

# WATSON'S MAGAZINE

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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

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# Watson's Magazine

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# Roger and I

Julian S. Cutler

*Well, Roger, my dear old doggie, they say that your race is run;  
And our jolly tramps together up and down the world are done;  
You're only a dog, old fellow; a dog, and you've had your day;  
But never a friend of all my friends has been truer than you alway.*

*We've had glorious times together in the fields and pastures fair;  
In storm and sunny weather we have romped without a care;  
And however men have treated me, though foul or fair their deal—  
However many the friends that failed, I've found you true as steel.*

*That's right, my dear old fellow, look up with your knowing eye,  
And lick my hand with your loving tongue that never has told a lie;  
And don't be afraid, old doggie, if your time has come to go,  
For somewhere out in the great Unknown there's a place for you, I  
know.*

*Then don't you worry, old comrade; and don't you fear to die;  
For out in that fairer country I will find you by and by;  
And I'll stand by you, old fellow and our love will surely win,  
For never a heaven shall harbour me where they won't let Roger in.*

*When I reach that city glorious, behind the waiting dark,  
Just come and stand outside the gate, and wag your tail and bark—  
I'll hear your voice, and I'll know it, and I'll come to the gate and say:  
"Saint Peter, that's my dog out there; you must let him come this way."*

*And then if the saint refuses, I'll go to the One above,  
And say: "Old Roger is at the gate, with his heart brimful of love;  
And there isn't a shining angel of all the heavenly band  
Who ever lived a nobler life than he, in the earthly land."*

*Then I know the gate will open, and you will come frisking in,  
And we'll roam fair fields together, in that country free from sin.  
So never you mind, old Roger, if your time has come to go;  
You've been true to me, I'll be true to you—and the Lord is good, we  
know.*

*You are only a dog, old fellow; a dog, and you've had your day—  
Well, I'm getting there myself, old boy, and I haven't long to stay;  
But you've stood by me, old comrade, and I'm bound to stand by you;  
So don't you worry, old Roger, for our love will pull us through.*

# Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

## The Logic of Events—the Temporary Chief Becomes Permanent King—the Temporary Elder Becomes Permanent Bishop, and the Bishops Evolve a Supreme Bishop

### How the Pope Disrupted the Christian World, and Was Never Able to Become Universal Head of Christianity

(A Continuation of The History of the Papacy and the Popes)

**I**F we would accustom ourselves to applying our common sense to theological and historical problems, the puzzles would disappear.

Men who will reason robustly about all other matters, fall into mental imbecility when confronted with questions of "Faith." Where they don't know, and can't know, they are prone to accept that which is most incredible, and to believe it with such a consuming ardor that they want to inflict condign punishment on those who do not believe.

If we will apply our common sense to Popery, the origin of it becomes exceedingly transparent, *and human*.

The Apostles organize a Christian church at Jerusalem, soon after the fugitives—including the thrice-deny-ing Petros—come together again

To the new churches, established by itinerant Apostles—including Petros—this *first church*, at Jerusalem seems peculiarly authoritative and holy. It is born within the shadow of the Cross, and is sanctioned by *the place*, as well as by the solemnity of the circumstances.

Therefore, as the ripple of evangelism extends over the human surface of the world, Jerusalem continues to be the centre of Christianity.

But this could not be so, *indefinitely*. Sacred as the City of David was to the Jews, it was nothing to the Gentiles. Dominant as Jerusalem might be in Palestine, it was nothing to Egypt, to Asia-Minor, to Greece, and to Northern Africa.

Consequently, when Christianity established itself in Antioch, Alexandria, Carthage, Rome, &c., there were new centres, from which the ripples extended over the human surface.

As at first the offspring churches looked to Jerusalem, the Mother, so in course of time the new churches which sprang up around Antioch, Alexandria and Carthage looked, not to Jerusalem, but to those cities which had so long been the commercial, political and military capitals of their respective provinces.

There is no disputing the assertion that the churches of Egypt looked up to the Mother church at Alexandria; none, that the bishop of Alexandria

was deferred to by the other bishops of Egypt.

So it was with Carthage and Antioch: those two cities had dominated their provinces commercially, politically and martially: therefore, when Christianity came, those cities dominated their provinces ecclesiastically—*as they had done under Paganism.*

From the remotest ages, the chief city of the Nile had been the religious, as well as the political, capital of Egypt.

From time immemorial, Carthage had been the religious and political centre of Northern Africa.

Antioch had held the same position in Asia-Minor.

Later, Constantinople was to hold this vantage ground in the Eastern part of the Roman Empire.

Now mark this:

Roman popes never did acquire any ascendancy over Egypt, nor over Northern Africa, nor Asia-Minor, nor the Eastern Roman Empire!

To the very last, Alexandria, and its bishops controlled the valley of the Nile, defying and scorning the Popes of Rome!

To the very last, Carthage and Antioch controlled their provinces, scorning and defying the ecclesiastical usurpers of Rome.

To the very last, Constantinople repelled and insulted the usurpatory pretensions of Rome.

Mahomet took the Christian sceptre away from Egypt, from Asia-Minor, from Constantinople, from Jerusalem. Mahomet still holds the Eastern world. The muezzin calls to prayer throughout the regions where Christ wandered and taught and suffered.

The Crescent displaces the Cross in Antioch, in Carthage, in all the regions where Paul and Peter and Timothy and Barnabas first planted and watered. Up and down the Euphrates and the Tigris, from boundary to boundary on the plains of Shinar, the

traveller, if he hears anything at all, hears the cry—"*There is but ONE GOD, and Mohammed is his prophet!*"

Even in the city of Constantine—Constantine the gory-handed murderer of his nephews, his brothers, his son and his wife—Constantine who left *orders to murder*, in his last will—Constantine whose memory the Romanists are even now honoring with elaborate and costly ceremonial—even in the city of Constantine, the Christian Gospel is the weak voice of a negligible minority who are permitted to speak by the grace of the successor of Mohammed!

The Christian bishops who once ruled in Constantinople are represented in our day by the Greek Catholics of Albania, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, of Servia, of Russia and of Greece—and the hatred which they bear to the Roman Catholics is equalled only by the hatred which the Roman Catholics bear to *them.*

(Thus devoutly, do we remember and practise what Christ said about *loving one another!*)

Unless I am greatly mistaken, the impression prevails that the Pope's claim to rule the Christian world, was once universally acknowledged. The Romanists assuredly endeavor to teach that the whole Christian Church accepted the Papa as the successor of Petros, and accepted Petros himself as the Apostle who solely held "the keys" and *was* "the rock."

*No such thing is true!*

The Christian Church of Jerusalem never accepted *any* Apostle as the vicegerent of Christ. Never for an instant did Palestine bow to Peter, or to Rome's pontiff. The Christian Church of Alexandria never did so. That of Antioch never did so. Nor did those of Cappadocia, Bythinia, Abyssinia, Greece, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Russia, or the Balkans.

The Christians of Europe at one

time very generally accepted Papal claims at their face value; but even in Europe it was impossible for the Pope of Rome to completely subdue common sense and individuality. In spite of torch and sword, rack and dungeon, diabolical curses and pitiless persecutions, Liberty of Conscience *would* live—*THANK GOD!*

So far is it from being the truth that Popes were once supreme in the Christian Church, the fact is, *THE PAPACY IS THE MOST STUPIDOUS FAILURE THE WORLD EVER SAW.*

(1.) It attempted to conquer the whole Christian world—with what result?

It split the Christian hosts into scores of warring factions and sects. It lost Judea; it lost Asia-Minor; it lost Northern Africa; it lost Egypt and Abyssinia; it lost the entire Roman Empire of the East, and it lost the huge Balkan Peninsula and all the Russias.

Does history record a loss more colossal?

Did ever the ambition of a One-Man power strew the universe with such frenzied, blood-shedding discord?

(2.) The Papacy attempted to keep the Bible to itself, a sealed book. The Gospel is now a living letter, the property of all the world.

(3.) The Popes tried to monopolize temporal political power, to take down and set up kings, to sell whole peoples, as they sold England and Ireland to the Norman conquerors.

Temporal and political power now belongs to the very nations once enslaved by crafty Popes; and the Papacy itself is such an out-of-date imposture that Europe barely tolerates its existence.

(4.) The Popes once arrogated to themselves the authority to control science and art, to dictate to God the shape of the earth and the operation of natural laws, to bless and to curse

all human undertakings; to perpetuate Ignorance, Superstition, Intolerance, blind devotion and obedience; to sentinel the doors of Heaven and Hell; and to usurp God's own place and prerogatives in this credulous, fool-crowded world.

Look around you, and measure the ghastly failure of Rome.

The Italian priests prattle stale puerilities to a dwindling, indifferent minority, no Italian layman respecting the Italian priest.

*Science* is free, and is no longer afraid to reveal her discoveries.

*Art* is free, and is no longer obliged to paint sleepy Madonnas and bloated angels, loafing awkwardly on the parapets of Heaven.

*Literature* is free, and no Cervantes now has to complain that the fear of the Roman Inquisition kept some of his merriest passages out of his book.

*Education* is free, and States are no longer built upon the old partnership of *Pope, King & Co.*, dealers in force and fraud, sharers of the spoil called *taxes.*

*Self-government* by the people is here, and everywhere, and will abide with us, forever and forever, in spite of Rome's Jesuits, in spite of Rome's Knights of Columbus, in spite of Rome's Ancient Order of Brotherly Thieves, Rakes and Hypocrites!

(5.) The Popes, for hundreds of years, hurled all the fanatics of Europe against the hosts of Mahomet, in the attempt to take possession of the empty grave of Christ.

In the determination to inspire the Crusaders with confidence, the Popes beggared the treasury of their supernatural wealth. Banners were blessed, Crosses were blazoned upon martial breasts, "relics" by the cart-load were provided, portions of the "true cross" were supplied as talismans, assurances that God wanted the war, and that God would win the victory for the Christians were loudly proclaimed by

the Popes themselves; and miracles were not wanting, to drive every doubt away.

When the chivalry of Europe had lost its flower; when host after host of Christians had perished miserably in Asia; when Godfrey Tancred, Frederick, Bohemond, Richard, Edward, and Louis had tried and failed, when the utmost efforts of Papal relics, blessings, prophecies, and miracles had demonstrated their pitiable futility, the followers of Mahomet were left in dominion over Christ's empty tomb.

Europe's gain was, a costly disenchantment, *a lost illusion, touching the Papal pretensions.*

(6.) The Popes systematically worked for the degradation and enslavement of woman.

She was reproached as the author of original sin. Marriage was treated as a necessary evil, celibacy being the ideal state. Every Pope was a Paul, condemning woman to silence and obedience.

As a wife, she must endure everything, until death broke her chains—her only door of escape from a brutal husband being the Grave!

The children of her womb, brought forth in travail, at the risk of her life, were not hers, save to nurture at her bosom. Over *them*, as over *her*, the husband's power was supreme.

So completely gone is the papal subjection of women, that the artful ones of the priesthood now impudently assert that the emancipation of Woman, *accomplished in spite of them*, was their own peculiar work!

\* \* \* \* \*

By fixing your attention upon the fact that *episcopal usurpation was local*, I simplify your study of the subject of *Rome's* usurpation.

So far as I know, this point has not been made in other histories of Papal evolution.

When you realize that the process of centralization went forward *in each*

*episcopal province*, you can better understand its growth in *the Western part* of the Roman Empire.

Remember that the Metropolitan at Alexandria was virtually the Primate of all Egypt; and that the Metropolitan of Antioch was Primate of Asia-Minor, and so on; and that finally (so far as the Eastern Empire was concerned) the Patriarch at Constantinople was the arch-Primate of all the Christian organizations of the Orient. When you have done *this*, your mind will readily accept the proposition that a similar process of gradual usurpation led to like results in the West.

Balance your Patriarch of the East against your Papa of the West, and there you have the natural division of ecclesiastical power, *along racial and geographical lines.*

As *dominion* parted amidships, one half to the East and the other half to the West: as one Emperor ruled at Constantinople and another at Rome, so one proud, power-grasping priest domineered on the Hellespont, while his prototype domineered on the Tiber.

As already mentioned, the Western priests enjoyed the advantage of an absent Emperor. When the head of the Roman state removed to distant Constantinople, the bishop of Rome became the most conspicuous embodiment of authority left behind. Even when the Empire was divided, the capital of the West was fixed generally at Ravenna, instead of Rome. Therefore, the venerable traditions of prestige and power that clung round the name of the Eternal City, *lived* on the bishop.

This being so, it was but human that the bishop should advance his own pretensions, solidify his power, convert each precedent into a rule, fortify every concession into a citadel of legality, transform the occasional reference to him of disputes into a right of



umpirage, and this voluntary occasional umpirage into an obligatory and permanent authority to settle all disputes!

From *this* step to Infallibility, was a far cry, indeed; but the pathway and the methods that led to *the one*, in several hundred years, logically led to *the other*, in several hundred additional years.

The bishop of Rome grew into the Pope in 609: the Pope became Infallible, in 1870!

Thus can a corporation that never sleeps and never dies travel a long way, in the course of nearly two thousand years.

If the Papa keeps it up, and no bad luck befalls him, I shouldn't wonder if he continued to compete, quite vigorously, with Mahomet, Buddha, Confucius, and Joseph Smith, Esquire.

\* \* \* \* \*

So early as 523, a Christian seminary had been established at Bangor, in Wales; and from this institution missionaries were sent forth to convert the Briton tribes.

In Ireland, a similar work had been done, under Patrick and Columba, practically the whole of that country having been brought to accept Christ, long before the wrangle broke out, between Rome and Constantinople over the un-Scriptural title of Universal Bishop.

From Ireland, went the illustrious Columba, to plant the Cross at Iona in the Hebrides (563), and from thence to flood all Scotland with its light.

Well might Doctor Sam Johnson say that no traveller could view the ruins of the Christian foundations at Iona without having his sense of devotion quickened.

*Thus, Britain, Scotland, Ireland were Christian before there was a Pope!*

Historians, referring to the mission which Gregory the Great sent to Eng-

land, leave the impression that Augustine and his monks were missionaries *to the heathen*. This may have been so, as to the Angels and Saxons: it was not so, as to the native stocks, the Britons, the Picts and the Scots. *These were already Christians.*

When Augustine, using the customary method, converted a Saxon *queen*, and through her, converted a Saxon *king*, the good work of the sword soon began in England, as it did in so many other kingdoms. "A monk, a woman, and then"—a change of religion.

Very stoutly and stubbornly, the British and Scotch churches asserted their independence, scouting the unheard of proposition that there was a universal Papa at Rome.

Very adroitly and persistently Augustine upheld the pretensions of the aforesaid universal Papa. Late as he was in arriving, he had arrived, and must be obeyed.

Will you bend your independent necks, and take the yoke, you obstinate schismatics of Britain and Scotland? No. Then we will try the virtue of a miracle, or two, upon you. Bring hither a blind man: I will restore his sight—I, Augustine! The blind man is fetched, and the miraculous Augustine makes manual passes before the sightless sockets accompanying the same with prayer *in Latin*. Great is the virtue of prayer *in Latin*, which the common herd cannot understand. (Most impressive and effective is this retention of prayer in Latin. We have the evidences there of unto this very year, 1913.)

Is the blind man cured of his infirmity? He says so. Was he blind? He says so. Can he now see? He says so. Down on your knees, then, ye truculent Picts, Scots and Britons! Worship your universal Papa at Rome! No? Then ye are a stiff-necked generation, and must be chastened because of our so great love.

What ho! Kings Ethelbert, Ethel-  
frid, and Oswy! Out with your keen  
swords, and chop me off the heads of  
a few thousands of these misguided  
Christians, who have not meekness  
enough to recognize their own univer-  
sal Papa!

It is done! The kings draw the  
sword, and there follows much whole-  
some blood-letting. Some say hun-  
dreds of independent Christian priests  
were slain because of their refusal to  
accept, not Christ, but Papa: some say  
there were thousands. Of the number  
of Christian laymen slaughtered in  
this glorious crusade of *Papist against  
Christian*, history keeps no record.  
But the slaughter was great, and the  
conquest of Popery over independent  
Christianity was complete. The leader  
of the British independents, Bishop  
Coleman, was never able to rally his  
wits after Augustine flung at him the  
quotation—"Thou art Petros, and  
upon this petra I will build my  
church."

