moved John to write up the

fishing trip, of Peter and his companions? Can you see any strengthening of the case, in having Christ appear *a fourth time*, after His resurrection? Can you explain His anxiety to learn what luck these fishermen were having? So far as Christianity is concerned, what was gained by the 21st chapter of John? Nothing.

Note another conflicting statement, as to this inquiry about food. Christ is made to ask, "Have you any meat?" When, as we are told, immediately afterwards, that there is a charcoal fire on the beach where He stands, with bread and fish on it! Whose bread and whose fish were these? Had we not been told that Peter and his companions had caught no fish, that night? It was not until they cast the net on the other side of the boat, that they had any luck. Then, they caught 153 fish, apparently large ones, for we are asked to marvel at the fact that the net was not broken. Christ commands them to select from these fish—supposedly for the purpose of cooking them; yet, we are not told that they were cooked. The text would seem to imply that Christ fed Peter, and the others, on the loaf and the fish that were already broiling on the charcoal fire.

"Come and have your breakfast," is the language of modern translation; and this summons to breakfast follows immediately upon the landing of the fishermen.

This forger alleges that the disciples knew it was the Lord, but that they were afraid to speak to Him. They had *not* been afraid on His two former appearances. Whence this sudden and speechless awe? And the dull-witted forger, after saying that John had recognized Jesus from the first, and had informed the others that "It is the Lord," were afraid to ask Him, "Who are you?" although they know who it was! How can you explain this?

In this last interview, not one of the

disciples, Peter excepted, opens his mouth, save to cram food into it. They do not say a word to their Savior, nor does He say a word to them. Peter has the floor. Peter is the sole spokesman. Peter is the only object of Christ's attention. To Peter, alone, Christ speaks. To Peter, is confided the exclusive duty of feeding the sheep. Peter obliterates all the other disciples.

Who is so obtuse as not to recognize "the fine Italian hand" of the Romanist forger, in all this glorification and exaltation of Peter?

In the 14th verse of the 21st Chapter, we are blandly informed that this appearance of Christ at the seashore, was *the third*, since the resurrection. But if Peter and his fellow-fishermen had departed into Galilee, immediately after the crucifixion, how could they have known of the other two appearances to the disciples? The angel told them to go into Galilee, and it is claimed that they went. They took the liberty of changing the rendezvous from the mountain to the seashore; but the Lord knew where to find them. He did not chide them for disobeying His command to remain in Jerusalem until they should be filled with the Holy Ghost. He did not express displeasure in finding them enjoying an outing. He was not surprised by their muteness and terror. He had no word for the beloved John. He did not ask about His mother. And we are not told *how* He disappeared.

Although we are told, again and again, that the disciples remained in Jerusalem, until Pentecost, praying every day in the Temple, this bungling forger carries Peter and several others to catch fish, in the sea of Tiberias!

And Peter, in his own contribution to Scripture, is utterly oblivious of the great pre-eminence given him in the 21st Chapter of John! In his own Epistles, Peter is "an Apostle," "a servant of the Lord," just as the other Apostles are.

If Peter had been exalted into a Premiership, by Christ Himself, would not the other disciples have known it? Would not some trace of it been found in their conduct and their writings? Would not some indication of it appear in the conduct and writings of Peter? Assuredly.

The 21st John is obviously an excrescence. The noblest of all the Gospels is that of John; but when he wrote, "Amen," at the close of the 20th Chapter, he had written himself out, fully; and had left no essential thing unsaid.

Then why this 21st Chapter? The sole purpose of it was, *to put Peter ahead of the other disciples*. Get that idea well into your head, and you will have no difficulty in recognizing the spurious character of that ridiculous Chapter. The supremacy therein given to Peter, not only contradicts the other Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, but *it contradicts the narrative of John himself*. **IT MAKES CHRIST RETRACT WHAT HE HAD OFTEN SAID ABOUT THE EQUALITY OF THE DISCIPLES.**

Those absurd verses which represent Christ as asking Peter, three successive times, "*Do you love me?*" are wholly at variance with the character of Christ, as revealed in the authentic portions of the New Testament. Barring Judas, the disciple who was lashed with the harshest rebuke, by the human Christ, was this same Peter, who is now mawkishly asked, "*Do you love Me, more than these others?*"

The real Christ was not more concerned about Peter's affection, than about that of his brethren. The real Christ was concerned about their *faith*, not their love. He wanted them *to love one another*, and obey the will of his Father. And it is well known that *John* was his favorite.

Christ is represented as saying to Peter, three times, "*Feed my lambs.*" No such thought, or plea, occurs *anywhere* else, in the New Testament. *It is in violent opposition to what Christ*

had said, in the authentic Gospels, as to what all of the disciples were to do.

The other disciples are represented as making no remonstrance, when Christ put them beneath Peter, and relieved them of both power and responsibility. Yet, they were men who had been taught by Christ, Himself, that they were the equals of one another? Would not they have cried out against their sudden debasement? Would not they have questioned Christ, concerning this marvellous change? And would not the known record of the Apostles, afterwards, have given evidence of the supremacy of Peter? Everybody knows that it gives none. On the contrary, Peter's own writings contradict this spurious last Chapter of John. Never, by word, writing, or deed, was Peter known to have pretended to the slightest advantage over his colleagues. He took his marching orders from the Church at Jerusalem, just as other disciples did.

The 24th verse of the spurious chapter reads:

"This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things; and we know that his testimony is true."

A very stupid forgery, indeed. John is represented as saying, "I testify of these things, and I write them down; and we know that he is telling the truth."

The forger forgot that it was John who was giving the testimony; and the use of the pronouns, "We," and "his," slipped in, by inadvertence. John could never have made that blunder—the blunder of being both teller and listener, both writer and reader, both Apostle and posterity. And John had better sense than to weaken his narrative by telling us that he was a truthful man.

Read verses 18 and 19, and ask yourself if John could have penned anything quite so puerile. The risen Christ is gravely represented as telling Peter

that, when he was young, he could dress himself, but that when he gets old, some one else will have to dress him! In your wildest imagination, can you fancy a risen Savior talking to a disciple about so stale a truism as the second childhood?

And the stupid forger stupidly adds, that Christ said this, intimating that Peter would meet a martyr's doom! Could anything be more far-fetched? Does John anywhere represent Christ as speaking trivially of things that everybody knows?

How could John then know that Peter would meet a martyr's death? CHRIST COULD KNOW IT, BUT JOHN COULD NOT.

Peter did not understand that Christ was intimating that he would suffer martyrdom. Peter was not disturbed by the prediction that he would grow so weak, under the load of old age, that he would be dressed, by another, like a child; and, like a child, be carried where he did not desire to go. But John saw, in Christ's prediction of Peter's second childhood, a prophecy of Peter's martyrdom. How absolutely incredible! And how clear the proof that the forgery was committed, long afterwards, by a man who knew of the tradition of Peter's violent end, in the prime of life.

The 18th verse of 21st. John makes Christ tell a falsehood, for He is represented as stating, unequivocally, that Peter would live so long, as to become physically helpless; and would then be carried where he did not wish to go. Seldom can a forger do his work so cleverly as to not leave internal evidence, in his own work, that reveals the fraud.

Consider the jumble presented in the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd verses:

Christ says to Peter, "Follow me." Peter turns round, and sees John following Christ! John is then clumsily identified, by a most discursive refer-

ence to the Last Supper. If John was the writer of these verses, where was the necessity to identify himself in that bungling manner? He had not done that in the 20 preceding chapters. *He* would have no motive to do so, now. But *the forger* had a motive, for he wished to make his work look as authentic as possible.

Ponder on the banality of verse 21: "Peter, therefore, seeing him" (John) "said to Jesus:

"'But what about this one, Lord?'"

When Christ was telling Peter about the second childhood, did not Peter have respect enough for his Lord, to face Him? Was Jesus talking to Peter's back?

We are told that Christ said to Peter, "Follow me," and that Peter *turned round*, and saw *John* following Jesus!

Did Christ turn round, and start off, with John following? Why did not Peter follow?

Why did he allow John to take precedence? If he, Peter, did not obey the command, "Follow me," why was he, Peter, not rebuked for disobedience? And if he, Peter, *did* obey the command, *how* could John have come in, between him and Jesus? Did Peter stand still, while Christ and John were walking off? Did he have to make haste, and catch up, before asking the question, "What about this one?"

We get the impression that when Jesus said "Follow me," he was standing near Peter, face to face. You can't suppose otherwise. You also get the impression that when Peter turned round, and saw John following Christ, these two were at some distance from Peter. We, in like manner, get the impression that Peter had again approached near to Jesus, and was facing Him, when he, Peter, asked, "What about this one?"

Now, can anybody explain how this physical confusion could have crept into a narrative, written by the master

hand that composed the other 20 chapters?

Even if Christ did walk off, leaving the disobedient Peter, standing stock still, wouldn't He have been in full view of Peter? If John *did* follow Jesus, wouldn't Peter see Him? Who can explain the necessity of Peter's turning round, to see Christ and John walking away?

The stupid forger simply catches himself in a physical impossibility. "*What about this one?*" Does that question ring true to your intelligence? Does it have the elevated tone of John? Is that the way one disciple would have designated another? Was there anything leading up to this remarkable inquiry?

The word, "therefore," is never idly used in the authentic Gospels. It is always employed in its true meaning. But the forger of the 21st Chapter makes it meaningless. It had a Biblical sound, and he lugged it in, just as the Mormon forger lugs in, "And it came to pass."

Peter "turned round," saw John following Jesus; and, "*therefore*," asked—

"What about this one?" Did he put the question, *because* John was following the Master? Was it a strange thing to see the beloved disciple follow his Lord? Had not Peter witnessed that gracious spectacle, every day, for three years? Had not John taken the bereaved mother of Jesus to his home?

And was it now so peculiar a thing to see John, treading behind his risen Master, whom his eyes would never again behold on earth?

Was it, *therefore*, that Peter was prompted to ask the incredible question—

"What about this one?"

The inquiry sounds flippant. There was no more reason for asking about John, than about any other disciple present, or absent. What *could* have

been in Peter's mind, when asking such a question?