The Bishop lived in Wales, and was  
a man without guile: he never once  
seemed to have suspected that the wily  
Augustine—who had vainly worked  
the miracle on the blind man—was now  
working off a forged passage of Scrip-  
ture upon another blind man. And  
King Oswy, who couldn't read read-  
ing, much less writing, and who him-  
self signed all his documents with the  
hilt of his sword, intimated somewhat  
broadly that he was ready to make  
other signatures of the same sort, if  
Bishop Coleman did not give in. The  
Bishop was a wise, as well as credu-  
lous person, and he gave in—the verses  
concerning Petros and petra, backed up  
by King Oswy's sharp sword, being too  
much for the mild Christian from  
Wales.

When Augustine got back to Rome,  
his report of the conversion of Eng-  
land must have been highly pleasing  
to the universal Papa. Some thou-  
sands of British Christians had been

sent hurriedly and prematurely to  
heaven; but the others had been per-  
suaded into the fold of Papa; and,  
consequently, the killing of a few in  
so good a cause was not a matter of  
lasting regret.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us take a parting glance at the  
undisputed historical record, concern-  
ing the Papacy:

(1.) There was no claim of *Apostolic  
succession*, during the first centuries  
after Christ.

Matthias was chosen to fill the place  
in the Twelve, left vacant by Judas  
Iscariot; but no other successor to any  
Apostle was ever chosen.

No one claimed to be the successor of  
any other: no one was recognized as  
such: and there is not even any trust-  
worthy account of the whole after-life  
and the death of any Apostle whom-  
soever. The mists of time enveloped  
Mary, Joseph, Lazarus, Nicodemus,  
Pilate, Caiphas, Barabbas, the Twelve,  
Mary Magdalen, Martha and Joseph of  
Arimathea.

Even as to the fate of Judas Iscariot  
we have no account other than those in  
the Bible; and they are contradictory.

(2.) One of the principal duties  
which the Twelve were chosen to per-  
form was, *to bear witness* in favor of  
Christ, and his resurrection.

Yet *it was Peter*, and no other Apos-  
tle, who roundly anathematized Jesus,  
*to save his own life*.

"*I KNOW NOT THE MAN!*" cried  
Petros, cursing and swearing, repudiat-  
ing his Lord. (Mark xiv, 71.)

No other disciple so loudly, so  
repeatedly and so blasphemously  
renounced Christ, in the hour of deser-  
tion and loneliness and agony! Peter  
absolutely grovelled in the shame and  
the cowardice of betrayal, sounding  
the very depths of human weakness  
and human proneness to forsake a  
friend, or a cause, in the hour of dire  
distress and danger.

No wonder that the deserted Gali-

lean—forsaken by father, mother, brothers, sisters, and chosen Apostles—forsaken by kindred and disciples, cruelly gibed, mocked and maltreated by pitiless enemies should, in the extreme agony of *such* a closing of his life, cry out *My God! hast thou ALSO forsaken me?*

Do the Romanists forget all this when they come to us with their absurd doctrine of the Petros who was the petra—the fickle Jew whose character is so fully revealed in Holy Writ?

Do the Romanists forget that Peter failed to say a word to Mark about his Primacy, when he was telling Mark what to write in the “Gospel according to St. Mark?”

(3.) Peter never asserted a Primacy, never was accorded one, never visited Rome, devoted himself to work among the Hebrews, wrote from Babylonia, where most of the Jews were at that time; and probably died there, of old age. The story of his martyrdom is a mere tradition. The story of his Roman pontificate is mere insolent fabrication.

(4.) At the first great Council of the Christian churches, (Nice, A. D., 325), we have already shown that the Emperor presided and that no one was in attendance as Roman pontiff. No such claims were heard of; but, on the other hand, the bishops of Alexandria and Antioch were accorded the same authority in their provinces that the bishop of Rome enjoyed *in his!*

At the Council of Sardica, (A. D. 345.) a right of appeal in ecclesiastical cases, was given to the bishop of Rome. That is, the decision of the provincial bishops might be taken up to Rome *for review*; and a new trial, *by the provincial bishops*, might be ordered by Rome.

This grant of the power to review, was a novelty, and is so described by Roman ecclesiastical historians. Because it *was* new, the Eastern

churches revolted from the Western, and the great division was started.

The second general Council was that of Constantinople, A. D., 381.

The Emperor Theodosius ordered it, for the purpose of trying to quiet the troubles excited by a fresh “heresy.”

In this Council, the bishop of Constantinople is given rank next to the bishop of Rome; and the reason put forward is, that the *new Rome*, should come second to the old Rome. Thus the priority and pre-eminence of the city, was the controlling factor in determining ecclesiastical precedence!

The Council of Ephesus, (431), was called by the Emperor Theodosius. The bishop of Rome was not present. *His proxy*, was Cyril, to whom the Emperor had addressed his letter summoning the assembly.

The Emperor, an orthodox Christian, did not write to Celestine, bishop of Rome, at all. Theodosius wrote to “*Cyril, and the presidents of the holy churches in every quarter.*”

It would be impossible to conceive of any fact more conclusively proving that there was no Pope, and no claim of popery, *in the fifth century after Christ.*

Other Councils followed, from time to time, without the appearance of a universal Papa, either to convoke them, preside over them, or to pass upon their canons.

On the contrary, we find that, in the year 680, the Emperor Constantine Pogoratus summons a 6th general Council at Constantinople; and that this august convention of Christian prelates *curst* the bishop of Rome as “a heretic!”

So flagrant were the spiritual offences of this heretic, Honorius, that even the subsequent bishops of Rome felt constrained to denounce him, excommunicate him, and place him permanently among the goats.

(6.) I have already shown that

Gregory the Great bitterly objected to the name of Universal Bishop; and that Boniface (A. D. 609) was the first to assume the title of Pope.

The bishop of Rome had intrigued with the very wicked Emperor Phocas—one of the most despicable monsters that ever wore the purple—and it was from the crime-stained hands of this Emperor that the bishops of Rome first obtained the old pagan title of Supreme Papa. (*Pontifex Maximus.*)

*Not from Christ, not from Holy Writ, not from church council, not from clergy or laity, BUT FROM AN IMPERIAL USURPER AND MURDERER,* the bishop secured the right to call himself, *POPE!*

And it was six hundred years after Christ.

Does it mean nothing that the Seventh General Council, A. D. 692, was

called by the Emperor Justinian II. was held in his palace, and that it conceded to the church of Constantinople *the same authority and privileges, as the church of old Rome?*

Where was the universal Papa and his Infallibility in the year 692? The bishop of Rome was represented in this Council by his delegates, and they signed its decrees, even as did the Emperor.

Precedence, place of honor to Rome was readily allowed, because of Rome's rank as the old imperial city; but no claim whatever of the Roman bishop to supremacy *in ecclesiastical affairs,* was countenanced. On the contrary, this General Council, held nearly a hundred years after Boniface had taken the title of Pope, expressly declared the equality of the bishops of Rome and Constantinople.

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## Wards

Ralph M. Thompson

*Little girl with poisoned eyes,  
Stricken flesh and sallow face,  
Where is there beneath God's skies  
For your stunted form a place?*

*Little boy with spotted skin,  
Sullied blood and wizened brain,—  
Victim of another's sin—  
What have you from life to gain?*

*Little children, wards of Shame,  
Offered up in sacrifice,  
In your loving Master's name,  
What a toll to pay to Vice!*

# Some Additional Facts and Thoughts Concerning Foreign Missions

No. 3

CHINA has asked to be remembered in our prayers; J. P. Morgan's lawyer wrote him a most pious will; and the Sultan of Turkey has promised to use his soothing influence with the Mohammedan Moros, advising them to render allegiance to our Government, upon the express ground that our Government has no religion at all!

In the Balkan Peninsula, four different kinds of religion have been waging the bloodiest sort of war against one another—three of the religions being Christian, and one, Mohammedan.

The Christian Emperor of Germany, who often appears in the role of a preacher of the Gospel, is demanding a vastly increased armament, as a protection against his fellow-Christians of other European nations: he will get it—more guns, more battleships, more airships, more sailors, more soldiers.

The Christian rulers of France want increased military protection, against their fellow-Christians of Germany, Italy and Austria: they will get it—more guns, more battleships, more airships, more sailors, more soldiers.

In Great Britain the cry is heard. "We are not prepared for war! Give us more deadly munitions, in order that we may be ready, at any moment, to repel the onslaught of our fellow-Christians."

In the United States of North America, is heard the cry, "We are not prepared for war! Give us more men who are trained to murder! Give us more of the *inventions that were meant to facilitate and hugely increase WHOLESALE MURDER!* Give us more military protection against Japan and China and Europe, for who knows

when we may commence slaughtering *them*, or they, *US?*

Therefore, now is a good time to renew our studies of Foreign Missions.

(He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!)

(1.) Is the pecuniary benefit of our mission system, so tempting to *the missionary*, that he—a poor, weak mortal—may be unconsciously (or otherwise) influenced by what he makes out of it?

(2.) Is the pecuniary benefit of the system so tempting to "*the heathen*," that he—a poor, weak mortal—may be influenced by what *he* makes out of it?

Both of these questions are answered by a vehement, indignant, "*No!*" The employing Boards, drawing succulent salaries, say, "*No!*" The employed missionaries, drawing good pay, deliciously regular, say, "*No!*" The converted "*heathen*," comfortably at roost on the pay-rolls, say, "*No!*" All of those who are sharing "*the beef*," obstreperously attest the innocense and the effectiveness of "*the system*."

Softly! Brethren, softly. Let us not become excited. Let us keep cool. The facts, *the facts*, *FIRST*: then let every one do his own thinking.

What is the business relation between the Boards, and the Missionaries? Shuck off the cant about leaving loved ones, and exiling ourselves to foreign lands, and about laboring in the Lord's vineyard for the love of the Lord, and about winning souls for Christ, and about what the missionary wants to say to God when the missionary gets home in glory. Cut out all this cant, this monotonous sing-song that drivels through the missionary papers: get down to hard facts.

What *else*, besides the glory of God, is the foreign missionary working for?

What does he get out of it, *for himself?*

Does the home preacher get any such average salary as \$1,200 a year, for himself and wife? No, indeed.

Does the home preacher get \$100 apiece for his children, and a ten-year allowance for each child up to the age of 10 years—to be increased to \$150 a year after that? No, indeed.

Does the home preacher get a yearly vacation of three months, on full pay, and a periodical furlough of a year, on almost full salary? No, indeed.

There are 10,000 empty pulpits in Protestant America: the discrimination against the home preacher may be one of the causes.

There are fifty million Americans who never darken church doors: if less agony and money were spent on heathen, and on foreign missionaries, our own people might take greater interest in the Christian religion.

What is the purchasing power of a dollar in China, as compared to its value in this country? What is the real significance of a missionary salary of \$600, \$750, and \$1,200? Averaging a family of five—husband, wife and three children—we have seen that the Board allows them \$1,500 a year: what sum does that represent in China, compared to its equivalent in these United States?

On this point, Brother Harris quotes Rev. J. T. Myers, who has been a missionary in Japan nearly 20 years.

Mr. Myers furnishes a table of articles which are costlier in Japan than in Baltimore, and this list includes *The Baltimore Sun*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *The Ladies' Home Journal!*

I am a liberal person, and am prepared to admit, as a concession to Bro. Harris, that the periodicals named are properly enumerated among the necessities of a missionary's life. The farther he goes from home, the greater his need of those periodicals. To see them catalogued along with flour, granulated

sugar, butter in tins, lard, ham, laundry soap and Pond's extract, is natural.

The absence from the list of such religious publications as the *Baltimore Southern Methodist*, Brother Harris's paper, is probably explainable upon the hypothesis that foreign missionaries do not have to pay for the religious literature.

The *Baltimore Sun* costs Brother Myers \$6.90 a year; the *Ladies' Home Journal*, \$2.50; the *Saturday Evening Post*, \$3.25: in all, \$12.65—quite a snug outlay in profane reading matter, for a self-denying foreign missionary. To get that amount of money, the missionary hen had to cackle many a time, over the safe arrival of another egg.

After Bro. Myers had listed these *American items*, which cost more in Japan, he demurely runs a line underneath the table, saying that the following articles are cheaper—

*Potatoes, beef, chicken, eggs, rice and fish.*

All the world knows that, to millions of Irishmen, the potato has been bread and meat: that for millions of Orientals, the date and fig have supported life: that the banana has been the food of the South American; and that *rice* has been the staple of China and Japan.

Therefore, when Bro. Myers selects such *American* provisions as ham and flour, granulated white sugar, tinned butter and prime leaf lard, he is hardly ingenuous. He might as well have included grape-nuts, ice cream, and fruit-cake.

The church members who furnish the money for the sumptuous living of the foreign missionary, too often have to make out the best they can, on side meat and sow belly, skimmed milk, and lard that comes in tubs, rice, grits, and corn meal which has pellagra in it.

Bro. Harris asked Bro. Myers to say how many house-servants he kept. Bro. Myers answered that he kept *two*. Then, he evidently bethought himself

—for he added that, when he and his wife got back to Japan, they would “probably” dispense with one of these servants. (Excuse me for chuckling a little bit.)

How many of the church members who put up the money for this sort of missionary sacrifice, can afford to keep two house-servants? Or *one*?

How many of the wives at the home preachers are relieved of the never-ending routine of domestic drudgery, by two house-servants? Or *one*?

Brother Myers states that the Board allows him \$1,600 a year, *for self, wife and four children.*

How many home preachers have had a regular income for 19 years, on that basis, with a practical certainty of *never being turned out to graze?*

Now let us see what others say about the value of our money in the East.

Here is a printed Postcard, with a missionary appeal on it, directed to a gentleman at Spratt, Alabama. The signature is that of E. H. Rawlings, Educational Sec. Board of Missions, M. E. Church, Nashville, Tenn.

Bro. Rawlings wants more money for the cause. They all do. Bro. Rawlings never gets enough. None of them do. Bro. Rawlings is never satisfied. None of them are. A horse-leech craving, welded to that of the horse-leech's daughter (whatever that is) seems to possess these insistent, importunate people.

Bro. Rawlings, in this Post-card, tells how ridiculously cheap things are in China. Because a little money will go *so far*, he argues that the money should come forth.

He says, Rawlings does—“Brother Superintendent: you can help more than anybody.” That's a sudden and awful responsibility to roll upon the Brother Superintendent.

He says—Rawlings does—that \$100 will “support a native pastor,” a year.

On ham? And tinned butter? And Cream-of-wheat flour? And granu-

lated white sugar? And 30-dollar suits of clothes? And supply him with The Baltimore Sun, the Ladies' Home Journal, and the Saturday Evening Post? I doubt it. Let us hear again from Bro. Myers, before we shake loose from the \$100. Unless the “native pastor” is prepared to live on rice, and cook it himself, the \$100 won't begin to touch bottom.

On this Post-card, Brother Rawlings tells his Brother Superintendent that “grown men” work in China “for five cents a day.”

Do they live on ham and eggs? Do they import from America such dainties as butter in tin, prime leaf lard, breakfast bacon, the Baltimore Sun, the Ladies' Home Journal, and the Saturday Evening Post?

I have my doubts, and should wish to hear from Bro. Myers.

Writing from Huchow, China, in October, 1912, Dr. Fred Manget, medical missionary of the Methodist Church tells to the people at home, by way of stimulus to additional liberality in the matter of contributions:

Listen to these prices and see what you think of them: remembering that I am giving it to you in Mexican and you can divide each amount by two to find out how much good, respectable money it makes. For \$1.00 per day you get a private room, medicine, surgical treatment and meals; 70c. a day gives you a bed with treatment and meals in the second ward; while for 22 cents a day you get a bed and meals in the third class ward. This sounds so little that probably you will laugh, but remember that many who come are not able to pay over 22 cents and have to be given all they need; and many of those who have plenty seem to hate to spend it at a hospital. We think it best to let those who can, pay the actual cost of the medicine in order to be more able to give to those who need it. True as it is that the Chinese as a whole are for the most part destitute, still there are those living in luxury beyond that the Americans aspire to. For things that make a show such as a pair of gold rim glasses they don't mind paying, but unless he is suffering he likes his money better than medicine.