It bore no relation, whatever to what had previously been said and done. It pre-supposes that other disciples had been asked about, when it had not been so. "What about *this* one," suggests a corresponding inquiry, "What about *that* one?" But John, alone, is made the object of this queer interrogatory. And the answer put into Christ's mouth, is the very climax of irrelevance and imbecility. "If I decide for him to remain until I come, what is that to you?"

After having been so excessively anxious that Petrus should love Him, and "Shepherd" His "little sheep," Christ not only evades the question of Peter, but is positively rude to him!

The forger says that Christ's uncivil reply to the singular inquiry of Peter, caused "the brethren" to believe that John would not die. Think of the stately John stooping to such childish nonsense.

The forger, however, quickly comes to the relief of the Lord, by reminding us that He did not say that John would not die, but "*If I decide* for him to remain until I come, etc." How considerate this forger was!

Can you imagine John, whose Gospel, in all those 20 magnificent and inspiring chapters, is so grand and so beautiful, could degrade his style, his tone, and his sublime conception of Christ, to the ignoble plane of that 21st chapter? Would he have been eagerly reminding us that Christ was no false prophet? It is inconceivable.

That last verse is comical, and it is false. It is comical, in that it imitates John's manner of closing his 20th chapter. It is comical, in that it imitates John's statement that there were other things he might have related. It is comical, in that it makes John seem to stop, then start again, and then really stop. It is comical, in that

so much more remains untold, after John had apparently told very much more than he had told before.

In the 20th chapter, there are "many other signs," which might have been reported. But in the 21st chapter, the untold "*acts*," have increased so prodigiously that "even the whole world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

The sane and veracious John would never have penned that wild and senseless exaggeration. If the Gospels omit so much as all that, the Gospels themselves would be discredited. Each Gospel purports to be an adequate report on Christ's work and teaching. Each of them is brief. Neither of them confesses to the omission of any material fact, or doctrine. We naturally infer that, from lapse of memory and exercise of judgment as to selection, many *ordinary events* would be left out. John moderately and truthfully says at the end of his narrative, in the 20th chapter, that he has omitted "many other signs," (or evidences,) that Jesus gave His disciples. Can we imagine that John would then have started afresh, told the fishing-trip story, elevated Peter above himself, practically eliminating himself; and then added the Munchausenism, that the whole world could not contain the books that should tell of all that Christ *did*?

* Christ's ministry was very short, and the incidents were few. Most of His work was preaching and teaching. He did not even baptize. He moved about on foot, and therefore slowly. The area of his activity was pitifully small. Two or three of our large counties, equal the territory over which Jesus walked, talked, and ministered to the afflicted. Therefore when the unscrupulous forger stated that an account of what Christ *did*, would fill more books than the world could contain, he told an impudent, reckless falsehood, of

which the conscientious John was wholly incapable.

After the last sentences of the 20th chapter, the word, "Amen" (be it so), comes in appropriately, benignantly, prayerfully.

* * * BELIEVING, in order *that you might become possessed of Life, by means of His power. Amen.*"

A beautiful, serene, soul-loving conclusion, and prayer!

But contrast with it, the last sentence of the spurious chapter:

* * "I imagine that the whole world would not contain the books that should be written. Amen."

What was there to pray about, concerning those unwritten books? "*Be it so*"—what? When John prays, "Be it so," he means that we should believe in the Master whom he loved, and should, through that Master, attain Everlasting Life. Fervently, could he say, "Amen," to that holy wish. But as to those books which nobody had written, and which the whole world could not contain, where was the sense of the "Amen"—be it so?

"Amen," *what?* There is an utter lack of propriety in the use of the word, at the end of so absurd a verse, as the last one of the forged chapter.

The amazing thing is, that our Protestant scholars and theologians should have meekly accepted this stupid fraud, as genuine Scripture. I venture to say that all Romanist scholars and theologians are in the secret of the forgery; and, also, of the interpolations, in other chapters which were made to give support to the spurious chapter.

Verse 32, Chap. XXVI. of Matthew, is an interpolation. It reads, "But after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee."

Other Gospels are similarly altered, for the purpose of placing the risen Christ *in Galilee*.

Omit those interpolations, and you have left, a perfectly consistent, intelli-

gible account of Christ after the resurrection. Hold to the interpolations, and you have a conflicting, confused, inexplicable narrative on your hands.

Mary Magdalene and the other Mary approach the sepulchre, where the Angel has rolled away the stone, and where he instructs them what to do. They are directed to return into the City and tell the disciples that Jesus is risen from the dead. They speed away on the mission, and Christ suddenly appears, hailing them. What does He say to them?

John, who heard Mary's account of the Lord's words, writes this: "Go to my brethren and tell them that I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God."

Matthew, reporting the same message, has it—

"Go tell my brethren *that they go into Galilee*, and there they shall see Me."

I have no doubt whatever that the words which come after "brethren," in Matthew, were originally the same as those in John. Both these Apostles heard Mary Magdalene's report of the message, and it is impossible for one of them to have understood it so differently from the other.

Neither do I doubt that Matthew's Gospel originally ended with the sentence, "They accordingly took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews, to this day."

Consider verse 16: "The eleven disciples, however, went to Galilee, *to the mountain* where Jesus had directed them, and seeing Him, etc."

When had He directed them to meet Him at a designated mountain? He did not say anything to the Marys about a rendezvous at a mountain. Mary Magdalene said nothing to the disciples about any mountain.

Yet, the forger of *this* passage represents Jesus as having named the

mountain where He would meet them, and as meeting them there, accordingly. *This forger forgot that the fraudulent 21st John put the meeting at the sea-shore of Tiberias; and that the disciples, there, were not expecting Jesus, at all. In the spurious 21st John, there is no hint of a meeting by appointment, but quite the opposite. In the spurious 21st John, Christ does no preaching; in the addenda to Matthew, he does. And that preaching is but a repetition of what he had already often said.*

Now, let us follow the interpolation into Mark, Chap. XVI., verse 6:

“But go your way tell His disciples, *and Peter*, that He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you.”

Note the separate mention of Peter, here. His disciples, *and Peter*. In no authentic Scripture is this distinction awarded him. But in this passage the Lord Himself is made to give Peter a pre-eminence over all the others—a thing which He most emphatically refused to do, in the authentic parts of the Gospel.

It is proper for me to state that Mark's Gospel should end, with verse 8. The remainder of the last chapter was added by later hands. They differ altogether in style and language from the remainder of the book. Christ was wholly incapable of telling his disciples that those who believed in Him could handle snakes, with impunity; take deadly poison, without injury; cure the sick, by the laying on of hands; cast out devils, and speak new languages.

The older manuscript Bibles do not contain those last 14 verses. (See, *New Testament in Modern English*, by Fenton, the English scholar.)

I am absolutely certain that verses 41 and 42 of Luke are interpolations, made to bear out the alleged eating of broiled fish, on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias. The question, “Have you any

meat?” is the same that is put into the mouth of Jesus, in the forged 21st John. The food is the same, with the variation that the fish was baked. And the resurrected Christ is represented as eating this baked fish, *with honey*, and without bread.

Now, at Jerusalem, fish was not a common article of food; while to eat it, *with honey, alone, is something that no Jew ever did. NEVER.*

The forger was thinking of John the Baptist, and his locusts and wild honey; and he, therefore, made the meal of the risen Christ consist of fish—to corroborate 21st John—and of honey, to sound like the account of the Baptist's rude diet.

Bear in mind that the Romanists forged the “Testament of the twelve Patriarchs,” which Chryostom translated into Greek. They manufactured “Testaments” for Moses, Enoch and Joseph. It was in their faked “Book of Enoch” that they published the story of the revolt of the Angels, and of their being cast into Hell, where they became devils whose mission in life is to tempt mankind. Milton's “Paradise Lost” is founded on the fabricated “Book of Enoch.”

The Romanists forged a correspondence between Seneca and Paul. They forged that Letter from Christ to the King of Edessa, which we even now see in the papers, occasionally. Faulty in their chronology, they give the letter a date when Edessa was a province of Rome, and had no King.

They forged “The Travels of St. Peter,” the “Apocalypse of St. Peter”; the “Acts of St. Peter;” the “Doctrine of St. Peter;” the “Judgement of St. Peter;” and the “Preaching of St. Peter.” The forged corresponding books for Paul. They forged the Acts of Pilate, and the Shepherd of Hermas; and they composed the romance of the dispute, before the Roman Emperor, between Paul and Simon, the Magi-

cian. Paul and Simon both flew up into the air—a sort of aerial Jack and Jill performance. Jack, the Magician, fell down, and broke his leg; but Paul did not come tumbling, after. Paul remained up, while Simon was tumbling; and then made his own descent at leisure.

The crowning triumph of Papal imposture was the composition of a letter from St. Peter, in Heaven, to King Pepin and his sons. That forgery reads as follows:

“Peter, called an Apostle by Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, etc.—As through me the whole Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, the Mother of all other Churches, is founded on a Rock, and to the end that Stephen, Bishop of the beloved Church of Rome—and that virtue and power may be granted by our Lord to rescue the Church of God out of the hands of its persecutors: To you, most excellent princes, Pepin Charles, and Carloman, and to all the holy Bishops and Abbots, Priests and Monks, as also to Dukes, Counts, and people, I, Peter the Apostle, etc., I conjure you; and the Virgin Mary who will be obliged to you, gives you notice, and commands you, as do also the thrones, dominions * * * * If you will not fight for me, I declare to you by the Holy Trinity, and

my Apostleship, that you shall have no share in Paradise.”

Pepin was a wise rogue and usurper: he pretended to believe in this heavenly postal system; and it was not long before he was in Lombardy, fighting for his Pappy.

When facile pens and pliant consciences were doing so much of this kind of work, who can be surprised that some tinkering should be done on the Bible? It was easy to do, for the Roman priests had exclusive possession of the few manuscript copies that had not been destroyed by Roman and Moslem persecution.

In the translations from the Greek to other tongues, the Bible has often been falsified by the Romanists. For instance, in the French version of the New Testament, the Acts of the Apostles—XIII. 2—occurs “*The sacrifice of the Mass.*”

In Corinthians—III. 1 occurs, “*The fire of Purgatory.*”

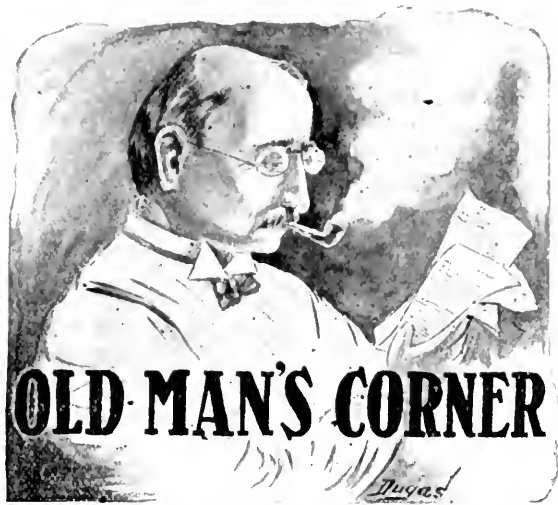
In the same, VII. 10, “*The Sacrament of Marriage.*”

In Galatians, III. 1, “*Christ Portrayed before their eyes.*”

In Timothy, IV. 1, “*From the Roman faith.*”

Of other forgeries, upon which have been built some of the most arrogant pretensions of Rome, I will write, in a subsequent article.





Some Reminiscences of the Firing Line

Old Gray and the Colts

I REMEMBER my father having related an interesting event when Gen. Sherman made his famous raid through Mississippi in the year 1864.

My father lived on one of those old plantations in the eastern part of the State, with its ante-bellum home, its negroes and negro quarters, where cotton was grown, as were also fine horses and fine hogs. The smoke-house was always full of meat, made fat from the moss in the deep swamp, and the lots and pasture were always full of fine colts and home-raised horses.

It was in the early spring, when nature was just beginning to assert itself, and all was fixing for the new crop, when the dreaded news came that Sherman's army was at Quitman and coming our way, in its destructive course, as fast as an army could move. A wild courier had brought the news (no telegraphing then), and sped on to the next home to break the news of the impending danger and destruction. The old plantation was immediately a-stir—the usual tranquil haze of the place was now changed, in a twinkling,

to one of wild rush and hurry. The plantation bell was rung—it was always a call of the hands from the field. In a short while brought the whole force; the rattling of chains, the rumble of wagons and the braying of horses, equaled the revel of a young army itself—but this was no gathering of forces to combat Gen. Sherman. No, indeed. We had heard of this mighty general and his army before—of the burned and robbed homes left in his wake, and now our home was in his path, and all we hoped to do was to save all movable property. Every negro, every horse, and every wagon, was brought into requisition, and every movable thing loaded up to be carried as far out of the path of these marauders as possible.

The negroes were to be hopefully trusted, and by nightfall the decks were cleared, and the scene again became a tranquil one. Old Gray, who served only as leader to and from the pasture for the many wild colts on the place, had been carried with his accompanying cavalry to a pasture of safety, several miles away, up the creek. And as the shade of night came on, and the

moon lifted itself above the eastern wood—there was no sound at all, save the murmur of the distant river, or hoot of some old owl in the swamp—everybody was gone in hiding, except the women and children of the home, and our old trusty negro, who served the family always. But there was no sleep for those—the imaginary hoof-beats in the distance would start every heart palpitating and a chill of terror to penetrate every frame, but still the dreaded onslaught did not come, and still the scene lay quiet in the now beaming moonlight. The old roof was still there to shelter, and the young child had succumbed to sleep, and the weary, shaken nerves of the women had begun to soothe under the more hopeful spell.

The clock hands had just passed the 3 o'clock hour, the first cock-crow had come faintly over the hills, when—Oh my God! what sound was that? What dreadful clattering of hoofs! What neighing of horses! Sherman's mounted force had come at last! Soon the old home would be a smouldering mass, and soon the sleeping child would be driven from its rest, to face that of which it had heard only in an incomprehensible way. The old negro had heard, and he was up and out, that he might see and stay, if possible, the dreaded foe; but—

"De Lawd bless my soul! if here ain't Old Gray and dem colts, done got out of de pasture and come home!"

Pachuta, Miss. G. K. EVANS.

A Reminiscence From the Firing Line

How we hang on to life! Escaping the perils of shot and shell, of prison and pestilence, and still spared too many of us to drag out an old age of poverty and dependence, at best relegated to the cold, unsympathetic care of a Confederate Home, old Father Time seems reluctant to strike; but the line grows thin, the gaps wide and fre-

quent. "Close up," forward, the battlements are almost won! Old Comrades, "We will come, we will come."

The mortuary reports of the daily press read:

"Mr. -----, Old Confederate, Co. A, -----th Regiment, aged 70.

"Mr. -----, Co. --, -----th S. C. Regiment, aged 75.

"Capt. -----, Co. --, -----th Regiment, aged 78, etc.

"Sergeant Caleb Snyder, Co. A, 3d Miss. Cavalry, Col. Wirt Adams."

This obituary brings to the memory of an old comrade a war incident of such common occurrence that it is perhaps never heard of outside the immediate regimental headquarters, unless in case of failure or disaster, as in the case of a Hale or an Andre, when the chief actors may have a paragraph accorded them in history.

"Three men, mounted and armed, to report to headquarters for special duty," was the order. Caleb Snyder, Sim Anderson, one of the kids of Co. A, noted for his reckless, daredevil bravery, and long since answered his last roll-call, and the writer, the senior, were the detail.

Drawn up in front of the Colonel's tent, the Adjutant gave us the following orders: "A certain Mr. C-----, an old farmer, prominent as a sort of patriarch in his community, is suspected of being in communication with and giving information to the enemy, and his arrest is required," then, after giving us all the available information as to identity, locality, surrounding roads of approach, etc., the Colonel stepped forward and addressed us in about these words: "Boys, you are going on a dangerous mission. After you pass our advanced pickets, remember that you are within the enemy's lines, and if captured, will be shot as spies. Therefore you must be very cautious and watchful, avoid as far as possible the high-

ways and frequented paths, as you are liable to encounter scouting and foraging parties at any time. Locate your man, make the arrest as quickly and quietly as possible, and get away with all speed."

With these instructions we left camp in the early afternoon, passing the pickets, and with all additional information we could gather as to roads, etc., set out on our (as we believed) 20-mile ride, aiming to reach our destination and make the arrest before daylight. Owing to our uncertainty as to the route and our frequent detours to avoid settlements or houses, the day was just dawning when we came in sight of the house, which we easily located, having no near neighbors, and after a hasty survey of the surroundings and planning our approach, we separated, two going in opposite directions to approach from the rear, and after a sufficient wait we made a rush for the house, the writer going directly to the front, and just as I reached the gate, an old grey-haired and somewhat feeble-looking man came out the door. I greeted him good morning and asked, "Are you Mr. C-----?" He replied that he was, and without further parley I opened the gate and rode up to the step. I apologized for the untimely visit; told him I was sorry for my unpleasant mission, but that he was wanted and would have to go with us to the Confederate headquarters. He then realized the situation and began to explain, saying that some of his neighbors had been telling lies on him; that he would come to camp and make things clear. In the meantime, my two comrades were already on the ground, and the household aroused. Two females, whom we took to be his wife and daughter, with several children, were around protesting and pleading, but finally he made a show of acquiescence and started to go back into the house, as he said, to pack his clothes. Of course, we could

not lose sight of him, particularly as we were in close proximity to the enemy and time was pressing.

Directing his wife to pack up his necessary clothes, we ordered a negro boy who had appeared on the scene to saddle his horse, and in 15 or 20 minutes we were on our way back to our lines, making the negro take hold of the tail of his master's horse and fall into the procession, to guard against his going to the enemy to report the arrest. Making all speed our already jaded horses could put forth, until the negro could no longer keep up, we allowed him to drop out, feeling very certain that he would not be able to get to the enemy before we would be well on our way to our lines and safety. We redoubled our speed, until we arrived at our pickets, where we were glad to halt for a rest, having been in the saddle for 18 hours.

We delivered our prisoner at headquarters at the same hour that we had left camp the preceding day.

ANONYMOUS.

The Captain's Bet

YEARS ago, in ante-bellum days, Captain Travers, of the ----th Troop, was known throughout the army as a man who dearly loved a wager, and rarely, if ever, lost one.

In the same troop was Major Britton, a heavy, conceited, pompous officer, who thought less of military tactics than he did of his personal appearance, and was often the subject of ridicule among his men, when his back was turned, for his dandyism.

The troop at that time was stationed at Fort -----, on the frontier, and though they had many lively brushes with the Indians, there were often leisure hours when time hung heavy on the soldiers' hands, and they were ready to seize upon any and every occasion that promised amusement for even a moment.

Captain Travers was once seated with several of his brother officers, in what was called their club-room, where bright lights, a cheerful fire and a table supplied with newspapers, some of them a week old when received, and popular magazines of the day, brought out by the Overland Stage Company, made a pleasant place for rendezvous on a winter's night for the unmarried men of the garrison.

The conversation had turned upon Major Britton, and one officer related, as illustrating the dandy, how the last time the troop had been suddenly called out to service, when everything was haste and confusion, the Major was found as intent upon the toilet he was making as though he had been going to a garrison hop instead.

"But the Major is game when it comes to ready action in the field," said an officer, in that gentleman's defense.

"Oh, yes, old Britton will fight when the time comes," said another, "but he would fight better still if he were not so much afraid of soiling that immaculate shirt of his."

"I will wager," said Captain Travers, who had as yet taken no part in the conversation, "that I can make the Major take off that same immaculate shirt the next time we all meet together in this room."

"Nonsense, Travers; how in the world could you ever do such an impossible thing as that?" asked a lieutenant.

"It is not as impossible as you think," returned the Captain, "and if any of you will take me up, I am ready to make good my word. For \$50 I agree to make Major Britton come out of his shirt in this very room, where you may all see the act yourselves."

"Good!" was the general exclamation. "We will take him up, boys, and treat the crowd on the \$50 he is so willing to throw away."

But the Captain's reputation was not to fail him, even in so reckless a ven-

ture, as his comrades found to their cost, two days later.

A half-dozen of them, sauntering into the club-room that evening, saw both the Major and the Captain seated there as though preliminaries had already been arranged. But there was too little in common between the two men to admit of such a suggestion among the others, who smilingly took their seats to await developments, fully convinced that amusement of some kind was to be furnished them by the Captain.