Therefore, we must let him have our

medicine *at cost*, in order that we can the better afford to *give* the medicine to those who need it and are not able to pay for it.

Divide the expenses of treatment at the missionary hospital *by two*, so that you may get at the value "in good, respectable money," and you have 50 cents, as the cost of a private room, medical treatment, surgical treatment and meals, *in the first ward*. In the second ward, the cost is 35 cents a day; in the third, it is eleven cents, and the patients "are given all they need."

*Eleven cents a day, for a bed, medical treatment, medicines, and three meals of victuals!*

Dear me! That sounds mighty reasonable. But doth it include Brother Myers' missionary larder of Butter-in-tins, imported Ham, Granulated Sugar, Snow-flake flour, Breakfast bacon, Pond's extract, The Baltimore Sun, the Ladies' Home Journal, and The Saturday Evening Post? I doubt it.

In one of the regular appeals for Occidental money, the Brethren have assured us that \$50 will maintain a heathen scholar in one of our missionary boarding schools, *during a famine year*, when ordinary prices of food-stuffs are doubled. *Because* \$50 will do *so* much more in China than it will do in this country, we are implored to send it to the foreign missionaries, rather than squander it on chewing-gum, coca-cola, and the other sinful indulgencies to which we are addicted.

Is Brother Myers prepared to dispute the statements of Brother Rawlings, Brother Manget and other brethren whose evidence corroborates theirs?

In the Savannah "Morning News" of Sunday, May 18, 1913, first page, first column, appears a carefully prepared article which demonstrates how cheaply life may be supported in

Japan, the country where Dr. Myers has labored so long, and where he says the cost of living is higher than in this country.

This article in the Savannah Morning News commences in these words: "Seven thousand miles away is a nation of 52,000,000 people, whose average income is \$23.00 per year. How do the Japanese live on such incomes? \* \* \*

The table of income and outgo is made up as follows:

By one year's income-----	\$23.00
To taxes -----	4.40
For rent -----	1.60
For food -----	14.00
For clothes -----	2.00
For incidentals -----	1.00

I do not find in this list any sugar cured ham, any breakfast bacon, any imported butter or lard, or any imported literature, such as the Baltimore Daily Sun, the Ladies' Home Journal, or the Saturday Evening Post.

Casting up the expenses of the average mechanic's family, the author of this article in the Savannah News states that the wages will amount to \$15.00 a month, and the expenses to \$13.00 a month.

A Japanese newspaper of high standing gives the living expenses of a family in good standing, consisting of husband and wife, two children, a grandmother and a servant.

These expenses are put down as: rent \$2.50; rice \$3.50; soy .37; salt .35; sugar .45; milk .55; newspaper .38; vegetables .75; tea .25; oil .35; school expenses .45; stationery and books .45; hairdressing .35; bath, every other day, including the grandmother I suppose .75; fish, nine times a month, .90; beef, six times a month .60; pickles .21; charcoal and wood .90.

This would seem to be the monthly expense account.

There are no millionaires to speak of in Japan. There are only two men



in the empire who have an income of more than \$100,000 a year.

There are thirteen men only, who have an income of nearly \$20,000 a year.

There are sixty-seven men only, who have an income of \$12,000 a year.

There are ninety-six men only who have an income of \$8,500 a year, and one hundred and forty whose incomes are \$5,500 a year.

But on the other hand there are seven men out of every one thousand who earn \$1,350 a year.

In Japan the man weaver weaves for 22 cents a day; the woman weaves for 13 cents; the tailor works for 27 cents; the shoemaker for 33; the carpenter for 40; the plasterer for 41; the bricklayer for 56; the blacksmith for 33; the gardener for 36; the farm laborer for 19; the printer for 25, and the day laborer for 26. A maid servant is paid \$1.48 a month; a man servant \$2.18 per month.

Apparently, Brother Myers needs to revise his statistics on the cost of living in Japan.

In the Westminster Bulletin, published by the Westminster Presbyterian church—Rev. A. A. Little, D. D., Pastor—we find this statement, separately paraphrased:

*"Foreign Mission statistics show us that every \$2 sent to the foreign field brings a soul to Christ."*

The Westminster Bulletin not only states that every *two dollars* sent to the foreign fields converts a heathen to Christ, but asserts that *the statistics* show it.

Let us accept this as a fact. We *must* do so, because the Westminster brethren vouch for it. But, conceding that it *is* so, are we not compelled to mix much salt with Brother Myers' gloomy account of the high cost of moderate living among the heathen? I fear we must. Even the most credulous of us can hardly believe that the

missionaries can save the Japs and the Chinks, at \$2. per head, if the missionary is to live on Breakfast bacon, Sugar-cured ham, imported butter, American cereals, Wanamaker clothing. The Baltimore Sun, the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post.

The money sent to the foreign field, amounts in round numbers to \$20,000,000. This huge sum has been pouring into heathendom for years. Let us say that \$150,000,000 has been sent to the foreign field during the last decade. Then, according to the Westminster Bulletin there should be 75,000,000 converts for those ten years, and 10,000,000 additional converts for each year following. Have we got that many converts, from heathendom to Christianity? No. According to missionary figures we *claim* only about one and a quarter millions.

This leaves a shortage of more than 83,000,000 converts—which is a right big deficit in converts.

It must be that the Presbyterians are wrong in that two-dollar calculation of theirs. But if the Presbyterians are wrong, who is to set us right?

I fear that between Brothers Myers, Manget, Smith, Rawlings and the Westminster church, we are in danger of getting balled up, on our statistics.

Summarizing what the foreign missionary gets out of the system, we find it to be:

A handsome salary, regularly paid, which enables him to live elegantly, in a fine house, with plenty of menial service to relieve his wife and daughters of the drudgery. He can afford to keep stylish turn-outs for the pleasure of himself and family. When he travels, he goes luxuriously at the expense of the home churches. He is given vacation during the hot months; and, in China at least, this three-months vacation at full pay, is spent at a beautiful mountain home. He never has to worry about his "call;" his posi-

tion, so long as he pleases the Board, is a fixture: in many cases, a sinecure.

So many and so magnetic are the advantages of being a foreign missionary, that the office is becoming hereditary, in the family. The children are born into the system, as the parents die out of it; and thus the regular salary becomes a hereditament. If the Board allows this feature of the work to become general, it is easy to foresee that the missionaries will constitute *a caste*, in each foreign country—a caste which will claim special privileges, enjoy special immunities, and will grow into a formidable nuisance to the countries sending them, as well as the countries to which they are sent.

The second question: What do the heathen make out of the system? is best answered by pointing to the bounties that are offered for apostacy. *Every tenth alleged "convert" is paid a salary.*

Is not this a tremendous fact? The missionaries themselves prepare the reports: they act as their own census-takers: they humanly make out the best possible case for themselves, giving to their work every permissible appearance of success. Yet, what do *they* say? They admit that they are hiring and paying 112,000 of the heathen, to help the 20,000 missionaries keep the one-and-a-quarter million converts in line—the 112 *hirelings* being also counted in the sum total of "conversions."

In short, out of every ten converts, one roosts on the pay-roll, where 20,000 missionaries roost!

The tenth convert being a paid one,

the other nine must be considered: and to maintain the good influence over the whole ten—the paid and the unpaid—we establish free medical, surgical and dental service; we give away medicines and we furnish free trained-nurses; we establish hospitals which either make no charges at all, or make them so low that they sound "ridiculously cheap" to American ears; we open and maintain homes for the widow and the orphan, for the aged, the babe, the blind, the leper; we give training to the heathen youth in farming, carpentering, blacksmithing, printing and cabinet-work; we give free education to the tots, to the boys and girls, to the young men and young women!

The growth of this un-Scriptural bounty system has been recent, but it has been rapid, and it goes forward by geometrical ratio, so that we are dotting the outside world with kindergartens, schools, colleges, hospitals, dispensaries, homes, gymnasiums, industrial institutes, and every conceivable lure to tempt the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Taoist and the Confucianist to desert his own religion and embrace ours.

Brother Rawlings, speaking by authority for the great and glorious church of John Wesley tells us that in China a grown man earns *five cents* for a day's work. What is it *to that man*, when we offer him *thirty cents* a day to work for Christ; and promise him to educate his children, nurse him and doctor him when sick, act as his backer when he is in trouble with the law of his land, and shelter him in a "Home" when he can no longer work for a living?



# Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

No. 13

My Dear Prince of the Blue-Blood.

**H**OW does it feel to be an owl? Do you never throb with the impulse to dart away from the dead limb of the blasted tree upon which you perch: and to spread a free, strong wing in the vibrant air? Or, have you grown so accustomed to the ancient nest, and to the gloom of night and to your monotonous hoot, that you could not bear the jocund day, with its riot of nature's woodnotes?

Dr. Osler, scientist, rudely shook your dead limb, a few weeks ago, by speaking somewhat irreverently of those bygone shells which produce just such horned owls as yourself. The scientist proudly alluded to the triumphs and the trophies of those hardy venturers into the uncharted seas who had freighted their daring vessels with so many priceless cargoes rescued from "Chaos and old Night," so many Sibylne leaves that were forbidden to eyes profane, so many Eleusynian mysteries from which common mortals were debarred, so many of Nature's inner secrets before whose closed portals had flashed the flaming swords. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the scientists have sailed, defying wind and wave and oracular interdiction; and from the newly found world, beyond the horizon of orthodox cult and knowledge, they have brought to us the Elixir of Life, the Conqueror's sword that cuts the Gordian knot, the Holy Grail that Sir Galahad sought in vain.

The grandest of all music today, is the voice of independent Thought. Its battle-axe rings upon the castle gate, and the chained Princess of Truth *must* be freed. Its all-seeing eye is the sunbeam into all the dungeons of superstition, and the barred windows

must be opened. It stands, Redeemer-like, where every law of nature has been suspended, and imperiously calls, "Lazarus, come forth!" It walks the surface of all the seas, and wherever the doubting Peter, on his way to Life, is about to sink, it cries, "Be not afraid: it is I!"

And so Dr. Osler, a scientist, proud of the marvellous achievements of the fearless, the discontented, the restless, the progressive, the seekers after more knowledge—Dr. Osler, I say, spoke in Baltimore a few weeks ago and was not as reverent as he might have been, in his references to *the Saints, the relics, the images, the miracles*, and the rest of the owlish stock-in-trade of ecclesiastical night-birds.

Consequently, you, my Prince, had to erect your honorable horns, and make the forest ring with your honorable hoot.

You were scandalized by Dr. Osler. You were shocked to hear so many goodly gifts accredited to fearless research, to irreverent doubt, to heterodox discontent, to the Ajaxes who dare the lightning, to the sons of Prometheus who snatch the torch from heaven itself, in the determination that *mankind shall SEE AND KNOW!*

Dr. Osler disturbed you in your ancient solitary tower, and you sent forth a lugubrious hoot—Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-hoo!—admonishing us to remember that Science and the Intellect are as nothing, compared with *the Saint, the relic, the image, and the miracle!*

Wrapped in the uncanny ceremonies of a dead creed, with the sickening smell of embalming fluid all over you, and with the repulsive look of a mummy that dried up a thousand years ago, you, Cardinal, cannot

imagine what an absurd figure you cut, when you come forth, owlishly blinking your eyes in the light of day, and pouring forth maudlin puerilities about Saints, images, relics and miracles.

If there *is* a miracle in this American world, my Prince, it consists of the fact that such Rip Van Winkles as yourself can secure respectful reception by men who have sense enough to go in out of the rain.

That you should not be conscious of having overslept yourself, that the world has passed you by, that the very clothes on your back have become tatters, that your faithful dogs of the Inquisition are known only by the bones they left behind; and that the radiant day of the Twentieth Century has no place for such antiquated anachronisms as you and your Papa, is, I confess, something of a miracle.

Must every chain have its faulty link? Must every flock have its black sheep? Must every litter have its runt? Must Humanity, in the advance of its hosts, always have a camp-following debris hanging upon its flanks and rear—a wretched motley of squalid ignorance, of degrading superstition, of decadent recurrence to type, of degeneracy and monkeyism? Apparently, "*Yes.*"

In the Orient, the Holy Man is the vagabond who squats in one place for the greatest number of years, accumulates the greatest amount of filth, presents the most disgusting spectacle of vermin infested head and body, finger-nails grown to talons of incredible length and repulsiveness, features devoid of human emotions, eyes that look upon the world without seeing it.

Armies of peace march by with banners of snow: armies of war march by under flags of blood: hosts of workers, doers, lovers, revellers, joy-makers, grief-victims—they all march by, in Nature's varied way in Nature's appointed time, to Nature's inevitable goal: and the Holy Man, encrusted in

his dirt, his inertia, his Ego, his sordid stupidity, squats there, *a very toad*, with no smile to answer smile, with never a tear to keep company with tears, with never a warm wave of affection to mingle with the warmth of some kindred wave, with never a hand at the loom that weaves, with never a foot on the pathway of duty, with never a word of cheer for those who press forward, with no contribution to the world's heritage from the past—with nothing but the beggar's hand forever outstretched, the cob-web brain within which spiders crouch and spin, the festering mind and heart that hate movement, progress, light, knowledge and the manly independence and self-confidence of real *Men!*

In the Occident the pose is different, the method is different, the dress is different, the aspect is different, but the Thing itself is the same, and the results are the same.

In the East, the dirty fakir is content to let the human procession pass onward, satisfied if his beggar palm be crossed, and he be left alone in the glory of his ignorance and his physical filth.

In the West, the fakir is not content for the procession to pass on. He demands that the procession halt. He even plants himself in its way, and imperiously commands it to "*Halt!*" He not only craves that his mendicant hands be kept filled to overflowing, but will be satisfied with nothing less. No monarch shall be so splendidly arrayed as his Papa: no Princes of the Blood shall parade in such gaudy vestments as *his* nobles: no palaces shall rival his in royal appointments: no luxurious living shall compare with his; no hoards of silver and gold and precious stones shall equal his—and still he has demands that remain to be met.

"Let me do your thinking for you!" says the Western fakir to the Western

world. "Let me choose your books, mark the limits of your research, set the boundaries of your thought, lock the doors which you should not open, write the articles of your faith, prescribe the medicine for your conscience, negotiate the peace between you and your Maker, and issue the pass-port from Time to Eternity!"

He does not squat in the same attitude, at the same spot, during all seasons of the year; he is nice in his personal get-up and habits; and does not sit apart as humanity goes by. But to all intents and purposes, the Western fakir is just as ignorant, just as uncanny, just as much out of place and out of date as the hideous human bullbat that sits by the dusty road in Hindustan; or the wooden idol that squats in the joss-house of "the heathen Chinese."

The Devil who would come to us in the old personification would do us no harm. Seeing his horns, his tail, his feet, his breath of flame, we would take fright, and flee.

The Devil has altered his dress and his manners: he now follows the fashion, and looks, for all the world, like a gentleman of the most exquisite type. Lucifer is Mephistopheles, and the poor human Gretchen becomes the victim, as her mother Eve did, in the Long Ago.

In like manner, Superstition has put on a modern mask and a modern domino: but it attends the carnival, as of yore, and its victims are as numerous as they ever were.

Cardinal, *how* does it feel to be an owl?

Is it difficult to keep your face straight when you have to talk about Saints and relics?

Your rebuke of Dr. Osler stirred my memory, and caused an array of relics to pass in mental review. This array is imposing. Your "collection" is complete. No wonder that you should be

offended when Dr. Osler appears forgetful of the curative virtues of these most blessed relics.

Let the world in its levity become unmindful of the inestimable riches of our Holy Church, we will mention a few of these marvelous treasures.

*RELICS IN STOCK:*

*Item:* The Cross upon which Christ was crucified, and the nails that were driven into his hands and feet the crown of thorns which he wore, and the handkerchief with which his face was wiped:

*Item:* We have the lance with which the soldiers pierced his side, the sponge that was held to his lips, and the pillar against which he leaned at his trial:

*Item:* We have many veils of the Virgin Mary, and quarts of her maternal milk, and the house in which she dwelt.

*Item:* We have the chain with which Paul was fettered, the rod with which Moses struck the rock, the winding-sheet in which Christ was wrapped, and a phial-ful of the darkness which overspread Egypt.