For a while the talk ran on various subjects, and the Major, reading a paper, took no part or interest in what was being said around him till a fight, in which the troop had been engaged the year before, was brought up. Then he waxed eloquent over a charge they had made, which had ended in such glorious triumph for them, though it had well-nigh cost them their brave Colonel, who had been unfitted for service for six months afterward.

"I wonder you were not hit, yourself, that day, Major? You were under the hottest fire all that morning."

"I have been under hot fire a good many times," replied the Major pompously, "and, so far, have never yet received a scratch."

"How about that wound in your back, Major?" asked Captain Travers, with a wink at the man nearest him.

"Wound in my back!" exclaimed the Major, indignantly. "What do you mean, sir? No enemy will ever shoot me in the back, I would have you to know, sir!"

"All the same," said the Captain, quietly, "I'll bet you \$10, Major Britton, that you would not be willing to show the scar on your back from the wound of which I have just reminded you."

"By G——, there is no scar to show you, sir, and I will prove it right here," said the Major, rising in great heat and

beginning to take off one garment after another, in determination to vindicate his reputation for bravery.

"All that is not necessary, Major Britton," said Captain Travers, carelessly; "we are willing to take your word as a soldier and a gentleman that you do not carry a scar on your back."

"Yes, sir! yes, sir!" replied the Major, bent upon proving his own assertion. "There is not a man in this room but shall see for himself how grossly I have been insulted," proceeding to

divest himself of his last remaining garment and exposing his broad back to the general inspection.

By this time laughter filled the room, ending in a shout as the Major stood before them, denuded from his waist up, to settle the question of a scar on his back, and though the wager was lost to them, the men who had to pay it could not but acknowledge that the Captain was not without a peer among those who "bet."

WILLIAM HERNDON.

The Ashes at the Goal

Britt Adams

*The night is dark, for the moon has set,
While a film of cloud like a fisherman's net
Has enmeshed the stars in its folds;
The whip-poor-will's cry is hushed and still,
And the murmur, low, of the rippling rill
A mournful cadence holds.*

*A maiden sits in a cabin door
And peers through the darkness there before
With eager, yearning eyes;
And away and away, o'er hill and stream,
Her heart goes out on the wings of her dream—
Beyond, where the city lies.*

*On the city's streets the white lights gleam,
While the passing throng, like a hurrying stream,
Seems endless as onward it goes;
There's music and mirth on every hand
While the rush and roar of the city grand
Forever ebbs and flows.*

*In a mansion, one too sad for tears
A woman—looks back through the by-gone years
With wistful, yearning eyes;
And away and away from the city's glare
Her heart goes out to a loved spot where
A little cabin lies.*

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By THE EDITOR

THE Emperor of Germany made a personal appeal to his countrymen, just before the recent elections; but his people did not respond. His extravagance of language and conduct, his medieval conception of his office, his personal vainglory and pomp; his preposterous pride of ancestry, his studious and contemptuous disregard of the ordinary civilian, have made him one of the most unpopular

magnates of modern times. He, of course, knows perfectly well that his grandfather owed his Kaisership to an election; and that the powers of the office are limited by a Constitution. Therefore, when he speaks of himself as a Monarch chosen by God, he makes himself ridiculous. That his people should resent it, and make that resentment felt at the polls, is natural.

* * *



What Germany did to Mr. Hohenzollern

—N. Y. World

Instead of combining with the Socialists, on some reasonable programme of reform, the Emperor chose to ally himself to another Divine Right potentate; and the two—Pope and Kaiser—have brought Germany to isolation among the nations and to desperate conditions at home. Although the Socialists gained immensely in the elections, they did not have sufficient strength to elect the President of the Reichstag. By their unwise persistence in voting for one of their own, they forced the election of a Roman Catholic. From every point of view, this was deplorable. After having captured the German Rome (Cologne), and the old imperial City of Charlemagne (Frankfort), they have allowed the Romanists to outwit them as to one of the most powerful positions in the German government.

* * *

His Majesty, J. P. Morgan, was much displeased by the Socialist gains in Germany. He remarked that now was the time for the Emperor to show whether he is "man, or mouse."

Does that mean anything, in particular? Does it mean that William Hohenzollern will be "a mouse," if he does not act "the man," by crushing Socialism with military force?

If the Hohenzollerns ventured to act upon the Morgan hint, it would not be long before they would have no heads to put crowns on.

THE British Parliament is again in session, and measures of far-reaching importance are pending. The gist of the Lloyd-George programme is, to gradually distribute among the Have-nots, the property of the Haves. At present, I am not saying that this should not be done, but am simply calling attention to the fact that it *is* being done. With enormous death duties, the income tax, the direct land-tax, the old-age pension and the poor relief,

estates are becoming unprofitable. When Mr. Lloyd-George puts his Henry George ideas into effect, there will be land for sale in Old England. It must be a very unobservant person who cannot delve into the secret of the new legislation.

* * *

Many of those huge estates, in Great Britain, had disgraceful beginnings. People were goaded into revolt; and when the uprising failed, there were beheadings and confiscations. The blood-stained titles were transferred to royal favorites, royal bastards, and royal concubines. Many a fortune, in the three Kingdoms, were the prices paid for betrayal of country. Others were extravagant rewards for well-paid military and civil service. These vast properties have been held together by entails and the law of primogeniture. The transfer of title was made as difficult and expensive as possible. The shame of England lies, largely, in her land system. Apparently, it is doomed.

* * *

Great Britain is girding her loins for another expansion of her navy. This compels the other Powers to follow suit. Yet, nothing is more certain than that, if Great Britain should begin to disarm—*actually begin!*—the rest of the nations would gladly imitate her example. Public opinion would, otherwise, compel them to do it. But as long as England carries a chip on *her* shoulder, all the Western world will be a vast military encampment, no matter how deep are the groans of the taxpayers.

* * *

The higher officers of armies and navies clamor, incessantly, for more regular troops and more battleships. Great gun-makers, like the Krupps; and great ship-builders, like the Steel Trust, stimulate editors, lecturers, and law-makers, in favor of more iron-clads. When the Japanese war-scare has been worked to death by its Hob-

sons, some other equally good reason is forthcoming. The latest reason for the annual increase in Dreadnoughts, in this country, is that Admirals and Rear-Admirals and Retired Admirals say we need the ships.

Realizing the significance of the growing power and prestige of Oscar Underwood, Mr. Bryan has viciously and persistently attacked him. This was "peculiarly characteristic." Mr. Bryan has never failed to knife any



—Atlanta Constitution

And they are adding \$24,000,000 to the load

IT IS with much discordant clamor, that Mr. W. J. Bryan becomes a subordinate personage in Democratic politics. His entrance of the background is not graceful. But younger and more effective men have definitely seized the reins,

formidable rival—since his notable ditching of Free Silver's veteran, Richard P. Bland, of Missouri. When Bryan was a schoolboy, and when the cause of Bimetallism was at its lowest, Bland was its indomitable champion. It was he who secured the Bland-Alli-

son Act of 1878, under which about \$2,000,000 of silver was coined each month, on equality with gold. In 1896. Free Silver was triumphant. As a matter of justice, to say nothing of grati-

Then when Hearst could, with Bryan's aid, have secured the nomination, Bryan threw away his strength on old General Cockrell, who was not a candidate, and who could not possibly



Same old Six-pence

tude, Dick Bland was entitled to the Free Silver nomination for President. But Bryan ruthlessly struck the old Missouri war-horse down, and he died, a broken-hearted man.

* * *

be nominated, much less elected. Hearst may not have been the man for the ticket, but Bryan was the last man in America who could say so, without rank ingratitude.

* * *

So, the attempt of Bryan to check the popularity of Underwood is in keeping with his custom. His first charge was that the Alabamian had shielded the Steel Trust: his next was iron and steel schedules downward, last year; but he was overruled by the Committee. He has since reported a bill that slashes those schedules, heroically. Underwood, if nominated, will



Hon. Oscar Underwood

that Wall Street and the railroads wanted Underwood: his third was, that Underwood opposed the investigation of the Money Trust.

None of these virulent charges is true. Underwood, in the Ways and Means Committee, wished to revise the

probably receive the same Wall Street succor that Bryan welcomed in at least two of his campaigns. Whether Underwood will be supplied with Wall Street campaign funds, and a Belmont-Ryan special train, as Bryan was, in 1904, we cannot yet know. We can't even be

sure that Underwood will get Wall Street money, to the amount of \$30,000, as Bryan did, in 1908. But we can be sure that the Haskells, the Roger Sullivans, and the Charles Murphys will never be any closer to Underwood than they have been to Bryan.

* * *

Just one man stood between the people, and the magnificent legislation

wealth, and corrupt politics. The Cotton Bill was equally beneficent in its promise of reduced prices to the consumer. The Wool Bill would have cheapened every blanket, and every woollen garment.

The country owes political punishment to the man who obtained the highest office in the land by promising to revise the tariff, and who then used



Count Fosco, our President

which Underwood put through Congress. That man is the promise-breaker, whom we are going to beat out of his boots. I mean Count Fosco—of his boots. I mean Count Fosco—our President.

The Farmers' Free-list Bill was the greatest stride toward reciprocal free trade with all the world that has been made since the Morrill Tariff began the terrible era of monopoly, concentrated

his veto-power to kill the downward revision.

But does not the country owe gratitude to the able, tactful, and intrepid leader who steered those bills, under the hottest fire, through all the bristling lines of Stand-pat opposition?

SCANDAL after scandal crops out in the Taft administration. The forged opinion of Wickersham, in the

Ballinger business; the seizure of the Friar-lands, in the Philippines, by the clients of Taft's brother—Wickersham's law-partner; the sham "dissolution" of the Tobacco Trust; the real dissolution of the bull combine, in cotton; the immunity of the Sugar Trust; the appointment of the Boston negro to an Assistant Attorney-Generalship of the United States; the appointment of John Hays Hammond as Special Ambassador to England; the breach of faith concerning the downward revision of the Tariff; the veto-defence of the Woollen schedule, after having confessed that it was "indefensible"—all of these scandalous episodes had their origin in the same inherent lack of soundness in the President, himself.

When he personally shielded Maj. Beecher Ray, who had debauched his clerk's wife, the President became morally an accomplice in Ray's ruin of the next of his victims. A court-martial of the inveterate libertine, would have exposed him, and put women on their guard. To simply transfer him to another post, was merely to transplant him in pastures new, where he could rove as an army officer of good standing, and therefore enjoy every opportunity to find fresh victims. The President has done nothing more discreditable, as a Chief Magistrate, than to thus abet a confirmed seducer of women. How did this railroad conductor come to be appointed Major in the Army?

IN THE pardon of Morse, the millionaire banker, we have another instance of the President's constitutional unsoundness. He must have suspected that the propaganda for the pardon was carefully organized, heavily financed, and mendaciously conducted. He ought to have known what was meant by Morse's attempt to bribe the Warden. Immediately after the Warden spurned the bribe, the clamor against him was heard. His refusal of

the bribe was his "cruelty" to Morse, and Mr. Taft should have known it. The removal to the hospital, *was to get him from the custody of the Warden who could not be bribed.*

After the transfer was made, the rest of the campaign was easy. A human screen was formed around the criminal, and no outsider could see him. Day by day, the comedy was played. Morse grew rapidly worse. He had several fatal diseases. He was a doomed man. He was dying. His only wish was to die outside of prison. He refused the privilege to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas for treatment. Even *that* extremely suspicious circumstance, taught the President nothing. Hurriedly, he pardoned Morse by telegraph.

Then, behind his human screen, Morse went to the hotel, where no outsider could see him. Then, in the same invisibility, he went to New York to his Fifth Avenue palace. And now (February 14th), they report that he walked, "with a firm step," on board ship, for Europe.

Morse has never been sicker than his own doctor thought fit to make him.

Thus the man of the Abe Hummel perjury, the man of the Ice Trust murders, the man of the bank felonies, goes unwhipped of justice, because, chiefly, of the President's structural unsoundness.

VERY industriously, Mr. Bryan has spread the slander that Mr. Underwood opposed an investigation of the Money Trust. The same House that elected the Committee on Banking and Currency was asked to elect a *special* Committee, to investigate the Money Trust: and it must be quite obvious that, if the House could not choose proper men for the regular Committee, it could not be relied on to select the special Committee.

To take from the Committee on Banking and Currency, a subject that

belongs to it, would be a direct reflection upon every member of the Committee.

As floor leader of the Democrats, Mr. Underwood is not to be asked to outrageously affront one of his own Committees. I heartily favor an investigation of the Money Trust, and so does Mr. Underwood.

THE sinister figure of the Roosevelt administration, was William Nelson Cromwell. That infamous scoundrel paid Mark Hanna \$60,000 to change the Republican platform, so that it was construed to favor the Panama route for the great Canal, when the Government was already committed to the Nicaraguan Canal. As every one who has studied the subject knows, the latter is the best route.

But there was rich booty to be shared in the buying up of the French Company's claims on Panama, and in the unloading of it, at \$40,000,000, on the taxpayers of this country. Cromwell and Bunau-Varilla were the principal actors in the deal. Taft's brother was let in; Roosevelt's brother-in-law was let in; and, *of course*, J. P. Morgan had to be let in.

John Hay, our honest Secretary of State, was victimized by this crowd; and he died of the shame and grief. Roosevelt brutally "took it" from helpless Colombia, and Panama became our national disgrace. Just how many billions that elephant will cost our people, God, alone, knows.

* * *

The sinister figure of the Taft administration, is John Hays Hammond. That unscrupulous rascal was one of the plotters against Oom Paul Kruger and the Boer Republic. Hammond was a participant in the Jamieson raid, and came near being hanged for it. We, in this country, may yet have abundant cause to regret his escape.

He is now in Mexico, plotting; and

trying to use the Federal Government of these United States, in his gold-mine speculations.

J. P. Morgan has a portion of our army employed in the protection of his railroad in China: John Hays Hammond has another portion of it ready to back up his financial plans in Mexico.

Fine situation, isn't it?

When John Hays Hammond became Taft's croney, and close companion at golf, he wasn't trifling away any of *his* time.

WAS it a merely casual thing that a Roman Catholic was put in command of our Military Academy, at West Point? Was it a meaningless incident, that the Roman Catholics were given a portion of the Government's property, there, for chapel purposes? Is it a negligible thing that practically all of the chaplains in the Navy are Romanists? And that two-thirds of the chaplains in the Army are Romanists? Was it by chance that the Romanists acquired title to the heights which, from a military standpoint, completely command Washington City? Batteries placed upon those heights would sweep our National Capital, with enfilading fire—as irresistibly as the German guns, on the heights surrounding Sedan, compelled the surrender of Bazaine and Napoleon III.

* * *

Why is it that street cars are free to Romanists? Why is it that the American News Company takes orders from Italy? Why is it that the Washington News Company fears to handle literature that Rome condemns? Why is it that the public libraries are gradually throwing out books which the Romanists are forbidden to read? Why is it that none but Romanists are allowed *to beg*, in the Departments, in Washington? Why is it that *you can't buy space*, in any daily paper, to advertise books and magazines which expose

the rottenness and paganism of Roman Catholicism?

Don't you think it high time that we were organizing, to resist the aggressions and the immoralities of this foreign hierarchy?

DO YOU WANT THIS COUNTRY RULED BY A LOT OF CHEMISE-WEARING AND PETTICOATED ITALIANS AND IRISHMEN?

When Italians and Irishmen dress *in male attire*, we like them well enough; *but when they put on the chemise and the petticoat of the other sex*, the closer you watch them, *the better for the other sex*—AND FOR YOUR BLOOD-BOUGHT FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE AND OF WORSHIP.

* * *

Boycotted by the Roman bishops, *who take a solemn oath to persecute such heretics as myself*, a call was made upon my friends for \$400, to be supplemented by \$100 of my own money, for the purpose of establishing an independent news-stand, in Washington City. The amount was quickly *oversubscribed*. After somewhat tedious negotiations, I have bought the stand. A telegram received this morning (Feb. 14), from Miss Tutney Bell and H. H. Burwell, informs me of the consummation of the purchase. We are today shipping the first installment of supplies.

Thus, *we* are planting a battery in the heart of the nation's capital; and this battery will never cease its cannonade, while there is the breath of life in my body.

Very insolently, very truculently, the Roman petticoat-wearers have been threatening us with an appeal to arms; and they defiantly proclaim their military organization, the Knights of Columbus.

Well, we are not a bit afraid of the Knights of Columbus. I don't ask them the least bit of odds. If those *wearers of breeches* want to slavishly obey *Italians and Irishmen who wear*

"shimmies" and petticoats, it is their privilege to abase themselves, in that way.

COLUMBUS did not discover America. John Cabot *did*. Columbus was the custodian of a pilot's secret. The pilot had been blown out of his course, and to the West Indies. He reached the Azores, only to die there. Columbus received him into his own house; and, in requital for this kindness, the pilot imparted to Columbus the secret which he had discovered by accident. He gave Columbus a rude map and minute directions how to steer.

Columbus was not one of the great navigators; and he never applied to any court for aid, save that of Ferdinand and Isabella.

He sailed *on a certainty*, for his chart was simple and plain.

Having landed where the pilot had previously been, Columbus began to kidnap the natives, and to sell them into slavery. Under the system which he introduced, the native races became extinct, in a frightfully brief period.

Yet the chemise and petticoat tribe have had a Columbus Day set apart in 23 States of this Union!

* * *

The American manufacturer makes laws which shut out the foreign goods. He says that he makes these laws to prevent American labor from having to compete with the pauper labor of Europe. Having made these laws for that alleged purpose, the manufacturer proceeds *to import the pauper labor*. With this pauper labor of Europe, *the manufacturer reduces to starvation wages, the work people of American birth*. And to induce the pauper labor of Europe to come over, the manufacturer uses the certificates of Romanist priests, in which the European Catholics are assured that, if they will come, *they will get steady employment at good wages*.

Having conspired to get them to come, the manufacturer and the Roman priests share the exploitation of them: *the manufacturer exploits their labor, and the priests barter their votes.*

THE Chinese have forced the Tartar dynasty to abdicate, and a Republic has been proclaimed (Feb. 11, 1912).

and yet our President, his Cabinet, his Supreme Court judges, his Army officers, and his Naval magnates, all turn out, resplendently, to see a Romanist priest make a god out of a rice-wafer. When this rice-god is "elevated," everybody goes down, in speechless reverence!

We call the Chink a heathen; but he



The men who did this are not "neurotics"

The deposed imperial family will continue to wear their titles, will be paid \$4,000,000, Mexican, a year; and will be allowed to occupy their palaces, worship their Sainted Ancestors, and go through their do-funny business in their temples.

What a queer world this is! We write up the negroes of Louisiana, because they make a god out of a snake,

doesn't pretend that he can make God out of a bit of rice.

SAID President Taft, in his New York, Lincoln Day speech:

"With the effort to make the selection of candidates, the enactment of legislation and the decision of courts depend on the momentary passions of a people necessarily indifferently

informed as to the issues presented, and without the opportunity to them for time and study and that deliberation that gives security and common sense to the government of the people, such extremists would hurry us into a condition which could find no parallel except in the French Revolution."

Very gracefully does *that* come from the man who left it to a minor official to write the Presidential opinion in the Ballinger case; who was so busy playing golf that he couldn't examine the papers in which untold millions of public values were involved; who ordered the Army to the Mexican border, at huge expense, when there was no excuse whatever for it; who did not wish to appoint Chief Jesuit White, but yielded to "tremendous pressure"; who excused an unpopular speech, by alleging that it had been hurriedly dictated, "between stations"; who threat-

ened the Insurgents with loss of patronage, and then sheepishly faced about; who told the Senate, officially, that he had based his judgment on a written opinion of the Attorney General, when no such opinion was in existence.

In view of these indubitable facts, Mr. Taft's assault on the Referendum, and his allusion to people who act from passion, insufficient information, and without mature deliberation, is *extremely* impressive.