*Item:* We have the heads of Saint Anne, the mother of Mary—three at Rome and one at Bologna, making four heads in all, for this most blessed Saint Anne. We have thirteen heads of John the Baptist, one of which is, of a certainty, the identical head that Herodias danced for, and got. We have the ten heads of Saint James, the Great; and the eight bodies of St. Luke.

*Item:* We possess *six* seamless garments that belonged to Christ, one of which is most assuredly the very same that the Roman soldiers raffled off. Also, a lock of the Virgin's hair: also, a piece of the tomb of Lazarus.

*Item:* We possess the table on which Christ ate the Last Supper; the slab on which the Roman soldiers cast dice for Christ's garment; the first baby-shirt that Jesus ever wore: and the identical finger which the once doubt-

ing Thomas—now a most blessed Saint—was bidden to “reach hither” and put into the nail-holes in our Savior’s hands and feet;

*Item:* Our most Holy Mother Church possesses the placard which Pilate wrote for the Cross; also, the water-jars used at the marriage feast at Cana; the shoes which Christ wore when a boy; and the reed which was mockingly placed in his hands when he was jeeringly greeted as King of the Jews.

*Item:* We have the halter with which Judas hanged himself! And the wedding ring of Mary! And a piece of Jacob’s ladder! And the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up! And parts of the skeletons of the identical “innocents” who were slain by the orders of Herod!

*Item:* We have a bottle of Saint Joseph’s breath! Also, the tail of the ass that Christ rode into Jerusalem! Also, the rods of Moses and Aaron! Also, the roost from which the rooster crowed while Peter was entering his third denial of his Master!

*Item:* We have—and it is the most glorious of all our most blessed relics—a bottle that is full of the blood of Christ himself!

That it is genuine, can no more be gainsayed than you can deny that we possess a portion of the Virgin’s petticoat.

Do we not read in history of the solemn procession that was led by a King of England, when this most genuine and holy relic was borne from one church to another in London, some few generations ago?

Let us edify and solemnize ourselves by a re-perusal of the most comfortable and pious narrative:

“Our Henry III, who was deeply tainted with the superstition of the age, summoned all the great in the kingdom to meet at London. This summons excited the most general curiosity, and multitudes appeared. The

king then acquainted them that the great master of the Knights’ Templars had sent him a phial containing a *small portion of the precious blood of Christ*, which He had shed upon the *cross*; and *attested to be genuine*, by the seals of the Patriarch of Jerusalem and others! He commanded a procession the following day; and the historian adds, that although the road between St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey was very deep and miry, the king kept his eyes constantly fixed on the phial. Two monks received it, and deposited the phial in the abbey, ‘which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward.’”

But, Cardinal, why is it that these miraculous relics are never used to restore *your* health? Why is it that your Holy Father, in his recent dangerous sickness, never once sought relief from the bones of the Saints, the relics handed down from Apostolic times or from any of these supernatural agencies, but relied solely on mere human science and nature’s medicines?

According to reports, the Holy Father came near dying: yet none of the Saints were invoked and none of the relics asked to work a miracle. The doctor was needed: the doctor was sent for: the doctor came: the doctor prescribed natural remedies: the doctor cured the patient.

What about it, my Prince? Surely if there be miraculous powers in Saints and Relics, those powers should become irresistibly active when our Holy Father needs them.

Is it not so, my Prince?

P. S. I came near forgetting that one of our most holy relics is the most venerable gridiron in which the blessed martyr, Saint Lawrence, was broiled; and that another is the slab on which Abraham fed the angels who were enroute to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah.

# Free Tolls and Other Features of the Panama Canal

(Synopsis of address, by S. G. McLendon, before the Florida Legislature, May 12th, 1913)

THE discovery of gold in California laid the foundation for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The trip of the Oregon laid the foundation for the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Both were proposed and formulated by the United States. The discovery of gold in California in 1848 drew to that deposit of new-found wealth the brave and adventurous from all quarters of the world and vitalized almost with the suddenness and energy of a thunderbolt the dream of easy and quick transit from the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. This discovery led to the building of the Panama Railroad, which was completed in 1855, and to the effort by American capitalists in 1849 to construct the Nicaraguan Canal.

Upon the invitation of the United States, Great Britain and the United States adopted, in 1850, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, pledging joint protection and neutrality to the Nicaraguan or any other canal connecting the oceans, agreeing that neither would ever obtain or maintain exclusive control of such canal, declaring that such inter-oceanic connection was to be for the common benefit of mankind on terms of equality to all.

The battleship Oregon, in 1898, thrilled the world with the brilliancy of its achievements, kindled the fires of patriotic impulse in the United States to furnace heat, and moved both of our national parties in 1900 to pledge the United States to the building of an Isthmian canal. This could not be done under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; hence the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Secretary Hay, immediately after the Presidential election in 1900,

opened negotiations with the British looking to the making of a new treaty. This treaty, known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, renewed the obligations of neutrality and eliminated the pledge of joint protection and agreed to individual ownership by the United States of a canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by whatever route might be considered most expedient. This treaty of November 1901, provided for the free and open use of said canal wherever constructed to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations on terms of entire equality, and most important of all, provided in section four that no charge of territorial sovereignty or of the international relations to the country or countries traversed by the canal should affect the general principle of neutralization embodied in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and further that it should not affect the obligations of the high contracting parties. In June 1912, the United States purchased from a French corporation the Panama Canal then subject to the territorial sovereignty of the United States of Columbia. In 1903 the State of Panama seceded and, with the aid of the United States, established its independence as a republic. In 1904 the United States purchased, for the sum of ten million dollars and an annuity the canal zone from the Republic of Panama, thus acquiring both ownership and territorial sovereignty. Having, prior to the acquisition of territorial sovereignty, solemnly covenanted with its greatest and best friend and the largest patron of the canal, that the canal should be open to the use of all nations on terms of exact equality, can the United States, after acquiring territorial sovereignty, honorably

evade or deny its solemn obligations of neutrality and equal use?

To say that the United States, in the treaty made in 1901, when it owned no canal, and pledged itself that the change of territorial sovereignty should not affect its obligations, did not mean that it was included in the words "All nations," as used in that treaty, is an effort by verbal subterfuge to evade a moral obligation in order to grasp an infinitesimally small commercial advantage. This is discreditable alike to our honor and our statesmanship. Microscopic commercial advantage is placed in the balance over against honorable observance of a self-sought treaty obligation. The consideration of the value of a canal as a military and naval asset is not now under discussion, and its consideration belongs to the students of war.

Looked at as an investment, the case of the Panama Canal stands thus: to pay interest on money expended on its construction and to pay its annual operating expenses will require nineteen million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, which must be paid either by the people of the United States or paid by those who use the canal. It is estimated that the canal will earn from eight million to ten million dollars per year for the first few years of operation, and that by a gradual increase will possibly reach a self-sustaining basis by the year 1928. If it earns ten million dollars per year, which is a most generous estimate, there will be left nine million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a deficit that must be met by the American tax payer. This burden will prove harassing in the future. If free tolls should be furnished to the owners of American coastwise ships, the remission of tolls will simply be a donation, and not a subsidy, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Good business sense, as well as patriotism, requires that the free toll sentence found in the

Canal Act should be stricken by Congress and never submitted to arbitration.

The granting of free tolls to coastwise shipping would probably have no effect whatever upon intercoastal rates, or upon transcontinental rates, because the intercoastal rates from New York to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to New York are now, and have been for years, from twenty to sixty per cent lower than all-rail transcontinental rates; for example, cotton goods pay \$22.00 per ton all-rail New York to San Francisco and \$14.00 per ton via Panama, a difference in favor of Panama of thirty-six per cent; boots and shoes pay all-rail, New York to San Francisco, \$55.00 per ton, and via Panama \$33.00, a difference in favor of the Panama route of forty per cent; agricultural implements pay all-rail \$25.00 per ton and pay via Panama \$17.60 per ton, a difference in favor of the Panama route of thirty per cent. With such a large difference in the rate in favor of the Panama route, it would be natural to expect that these very low rates would attract a very large volume of traffic; such, however, is not the case.

The total Westbound transcontinental traffic for 1909 was three million tons, of which three hundred and thirteen thousand tons, or ten and a half per cent, moved by water, that is, via the Panama-Tehuantepec route. In 1911, the total transcontinental Westbound traffic was three million eight hundred and forty-one thousand tons, of which four hundred and ninety-four thousand tons, or fourteen and a half per cent, moved via the Panama and Tehuantepec. In computing this total tonnage, that moving through New Orleans and Galveston is counted as all-rail, for the reason that the rail and water lines participating charge the same rates from New York as are charged by the all-rail lines. There are only two Atlantic steamship lines



engaged in this intercostal all-water traffic. One of these lines is owned and operated by the people of the United States and is known as the Panama Railroad Steamship Company. Our Steamship Company owns two ships and charters four, giving it a fleet of six small sea-going steamers. Our line operates six ships between the ports of New York and Colon. Our line is operated under the management of Colonel Goethaels, as President of the Panama Railroad, which we, the people, also own. This steamship service cannot be extended to the Pacific coast after the opening of the Panama Canal and must, therefore, be abandoned. Its operation from New York to any Pacific port, as a common carrier, would violate article one, section nine, paragraph six of the Constitution, which declares that Congress shall give no preference in any regulation of commerce or revenues to the ports of one State over the ports of another. The only other line operating on the Atlantic engaged in intercostal trade is the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, a corporation having a capital stock of five million dollars and a bonded indebtedness of seven hundred and forty thousand dollars and owning nineteen American built ships, the larger number of which are on the Pacific performing service between Hawaii, Puget Sound, Vancouver and Salina Crux. The Atlantic and Pacific fleets of the American-Hawaiian Company are operated in connection with the Tehuantepec National Railroad and pay that railroad one third of the through rate. The rates charged by the American-Hawaiian line on business from New York to San Francisco are slightly lower than the rates charged by our steamship line by Panama, the distance by the Tehuantepec National being one thousand and sixteen miles shorter than the distance by Panama. It is stated that the American-Hawaiian line will use the

Panama Canal, but it is not stated that it will reduce its rates. Looked at from the standpoint of the stock holders of that Company, there does not appear to be any good business reason why that Company should reduce its rates when it changes its route; on the contrary, it would look like good business for the American-Hawaiian line to advance its rates to the present rates of our line. By changing to the Panama route, this Company would cut out one trans-shipment of cargo at Puerto-Mexico; and one at Salina Crux, and also a rail haul of one hundred and ninety-three miles over the Tehuantepec National. On the other hand, it will increase the voyage of its ship one thousand and sixteen miles, and pay canal tolls or not, as Congress may determine, but if it pays canal tolls, this would average about sixty cents per cargo ton. To illustrate the difference, it may be stated that the rate on agricultural implements from New York by Panama is \$17.60 per ton, while the rate via Tehuantepec is \$17.00 per ton. Congress can impose or remit the canal toll, but Congress cannot regulate the port-to-port charge, that is, the rate from New York to San Francisco, unless the same is filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as part of a through rail and water rate. The American-Hawaiian line has no such rates on file, its policy being to charge rates from terminal to terminal. Is the American-Hawaiian line going to advance this rate of \$17.00 to \$17.60, let it remain at \$17.00 after it begins the use of the canal, or deduct from its rate a canal toll of sixty cents per cargo ton in the absence of any power to compel it to do so? In view of article one, section nine, paragraph six of the Constitution, this Company will remain free from regulation in the matter of its rates, so long as it maintains its policy of making only rates from port to port. Now, let us look at our own steamship line; it must

be abandoned on the opening of the canal. Our line, finding it impossible to obtain cargoes at New York, draws a zone of five or six hundred miles around New York, and our officers say to all shippers within that zone that, "The people of the United States will pay all your freight charges to New York up to \$4.00 per ton, and take your freight to San Francisco at our New York rate," which, as I have stated, is lower than the all-rail rate by from twenty to sixty per cent. For example, our agents say to the manufacturers of agricultural implements at Pittsburg: "Your rate to San Francisco is \$25.00 per ton; your rate to New York, four hundred and forty-one miles, is \$3.60 per ton. Our rate from New York to San Francisco is \$17.60, and we, the people, will pay the \$3.60 freight charge to New York, and we will pay this out of our \$17.60." The rate on agricultural implements is simply used for the purpose of illustration, because the same rule applies to all shipments originating at New York or within five or six hundred miles of New York, at a reduction of \$4.00 per ton, provided this reduction does not cut the rate from New York to San Francisco below forty-five cents per hundred pounds or nine dollars per ton. In so far as this condition is the result of legitimate competition between private corporations doing business as common carriers is not unlawful, but so far as initiated or participated in by the United States as a common carrier, it is unlawful. The American-Hawaiian line does not offer to buy business around New York, but accomplishes the same result by charging directly about the same rates as are left to us after furnishing free transportation for a radius of five or six hundred miles around New York. Now, let us consider how much business has been attracted by this situation and how much capital has entered this field of transportation. The

American-Hawaiian line is practically a six million dollar corporation. The American-Hawaiian line and our line are the only steamship lines moving from any Atlantic port engaged in intercoastal water transportation. These two lines in 1909 were able to secure three hundred and thirteen thousand tons, and in 1911 four hundred and ninety-four thousand tons, one representing ten and a half and the other fourteen per cent of the total volume of transcontinental traffic. These were cargo tons and if the canal had been open and used, they would have paid tolls at the rate of about sixty cents per cargo ton, which would have amounted to two hundred and ninety-six thousand, four hundred dollars. The tolls to be charged at Panama are very properly to be based upon the net tonnage and not cargo tonnage. I do not know the earnings of the American-Hawaiian line, but the reports of our line are public documents and can be had by any citizen at the cost of a postal card. These reports show that our steamship line earned in 1911, the net sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, and in 1912, lost three hundred and five thousand dollars, part of which loss, amounting to seventy thousand dollars, was sustained in an effort to establish a service from Philadelphia to Colon. This service was abandoned after six months trial and after a loss of nearly twelve thousand dollars per month. Will the transcontinental carriers reduce their rates in view of such a record? Will the American-Hawaiian line reduce its rates in view of the great differences existing between all-rail and all-water rates? Congress is without power to regulate intercoastal freight rates. The volume of intercoastal tonnage, though growing, is not large, originates wholly at New York or in the vicinity of New York under privileges that cannot be enjoyed by the whole people, and the business does not seem to be excessively

profitable. In view of these facts, who is to be benefitted by free tolls for American coastwise shipping? It is easy enough to see that the people will pay for this gratuity, but who will be the beneficiaries? It must be the owner of the steamship line, the seller and the shipper in and around New York, or the buyer and user in the vicinity of San Francisco. No matter into whose lap the gratuity may fall, it is one that Congress should not bestow at the expense of the people. I do not believe that the canal will earn one half of its interest and operating expenses for a number of years after it is opened. All of Europe will continue to use the Suez Canal and the Trans-Siberian Railroad in its trade with the far East or near East. All Europe will continue to use the open sea in all of its traffic with the Atlantic side of the Western hemispheres from Labrador to Terra del Fuego. African commerce will never see the Panama Canal. The forty million people of South America who live East of the Andes and on the Atlantic seaboard will not use it, except in dealing with the Pacific coast of North America and to some extent with the far East. The eight million people living West of the Andes will use the canal. No business originating in the Gulf of Mexico or on the Caribbean Sea will use the canal. The idea that the British protest against free tolls to American coastwise shipping is based upon commercial jealousy or greed is wrong, and that idea will take to ignominious flight upon the bare statement of the facts. The British over-sea trade, that is, her exports and imports, amount to five billion dollars per annum. The only part of that trade that could in the remotest degree be affected by free tolls to American coastwise commerce would be British exports to California, Oregon and Washington. This trade amounts to about two and a half million dollars per annum, which is one twentieth of

one per cent of the British foreign trade. It amounts to fifty cents in every thousand dollars. Free tolls mean this; that the competitive selling power of New York in the market of San Francisco as against Liverpool, when both sell the same goods, will be increased to the extent of three cents per hundred pounds—provided the owner of the American coastwise ship does not care to put that three cents per hundred pounds in his own pocket. Behind the dignified protest of the British is a silent appeal to the National honor of this republic, an unexpressed desire for the preservation and exaltation of the high civic ideals of the English speaking race. The British will be the largest and best patron of our canal. Of an annual commerce of over four million tons between the West coast of South America and Europe, all of which will use the canal, Great Britain furnishes about one third. In her commerce with New Zealand, the Magellan and Panaman routes are nearly on a parity, the former being only five hundred miles further without tolls, while the latter is five hundred miles nearer with tolls. A five thousand ton ship would pay \$5,000.00 as tolls after going through the canal, but going by the Straits of Magellan and lengthening its voyage five hundred miles, would pay no tolls.

The Panama Canal will not bring into existence a pound of freight. It will change the routing of a comparatively small per centage of the world's deep sea commerce. It may or may not change the ocean rates, but whatever change may be made, will have little influence upon commerce. As all of the American foreign commerce, that is to say, at least ninety per cent, is carried in foreign bottoms, it remains to be seen whether or not the foreign owners of foreign ships are going to make rates that will enable the American commerce to drive out the commerce of these countries which own

the ships and carry the trade. Why should we offend our best friend and largest patron? The cutting off of a sailor's ear once brought on war between England and Spain. The hysterical grasping at a few atmospheric dollars which the arm of Congress is not long enough to effectively reach may prove of less value than the apples of Hesperides. If free tolls are granted and ship owners voluntarily surrender these tolls to New York, the competitive selling power of New York and its vicinity, already highly discriminatory as against the South and other sections of country, will become more discriminatory and unjustly discriminatory if the government furnishes the agencies of competition at the expense of the people. The South, without a discordant note, should condemn the free toll proposition.

The rates on freight, first class, from Chicago to New York is now seventy-five cents per hundred pounds. To New Orleans it is \$1.10 per hundred pounds; to Savannah and Jacksonville it is \$1.30 per hundred pounds. The rate on agricultural implements from Chicago to New York is \$6.00 per ton, and our steamship line will pay \$4.00 of the six in order to get the business. Our steamship line made seventy-five thousand dollars in 1911, and lost three hundred and five thousand dollars in 1912. Now, what are you going to do about it? When is the day of your prosperity coming? Do! There is much to do. In the equatorial Atlantic two ships sighted each other; one immediately raised the flag of distress and signaled "Bring us water," to which the other replied: "Drop your buckets where you are." Another signal went up: "We have been without water for two days, bring us water," and again the answer was signaled back: "Drop your buckets where you are." A third appeal: "We are famishing, in the name of humanity, bring us

water," to which the reply was flashed back: "Your ship is afloat in the pure fresh waters of the Amazon River; drop your buckets where you are."

Your great City of Jacksonville has heard this command. The supreme duty of the South to itself and to civilization is the preservation of racial integrity. The performance of this duty demands the best efforts of a Christian statesmanship that must have loftier aims than the office seeking ambition of inflated ignorance, or the mental imbecility that exhausts its power to serve in the distribution of public patronage. The conservation of its manhood and its womanhood and of its God given element of industrial and commercial welfare to the end that prosperity may be the just reward of a policy that will neither do nor submit to wrong, calls for a statesmanship that shall have an understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do. To rise to her former grandeur, she must commission in her service men like unto her sons of former times who march in glory through the pages of her history and whose names are written upon the guide posts of human progress. The South must send to the Council Chambers of the nation men who can stand unshaken amid the surge of rival greed and amid the wild clamour of the frenzied hour and who can with Washington say: "The ability to preserve and the disposition to improve constitute the highest standard of a statesman." With hearts pulsing a continental patriotism, deep rooted in local and institutional attachment, and conscious of the ever-present dangers of a mixed population, the sons of the South must have brain and courage to warn their brethren against the resurrection of governmental experiments that sleep in the morgue of the centuries. The South, great and glorious, and the South that we all love, needs in its service those men who have a large knowledge of the shifting

battle lines and captured strongholds in the ancient fight of right and wrong; keen vision to discern, among the tangled forests of the law, the thread-like path of justice; skill to

strike the subtle line of cleavage 'twixt the truth and that which masks and apes the truth; supreme intent to see and do the right, and weigh out judgment with an even hand.

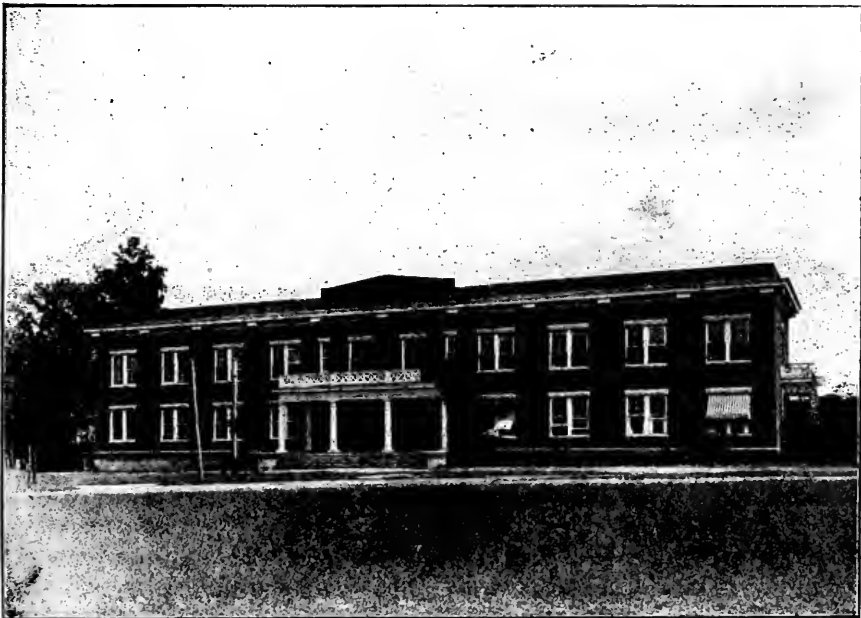
## The Value of the Agricultural School

Alice Louise Lytle

**T**HERE is not a State in the Union which does not realize the fact that, on the rural population depends the welfare of the State. It has taken the farmer a long time to realize this, and he has been as diffident about asking favors for himself, as ever a bashful swain was, who didn't know his loved one was "willin'." The States have been, as a rule, willing to do all for the farmer that was needful, but politics is so gentle an art, and the revenues of the States being largely in the hands of politicians, there has

never been much of an effort on their part to draw the attention of the farmers to the money set aside for educational "and other purposes" for the rural districts.

Georgia, at one time leader of the South, insofar as her agricultural wealth was computed, bids fair to revive her prestige, and it is largely due to the fact that she has established and maintained for some years, a number of Agricultural schools, that the revival of her old glories is coming to pass.



*Boys' Dormitory, 10th District Agricultural School, Georgia*

There are eleven in the State, and as all are laid out along the same lines, one will do for illustration.

The schools are co-educational; they are, for the most part, in the hands of men and women young enough to be enthusiastic, earnest enough to be in sympathy with the pupils, and allied by ties of blood or kinship to the sections in which the schools are located, to make their allegiance a matter of pride.

is required of all students. Applicants of mature years that are deficient in the literary studies will be allowed to pursue the technical courses without taking the full literary course.

"No applicant will be admitted without the endorsement of the trustee from his home county, and no student will be retained in the school whose general influence is against the best interests of the institution.

"Students who have been expelled



*Practical course in sewing for the girls*

The conditions for entry to the schools are simple. In the words of one of the catalogues they are:

"A minimum age limit of admission for girls 13 years and for boys 14. Applicants are required to have completed the sixth grade of the common schools of Georgia and to be of good moral character. Examinations will be given to determine the eligibility of the applicants for the classes which they desire to enter. Students will not be allowed to have studies in more than one class, and the course as laid down

from other schools will not be accepted.

"Boys who have been accustomed to smoking are not desired unless they will definitely agree to give up the habit entirely while at this school. Those that make this agreement in order to enter this school must bear in mind that they give their pledge not to smoke, of their own free will, and they are under no compulsion to attend this school. Moreover, having once given their pledge not to smoke, it becomes a question of honor, as well as duty, to keep their pledge so long as they remain students of this school.

The rule as to smoking is definite and will be rigidly enforced."

From the day of entry the whole purpose of the school is shown to be training which will fit the boy and girl for the higher and best duties of life.

In effect it is an industrial high-school, adding to the usual high-school course, special training in housewifery and economics for the girls, and agri-

The faculty consists of: a principal, a professor in agriculture and animal husbandry; a mathematician; a teacher of science and farm mechanics; a teacher of household economics and a teacher of history and English.

The house-work is divided between the boys and the girls. Each looks after their own room, and the dining room, reception rooms and halls are divided for the care of squads.



*Girl's Dormitory*

culture and farm mechanics for the boys.

The school used for the illustration of this article is in Hancock County, Georgia, one of the most fertile of the counties, and the natural formation of the land—with good drainage and on the highest point between Macon and Augusta makes it ideal for the purpose.

The course of study includes English, mathematics, history, science, spelling and writing, agriculture, farm mechanics and household economics.

There is only one servant kept, and there are nearly one hundred pupils.

It is a heartening sight to see the dish-washing squad, composed of boys, who at the close of a meal, make an onslaught on the knives, forks, spoons, dishes and glasses, while another battalion go to the kitchen in search of hot water, towels, pans and dish-rags. It is too serious a business for anyone to think of ridiculing it, and no boy is exempt—it matters not if his father is a land owner and planter of wealth, or only a "one horse farmer."

This training in itself is wonderfully good for a boy who may be addicted to the American form of snob-bishness which regards the work of a

man's hands with disdain. All the boys are on an equal footing, and for the farm work proper, the rich boy is "told off" to feed the stock, milk the cows, mend the harness, wash the rigs and wagons, as often as the humbler chap who will do these things more or less all his life.

Demonstrations of all the practical phases of farm life are daily a part of the regular work. Instruction in all that is of vital interest to the farmer

trict, gave a large number of the prizes to the pupils from the Agricultural Schools. In rhetoric and declamation, the farmers sons also carried home ribbons and medals, though they were pitted against purely literary colleges.

The social side of the school is not neglected. Perhaps one of the happiest features is the arrangement in the dining room; there are a number of small tables, and at each a teacher



*Learning the gentle art of cookery*

and the farmer's family is given, and as the pupils live the practical demonstration, instead of only reading of them, the lasting impression is made, which will mean everything when the graduate takes his place on the farm.

The training for the girls is no less thorough; every phase of housewifery is taught, and there are practical lessons in dress-making as well as in cooking.

Of late, athletics have been taken up with unusual success, and the recent meet at Augusta for the Northern Dis-

is seated, or an older pupil, while the Head-Master's table, at which the older boys are, is placed so that a full survey of the room is readily had. This is not so much for surveillance as to add to the social aspect, and conversation is general.

The food is excellent, plentiful and in large measure the product of the school farm. A cook who, according to the boys "knows her business" is a prominent feature, and the health of the pupils is, as a result, excellent.

One of the practical pieces of demon-

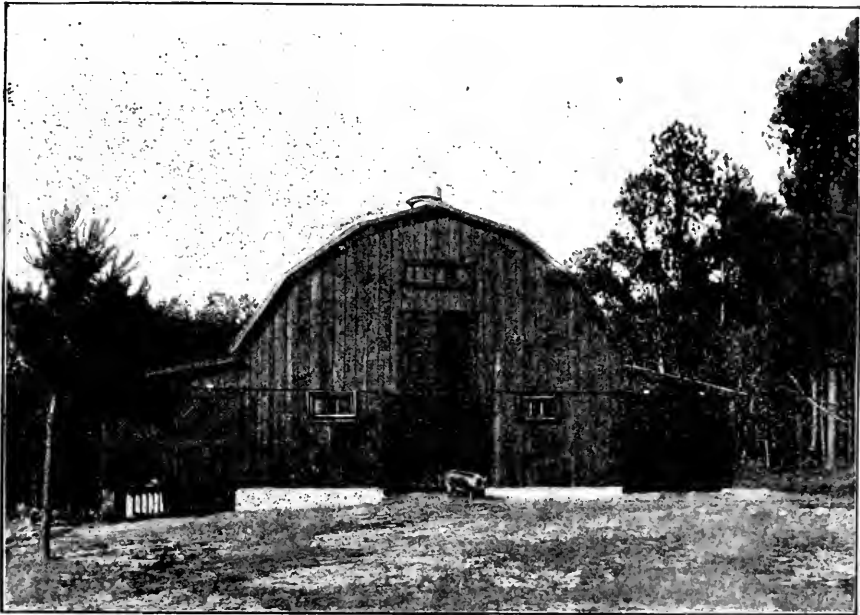


strative work which the boys accomplished, the past term, was the building of a septic tank for the eradication of the cattle tick. This tank was built according to the most approved plan, and it is safe to assume that many of the farmers of Hancock benefitted by the practical demonstration which was made possible, and which has borne good fruit. All of the work was done by the boys, and each was as

practical as the building of the septic tank, the practical working value of the college is apparent.

Abundance of feed for all the stock has been grown, and a revenue added to the college funds, by sale of the surplus. Several hundreds of bushels of oats will be put on the market this season, and the stock also provided for.

A special feature for the next term of the school will be the course in dairying.



*The Model Barn*

proud of the part he took in it, as all good workmen are everywhere at a task well done.

Hog cholera has been a source of heavy loss to the farmers of Hancock County, as in other sections, and the farmers have benefitted hugely by the inoculation of the serum, which a teacher from the college has administered throughout the season. Within a radius of fifteen miles, the treatment has been given. Adding this to the "dipping" of the cattle, which has been done without cost, in the college's sep-

The raising of poultry is also booked as an addition for the next term, and the curriculum for a thorough course of farming will be complete.

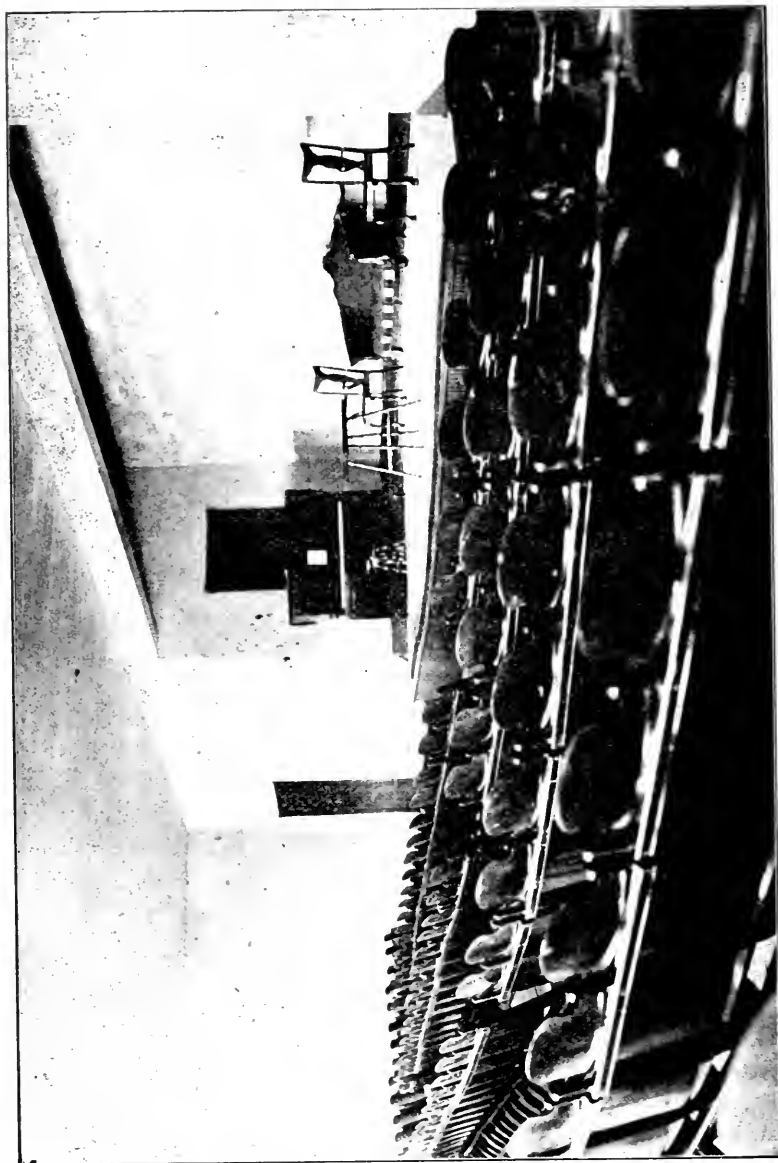
Fire had destroyed the records of the college prior to 1910, but for that year there were ten graduates: in 1911, seven young ladies and three young men received diplomas; in 1912, ten young ladies, and in 1913, five young men.