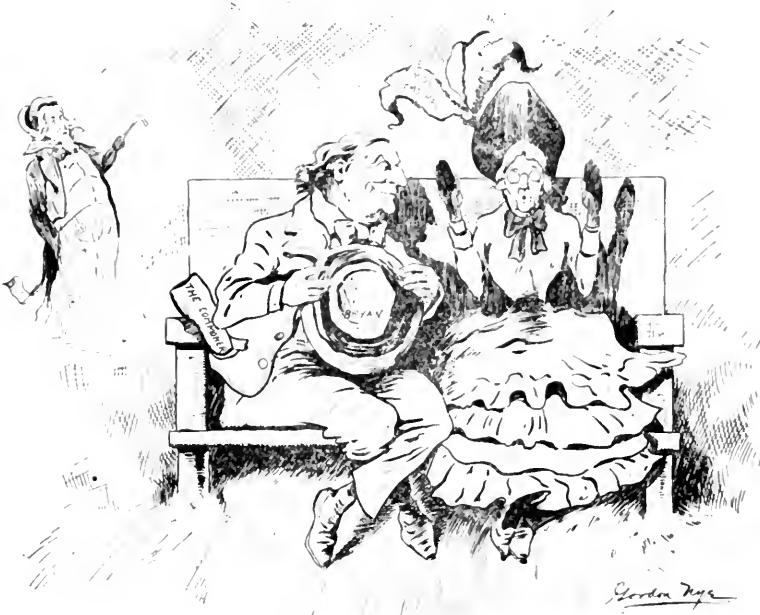
THE Illinois Senator whose seat was bought for him by the Lumber Trust, is still a member of the most powerful law-making body the world ever saw. He draws his salary, and he votes on every issue.

I put this question to Senator A. O. Bacon, of Georgia:

WHY DO YOU NOT FORCE A VOTE ON THE EXPULSION OF LORIMER?



This one has come back, all right.



At it again



Will it be this way with Roosevelt?

-N. Y. World

The Baby Show

WE are nearing the end of the Baby Show, and it is quite likely that April will see the last of exhibits of pictures.

There have been some delays which were unavoidable; some errors due largely to those who sent in pictures,



MARGUERITE JOINER,
2 yrs., 11 mos., Tennille, Ga.

and some dissatisfaction at the arrangement of the pictures.

Some of the photographs "grouped" beautifully—the expression of the baby's face making up for the lack of background or surrounding—hence these pictures were chosen for the groups.

If it had been possible to extend the time for the Baby Show, it is likely as many more would have been used, as applications still come for entry.

This month's babies are from many

points, but with a gratifying majority of Southern babies, many of whom will doubtless be famous men and women.

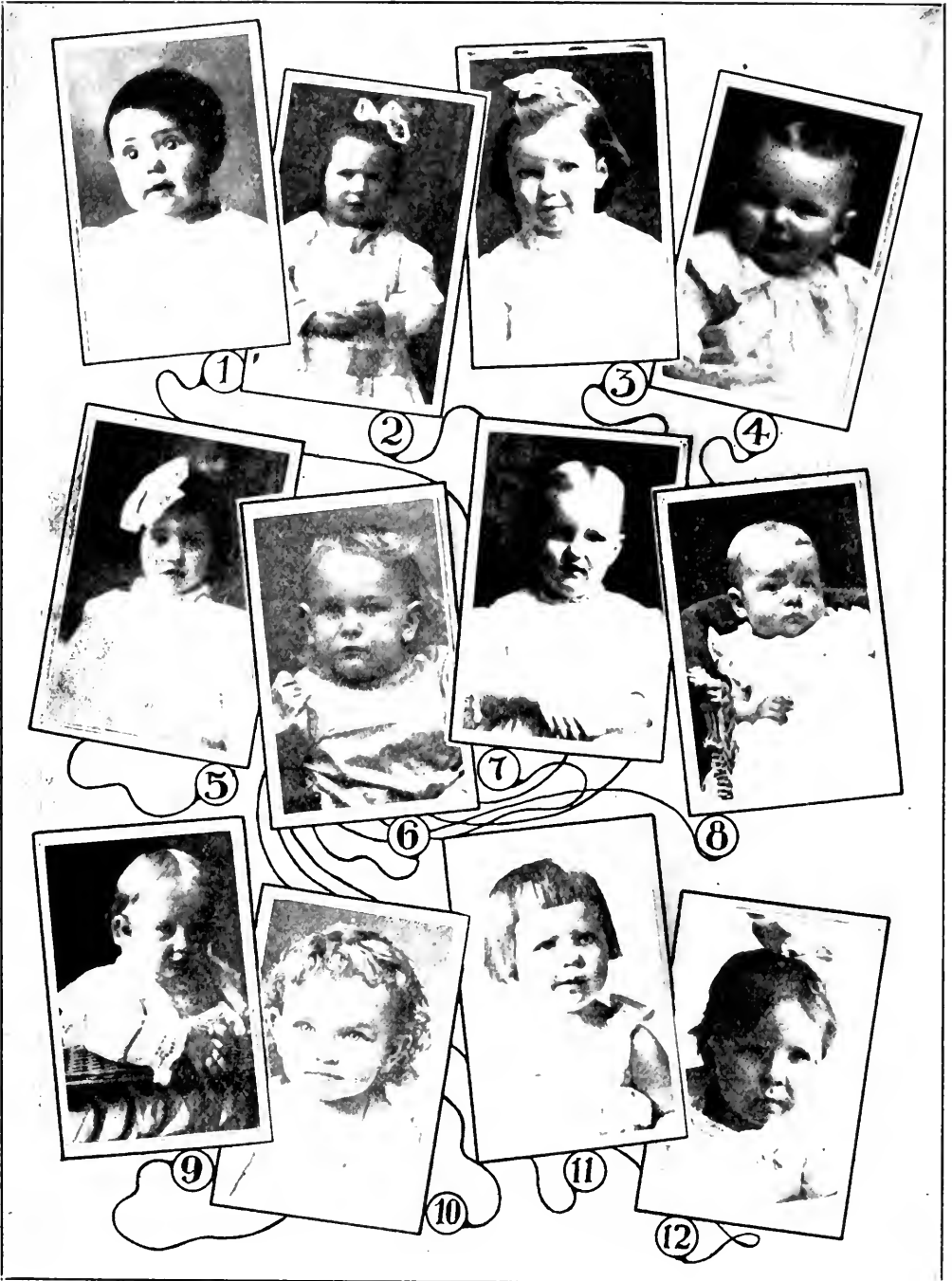
For the benefit of those who may want to enter their babies again in a Baby Show, the Baby Show Editor would make a few suggestions: the happiest babies are "natural" babies. To dress a little baby or a child in unaccustomed clothing, much of it stiffly starched, is to destroy every natural line and expression of the baby, and it



EDWIN M. JOHNSON,
10 mos.

is impossible to have the little one look natural or happy.

Simple poses, preferably out of doors, are best, and some of the happiest results have been noticeable in The Watson's Magazine Baby Show. All babies are lovely—but happy babies are loveliest of all.



1. Elda Le Noma Barker, 10 months, Fairview, Ore. 2. Arline McGahee, 2 years, Dearing, Ga. 3. Lois Evelyn Smith, 2½ years, Port Arthur, Tex. 4. Annie Lou Gordon, 6 months, Fortson, Ga. 5. Merle Loraine Stockton, 2 years, 3 months, Thomson, Ga. 6. Coleman Jefferson Jordan, Baldwin, Ga. 7. Frances L. Huff 1 year, 6 months, Salem, Ill. 8. Mary Mildred Holmes, 5 months, Youngsfort, Tex. 9. Mary Sue Brock, 11 months, New Brockton, Ala. 10. Gladys Alline Matthews, 17½ months, Byron, Ga. 11. Mary Alice Moreland, 16 months, Thomasville, Ga. 12. Jewel Thomas, 2 years, 7 months, Statesboro, Ga.



1. Thomas Watson Stone, Sylacauga, Ala. 2. Thomas Rabun Jones, 7 months, Tennille, Ga. 3. James Edward Combs, 10 months, Locust Grove, Ga. 4. Henry Kallenbach, 2 years, 2 months, Tuscumbia, Mo. 5. Donald Leigh Wood, 2 years, 7 months, Eufaula, Ala. 6. William G. Ward, Quitman, Ga. 7. Orin Watson Chandler, 5 months, Bethlehem, Ga. 8. James Collins Highsmith, 2 years, 8 months, Chipley, Ga. 9. Thomas E. Watson Ward, Island, Ky. 10. Thomas Watson Outlaw, 2 years, 6 months, Mt. Olive, N. C. 11. Lee Aubrey Takewell, 2 years, 5 months, Farmersville La. 12. Tom Watson Mixon 2 years, Elba, Ga.



SOME OF THE CAUSES THAT LEAD TO DOWNFALL OF FEUDAL SYSTEM.

1. To what extent did the famous "Dred Scott" decision affect the doctrine of State Rights?

2. Is it not a fact, that the United States Senate has done more harm than good to the cause of the Common People?

3. Name some causes that led to the downfall of the Feudal System of Europe, and what system took its place.

IRA V. MAXWELL.

Ball Ground, Ga., Feb. , 1912.

Answer.

1. Not at all.

2. It assuredly is.

3. The invention of gunpowder, of movable type, the Renaissance in learning, the discovery of the Civic Law of the Roman Empire, the organization of city workmen into Trade Guilds, the concentration of Kingly power, and the decadence of the Feudal aristocracy.

So long as mail-clad cavalry could ride down infantry, not protected by iron and steel sheathing, the Feudal lord was master. When guns came into the situation, things changed. The Feudal lord, and his great castle of granite, were no longer invulnerable.

The rapid increase in printed books tended to free men's minds of their inherited respect to Feudal authority. The scholar became more important than the warrior; the pen, mightier than the sword. From above, the Kings strove against the Feudal lords; from below, the organized laborers resisted them. Between those upper and nether millstones, Feudalism was ground to pieces. The Feudal sword became the rapier of the silken courtier.

But the world has gradually evolved another Feudal system. It is based on Special Privilege, or class-legislation.

Under the old Feudalism, the underlings were brutally oppressed by their Lords, but they were protected. No tenant or retainer was left to starve. As under slavery, in America, it was to the interest of the master to see that his serf had food and clothing.

Under the modern system, the slavery is of different form, and the master has no interest in the life and health of the serf.

T. E. W.

SOME QUESTIONS REGARDING EDUCATION.

1. Is not the present price of cotton conclusive evidence that the tariff on cotton does not have anything to do with the price?

2. Have there ever been any great uneducated men? What does it take to make an educated man? If a man knows and understands a thing, is he not educated in that thing, even though he cannot read or write?

3. Do you believe that Mr. Gompers knew anything about the McNamaras' crimes? I do not; but you know the evidence better than I. All the papers claim that if he did not know what they were doing, he ought to, and he ought not to have gone to their aid till he had the evidence. How was he going to find out? From Burns? Did Taft know what Balingier was doing? If he did, why did he not kick him out? Did he have the evidence when he flew to old Booker Washington's vindication, and said, "Dear Booker, you never insulted that woman."

CURLIE AYERS.

Anderson, N. C.

Answer.

1. Yes.

2. The word, "educate," means, to lead out. Most schools and colleges merely cram in, without leading out the mind, teaching the young how to think. We mould children, after a brick-yard fashion, instead of developing the individuality of each child.

Therefore, a man may have a diploma in his pocket, and nothing much in his head! On the contrary, a man may be unable to read and write, and yet he may be splendidly educated. He may be a strong reasoner, an eloquent speaker, a deep thinker, an inventor, a master-mechanic, a fine business man, a great farmer, a successful railroad-builder, etc.

Such a man can work through the book-learning of others, as the blind Postmaster-

General of England did, and as our great Senator Gore does.

There have been many famous men who knew nothing of schools and books. Tam-erlane, Albion, William the Conqueror, Kengis Kahn, Rollo, Alaric, Bohemond, Attila, Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, Canute, Charlemagne, Frederick Barba-rossa, etc.

3. Mr. Gompers was most indiscreet, in pronouncing the McNamaras innocent, and calling the prosecutors "assassins"; but I do not believe that he knew they were guilty. He had a perfect right to stand by them until their guilt was established by law; but he made a great mistake in going beyond that.

By the way, I paid the Burns Detective Agency about \$2,000 to trace the two men who were on my premises for two days, February, 1911; and the money was wasted. The Burns detectives couldn't even get a clue; and yet the men's tracks were still here, leading from my residence to the swamp, from the swamp to my residence, across the open field from the swamp to a little cow-house, and into it, within 10 feet of where I would have passed, had I continued my walk.

And I live and work, in full knowledge of the fact that the same deadly enemies who sent those would-be assassins here, will, some time, set them on me, again.

I know perfectly well what two politicians and what editor of a daily paper, employed those two undiscoverable men. **They know that I know it.** And there is no telling how much it has cost them to elude my unrelenting search for those two men, nor now much they have had to pay to keep those men from claiming the reward offered them, by me.

In Thomson and in Atlanta, I published the offer to pay either of the men \$1,000, if he would go to one of my brothers, and tell who sent him to my premises. He was also offered immunity from prosecution. Apparently, one of the men had repented, and he wrote me a letter to put me at ease.

Three detectives tried to locate the

writer of this letter, and never could. At least, they said they could not.

Few people will believe that we had a Carmack situation, in Georgia, and that had I not taken warning from his assassination, my fate would have been the same as his—with this difference: I was not to be given the slightest chance to fight. To the erroneous notion that I always go armed, and to the well-founded belief that I am a dead shot, I probably owe it that I am still above ground. T. E. W.

A "GEORGIA CRACKER" WROTE "THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON."

Hon. and Dear Sir: Last night en route from Atlanta I formed the acquaintance of Mr. H. M. Smith, Jr., of Richmond, Va., who defended H. Clay Beattie in his recent sensational trial.

Naturally, the Beattie case was retried and thoroughly discussed, but our conversation finally drifted to Napoleon and the French Revolution. Col. Smith is an ardent student of French history and informed me that his library contains about 17 different histories of France, some of them very rare. He has devoted a number of years to the study of her history, and particularly to that period dominated by the Corsican.

Imagine how surprised and proud I was when the Colonel remarked, "And to think, gentlemen, that a Georgia 'cracker,' living in the backwoods of Thomson, wrote the best history of Napoleon I have in my entire collection, or that I have ever read. I want to meet Mr. Watson some day and tell him that I have presented to personal friends at least a dozen copies of his work."

I told Mr. Smith of my recent visit to Thomson, described your home and the big printing establishment, and assured him the rumors of your failing health were, like the reports of Mr. Mark Twain's death, "Greatly exaggerated."

At his request I am enclosing his card herewith, together with his expressed hope of meeting you in the near future.

Yours very truly,

H. E. FITZGERALD.

West Point, Ga.





THE MONEY MOON. A Romance, by Jeffery Farnal. Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers.

This is one of the books that you can read, again and again, with renewed enjoyment. The sentiment is never mawkish, the story never improbable. The characters are perfectly normal, and vividly distinct. The human interest is profound and sustained, and the termination of the love-making satisfies.

Little Georgy Porgy is as fascinating as Little Lord Fauntleroy—and perhaps more true to life. The Little Lord was drawn by a mother's partial pen, and we feel, all the time, that such a boy cannot live to be such a man. It is different with Georgy Porgy. The hero and the heroine, the leading characters, may overdo it, a little; but the old Sergeant and Aunt Priscilla are flawless. Their love story, deftly woven into the other, as the minor motif to the music, is an exquisite piece of work. It is absolutely unique, and is unsurpassed by anything in the realm of fiction, so far as this writer has read.

The volume is beautifully printed, illustrated and bound.

The price, \$3.50.

T. E. W.

"THE LEISURE MOMENTS OF A TRAVELLING MAN"

is the title of a volume of poetry, by Oliver Allstorm, published by the J. T. Duncan Publishing Company, LaGrange, Texas.

(Price, postpaid, \$1.15.)

The book is made up, entirely, of short poems. There is not a dull or commonplace one, in the collection. They possess an individuality, a wholesomeness, and a vigor that are quite striking. The subjects chosen are unique, and the mode of treatment original.

"How They Laugh in Texas"; "A Dollar and a Penny"; "Just a Mosquito"; "To the Sender of An Anonymous Postcard"; "The Way to Do It," are titles which indicate the unconventionality of this very original bard.

We give his "Wedding Bells":

Wedding Bells.

Do you hear those bells, O'Reily?
List how sweet their melody;
They repeat the tunes o' blessing,
Tunes that are so dear to me.

Do you know those bells, O'Reilly,
Sound the same as long ago?
Only now their notes sink deeper,
Somewhat like a song of woe.

For you know, don't ye, O'Reily,
How my heart long years ago,
With my Mary's was united
For the good priest made it so.

On that moonlight night, O'Reily,
As beside that bride o' mine,
These same bells rang out the story,
And my glory seemed divine.

And when now, just now, O'Reily,
As I hear those sweet bells ring,
They bring back the heart o' Mary,
In her grave a-mouldering.

Wedding bells, sweet bells, O'Reily,
Lord, how sweet their melody!
Ringing out another's blessing—
Opening a wound for me.

CORPORATIONS AND THE STATE

By Theodore E. Burton. D. Appleton and Company, N. Y.

I have examined with some care, the book entitled "Corporations and the State" written by Theodore E. Burton, of this city. From that examination, I do not discover that he has anywhere pointed out a rational and proper method to govern and control corporations in this country. The book evidently has been written in the interest of what is now called, the "interests" and bo bolster up to a degree the contentions of the managers of corporations and captains of industry and finance. The origin of private corporations is a matter of but little importance to any one, and sheds no light whatever, upon the conditions as they exist today. A succinct history of private corporations can be found in any modern encyclopedia. Just

why it became necessary at this time, for Mr. Burton to give a history of such corporations, as he has done in the first chapter, except as an introduction to what follows, is not clear.

The question before the American people today, is not how private corporations came into existence nor how they existed. It is rather, what is necessary to be done by the states and the general government, to properly regulate and control them. Nowhere in his work has he set forth a new idea nor advanced any method that has not been talked about for the last ten years by the people, as to how corporations should be managed and controlled. He has gathered together many facts which may be valuable to those who are not familiar with the origin and growth of corporations, but so far as shedding any new light on the subject, his book, it seems to me, fails entirely. Everyone knows, who knows anything about the matter, that the corporations have by one process or other secured control of the greater part of the wealth of the people of this country and that their holdings are constantly increasing. If the present rate of increase should continue, it will not be many years before the great corporations of the country will own practically all of the property of the people, and dominate and control the general government, as well as the government of the several states. That this is practically the case now, no one will deny. Mr. Burton himself nowhere declares against the present methods of absorption, nor does he point out any rational course to be pursued to prevent the same. Everyone knows that the capital of the railroad companies and of the banks of the United States, through their officials dominate almost absolutely the business of the country and to a great extent the politics thereof.

He nowhere suggests any method by which the power and influence of corporations shall be curtailed or destroyed. He nowhere tells of the vast amount of water that is in the stocks of the corporations of this country. He nowhere intimates that the aggregate capital stock of the corporations of the United States is composed practically of about seventy-five per cent. water.

He does intimate that combinations have been made of various corporations by which large sums of money have been made by those who promote them, and he utters no word against the legalized robbery perpetrated by those who have created such combinations.

He does not intimate that, if the capital stock of, for example, the United States Steel Co., should be reduced so as to correspond exactly with the actual value of its holdings, dividends would be paid to

the amount of three or four hundred per cent. per annum on every share of its stock. He knows, although he says nothing about it, that, if such were the case, the people would not stand for such enormous dividends on the stock and that the products of that company could be sold to the people for much less than now.

He does not say anything about the increase of the capital stock of that company and of others for the purpose of concealing from the public the enormous earnings made by them. He, like many other people, constantly parades the fact that the large corporations of the country have enormous capital invested in their enterprises, as though that was a matter to be proud of. He does not point out how this has been done nor does he suggest a method to remedy it.

His chapter on banking corporations shows very clearly, that while he knows how banks are run and what their profits are and the amount of capital invested and what their deposits are, he does not seem to consider that the people of the country have any rights or privileges under them, except to pay tribute to them.

Mr. Burton in that chapter shows very clearly that he knows but little, if anything, of the money question, for if he did, he would have pointed out a method by which the vast indebtedness of the people might be reduced and the power and influence exerted by the banking institutions of the country could be curtailed and if need be destroyed.

Under present conditions, no doubt, banks are necessary to facilitate exchange, but just why banks should exist at all, he does not seem to know, at any rate, no suggestion along that line was made by him in his book. He does not seem to realize that every bank is created for the purpose of making money for those who own its stock; that the money so made by those, comes out of the borrowers, and at least, must be paid for by those who create the wealth of the country. He does not seem to appreciate that a bank is a sort of leach, fastened by law upon the people of the community where it is located.