If the farmer will avail himself of the opportunity offered his sons and his daughters in the training they may

receive at the Agricultural schools, there will be less wailing about the inability to keep the young on the farms. There is a need for just such

books and laundry, with the necessary clothing, is the sum total.

If other States will join the ranks with Georgia, the benefits to the South



*The Auditorium*

training, in every community, and the low cost at which this is made possible, should make it even more valuable.

The expenses are light; ten dollars a month for board; a stated sum for

in the next generation are bound to be great, and the results will not be long in showing. A higher type of man and woman on the farm is bound to result, and as the physical and mental train-

ing has kept apace with that pertaining to the agricultural, there will be fewer blunders on the part of the farmer of the future.

In the case of individuals, it has been made possible for young men who have not been able to complete a public school course, to enter the Agricultural School, even when arrived at man's estate, and finish the high-school course, while benefitting hugely in the matter of the agricultural branches.

Religious services are held each Sunday, in the auditorium, and at these many of the farmers and their families

are present, it happening that frequently this is the only opportunity many of them have for religious instruction, in districts where there are no churches.

Altogether, the Agricultural Schools of Georgia are noble institutions, and it is to be devoutly hoped they will never be made the pawn of political seekers after aggrandizement.

If the farmer will look after the "rights" he has at hand, he will doubtless be amazed to learn he has some which are so valuable, but of which he knows little.



*The Laboratory*

# The Story of Our Pioneers—The Siege of Fort Henry

Helen Harcourt

THE siege of Fort Henry, which in 1777 stood near the mouth of Wheeling Creek, was one of the most heroic and memorable events in the Indian warfare of our country, remarkable alike for the indomitable bravery of its little garrison, and for the attendant thrilling incidents of its investment.

The fort was located and planned by the famous General George Rogers Clarke, and was built by two hardy pioneers, Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell. Its original cognomen was Fort Fincastle, but later this was changed in honor of Patrick Henry, the revered patriot and then governor of Virginia.

Needless to say, General Clarke having chosen it, the location of the fort was an admirable one for defense. It stood on the left bank of the Ohio River, a quarter of a mile above Wheeling Creek, and embraced about three-quarters of an acre. Its shape was that of a parallelogram, with a blockhouse at each corner, connected by a line of stout pickets eight feet high, the blockhouses being considerably higher. Both pickets and blockhouses were provided with numerous loopholes for observation and from which a raking fire could be delivered in every direction. The principal entrance was through a strong gate set in the eastern wall. Inside the enclosure were several buildings, a storehouse, barrack room, a number of small cabins for the use of families in time of need, and last, not least, a well of excellent water.

As was ever the result where a fort had been erected, bringing means of refuge and defense close at hand, a settlement of hardy pioneers followed

quickly in its wake. Thus it came to pass that much of the land adjacent to Fort Henry was cleared and cultivated, while at the base of a hill a short distance away arose a cluster of twenty-five to thirty log cabins, the nucleus of the present thriving city of Wheeling, West Virginia.

In the early fall of 1777 the garrison of Fort Henry numbered only forty-two men, some of them enfeebled by age, and others mere boys. But all were expert marksmen and skilled in Indian warfare. The storehouse was well supplied with provisions and small arms, especially muskets. There was, however, one most important and unfortunate deficiency, a shortage in ammunition, which, with the superabundance of muskets, was somewhat of an irony. Colonel David Shepherd, a brave and resolute officer, was in command of the miniature garrison.

It was early in September, 1777, that trusty scouts brought word that a large body of Indians, under the leadership of the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, was assembling on the Sandusky river. The ultimate destination of the party they had been unable to discover, so carefully had the cunning renegade concealed his plans. As a matter of fact, his objective point was only known when his whole force of five hundred savages suddenly appeared before Fort Henry.

A prominent member of the garrison, however, Ebenezer Zane, believing that Simon Girty would sooner or later attack the fort, had some time before this sent an urgent message to an old friend, the renowned scout and pioneer, Captain Isaac Williams, to join him as soon as possible, and assist in its defense. Most happily, Captain

Williams and his scarcely less famous wife, Rebecca, reached the fort a few hours in advance of Girty and his savage horde. Both husband and wife proved invaluable assistants in the siege that followed, both from a moral and a physical standpoint.

On the 26th of September, traces of Indians having been discovered in the neighborhood, Colonel Sh epherd summoned all the people within reach to come to the fort without delay. An anxious but quiet night followed, and with the first dawn of daylight the Colonel, wishing to dispatch a messenger to the nearest settlement for aid and a supply of powder, sent a white man and a negro to a neighboring field to bring in some horses. In passing through a field of corn close to the fort, they came suddenly upon a party of warriors, who were evidently as much startled by the encounter as were the men themselves. One of the Indians, heedless of a warning gesture by his fellows, fired at and instantly killed the white man. The negro fled, reaching the fort uninjured, although several shots were sent after him, the savages knowing that the first gun must have been heard at the fort, and that concealment of their presence was no longer possible.

The immediate vicinity of the enemy being thus revealed, Colonel Shepherd ordered Captain Mason with fourteen men to dislodge the Indians in the cornfield. They marched through the field and almost reached the creek without finding any traces of the party. It would have been worse than useless to proceed any farther, and Captain Mason gave the order to return to the fort. On the instant, as though the command had been a signal, the little band was furiously attacked, front, rear and on the flanks, by the whole of Girty's army. Five hundred savages pitted against fifteen white men! The odds and surprise together were frightful, and for a moment the sol-

diers were thrown into confusion. But only for a moment—in the next, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the heroic captain rallied his men, each individual worthy of his leader, and with a shout and a rush, they hewed a passage through the savage host. It was in truth a "forlorn hope" that Mason led. More than half his small troop fell in the first onslaught.

An Indian fired at the captain at close range and wounded but did not disable him. Instead of falling, as his foe expected, the sturdy soldier turned upon his assailant, and, using his musket as a club, struck him to the earth with a fractured skull. Another foe shared the same fate, and another and still another, until all drew back from the swing of that terrible club. Finally, reaching the shelter of a pile of fallen timber, the Captain concealed himself, and there was compelled to remain during the rest of the siege. Only two others of the ambushed party survived, and they owed their escape to the friendly shelter of the heaps of logs and brushwood that were scattered all over the cornfield.

Meantime, the firing had been heard at the fort, and Captain Ogle with twelve men started out to cover Mason's retreat. But, alas, this attempt at rescue resulted only in further misfortune. The rescuers fell into another ambush and lost two-thirds of their number. Captain Ogle found a hiding place among fallen logs, and, like Captain Mason, was compelled to remain until the end of the siege. His brother, Sergeant John Ogle, though mortally wounded, escaped into the forest with two soldiers.

Emboldened by their success, and encouraged by their leader, the Indians now did a thing most unusual in their warfare, and rushed openly towards the fort, with terrific war whoops. They were met by a galling fire from the loopholes. This was not at all to their liking, and they sought shelter

more rapidly than they had advanced. Then Girty changed the order of attack. Parties of Indians were stationed in such of the cabins in the village as commanded the blockhouses. A strong party occupied the yard that surrounded the house of the Zanes, which stood about one hundred and fifty feet from the fort. The strong paling of the fence made an excellent cover for the besiegers. The main body was posted on the edge of the cornfield, ready to act quickly in any direction as occasion might require.

Having thus beleaguered the fort, Simon Girty stepped to the window of one of the nearest cabins, and, waving a white flag, demanded its surrender in the name of his British Majesty. As stated previously, the garrison at the beginning of the siege numbered but forty-two men. This small force had now been reduced to twelve men and two boys. Only these few to defend the women and children within the stockade! But surrender? Never, even though it had been to civilized foes and not to savages from whom only massacre and worse could be expected. Surrender? Those stout hearts knew not the meaning of the word.

Turning to Rebecca Williams; whose calm courage had done much to uphold that of the other women, Colonel Shepherd smilingly asked her what answer he should give to Girty's demand for the surrender of the fort.

"Tell him," said she, "that we will defend it as long as there is a charge of powder left."

And such, word for word, was the answer that Girty received. There came then a pause as the renegade retired for consultation with his chiefs. Then he again appeared with the white flag, and vigorously renewed his demand, promising protection for all in the fort. In the midst of his labored speech, a thoughtless youth fired at him, heedless or ignorant of the rule

of civilized warfare, which protects the bearer of a white flag.

This regrettable act brought Girty's speech-making to an abrupt close. Its purpose, as afterwards developed, was simply a device to gain time to station his warriors to better advantage. Fifteen minutes after Girty's hasty withdrawal from the window where he had stood during his speech, the Indians opened a heavy fire on the fort, which was kept up unceasingly for six long hours. There were few casualties in the garrison, however, as the blockhouses provided ample protection, while the fire of the besieged was very destructive among the Indians, who finally retreated to the base of the hill about a quarter of a mile distant.

The shortage of ammunition has been already referred to. This had now become so serious a matter as to render defense possible for but a short time longer. There was but one hope, and that a desperate one. The investment of the fort had been so unexpectedly sudden that a keg of powder had been left in the cabin of Ebenezer Zane. Unless this could be secured, the fort must inevitably fall. The defiant answer to Girty's summons, "So long as there is a charge of powder left," had a sinister significance of which Girty little dreamed.

Now that there was a lull in the attack, Colonel Shepherd resolved to take advantage of it to make an attempt to recover the powder on which the salvation of every man, woman and child in the fort depended. Several young men volunteered for the dangerous duty, but only one was necessary, or could be spared from the defense. Before the selection could be made, there stepped forward one of our country's many heroines, Elizabeth Zane, the sister of Ebenezer. She insisted that she, and she alone, was the proper person to take the risk. She knew exactly where the keg stood, and where to lay her hands upon a sack in which

she could pour the powder and thus carry it over her shoulders.

"Listen!" she exclaimed. "The Indians will fire at any man who goes out of the gate. You all know that. Now, I will stick some feathers and bright rags in my hair, and dance and sing as I go into the cabin. The Indians will think me a crazy girl who has slipped away from you out of the fort. You can make a pretense of pursuing me for a few steps, but I will run too fast for you. You know the Indians are superstitious about crazy people, and they will not dare to molest me. I will enter the cabin, pour the powder in the sack, throw it over my shoulders, and then make a run for the fort. Cover my path with your muskets, and be quick to open the gate. If the Indians pursue or shoot me, rush out and get the powder, whether you get me or not. I will take a pistol, and they will not get me alive, be sure of that."

It went hard with the Colonel to give the desired permission, but he was compelled to acknowledge that it was a good scheme, and held out a better chance of success than any other that could be devised. If it failed, death would be the portion of every person in the fort, and, as the brave girl said, since she would have to go anyhow, if the powder were not secured.

Arraying herself in as crazy a style as the means at hand permitted, Elizabeth slipped through the gate, dancing away with a laugh and song as two men made a short dash in pursuit, but as quickly returned to the shelter of the fort, as though hopeless of catching her. Turning to wave her hand defiantly at them, the intrepid girl bounded across the open space, reaching the cabin unmolested, although several Indians in the little village could be seen watching her movements with wonderment. As she had predicted, they, perforce, regarded her as of unsound mind, and therefore under

the direct protection of the Great Spirit. But when she reappeared with a sack over her shoulders, and began a quick run back to the fort, their ideas underwent a change, and bullets flew thick and fast around her. But providentially, not a single one touched her, while several of her assailants fell under the hot fire from the fort. The gate was eagerly opened as she reached it. Wild cheers of delight greeted the heroic girl as she dropped herself and the sack of powder at the feet of Colonel Shepherd. Of such glorious materials were made the pioneer women of America.

Incensed by the successful trick thus played upon them, Girty and his horde, early in the afternoon, advanced once more and opened fire on the fort. A furious rush was made on the south side, which was repulsed by a destructive fire from the blockhouses and line of pickets that commanded the approach from the south. At the same time, believing that the attention of the garrison was entirely directed to this point of attack, a party of twenty savages, bearing rails and heavy clubs, rushed out of Zane's yard, and made a determined assault upon the gate. But they had reckoned without the women defenders of the fort, many of whom were as expert sharpshooters as the men. These, under the leadership of Rebecca Williams, picked off the battering party until six of them had fallen when the remainder fled, leaving their wooden weapons on the ground.

Then came another lull in the storm of lead, just a breathing spell, when again the tempest burst forth, this time from every side of the fort, except towards the river, where was no shelter for the besiegers. It was a fierce battle of bullets which ceased only as night drew on. A little later, under cover of the darkness, a hollow maple log was carried to within sixty yards of the fort.

Simon Girty had had a brilliant

idea, one worthy of the brain of a white man, as he told his admiring followers. The hollow log was loaded to the muzzle with small stones, bullets, and a heavy charge of powder. In short, Girty had discovered a ready-made cannon. The gate and pickets of the fort were to fade away before its onset like so much smoke. The savages were delighted with the idea, and leaped around this primitive device in diabolical glee as the match was applied. It "went off" undoubtedly, but not just according to their program. The log burst and the shattered pieces flew in all directions except towards the fort, killing or wounding all who stood near. Girty was not one of those, however. He was wisely directing the cannoneers from a distance. The garrison, hearing the noise of the explosion, and subsequent commotion, wondered what had happened.

A few hours later several shots broke the welcome quiet of the night, whereupon the weary garrison sprang to arms; but again the unwonted stillness fell and remained unbroken during the rest of the night. The explanation of the scattering shots came at daylight when the body of a man was seen prone upon the ground near the fort. None dared venture out to bring in the unknown corpse, but later on it was found to be that of young Francis Duke, the son-in-law of Colonel Shepherd, who, arriving by water from a distance, was unaware of the presence of enemies.

A little while after the ghastly discovery of the dead man, a gleam of sunshine came out of the forest to the beleaguered garrison, just as the sun came up out of the east. Colonel Swearingen with fourteen stout men marched from out the shadows, a timely reinforcement, having been summoned by one of the two survivors of Captain Ogle's detachment, who had escaped to the woods. Swearingen and

his party, under cover of the darkness, and, making a swift rush across the open space before the fort, were so fortunate to enter the gate without the loss of a single man. The relief and comfort that the arrival of even this small force brought to the exhausted men within the fort, can be better imagined than described.

A few hours later, Major Samuel McCulloch, with forty mounted men from Short Creek, dashed out of the forest, closely beset by the now thoroughly aroused savages, who saw their hoped-for prey about to be snatched from their spoils. The gate was thrown open, and the troopers gained the protection of the fort, with one notable exception, that of their leader.

The Indians, by a concerted movement, crowded around Major McCulloch the moment he was recognized, their object being to separate him from his men. In vain he sought to force his way through them, and to gain the shelter of the fort, and finally he turned and galloped off in the direction of Wheeling Hill. Had the savages wished to shoot him down, they could easily have done so, time and again. But they wished to take him alive, and this he knew, and determined to die by his own hand rather than be captured and tortured to death. That was the fate his enemies hoped might befall him.

No man in all that wide stretch of borderland had a greater reputation as a successful Indian hunter and scout than Major McCulloch. His name among the savages was the synonym of terror, an object of fear and hate. Among all the Mingo and Wyandotte chiefs now investing Fort Henry there was not one who would not cheerfully have sacrificed half a hundred of his tribesmen for the joy of subjecting this most dreaded foe to the utmost tortures their ingenuity could contrive. His person was well known, and when he thus appeared in their midst, the



signal went forth that a desperate effort must be made to capture him alive.

McCulloch rode a fleet and well trained horse, but his course was constantly obstructed, the savages were swift runners, and at least two hundred of them were active in the chase, striving to surround and head him off. Reaching the top of the hill, the major turned to the left and darted along the ridge with the intention of making his way back to Short Creek. He had distanced his pursuers, and drew a long breath of relief, when right in his front appeared a party of savages returning from a marauding trip to Mason's Bottom, on the eastern side of the hill.

Wheeling his horse about as though on a pivot, the major raced back over his own track in the hope of finding some other avenue of escape. But almost at once a band of his first pursuers rose up before him, while a third party could be seen pressing up the hill from the right. Completely hemmed in on three sides, with the fourth an almost perpendicular descent of one hundred and fifty feet, the creek at its base, the position of the gallant soldier was desperate indeed. The danger was too imminent. Instant decision, instant action were imperative. And McCulloch made the decision and acted on it without hesitation.

Grasping his musket in his right hand, and carefully adjusting the reins in the other, he urged his faithful steed at a full gallop to the brink of the bluff, and drove it to the fearful leap which must decide his fate. The result would appear almost a miracle, and filled the thunderstruck savages with superstitious awe. The horse landed on its feet, went to its knees, and then rose again, its rider still on its back, and dashed across the shallow bed of the creek, bearing its master beyond the reach of his pursuers, even had

they not been too terrified to send a single bullet after him. It was much such an experience as befell General Israel Putnam in the War of the Revolution which has become a well known matter of history. Few have heard of Major McCulloch's leap, yet his was much more thrilling, and was a matter of life or a horrible death.

Their longed-for victim having thus escaped them, and all hope of the fall of Fort Henry having also been lost because of its reinforced garrison, the Indians decided, perforce, to raise the siege. Before departing, however, they proceeded to do all the damage in their power. Concentrating his force at the foot of the hill, Girty set fire to all the cabins and fences, and killed some three hundred head of cattle that belonged to the settlement. Then the renegade, finding nothing more to destroy, vanished from that vicinity.

The entire loss sustained by the garrison of Fort Henry during this remarkable siege, so full of thrilling incidents, was twenty-six killed and five wounded. The loss to the enemy was not less than one hundred killed. Colonel Shepherd and his gallant companions received the heartfelt thanks of the frontier settlers far and near. Shortly afterwards, Governor Henry appointed the Colonel county lieutenant, as a mark of his esteem and confidence. The women who were shut up in the fort during the siege proved themselves worthy comrades of the brave garrison, making bullets, loading muskets and firing them, too, when needed. Also, besides the ordinary work of household and kitchen, they attended to the sick and wounded, and aroused the enthusiasm and hope of the soldiers, leaving nothing undone that could cheer their arduous struggle and defense. Never was a more heroic band than that which was collected behind the walls of Fort Henry during its momentous siege.

# The Roman Catholic Church, Divorce and the Home

A. H. Rittenhouse

THE Roman Catholic Church just now is boasting of its position on the divorce question, and "His Eminence" Cardinal Gibbons jumps into print every other day with a regular "holier than thou" attitude, which is echoed by every little Knight of Columbus speaker throughout the land. These speakers are depending upon the ignorance of the people, as they do in promulgating their church doctrines, and it is surprising how well informed people are led astray by claims of these prelates, who never fail, in talking about the question, to rap the public schools as the chief cause of this evil and every other evil under the sun.

The Roman Catholic Church is the one church above all others that has the least to brag about on the divorce question, as her record is the blackest now and through the ages. It is true that this church does not recognize civil divorce, but it is also true that she does not recognize civil marriage, and while she will not hold any person a member of her communion who is divorced by the civil courts, it is likewise true that her marriage laws are an insult to the intelligence of this country, and contain so many loopholes for declaring legal ceremonies "no marriage" that one is amazed at the credulity of the people in listening to the hypocritical claims of her speakers. Not recognizing the civil law as having any jurisdiction over the marriage relation, this church has done nothing to help solve this problem in a legal way, or to assist in framing more stringent laws. Her priests simply point with hypocritical pride to themselves and say, "look, how holy we are," when they more fitly represent the description of

Christ, "for ye make clean outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess."

The Roman Catholic Church is governed in its "sacrament of matrimony" by the infamous *ne temere* decree, which has been in force in this country since Easter, 1908. Germany refused to permit this decree to be published and this country should have done the same thing. Here is its provisions as copied from a Catholic paper:

1. No bishop outside his diocese or pastor outside the limits of his parish can validly marry their own or any other subjects without due authorization.

2. The marriage of all Catholics (both parties Catholic) before a minister or civil magistrate is no marriage at all.

3. The marriage of all fallen-away Catholics (who have become Protestants or infidels) before a minister or civil magistrate is no marriage at all.

4. The marriage of a Catholic to a non-baptized person is never a real marriage unless the church grants a dispensation.

5. The marriage of a Catholic to a Protestant (one never baptized in the Catholic church) before a minister or civil magistrate is no marriage at all.

6. The marriage of a Protestant to a Protestant (provided neither was baptized in the Catholic church) is valid.

7. There is no marriage at all, unless there be two witnesses besides the priest—one witness besides the priest will not suffice.

It need not take a lawyer to figure out how the provisions of this decree enable countless technicalities to be pleaded as an excuse for separation if

the marriage yoke becomes too burdensome to rich Catholics, technicalities that the law of this land would in no way recognize as being valid grounds for divorce. The Catholic Church, however, simply says there was "no marriage" and does not call it divorce. But the smell is there just the same no matter what term is applied to it. "A skunk by any other name would smell as bad," and it is time that the mask of hypocrisy was torn from the face of these black-frocked celibates, and that foolish Protestants quit "pointing with pride" to the Roman Catholic Church as an example to follow on the divorce question. There isn't any church in this country but has a better record on this evil, and the only example the Catholic Church should be is a "horrible example." We can prove the case against her by questions and answers from her own publications, and one need only read these to learn of the casuistry that is applied to the marriage relation as also to so many other relations of her communicants.

The following was taken from the Western Catholic, Quincy, Illinois.

"Editor of W. C.: Does a Catholic commit a mortal sin by going to mass after marrying a non-Catholic before a Justice of the Peace? Answer. That Catholic committed a mortal sin in going before the Justice and attempting marriage, and if this was done during the past few years, since the publication of the new marriage law, there is no marriage at all there, either before the church or in the sight of God—they are living in sin even though the laws of the State endorse their act—the law of the State being human is subject to the law of God which is divine."

The answer to the above question would have been the same if the ceremony had been performed by a Protestant minister. Note the emphatic declaration: "the law of the State being subject to the law of God, which is divine."

The "law of God" here means the Roman Catholic Church.

Note also the following, insulting paragraph from the Brooklyn Tablet, of Oct. 19th, 1912:

"When refusing to associate with divorced people it will be well to put the ban on the girl or man who may have been married before the minister, until they go before the priest for a real marriage. Until then they are, in the sight of the church, still unmarried."

The writer finds it hard to conceive how any Protestant in his right senses would think of marrying a Catholic and submit to the insulting conditions the Church imposes. How can any man who prizes his liberty of conscience sign away the rights of children yet unborn to the service of a foreign Pope? What are the privileges of this country worth if children yet unborn are doomed to be cursed with the yoke of papal slavery? Protestant parents had better see their sons and daughters in their grave rather than barter away their rights of liberty of soul and intellect for the sake of marriage to a Catholic. Read the following question and answer taken from the Sunday Herald (Catholic), and note the conditions supposed to be complied with before the husband married his Catholic wife.

"I am a Catholic with a Protestant husband and three grown-up children. When the children were young, my husband did not object to their going to church. Now he does not wish them to go any longer, in consequence of which there are constant quarrels. Would you advise me to leave him and take the children with me? Would I be permitted to do that?"

Answer. "It takes two to quarrel. If your children are standing by you, and you and your children are attending to your religious duties faithfully, you can simply ignore the wishes, both verbally and in writing, before your

marriage, that the children should be brought up in the Catholic faith. Hold him to his contract. It is dishonorable in any man or woman to break an engagement solemnly entered into; it is worse than dishonorable to break an engagement like that of the ante-nuptial contract, without which no conscientious Catholic could or would marry a non-Catholic. Men who will break such a contract are usually bullies; if the wife shows some determination the bullying will cease; if she is weak enough to submit, that sort of husband will play the petty tyrant down to the end of her miserable existence. Insist upon your rights and the rights of your children.

"Should your husband be keeping children or yourself from church, you would be justified in leaving him and withdrawing the children from his baneful influence. It would be even advisable to do so."

The conditions outlined above are by no means rare. It is a natural result when parties "leap before they look." It is not disclosed whether the husband keeps the children from the Protestant church. Of course, the Roman Catholic church is the "only church." One cannot help but think that if it is dishonorable to break an illegal ante-nuptial contract of this kind how much more dishonorable is it for a church to ask a man to make such an infamous contract? In this case a home would be broken up, according to the advice given, if the husband persisted in saying as to the bringing up of his children. And yet Rome poses as the champion of the home!

The highest ideal of home the Catholic church sets before the boy is the celibate priest and of the girl the nun. Is this glorifying the home? In Roman Catholic countries we find the lowest

estimate of the home. The marriage fees and exactions of the priests are so harsh that men and women often live together without the formality of a marriage ceremony. Again, when it is proposed to teach eugenics in our public schools, so that boys and girls may receive timely and clean instruction in sex knowledge, we find the Roman Catholic prelates bitterly opposing it. Why? Presumably because these things are classed as moral instruction, and should be given in the home, what these priests take so much delight in eulogizing as the "Christian home." Every one knows that such instruction is not adequately given in either Catholic or Protestant homes. The real reason is that the priests teach such things in the confessional under "chastity" and they are afraid it will interfere with their prerogatives. Such things aren't fit to be taught in the public schools by capable teachers to separate sexes, but an old bachelor priest may put any question he wishes to the innocent girl in the secret of the confessional!

Again, we find high prelates of the Roman Catholic church arrayed against the proposition of candidates for matrimony undergoing medical examinations, presumably for the same reason perhaps that "chastity" questions in the confessional cover such points. Anyone with common sense knows they do not. Now, how much sincerity is there, any way, about these loud-mouthed pious frauds when they prate so loudly about the sanctity of marriage, the sacredness of home, and the marriage tie, and who refuse to throw any safeguards around the boy and girl, and protect innocent parties against acquiring a diseased partner? "Unholy liars" is the only term we can think of now as fit to apply.



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# Miscellaneous

## OLIVER CROMWELL'S SPEECH WHEN HE PUT AN END TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money.

Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse—Gold is your god. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that hath the least care for the good of the Commonwealth?

Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance.

Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House; and which, by God's help, and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command ye, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get ye

out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves begone!

(Addressed to the mace-bearer.)  
Sot! Take away that shining bauble, there, and lock up the doors.—(From The Mirror, June 17, 1826.)

\* \* \* \*

### HUMAN LIFE: A SIMILE.

"Between earth and man arose the leaf,  
Between the heaven and man came  
the cloud—  
His life being partly as the falling leaf,  
And partly as the flying cloud."

—JOHN RUSKIN.

\* \* \* \*

### MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN BRYANT'S THANATOPSIS.

"So live that when *the mighty caravan*,  
Which halts one nighttime in the vale  
of death,  
*Shall strike its tents for the morning's  
march*,  
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,  
Thy foot unwearied—thy strength renewed  
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight."

—E. R. WESTON.

\* \* \* \*

### FOR THE UNDER DOG.

I know that the world—that the great  
big world  
From the peasant up to the king,  
Has a different tale from the tale I tell  
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig,  
If they think I am wrong or am  
right—

I shall always go in for the weaker dog  
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great  
big world  
Will never a moment stop  
To see which dog may be in the fault,  
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask,  
Which dog may be in the right—  
For my heart will beat, while it beats  
at all  
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better  
not said  
Or 'twere I had said it incog,  
But with heart and with glass filled  
chock to the brim,  
Here is luck to the bottom dog.

—DAVID PARKER.

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PURE MOTIVES: A SIMILE.

The motives that lead her on, *are as  
spotless as the snowy doves that draw  
the chariot of Venus.*

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THE ACT AND THE INTENT, IN CRIMI-  
NAL LAW.

The Act and the Intent are the Siam-  
ese Twins of the criminal code.  
Where the one walks, are heard the  
footfalls of the other. The life blood  
of the one, feeds the existence of the  
other; and where the one dies, the com-  
mon existence finds its grave.

From the Bridal bed of the Act and  
Intent springs the foul issue which men  
call *Crime!*

The Act and the Intent, being in the  
same unclean lair, spawn forth upon  
the world their ravenous brood of  
crimes.

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THE LAW.

“Of Law there can be no less ack-

nnowledged than that her seat is the  
bosom of God; her voice the harmony  
of the world; all things in heaven and  
earth do her homage; the very least as  
feeling her care, the very greatest, as  
not exempted from her power.

Both the angels and men and crea-  
tures of what condition soever, tho each  
in different sort and manner, yet all  
with universal consent, admiring her,  
*as the mother of their peace and joy.*”  
—HOOKER.

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THE BETTER ANGELS OF OUR NATURE.

We are not enemies, but friends. We  
must not be enemies. Though passion  
may have strained it must not break  
the bonds of our affection. The mystic  
chords of memory, stretching from  
every battle field and patriot grave to  
every living heart and hearthstone, all  
over this broad land, will yet swell the  
chorus of the Union when touched, as  
they surely will be, by the better angels  
of our nature.—From Lincoln's first  
Inaugural.

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AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun,  
Silvery stars when the day is done:

After the snow, the emerald leaves;  
After the harvest, golden sheaves:

After the tempest, the lull of the waves;  
After the battle—peaceful graves.

After the burden, the blissful meed,  
After the furrow—the waking seed.

After the bud, the radiant rose;  
After the weeping—sweet repose.

After the flight, the downy nest;  
Over the shadowy river—Rest.

⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER-LOVE.

Many are the creatures which

embody God's goodness and beauty, and purity and strength.

They fill the earth with splendor and the sky with lustre. They sprinkle history with stars. They give humanity its glory.

But of a goodness which has no limit—a beauty defying description—a purity which holds no stain—a strength which defies time, danger, shame and death, a Mother's Love

reaches a summit of excellence, serene, divine, unapproachable.

The Bruces, Livingstons and Spekes may laboriously explore the hidden sources of the Nile; and calm Itasca's Lake may claim the honors of the Mississippi; but give to me the task to find where Religion begins, and I will seek the place where the cradle rocks, and where the soothing song and infant prayer first intertwine themselves into the very fibre of life. T. E. W.



#### WHY THE PUBLIC DEBT IS NOT PAID OFF.

Dear Sir: In looking over recent statistics I notice the public debt of the United States is estimated to be three billion dollars.

Now with the tremendous resources of this country, and taxes levied and collected each year, why is it that this debit is not paid up, and thereby save the people this large amount, paid out as interest?

Respectfully,  
Parkdale, Ark. A. W. BUTTS.

(Answer.)

The public debt is never paid off for the reason that it is a private blessing to so many rich people who cannot gain their consent to part from it.

If it were not for the public debt, how could the national bankers float \$750,000,000 of their own promises-to-pay, and use these due bills as money?

Compound interest on \$750,000,000 amounts to a goodly sum; and, by the aid of it, the rich can get richer without labor and without risk.

By maintaining a public debt, the rich can retire that amount of their wealth from taxation, can use the bonds as a basis for the issuance of national bank currency, and at the same time, draw interest on the bonds.

To the extent of the public debt, the

rich can put that much of their lucre beyond the risk of fire and flood, moths and thieves, chance and change.

They buy the bonds, they pay no tax on the bonds, they bank on the bonds, they issue money on the bonds, and they control market values, by increasing and decreasing the amount of money issued on the bonds.

Besides all this advantage, the holders of the bonds are henceforth to have, from year to year, \$50,000,000 of the people's money, at 2 per cent interest, to lend out to whomsoever can offer the best security and the highest interest.

Pay off the public debt?

Oh, no! It is too good a thing for the privileged few.

The maintenance of the public debt is worth at least \$60,000,000 a year *directly*, to the national bankers, not estiating what they ake by the periodical panic which they bring on.

Summary: the public debt is not paid off because the National bankers need it in their business.

T. E. W.

---

A man with a stubby beard and no cuffs on feels like murdering some one. We can save you from the penitentiary by supplying you with a safety razor, which means a quick, clean shave, if you will send us two subs at full price to The Weekly Jeff or Watson's Magazine.



**WHY WE HAVE HARD TIMES. WHAT IS THE REMEDY.**

Hon. T. E. Watson.