The author does not seem to consider the great mass of people of this country but constantly talks about the aggregation of capital and the manipulation of it by the owners of corporations and captains of industry and finance.

It seems as though Mr. Burton should have considered the conditions of corporations with respect to the common people, and demonstrate in what way the large corporations, as now managed, are of any special benefit to those who produce wealth.

He talks somewhat of Rome, but fails to tell how the fall of that empire was

brought about. He did not say that it was destroyed through the very processes now in vogue, except along different lines, (for their methods were different from ours), which resulted in the absorption of the wealth of that empire, by a few individuals. In those days they had their Rockefellers, their Carnegies, their Astors, their Vanderbilts and their Morgans. Those people owned practically all the property of the empire and dominated the government. They obtained their property through physical force and not through fraud and trickery alone as is done now.

He knows, or ought to know, that no man can get by honest means a million dollars worth of property in an ordinary lifetime. Why he did not expose the methods of corporations and the individuals controlling them and show how the property of the people has been taken away from them by fraud and trickery, by the captains of industry and of finance, I do not know. I suspect he is the public servant of those people and must do their bidding.

The whole book seems to be devoted to the interests of one class of people and they are the corporations and those who dominate them. That the corporations of this country should be dominated absolutely by the people through wholesome and stringent laws, there can be no doubt. Mr. Burton nowhere advocates any such thing. The book was evidently written to be used as a text book. Like many other text books, it was written, not for the purpose of enlightening the public upon vital questions, but with a view of misleading the mind of the young and unthinking, and thereby prevent them from understanding the real nature of the question at issue.

The great bulk of the text books written on political economy and matters akin to it, are really of no worth, as they do not point out any way by which the conditions of the common people can be bettered.

Mr. Burton seems to be governed by

the opinions of the dead rather than of the living, for on page 3 of his book he says, "Two factors assume especial importance in the progress of the human race: Increase of population and association of the individual unite, which make up population." This statement is based upon the rule laid down by Adam Smith, which he quotes with approval, and says that the rule was approved in the census report for 1900.

That rule is "The most decisive mark of prosperity of any country is the increase of the number of its inhabitants." Evidently, Mr. Burton believed that rule to be true. If he had stopped to think a moment upon that subject, he would have known that Smith's rule is not founded upon facts and is not true. If it were true, then the nations of India and China ought to be the most prosperous in the history of the world, and every one knows that they are not. The fact that they are not, disproves Mr. Adam Smith's conclusion and places Mr. Burton in that class of men who fail to do any hard thinking, and who are governed by the opinions of the dead rather than by their own.

Mr. Burton's book is not a constructive work. It is a mere one-sided review of matters that are of vast importance to the public. He probably did not intend that it should be a constructive work, pointing out means and ways by which corporations of the country should be properly controlled by law and prevented from robbing those who produce, as well as those who consume, the products of the world.

The book is well written, but it has but very little, if any, value except on a sort of cyclopaedic review of the matters treated of in it. But it was not to be expected that Mr. Burton would do anything else than what he has done in this book, for he follows along the same lines that he pursued in his other book, entitled, "Financial Crises, etc.," which was a work that did not do Mr. Burton any credit as a gymnast in the handling of words.

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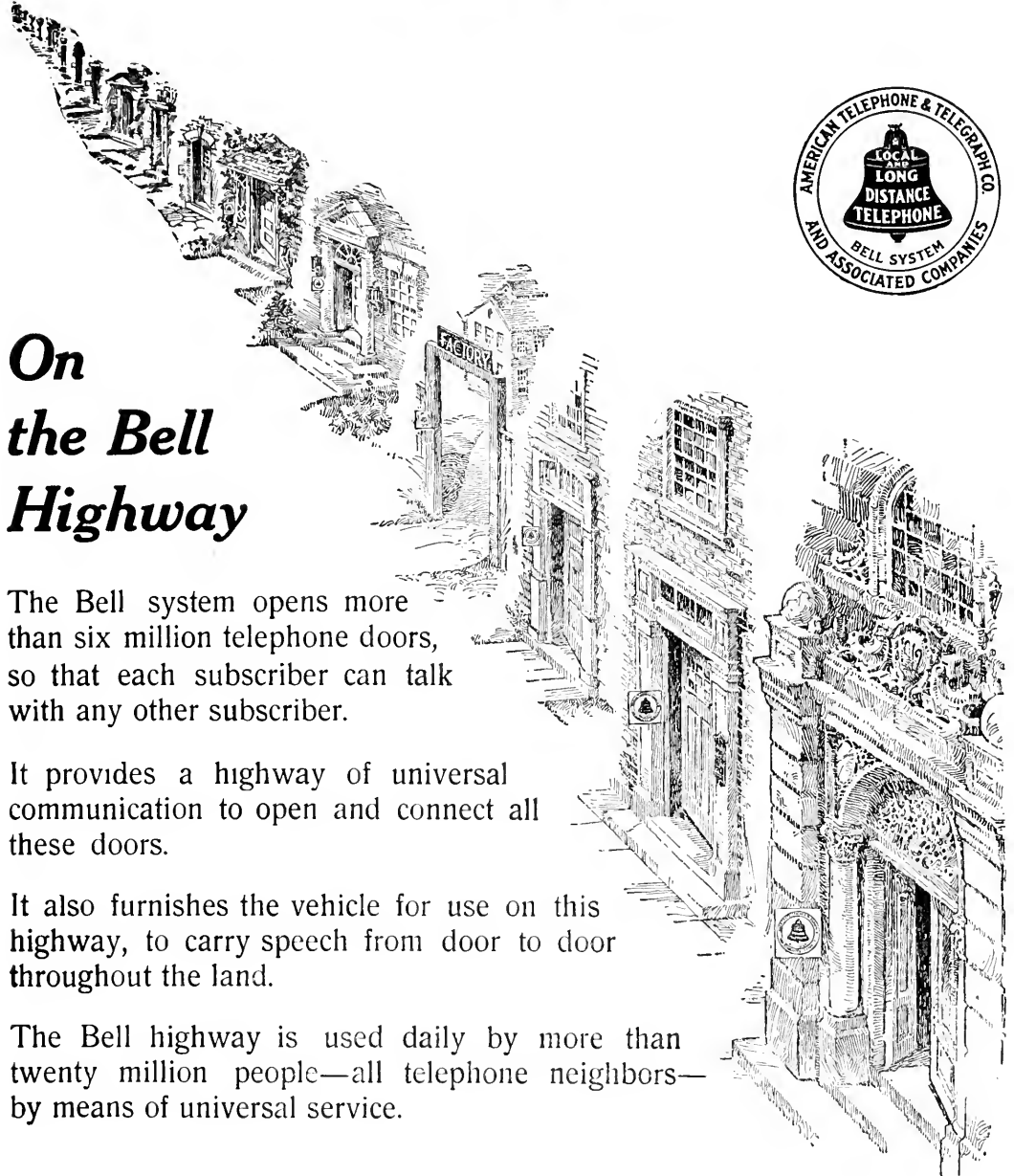
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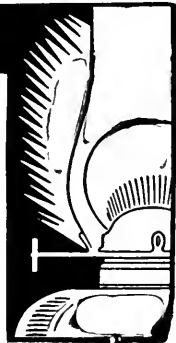
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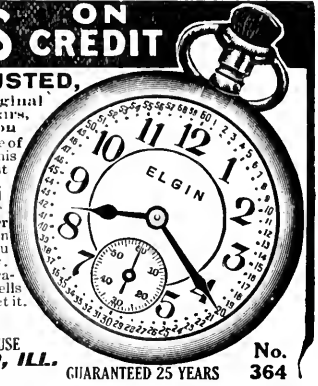
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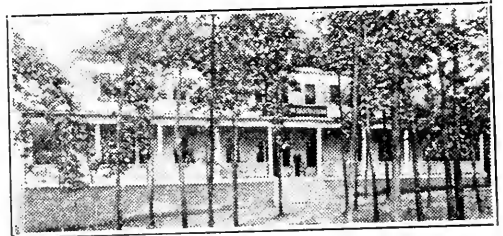
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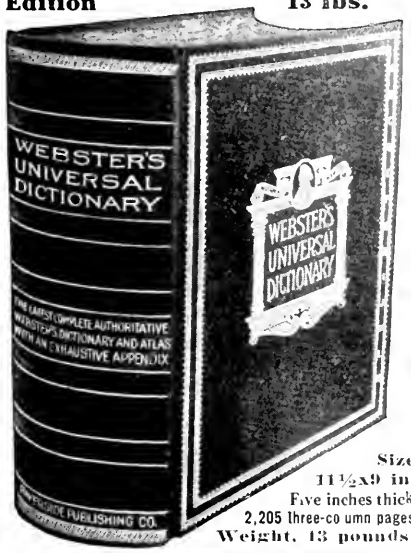
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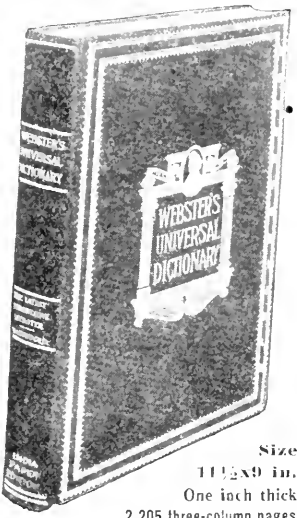
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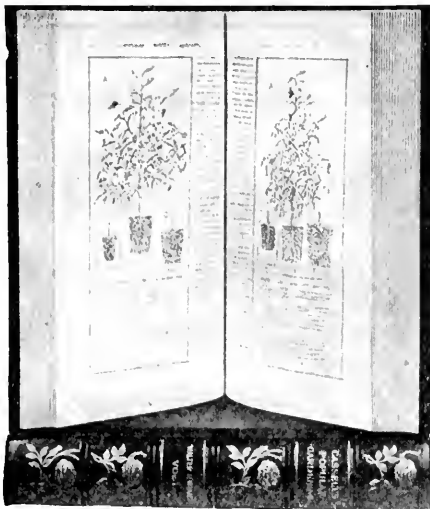
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This advertisement was sent to an Agency, through which I bought publicity when this Magazine was first started.

The reply, this time, is as follows:

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