Dear Sir: Will you please answer through Watson's Magazine, the following questions and oblige a long time subscriber.

1st. What is the cause of the present stringency of money, business here is almost at a standstill on account of the scarcity of ready cash.

2nd. One of our business men went to Washington in March and had a talk with President Wilson, and spoke to him about the low price of the 1912 cotton crop, and the President told him (our business man) that our money troubles now was caused by the short cotton crop of last year, that there is abundance of money in New York that is anxious to be put out, but the short crop of cotton is why we of the South are so short of ready money. I remember well the winter of 1911. It was claimed that we made too much cotton, which brought down the price and made money scarce with us. Please explain this to me, as I am not able to figure it out.

3rd. If the downward revision of the Tariff gets us into such a hole as Mr. Cleveland's administration got us into, could not the Democrats remedy it by abolishing the National banks and putting

the mint to coining money, and calling on the banks for what Government money they had on hand; or what (in your opinion) should the present Democratic administration do to relieve us of the present depression and almost a money panic.

I am afraid we will soon wish we had all voted for the Bull Moose. I believe the Democratic party will kill itself again in the next four years. They seem to make a fine start off but do the ygo far enough; if they would go the whole hog (as I believe the Populist party recommends) then we would all see better times and never wish for a change.

Mr. Watson, please tell us what is the cause of our present troubles.

Your friend and well wisher,  
Cordele Ga. J. C. JONES.

(Answers.)

(1.) The national banking Money Trust has simply drawn the available supply of money into New York, and hoarded it.

This same J. P. Morgan Money Trust caused the panic of 1893 and that of 1907,

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by the same procedure. As President Cleveland said, "The bankers have the country by the leg."

This would not be so, if we had a President who would do what Andrew Jackson did, when he divorced the U. S. Treasury from the National bank.

(2.) The cotton crop, long or short, does not control the financial situation. The New York banks do it. If Woodrow Wilson does not know this, he ought to take night-lessons from somebody who understands finance. Or, he might read Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, John C. Calhoun's speeches, and Andrew Jackson's papers against the Money Power.

Then, again—Wilson and Bryan might study Thomas Jefferson's papers on Money.

(3.) It was not the downward revision of the Tariff that got us in a hole in 1893; it was the panic created by the Wall Streeters who gave the country "an object lesson" of their power, to prepare the way for the repeal of the Sherman Silver law.

No country ever brought on a panic by lowering duties on imported goods.

We will never have any real relief until the Government governs ALL for the benefit of ALL.

As long as the Few run the Government for the benefit of the Few, and surrender to the Few the sovereign power to create and control Money—which is the life-blood of the industrial and commercial system—there cannot be anything like general prosperity, as there was in the old time, when there were none of the class-laws that now curse the masses.

T. E. W.

#### AS TO NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

Dear Sir: In the April number of your Magazine in the Educational Department, in your answer to the first question, occurs this passage, "In brief, the association must deposit certain securities—bonds of the U. S." There has been a change or addition to the law. If you will examine national bank bills you will find some that in addition to the words, "This note is secured by bonds of the United States deposited with the Treasurer at Washington," the words, "or other securities." I have seen such notes.

Very truly yours,

Castleton, N. Y.

E. L. SMITH.

(Answer.)

I am aware of the fact that the words "other securities" appear in recent issues of bank notes; but it has been stated again and again, that no other security than U. S. bonds and "lawful money" of the U. S. have actually been used.

A recent Treasury Statement gives the outstanding amount of the notes for December, 1912.

National Bank Notes secured	
by U. S. Bonds.....	\$728,515,285
Ditto, secured by Lawful	
Money.....	21,670,491
Making a total of.....	\$750,185,776

T. E. W.

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**HENRY CLAY—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—  
 ANDREW JACKSON: CHAMP CLARK  
 —WOODROW WILSON—W. J.  
 BRYAN.**

Editor of The Jeffersonian: Please publish the following questions, and answers to same in the Educational Department of Watson's Magazine.

1. We have studied Blackstone and Kents commentaries on law, and know that Blackstone contains the fundamental principles of law. Was Blackstone the first great law writer? If not, from whence did he get his information to write his commentaries?
2. Did not some of the leading colleges and universities of America have almost as high standards of scholarship for graduation one hundred and fifty years ago, as many of them have at present?
3. Were there any negro's educated at Princeton University during President Wilson's Presidency of that institution?
4. Hasn't W. J. Bryan, by accepting the portfolio of Secretary of State, made manifest beyond preadventure, that he entered

into a deal with the Wilson managers, and Catholics at the Baltimore convention to defeat Clark and Underwood and nominate Wilson?

5. Will not his acceptance of the chief position in the Wilson Cabinet impress many people with the idea which many believe to be a fact that his selection for the premier of the Wilson Cabinet is a reward for his acts of treachery to Champ Clark?

Kindly give your views on the above question.  
 Cairo, Ga.      **ROBT. J. JEFFARES.**

(Answers.)

(1.) There were several writers upon English law, preceding Blackstone. Perhaps the most popular of these was Coke. It was "Coke upon Lyttleton" that students used as a text-book, before the more elegant style, and easily understood method of Blackstone caused his Commentaries to be generally adopted.

Thomas Jefferson complained that Blackstone, an arrant Tory, made Tories out of the law-students, whereas Coke had made Whigs and Democrats.

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(2.) The standards were quite as high, and perhaps more practical.

(3.) My information is that there were.

(4.) Less evidence convicted Henry Clay, when he balked the popular choice, Andrew Jackson, and threw the Presidency to John Quincy Adams.

(5.) Andrew Jackson received nearly enough votes, in his first race, to elect him, over Clay, Adams and Crawford. Clay held the balance of power. He united with Adams and made the New Englander the President. The New Englander made Clay the Secretary of State. Jackson cried out, "Bargain and Corruption."

The country believed that there was a deal between the two politicians, Clay and Adams, to cheat the people out of their choice—the tough old soldier of Tennessee.

Neither Clay nor Adams ever recovered from the suspicion of foul play.

Bryan's throwing the balance of power to Wilson, and defeating Champ Clark, the people's choice—and then taking office as Secretary of State, under Wilson, closely resembles Clay's alleged deal with John Quincy Adams. T. E. W.

**AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.**

Dear Sir: Will you please inform me through your Educational Department

why and from whence came the custom of burying people with their feet to the East and head to the West? It is a very ancient custom. Yours truly,

K. GRAHAM.

**Answer.**

It is one of the most ancient of customs, dating back to the time when the sun was the almost universal object of worship.

The idea was to face the rising sun.

T. E. W.

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**NATURAL MONEY, THE PEACEFUL SOLUTION.** By John Raymond Cummings. Bankers Publishing Co., New York, 1912. Cloth, \$1.50 postpaid.

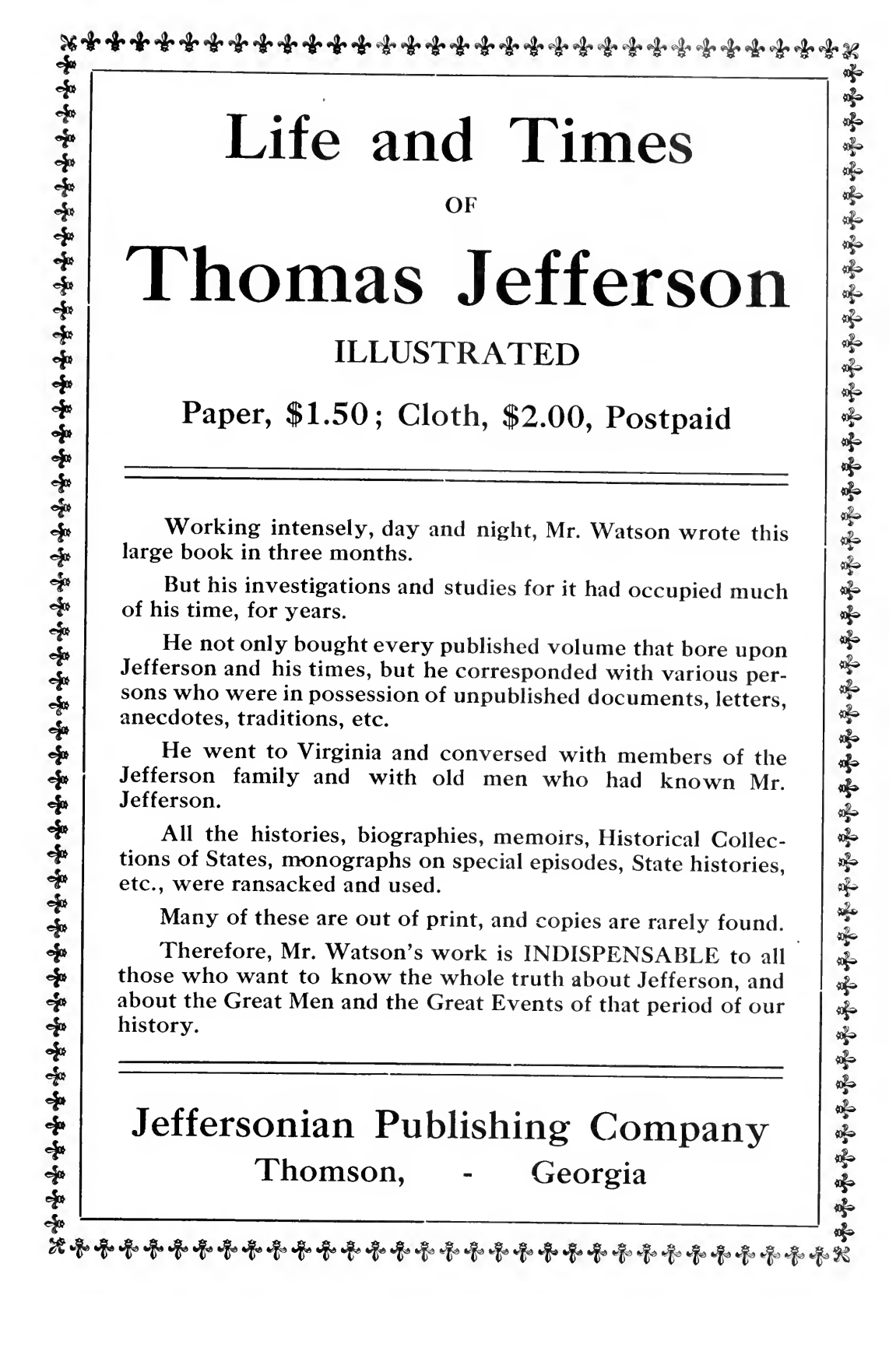
This book is an agreeable surprise in that it is to the "dreary science" of political economy like a burst of sunshine through a dark sky. It is a new view from a new viewpoint, and, as a leading banking journal says, "if the author could give adequate assurance that his money system would bring about these startling changes, surely the nations of the world would lose no time in putting the system in operation, and the author of it would be hailed as a benefactor of the human race—perhaps as the greatest who ever lived."

Of course we cannot gracefully ask "benefactors of the human race" to give board; it is neither convenient nor customary, so we must take it or leave it alone, remembering the while that the system we have has not even a straw bond back of it and has failed so often that we should be agreeably disappointed if it failed to fail at least five or six times in a century. Among the things we are assured the proposed money system will accomplish are: That it will abolish panics; put business, including banking, on a cash basis; insure employment to everybody; enable the general and local governments to build highways and other public works, such as irrigation and drainage, without issuing bonds

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All the histories, biographies, memoirs, Historical Collections of States, monographs on special episodes, State histories, etc., were ransacked and used.

Many of these are out of print, and copies are rarely found.

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and ultimately to purchase the land and public utilities or render private ownership innocuous, without confiscation or hardship and without incurring a dollar of debt, all which is to be accomplished, not by taking from those who have, but by

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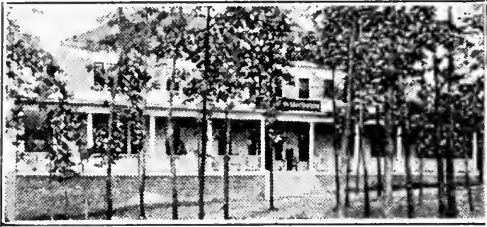
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every time he contemplates it, than to accept a doctrine of peace, love and rest.

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A. L. L.

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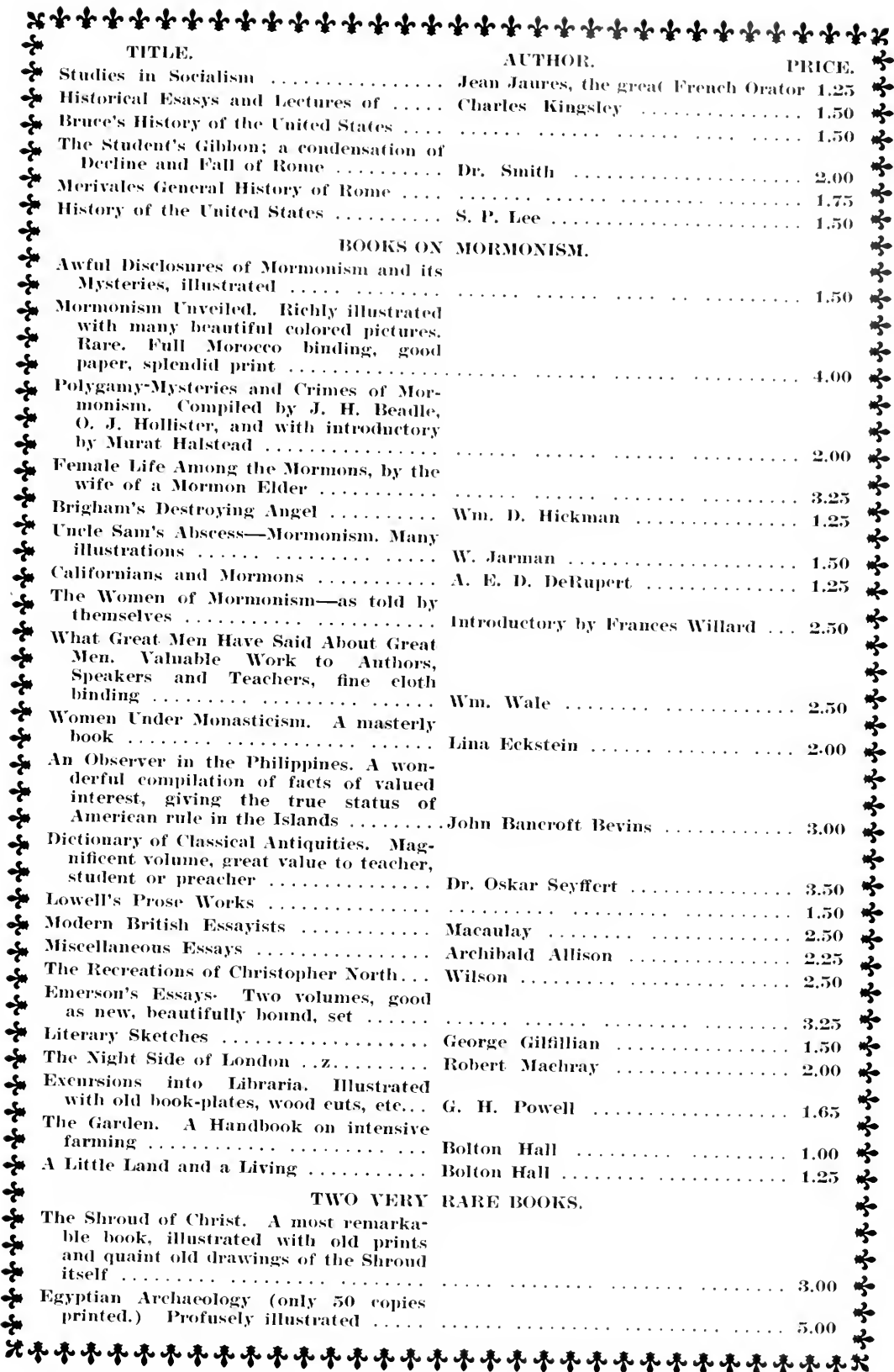
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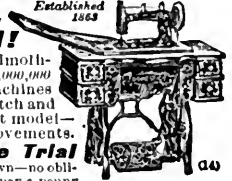
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